

THE  
**European Magazine,**

FOR AUGUST 1791.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY. And 2. A VIEW of DULWICH COLLEGE.

CONTAINING

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SEWELL, Cornhill;  
 and J. DEBRETT, Piccadilly.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS to CORRESPONDENTS.

*Clio Rickman, Geo. Rollos, S. D. and Lines to the Dubeys of Gordon*, will appear in our next Number; when many favours received this Month shall also receive due acknowledgment.

*W. T.*'s hints shall be attended to.

*A. B.* recommends to our Naval Correspondents to furnish us with communications of the instances of presence of mind or other means by which they or any of their connections may have escaped shipwreck, or prevented the progress of fire on board ships.

ERRATUM. Page 6, col. i. line 21, from bottom, for *indictus jurare verba*, read, *addictus jurare in verba*.

### AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Aug. 15, to Aug. 20, 1791.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	2	3	2	1	2	5	1	3	8
COUNTRIES INLAND.										
Middlesex	5	5	0	3	4	2	10	3	9	
Surry	5	4	3	4	1	2	6	4	8	
Hertford	5	10	0	0	0	2	7	3	10	
Bedford	5	9	3	8	0	2	6	3	7	
Cambridge	5	4	2	10	2	0	1	3	5	
Huntingdon	5	4	0	0	0	2	1	3	4	
Northampton	6	1	3	10	3	5	2	6	3	8
Rutland	6	3	3	9	3	10	0	3	10	
Leicester	6	2	3	9	3	9	2	6	4	7
Nottingham	6	0	4	0	3	7	2	4	3	11
Derby	6	6	0	0	0	2	10	4	11	
Stafford	6	2	4	9	0	2	6	4	8	
Salop	5	1	4	3	3	6	2	7	4	5
Hereford	5	8	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	
Worcester	5	1	3	7	0	2	10	4	5	
Warwick	6	6	0	3	6	2	1	4	2	
Gloucester	6	2	0	3	2	2	5	3	8	
Wilts	6	2	0	3	0	2	4	4	1	
Berks	5	9	5	4	3	0	2	6	3	9
Oxford	6	0	0	3	4	2	6	3	11	
Bucks	5	8	0	3	2	2	5	3	10	

### COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	5	1	3	0	2	9	2	6	3	10
Suffolk	5	2	0	2	8	2	4	3	4	
Norfolk	5	0	2	9	2	6	2	1	3	5
Lincoln	5	10	4	0	3	4	2	3	4	0
York	6	2	4	4	3	6	2	6	4	1
Durham	6	5	4	0	0	2	9	4	6	
Northumberl.	5	3	8	3	2	2	7	4	6	
Cumberland	6	10	4	1	3	1	2	7	3	8
Westmorl.	6	8	0	0	3	10	2	9	0	0
Lancashire	6	2	0	3	4	2	9	4	4	
Cheshire	6	4	4	7	4	0	1	2	9	
Monmouth	6	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Somerfet	6	2	0	3	2	2	4	3	6	
Devon	5	9	0	2	9	2	0	3	9	
Cornwall	5	8	0	2	10	2	0	0	0	0
Dorset	6	2	0	3	0	2	1	0	0	
Hants	5	10	0	2	10	0	3	9		
Suffex	5	1	0	0	2	3	0	0		
Kent	5	9	0	2	10	2	4	3	3	

### WALES.

North Wales	6	2	4	1	3	11	2	2	4	7
South Wales	6	5	10	0	3	6	10	0	0	0

## STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

J U L Y.			
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.	
27-29	55	60	S. W.
28-29	92	65	S. W.
29-29	78	67	S.
30-29	84	68	W.
31-29	96	68	S.

A U G U S T.			
1-29	89	66	S. S. W.
2-30	09	65	W.
3-30	27	61	W. N. W.
4-30	25	67	W.
5-30	15	70	S.
6-30	10	71	N.
7-30	08	70	N. W.
8-30	04	66	N. N. E.
9-30	01	67	E.
10-29	92	66	E. N. E.
11-29	65	65	N. E.
12-29	79	70	S.
13-29	96	68	W. S. W.
14-30	14	71	S.
15-29	94	73	W. S. W.
16-29	83	70	W. S. W.
17-29	97	70	S. W.
18-30	26	63	N. N. E.

19-30	40	63	N. E.
20-30	50	62	N. E.
21-30	21	63	E.
22-30	09	66	S. E.
23-29	96	64	S. W.
24-29	89	71	S. W.
25-29	87	68	S. S. W.
26-29	85	64	S. S. W.
27-29	75	62	S. S. W.

## PRICES of STOCKS,

Aug. 27, 1791.

Bank Stock, —	India Stock, 185 $\frac{3}{4}$
New 4 per Cent. 104 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann. —
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785.	India Bonds, 114s. pr.
116 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 117 $\frac{1}{8}$ a 116 $\frac{3}{4}$	South Sea Stock, —
3 per Cent. red. 89 $\frac{3}{4}$ a	Old S. S. Ann. —
90 a 89 $\frac{3}{8}$	New S. S. Ann. —
3 per Cent. Conf. 89 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 per Cent. 1751, —
$\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	N. Navy & Vict. Bills
3 per Cent. 1726, —	Exchequer Bills —
Long Ann. 26 7-15ths	Lot. Tick. 16l. 7s. 6d.
9 16ths	a 8s.
Ditto Short, 1778, 13	Irish Lot. Tick. —
$\frac{3}{8}$ 7-16ths	

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T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

L O N D O N R E V I E W,

For A U G U S T 1791.

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DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

[ WITH A PORTRAIT. ]

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY was born, if we are not misinformed, at Field-head, near Birstall, about seven miles from Leeds, in the year 1728 or 1729. His father was a merchant and manufacturer, and he received the early part of his education from the Rev. Mr. Scott, a Dissenting Minister in the neighbourhood. The principles of the Sect to which he belonged, and in which he remained some years, were those of Calvin. These, however, he has totally renounced; and having published a narrative of what led him to the several changes of his opinions, we deem it the most proper to give it in his own words.

“\* Having been educated in the strictest principles of Calvinism, and having from my early years had a serious turn of mind, promoted, no doubt, by a weak and sickly constitution, I was very sincere and zealous in my belief of the doctrine of the Trinity; and this continued till I was about nineteen; and then I was as much shocked on hearing of any who denied the divinity of Christ (thinking it to be nothing less than impiety and blasphemy) as any of my opponents can be now; I therefore truly feel for them, and most sincerely excuse them.

“ About the age of twenty, being then in a regular course of theological studies, I saw reason to change my opinion, and became an Arian; and notwithstanding what appeared to me a fair and impartial study of the Scriptures, and though I had no bias on my mind arising from subscribed creeds and confessions of faith, &c. I

continued in that persuasion fifteen or sixteen years; and yet in that time I was well acquainted with Dr. Lardner, Dr. Fleming, and several other zealous Socinians, especially my friend Mr. Graham. The first theological tract of mine (which was on the doctrine of Atonement) was published at the particular request, and under the direction, of Dr. Lardner; and he approving of the scheme which I had then formed, of giving a short view (which was all that I had then thought of) of the progress of the corruptions of Christianity, he gave me a few hints with respect to it. But still I continued till after his death indissolved to the Socinian hypothesis. After this, continuing my study of the Scriptures, with the help of his Letters on the Logos, I at length changed my opinion, and became what is called a Socinian; and in this I see continually more reason to acquiesce, though it was a long time before the arguments in favour of it did more than barely preponderate in my mind. For the arguments which had the principal weight with me at that time, and particularly those texts of Scripture which so long retarded my change of opinion, I refer my readers to the Theological Repository, Vol III. p. 345.

“ I was greatly confirmed in this doctrine after I was fully satisfied that man is of an uniform composition, and wholly mortal; and that the doctrine of a separate immaterial soul, capable of sensation and action when the body is in the grave, is a notion borrowed from heathen philosophy, and unknown to the scriptures.

\* Letters to Dr. Horsley, in Answer to his Animadversions on the “History of the Corruptions of Christianity,” 8vo.

Of this I had for a long time a mere suspicion; but having casually mentioned it as such, and a violent outcry being raised against me on that account, I was induced to give the greatest attention to the question, to examine it in every light, and to invite the fullest discussion of it. This terminated in as full a conviction with respect to this subject as I have with respect to any other whatever. The reasons on which that conviction is founded may be seen in my "Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit," of which I have lately published a new and improved edition.

"Being now fully persuaded that Christ was a man like ourselves, and consequently that his pre-existence, as well as that of other men, was a notion that had no foundation in reason or in the scriptures; and having been gradually led (in consequence of wishing to trace the principal corruptions of Christianity) to give particular attention to ecclesiastical history, I could not help thinking but that (since the doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ was not the doctrine of the Scriptures, and therefore could not have been taught by the Apostles) there must be some traces of the rise and progress of the doctrine of the Trinity, and some historical evidence that Unitarianism was the general faith of Christians in the apostolical age, independent of the evidence which arose from its being the doctrine of the Scriptures.

"In this state of mind, the reader will easily perceive that I naturally expected to find what I was previously well persuaded was to be found; and in time I collected much more evidence than I at first expected, considering the early rise, and the long and universal spread, of what I deem to be a radical corruption of the genuine Christian Doctrine. This evidence I have fairly laid before the reader. He must judge of the weight of it, and also make whatever allowance he may think necessary for my particular situation and prejudices."

Having thus produced to our readers the Doctor's own account of the changes in his sentiments on these important subjects, we shall proceed to observe, that from the tuition of Mr. Scott he was removed to the care of Mr. Ashworth, near Daventry in Northamptonshire, where he completed his education, and soon afterwards was ordained. On the attempt to establish a Dissenting Academy at Warrington, he was made choice of to teach the languages and Belles Lettres. During his continuance in this situation, he applied himself to the duties of his office with great

diligence and ability, as may be seen in his several courses of Lectures, some of which have been since printed. From Warrington he returned to his native county, and took upon himself the pastoral office at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, which he resigned May 16, 1773; and on that occasion both preached and printed a Sermon, which he delivered at parting with his flock. Before this period some of his philosophical works had been printed and received with the approbation of the learned, and his name and character were generally mentioned with respect. A similarity, it is supposed, in some opinions led to an acquaintance with the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lord Shelburne, who prevailed on Dr. Priestley to domesticate himself in his family, where he remained several years. To what causes it was owing we are not informed, but after some time a coolness took place between the two friends, and Dr. Priestley quitted his patron, and once more resumed the exercise of his clerical function. On the 31st of December 1780 he undertook the pastorate of the new meeting at Birmingham, and preached and printed a Sermon on the occasion. From that period he continued at Birmingham, until the late scenes of confusion drove him to seek another asylum.

Of that transaction we cannot too strongly express our detestation, and we hope never to see a recurrence of the like horrors. That we may not, it will be incumbent on those who so long with impunity have been abetting sedition, to observe something more of decorum in their conduct than we have lately witnessed. To form good subjects, Preachers of the Gospel would with more propriety consider themselves bound to inculcate on their hearers the *duties of men*, which do not seem to be well understood, rather than *their rights*, which they are in complete possession of without a probability of infringement.

Dr. Priestley's political and theological writings have been variously spoken of, and by many are supposed to be fraught with the most destructive principles to the well-being of society. Dr. Johnson used to say they were calculated to unsettle every thing, but to settle nothing. Their violence, however, counteracted their apprehended effect, and we believe they need not now create any alarm. It is remarkable, that their evil tendency has been pointed out by one from whom the observation was least to be expected. Mr. Gibbon, in his History, remarks, that

"the

“the pillars of revelation are shaken by those men who preserve the name without the substance of religion, who indulge the licence without the temper of philosophy \*.” To the merit of Dr. Priestley’s philosophical works, and some few others, we rejoice to be able to bear our testimony; and let us add, that his intimate friends speak in the most favourable terms of the amiableness of his private character.

To writers like Dr. Priestley, or Mr. Gibbon, who seem careless about the consequences which their writings may produce, it may not be improper to recommend the sentiments of a great writer in this Century: “A free and impartial inquiry after truth, wherever it is to be found, is indeed a noble and most commendable disposition: a disposition which every man ought himself to labour after, and to the utmost of his power encourage in all others. It is the great foundation of all useful knowledge, of all true virtue, and of all sincere religion. But when a man, in his searches into the nature of things, finds his enquiries leading him towards such notions as, if they should prove true,

would manifestly subvert the very essences of good and evil, the least that a sober-minded man can in such a case possibly be supposed to owe to God, to virtue, to the dignity of a rational nature, is, that he ought to be in the highest degree fearful and suspicious of himself, lest he be led away by any prejudice, lest he be deceived by any erroneous argument, lest he suffer himself to be imposed on by any wrong inclination. Too great an assurance in arguments of this nature, even though at present they seemed to him to be demonstrations, rejoicing in the strength of them, and taking pleasure in the carrying of such a cause, is what a good mind can never be capable of. To such a person, the finding his own arguments unanswerable would be the greatest grief; triumphing in so melancholy a field would be the highest dissatisfaction; and nothing could afford so pleasing, so agreeable a disappointment as to find his own reasonings shewn to be inconclusive.” *Dr. Samuel Clarke’s Remarks on a Book entitled, “A Philosophical Enquiry concerning Human Liberty,”* p. 45.

COPY of a LETTER from M. CONDORCET (ci-devant MARQUIS) SECRETARY to the ACADEMY of SCIENCES at PARIS, to Dr. PRIESTLEY.

Paris, July 30, 1791.

Sir, and most illustrious Associate,

THE Academy of Sciences have charged me to express the grief with which they are penetrated at the recital of the persecution of which you have been lately the victim.

They all feel how much loss the Sciences have experienced by the destruction of those labours which you had prepared for their aggrandisement.

It is not you, Sir, who have reason to complain; your virtue and your genius still remain undiminished, and it is not in the power of human ingratitude to forget what you have done for the happiness of mankind:—They only ought to be unhappy, whose guilty conduct has led their reason astray, and whose remorse has already punished their crimes.

You are not the first friend of Liberty, against whom Tyrants have armed the very people whom they have deprived of their rights. These are the only means which they can make use of against him,

whose disinterestedness of mind, whose elevation of soul, and whose purity of conduct, equally shelter him from their seductions and their vengeance.

They calumniate such a person when they can neither intimidate nor corrupt him; they arm prejudices against him, when they dare not arm the laws; and that which they have done in regard to you, is the noblest homage that Tyranny dares to render to probity, to talents, and to courage.

At this present moment, a league is formed throughout Europe against the general liberty of mankind; but for some time past another has existed, occupied with propagating and with defending this liberty, without any other arms than those furnished by reason; and these will finally triumph!

It is in the necessary order of things, that error should be momentary, and truth eternal. Men of genius, supported by their virtuous disciples, when placed in the balance against the vulgar mob of corrupt

\* To this observation he subjoins the following note: “I shall recommend to public animadversion two passages in Dr. Priestley, which betray the ultimate tendency of his opinions:—at the first of these (*Hist. of the Corruptions of Christianity*, vol. i. p. 275, 276.) the priest, at the second (vol. ii. p. 484.) the magistrate may tremble.” *Gibbon’s History*, vol. iv. p. 540. 4to Edition.

intriguers—the instruments or the accomplices of Tyrants—must at length prevail against them.

The glorious day of Universal Liberty will shine upon our descendants, but we at least shall enjoy the *Aurora*; and you, Sir, have contributed not a little to accelerate that happy event by your labours, by the example of your virtues, by the indignation which all Europe feels against

your persecutors, and by the interest and the admiration which a misfortune has excited, that, although it may wound, cannot subdue your soul.

I am, with an inviolable and respectful attachment,

Sir,

And my very illustrious associate,  
Your humble and most obedient servant,  
CONDORCET.

ADDRESS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS OF THE CONSTITUTION,  
SITTING AT THE JACOBINS, TO Dr. PRIESTLEY.

SIR,

**M**ANY learned Societies have already offered you, and will yet offer you, the tribute of their sensibility on the loss which Science has suffered by the attack made on your property in its most precious particular, your Cabinet and Manuscripts. In times less troublesome, this loss, afflicting to all classes of men, would even have affected many of those who have now had the cruelty to rejoice in it, and who have entertained against your political principles a hatred which perhaps they do not feel towards you personally. You are the victim of the interest which you have taken in the cause of human nature, triumphant in the greatest Revolution which ever occurred among men. You have interrupted the course of your labours and discoveries in physics, to justify the French nation against the absurd charges brought against them, and multiplied by their oppressors, who are driven from a land of liberty. The cries of their despair, their exaggerated reproaches, their calumnious imputations, had, for a moment, spread delusion over neighbouring nations. They desired to interpose between them and France a cloud which, in passing, should obscure, if not totally conceal from their view the glory of the French Revolution. You, Sir, penetrated this cloud, and drew from it some sparks of light, which since have not ceased to illuminate the nations. One of your writings has victoriously repulsed the attack of one of our most unjust detractors. From this, your name, already dear in Europe to all those who cultivate the arts, or who improve their reason, becomes peculiarly dear to Frenchmen. The Society of the Friends of the Constitution were able to reckon one friend more; and recently, on the news of the misfortune which has happened to the Sciences and to the world, more than to yourself, they united with

zeal and affection an emotion of indignation against those who excited the criminal attack, already punished by the noble and touching Letter which you addressed to your Fellow-citizens, and which, without doubt, is expiated in part by the remorse of the most of them. The ignorance of the people is the patrimony of tyrants—but it ceases—repentance succeeds, and presently it chastises, on the heads of those who instigate to crimes, the crime of drawing forth popular delusion. The victim foresees the instant of vengeance, without permitting himself to harken it. He consoles himself in seeing the diffusion through his country and through Europe of the generous principles of sociability, the power of which, every day augmented, is manifested in the innumerable testimonies of an universal interest in his calamity. We believe, Sir, that we enter into the secret of your character, in persuading ourselves that it is under this point of view alone, that these testimonies of an affecting esteem cannot be indifferent to you. They are proofs of the progress of these social ideas—of the public spirit which calls a free people to the practice of the virtues requisite to the maintenance of liberty, which, strengthening at home, concurs in spreading it around, and even perhaps in perfecting it among those nations who enjoyed but an incomplete freedom. In fine, these testimonies announce the development of that philanthropic patriotism which regards all men as *in solido* associated in the common interest of general felicity; an idea so superior to the conceptions of despots and slaves, as to be the object of their contemptible derision, but which posterity will bless, as the happy fruit of that philosophy, too modern, which reckons the illustrious PRIESTLEY among its most ardent propagators.

We are, &c.

LET-

## LETTER FROM THE COMMITTEE OF THE REVOLUTION SOCIETY TO DOCTOR PRIESTLEY.

Reverend Sir, August 16, 1791.

WE embrace the opportunity of the first Meeting of the Committee of the Revolution Society, subsequent to the atrocious riots which have taken place at Birmingham, to express our concern and regret at those acts of lawless violence, by which you have been so great a sufferer, and which have reflected such extreme dishonour on this age, and on this nation.

It might have been presumed, that the most ignorant and lawless savages would not have been induced to commit such depredations on the house and property of a man of such distinguished merit as yourself, to whom the whole scientific world has been so eminently indebted, and in whose works those principles of equal Liberty have been asserted and maintained, which would protect even the lowest of the human species from violence and oppression.—As a political writer, you have been employed in disseminating the most just and rational sentiments of Government, and such as are in a very high degree calculated to promote general freedom and happiness.

The conduct of the Birmingham Rioters implied in it a complication of ignorance and brutality; which it is astonishing to find at the present period in such a country as Great Britain. Nothing but the most execrable bigotry, united to ignorance the most contemptible, could lead any body of men to suppose, that such acts of violence as were lately exercised at Birmingham against yourself, and other respectable Dissenters in that town and its neighbourhood, could be justified by any difference of opinion. We hoped, that the age had been more enlightened, that it had been more universally admitted, that *no* country can be possessed of freedom, in which every man is not allowed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and in which he is not permitted to defend his opinions. We hoped also, that the principles of Civil Liberty had been so well understood, and so extensively adopted, that few would have been found in this country, who would not sincerely have rejoiced at the

emancipation of a neighbouring kingdom from tyranny, and in such events as are calculated to promote general liberty and happiness.

It is with exultation and triumph that we see the success of the late just, necessary, and glorious Revolution in France; an event so pregnant with the most important benefits to the world, that not to rejoice in it would be unworthy of us as Freemen, and as friends to the general rights of human nature; and to ascribe to the commemoration of the French Revolution the late devastations committed at Birmingham, would be to insult the understandings of mankind.

We are sorry to find that so many of our countrymen still need to be instructed in the first principles of civil and religious freedom. But we still hope, that the period is not far distant, when the common rights of mankind will be universally acknowledged—when civil and ecclesiastical tyranny shall be banished from the face of the earth, and when it will not be found practicable to procure any licentious mobs, to support the cause of an ignorant and interested intolerance.

We again express our deep concern at the iniquitous riots which have lately happened at Birmingham, at the acts of violence and injustice which have been exercised against you and your friends; and at the loss science and literature have sustained in the destruction of your books, manuscripts, and philosophical apparatus.

We rejoice in the security of your person, notwithstanding the malevolence of your adversaries, and at the magnanimity with which you have sustained the injuries that you have received.

Permit us to intreat you to convey our cordial and affectionate condolence to your fellow-sufferers in the cause of freedom and public virtue.—As to yourself, we desire to testify in the most public manner the high sense we entertain of your merit, and we beg leave to subscribe ourselves, with great respect and regard,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient, and

Most humble servants, &c.

D U L W I C H C O L L E G E .

[ WITH A VIEW . ]

DULWICH COLLEGE, situated in Surry, five miles from London, was founded and endowed, in 1619,

by Mr. Edward Alleyn, who named it "The College of God's Gift." This Gentleman was an actor of great reputation

tion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James the Ist. An idle tradition, which is sufficiently exploded by Mr. Oldys in the *Biographia Britannica*, hath assigned the following as his motive for this endowment: That once personating the Devil, he was so terrified at seeing a real Devil (as he imagined) upon the Stage, that he soon after totally quitted his profession, and devoted the remainder of his life to religious exercises. He founded this College for a master and warden who are always to be of the name of Alleyn or Allen, with four fellows, three of whom were to be divines, and the fourth an organist; and for six poor men, as many poor women, and twelve poor boys, to be educated in the College by one of the Fellows as school-master, and by another as Usher. In his original endowments he excluded all future benefactions to it, and constituted for visitors the churchwardens of St. Botolph's Bishopsgate, St. Giles's Cripplegate, and St. Saviour's Southwark; who, upon occasion, were to appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, before whom all the members were to be sworn at their admission. To this College belongs a Chapel, in which the founder himself, who was for several years master, lies buried. The master of this College is Lord of the Manor for a considerable extent of ground, and enjoys all the luxurious affluence and ease of the prior of a monastery. Both he and the warden must be unmarried, and are for ever debarred the privilege of entering into that state, on pain of being excluded the College: but as the warden always succeeds upon the death of the master, great interest is constantly made by the unmarried men of the name of Allen to obtain the post of warden.

The original edifice, which was begun about the year 1614, after a plan of Inigo Jones, is in the old taste, and contains the chapel, master's apartments, &c. in the front, and the lodgings of the other inhabitants in the wings, whereof that on the east side was handsomely new-built in 1739, at the expence of the College. Among the observables therein, they have a small library of books, and once had a good collection of plays given by old Mr. William Cartwright, a comedian, and said to be an acquaintance of the founder's: he was also a Bookseller, and lived at the end of Turnstile Alley by Lincoln's Inn Fields. Not far from the Library there is, in the West wing, a long gallery full of pictures, whereof the best were those left by the founder himself; to

which were added also Mr. Cartwright's collections; and amongst them a curious picture of London, from a view said to be taken by Mr. John Norden, the topographer, in 1603, with the representation of the city procession on the Lord Mayor's day. The founder's picture is at full length, in a robe or gown; but the resemblance of his face is said to have been drawn when he lay dead in his coffin. There is also a portrait of his former wife, of Mary Queen of Scots, of Henry prince of Wales, of Sir Thomas Gretham, of both the Cartwrights, elder and younger, and many other persons of note, as appears by an old catalogue preserved of them. A late master's picture painted by Mr. Charles Stoppelaer, formerly of Covent Garden Theatre, is also here. The master's rooms are richly adorned with old furniture, which he purchases on entering into his station, and there is a library, to which every master is expected to add some books. The College is also accommodated with a very pleasant garden, adorned with walks, and a great profusion of fruit-trees and flowers.

Over the entrance into the College is the following inscription, written by Mr. James Hume, schoolmaster of the College:

Regnante Jacobo,  
 Primo totius Britanniae Monarcha,  
 EDVARDVS ALLEYN, Arm.  
 Theromachiae Regiae Praefectus,  
 Theatri Fortunae dicti Choragus,  
 Aequique sui Rofcius,  
 Hoc Collegium instituit,  
 Atque ad duodecim senes egenos,  
 Sex sc. viros, et totidem faeminas,  
 Commode sustentandos,  
 Paremque puerorum numerum alendum,  
 Et in Christi disciplina, et bonis literis,  
 erudiendum,  
 Re satis ampla intruxit.  
 Porro,  
 Ne quid Deo dicaverat postmodum frustra  
 feret  
 Sedulo cavit:  
 Diplomate namque regio munitus jussit,  
 Ut a Magistro, Custode, et quatuor Sociis,  
 Qui et conscientiae vinculis astricti,  
 Et sua ipsorum utilitate admoniti,  
 Rem bene administrarent  
 In perpetuum regeretur.  
 Postquam annos bene multos Collegio suo  
 praefuisset,  
 Dierum tandem et bonorum  
 Operum satur  
 Fato concessit,  
 VI Kal. Decembris, A.D. MDCXXVI.  
 Beatus ille qui miseratus est pauperum!  
 Abi tu, et fac similiter.



The LUSTRE that TALENTS derive from PURITY of MANNERS.

**T**ALENTS are precious gifts; but it is seldom that they are possessed in a superior degree, and still more seldom that their use is ennobled by being consecrated to virtue. Among so many great geniuses who have successfully cultivated the arts and sciences, there are too many who disgrace themselves by a contempt of decency and manners. To what cause is this misfortune to be ascribed? Is it that Nature, too penurious of her blessings, enriches the mind at the expence of the heart? Is it that Fortune, jealous of a glory in which she has no part, delights in humbling great men by the absurdities and errors into which she suffers them to fall? Chance, which has destroyed so many admirable productions of antiquity, has preserved works, the loss of which would have been leis worthy of our regret, and whose very perfection could never indemnify society for the pernicious effects they are calculated to produce.

If we turn over the pages of history, we shall see talents honoured as long as they respected manners, and contemned and degraded when they violated their purity. Where facts decide, speculations are useless, and reasoning superfluous. Hence we may infer the following truth, so honourable to manners—That they are the true source of the glory of talents.

It is not a blind instinct, but an enlightened discernment, that has inspired mankind with a respect and admiration for talents, which have always been honoured in proportion to the utility derived from them: the most necessary had the first preference; but it was never supposed that any thing injurious to manners could be truly advantageous to society. To whom did men first raise altars and pay divine homage? To those from whom they derived benefits. Skillful artificers, who discovered the secret of abridging our labours, of insuring their success, of providing for the wants of humanity; profound speculators, who discovered the riches of Nature, and the remedies she had provided for our evils; legislators, whose wisdom assembled mankind, formed empires, strengthened the bonds of society: these were the first to whom Antiquity, as yet in a state of rudeness, offered its incense. The excess of its gratitude proves the strength of the motives that inspired it.

Gradually the fine arts were honoured in proportion as their utility was felt. Eloquence, presiding in public delibera-

tions, enlightening the citizen respecting his true interest, alluring to virtue by the force of reason and the charms of style; Poetry, celebrating the exploits of heroes, and the felicity of an innocent life; Painting and Sculpture, occupied in preserving the image of great men, and perpetuating by august monuments the remembrance of their virtues, attracted homage. Thus Mercury and Minerva, Apollo and the Muses, were placed in the temples by the side of Vulcan and Ceres, Æsculapius and Bacchus.

If talents were from their infancy raised to the highest honours, it was because they had all the innocence of the first age. The art of oratory was not so degraded as to contemn the laws, and harangue in favour of infamy; the Muses, as yet virgins, had not polluted their lips by lascivious songs; and the pencil, still chaste, had not dared to trace objects calculated to abash the eye of modesty. So a young maiden is the more lovely from the blush that spreads over her countenance, and creates respect by the simplicity of her demeanor and the diffidence of her looks.

In course of time, when luxury introduced itself and infected the taste of nations, the purity of the primitive manners were corrupted, and the fine arts escaped not the common contagion. To gratify a people already depraved, they were obliged to resemble them; but the weakness did not go unpunished, and was the first cause of the decline of the arts. The simple and majestic beauty of nature was succeeded by the false and affected embellishments of vice; taste, subjected to the tyranny of the passions, became like them capricious and absurd: thus talents fell from their glory, when they ceased to have a respect for manners.

Philosophy, which ought to have remedied the disorder, experienced a similar fate. As long as she was usefully employed in observing nature, and delivering lessons of simple and pure morality, philosophers, dignified with the venerable title of sages, were respected as the masters and legislators of the human race. But when, abandoned to the mania of systems, she was occupied merely in vain speculations; when, divided into as many sects as there were schools, she was degraded to the frivolous office of discussing and solving problematical opinions; when, become useless to manners, she was a stranger to the happiness of mankind; veneration

veneration gave place to contempt, and the odious title of fopphists, applied to sectaries, was an authentic testimony of the debasement into which they were sunk. It is not by licentious productions that the great artists of Greece merited their splendid laurels. In the famous assemblies where their chef-d'œuvres of art were submitted to the inspection of an inquisitive and enlightened people, the palm was never accorded to him who trampled under foot the laws of decorum. This daring attempt was not suffered till the Greeks, satiated with the true Beautiful, fought by the unnatural seasonings of Vice to give a new edge to a taste blunted by profusion. Then, forgetful of the dignity of their talents, artists blushed not to sacrifice to interest, labours which had before been solely consecrated to glory; then, subjugated by the depraved inclinations of individuals, they ceased to be guided by the fire of genius, and departed from perfection in proportion as they departed from purity of manners.

When did Roman eloquence rise to the highest splendor? When the orator, burning with zeal for the republic, ascended the rostrum to awaken in the hearts of his citizens the antique virtues of their fathers, to reclaim the violated rights of allied or subjugated nations, to imprecate the rigour of the laws on the populations and enormities of *Quæstors* and *Proconsuls*. But when eloquence, become captive with Rome, thought no longer but how to please depraved and licentious masters, it was necessary to address the fancy, because virtue alone can speak to the heart; it was necessary to substitute brilliant thoughts for pathetic sentiments, and the vain pomp of words for the strength of reason and argument. Thus eloquence, born to sway the sceptre, was reduced to a cringing slave, and enveloped in the ruin of liberty and manners.

Is it by libertine productions that the greatest poets have merited a conspicuous station on Parnassus, and united in their favour the esteem of all ages and all nations? Should we have less admired the prince of the lyric Latins, if he had blotting from his works every wanton fally, and if his Muse, more chaste, had better observed the laws of decency? Does our regard for this virtue lessen our enthusiasm for Virgil—that happy poet, who knew how to unite the graces of the imagination with the utmost purity of manners, to please without corrupting us, and to employ advantageously the early labours of youth and the leisure of mature age?

If he has had few imitators, it is because he left no heirs of his genius. A poet who is incapable of attracting us by the beauty of his images and the sublimity of his ideas, seeks to interest us by irritating the passions. This unworthy artifice is the ordinary resource of mediocrity of talent.

By what fatality has an art destined to instruct by amusing us, been as yet unable to conquer the repugnance of virtuous minds, or wash out the stains which it received almost at its birth? Because the drama has never yet been made to respect manners. Virtue still groans at the outrage she received on the Attic stage, when Socrates was exposed to the insults of comic irony, and wisdom itself made a public laughing-stock. Apologists of the theatre, obliterate if you can this historical fact! Had this talent enjoyed in the capital of the world a general esteem, should we see the Roman orator exerting himself to dispel the prejudices which were excited against Roscius on account of his profession? Would there have been any necessity to distinguish so accurately between the character of the man and the fault of his art? between the citizen and the actor? Let Thalia dictate only lessons of wisdom; let her characters be never traced by the pencil of malignity; let her disciples, both in their public and private capacity, be one and the same personages, be virtuous citizens; the contradiction would soon cease: there would no longer be a dissenting voice as to the rank this art ought to hold in society; an art that has hitherto been useful in speculation and pernicious in practice; always applauded by taste because it is pleasing, and censured by reason because it is licentious.

In vain have mortified speculators, struck with the fate common to manners and talents, accused the latter of having corrupted the former, of having enervated the minds of the people, and accelerated the fall of empires. Like ungrateful children, they vilify the bosom that gave them nourishment. They accuse the fine arts of a misfortune of which they have been not at all the cause, at most only the instrument, and always the victim. Luxury and the passions, these are the true source of the evils of humanity, which occasion at once corruption of manners and decay of talents. Let us guard ourselves from this fatal poison, and we shall preserve to talents all their glory, and to manners all their innocence.

Rome, intent only on conquests, and aspiring to be mistress of the world, trembled

bled for her manners when she saw the arts and sciences introduced into her bosom. Absurd terror! this was not the enemy she had reason to fear. While she knew how to maintain the severity of her discipline, the exertions of the mind tended only to temper the ferocity of her warriors. But when, corrupted by Asiatic luxury, she forgot her own laws, the arts no longer served but to disguise her vices under the mask of refinement, and to render the examples more contagious. Alarmed at the disorder, she banished to no purpose her rhetoricians and philosophers; it was avarice and voluptuousness which she ought to have proscribed. By this salutary decree, virtue, reconciled to talents, would have derived advantage from their succour, and would have added to her native powers this new charm for gaining the hearts of men.

Sparta had long before, to preserve her virtue, thought herself obliged to shut her gates against those very arts which had rendered Greece so famous; but the proscription fell only on the abuse of talents. Sparta listened to the sounds of the lyre as long as they were calculated to mollify the character of her citizens without enervating their courage; she banished the musicians and poets only when their effeminate songs became dangerous to manners. What a lesson for talents, had they known how to have profited by it!

It is in this respectable school that those should seek instruction who would have us regard the passions as the only principle of the excellent and sublime in the arts, and the constraint in which manners are held as a galling yoke that suppresses the grandeur and energy of nature: a paradox worthy the disciples of Diogenes. Virtue alone can inspire noble ideas, vice is always low and creeping. The passions, freed from the yoke of manners, are savage beasts, and can produce monsters only. Their momentary force is like that of a fever or delirium, that announces an approaching weakness. If in the excess of their fury the mind should still be capable of reaching to the grand and sublime, the depraved inclinations of the author will be strongly impressed on his works, and this impression is sufficient to excite the contempt of every rational being.

The perfection of the arts doubtless consists in their imitating nature; and nature teaches us to throw a veil over every thing that is offensive to modesty. There is no nation, however savage and barbarous, that has not received this lesson. If every celebrated artist had faithfully ob-

served his law, many productions which fear has sacrificed to the safety of manners, would still exist. Such as have escaped this wise precaution, purified from the blots that defile them, would deserve to be universally known, and, instead of the profane homage which is paid to them in secret by a few libertine hearts, they would receive the public applause of all virtuous minds. I appeal to Licentiousness itself which is most flattering, the suffrage of vice or that of virtue?

But if an entire age were so perverse as to lavish praises on infamous productions, posterity, ashamed of the dishonour, condemned equally the talent and its admirers. No--taste for vice was never constant, can never be more than a temporary intoxication. Sooner or later virtue will regain the ascendancy over fashion and prejudice, and its empire become even the stronger from the persevering assaults of error and the passions.

The more a man is endowed with superiority of talents, the more it imports him to venerate manners. Placed as on an eminence, he cannot be virtuous without éclat, nor vicious without ignominy; his labours, however brilliant they may be, will be ever the most inferior source of his reputation. The gifts of the mind may gain a transient applause, the qualities of the heart interest our feelings and excite a durable respect. Talents can never enjoy so pure a lustre as when they turn to their advantage the veneration we have for virtue. They are surrounded with rocks that all bear marks of shipwreck: manners are the only pilot that can save them from the danger.

We should doubtless regard as contrary to manners, not only the greater vices condemned by the laws, but also all those weaknesses which the most rigid virtue disallows. The glory of talents would be imperfect, if they were not attentive to preserve themselves from both. A fault that would scarcely be perceived in a common picture, would disfigure the whole work of a master, where every thing should be finished. The littleness of vanity, the paltriness of interest, the wrongs of jealousy, the bitterness of malignity, are less pardonable in a great man than in a man of moderate abilities, and are sufficient to render his reputation equivocal. Modesty, generosity, rectitude, gentleness, all the virtues that characterise an amiable soul, give to talents a new lustre; with them, they charm us; without them, they only dazzle us.

A superior genius cannot well be ignorant

rant of his merit. A taste for the beautiful, which strongly impresses him wherever he finds it, must equally strike him in his own works as in the productions of another; but if a cautious distrust of himself do not restrain the impulse of vanity, it is to be feared that the most perspicacious mind would soon be the dupe of its illusions.

Self-flattery is so natural, the arch impostor Pride can assume so many disguises, praise deludes the heart into so sweet an inebriation, that the stoutest virtue is in danger of falling. How then, without the succour of so necessary a guide, can talent, when it runs freely, avoid the precipices that lie concealed in its way?

To sustain a continual struggle between glory and moderation; between the desire, so natural, of occupying the first place, and the fear of mortifying a rival; between frankness, desirous of doing itself justice, and modesty, which waits for its reward from the public; is a difficult task: and the heart unaccustomed to subdue itself, will ever fail. The many examples of the fall of others in similar cases, will only serve to hasten the present, by making it appear more excusable.

I read with transport the productions of the first mind that Rome gave birth to: I admire the fertility of his genius, the force of his eloquence, the rectitude of his character; but I am disgusted with his vanity. A sublime orator, a profound philosopher, an enlightened politician, an amiable citizen, all talents seemed to unite in him. And why pant after praises? Applauded at the bar, respected in the senate, listened to in the Academy, arrived by his merit at the pinnacle of honours, successful in his exertions for the republic, what had he to fear for his reputation? Must he fall into the same weakness with which he upbraided his master Demosthenes? thus tarnish his own censure, and give the lie to maxims which he delivered with so much emphasis on the contempt of vain-glory?

But it is in vain to affect the exterior of modesty, if it be not rooted in the heart. Nature will pierce through the disguise in which pride the most subtle can envelop itself. The first wound that is given to vanity will cause the mask to fall off, and leave to the wearer the double shame of a real vice, and of having badly supported his assumed character.

If a noble passion, when carried to excess, is capable of degrading talents, with what opprobrium will they not be loaded when they are subservient to a base and

servile inclination, that of sordid interest? How can men capable of excelling in the arts so far overlook their own merit, combine together elevated ideas and unworthy sentiments, a sublime genius and a mercenary soul! To sacrifice to Fortune advantages which it is beyond her power to bestow, is to be ignorant of the price of them; and since she is so unjust as frequently to leave talents in obscurity, can they better avenge themselves than by despising her favours? The more a man has received from nature, the more is he indebted to society; the highest honours are the reward of his services; but he seems to disclaim these when he seeks another recompence.

The sincere love of virtue and humanity is alone capable of raising the soul to a generous disinterestedness; it leads us to regard talents as a common property, of which our fellow-creatures are entitled to the use. Self-love, which confines them to the individual possessor, is an unfaithful guardian; and disposes, as master, of what it is only the distributor. To consecrate them to the public, is to insure their fruits for ever; and if the public should be capable of a failure of gratitude, if posterity should refuse to discharge the debt, a virtuous heart will always find in its own testimony a reward of which nothing can deprive it.

The same principle should banish jealousy from men of talents who excel in the same art; the more numerous they are, the more multiplied will be the public resources; and an abundance here can only be mortifying to contracted souls. To decry the works of honourable and worthy competitors, to defeat their success by underhand practices, and to decorate ourselves in their spoils without acknowledging the borrowed honour, is a proceeding that common probity condemns, and of which shame is the recompence. How many talents has this monster Envy stifled in the cradle, by crushing their first efforts, or withholding from them the necessary encouragement!

What fury guided the base hand that dared exercise its rage on the immortal paintings of Le Sueur? Would it were possible to efface the vestiges of an attempt so dishonourable to the arts, and to restore these admirable performances to their original splendour! Superiority of talent will never degrade itself by such a proceeding: conscious of its own excellence, it can see that of others without inquietude; the merit of its rivals, far from giving it umbrage, seems but the more calculated to aid

and its success. The justice which it exercises towards them, is repaid with usury; the glory which it consents to share with them, decorates undivided its own brow. Apelles was too great to be jealous; it was he who discovered the merit of the excellent paintings of Protogenes; and if the infant muse of Horace was received at the court of Augustus, to Virgil was the obligation due.

This mean passion has nothing in common with emulation, which is so necessary to talents: jealousy is their poison, emulation is their aliment, and is equally glorious in those whom it animates, and those who are the objects of it. In all cases, the reputation of the master increases in proportion to the progress of his disciples, who, unless they aspire to surpass their model, will never arrive even to an equality with it. Happy the age in which this noble ardour shall reign, when great men shall be rivals without ceasing to be friends, shall labour to excel and not to supplant one another, and shall pursue no other path to glory than that of virtue! In a contest so honourable, the advantage

would almost be equal to the conquered and the conqueror; the one would receive the palm without pride, the other would confer it without envy; all would esteem and respect one another; and by praises in which flattery would have no share, they would fix the judgment of their contemporaries and that of posterity.

If this spirit of moderation and urbanity had always presided in the disputes of the learned, their studies would have been more useful, and their reputation more brilliant. But to kindle in the peaceful kingdom of letters all the rage of civil war, to make the Muses speak a language which the laws of education condemn, to gratify public malignity by a spectacle that makes virtuous men shudder, with whatever specious pretexes it may justify itself, the proceeding is unpardonable. Criticism is doubtless necessary; but if polished manners do not soften its exacerbation, far from conducting to truth, it will serve only to multiply prejudices; far from purifying the taste, it will tend to deprave it; and instead of rendering talents conspicuous, it will dishonour them.

#### A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF Dr. HARTLEY.

**DOCTOR DAVID HARTLEY** was born on the 30th of August 1705. He was the son of a very worthy and respectable clergyman, vicar of Arnley, in the county of York. He received the first rudiments of instruction at a private school, and his academical education at Cambridge. He was admitted at Jesus' College at the age of fifteen years, and was afterwards elected a Fellow of that Society. He was originally intended for the church, and proceeded for some time in his thoughts and studies towards that object: but upon a closer consideration of the conditions attached to the clerical profession, he was restrained by some scruples which made him reluctant to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles. In consequence of these scruples he became disqualified for the pursuit of his first plan, of devoting himself to the personal functions and service of the church. However, he still continued to the end of his life a well-affected member of the church of England, approving of its practical doctrines, and conforming to its public worship. As the church of England maintains all the useful and practical doctrines of Christian morality, he did not think it necessary to separate himself from its communion on account

of some contested articles of speculative and abstruse opinion. He was a Catholic Christian, in the most extensive and liberal sense of that term. On the subject of religious controversy he has left the following testimony of his sentiments, in the last section of Proposition LXXXVIII. *On Religious Knowledge*; viz. "The great differences of opinion and contentions which happen on religious matters, are plainly owing to the violence of men's passions more than to any other cause. When religion has had its due effect in restraining these, and begetting true candour, we may expect a unity of opinion both in religious and other matters, as far as is necessary for useful and practical purposes."

Though his talents were very general, yet undoubtedly his pre-eminent faculties were formed for the moral and religious sciences. These talents displayed themselves in the earliest parts of life, with so much distinction, as could not fail to hold out to his ambition a future career of honest fame, in the service of the national church, if he could have complied with the conditions, consistently with the satisfaction of his own mind. But he had at all times a most scrupulous and disinterested mind, which disposed him in every part of his life, and under all circumstances,

to adhere firmly to those principles which appeared to him to form the strict and conscientious line of moral duty. It proceeded, therefore, from the most serious scruples, irresistibly impressed upon his mind, that he relinquished the profession of his first choice, which may properly be called the prerogative profession of moral and religious philosophy.

In consequence of this determination he applied his talents and studies to the medical profession, in which he soon became equally and in the first degree eminent for skill, integrity, and charitable compassion. His mind was formed to benevolence and universal philanthropy. He exercised the healing art with anxious and equal fidelity to the poor and to the rich. He visited, with affectionate sympathy, the humblest recesses of poverty and sickness, as well as the stately beds of pampered distemper and premature decrepitude. His manners were gentle; his countenance affable; his eloquence moral and pathetic, not harsh or importunate; yet he was not unmindful that bodily sickness softens the mind to moral sensibilities, which afforded frequent opportunities to him of exercising mental charities to afflicted minds, whilst he employed the powers of medical science to the restoration of bodily health. He thus united all the talents of his own mind for natural and moral science, conformably to those doctrines which he inculcates, to that universal system of final morality, by which each effort of sensation or science in the various gradations of life must be esteemed defective, until it shall have attained to its corresponding moral consummation.

It arose from the union above-mentioned, of talents in the moral science with natural philosophy, and particularly from the professional knowledge of the human frame, that Dr. Hartley was enabled to bring into one view the various arguments for his extensive system, from the first rudiments of sensation through the maze of complex affections and passions in the path of life, to the final, moral end of man.

He was industrious and indefatigable in the pursuit of all collateral branches of knowledge, and lived in personal intimacy with the learned men of his age. Dr. Law, Dr. Butler, Dr. Warburton, afterwards Bishops of Carlisle, Durham, and Gloucester, and Dr. Jortin, were his intimate friends and fellow-labourers in moral and religious philosophy, in metaphysics, in divinity and ecclesiastical history. He was much attached to the highly respected character of Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, for the liberality

of his opinions both in church and state, and for the freedom of his religious sentiments. Dr. Hales, and Dr. Smith, master of Trinity College in Cambridge, with other members of the Royal Society, were his companions in the sciences of optics, statics, and other branches of natural philosophy. Mr. Hawkins Browne, the author of an elegant Latin poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*, and Dr. Young, the moral poet, stood high in his esteem. Dr. Byron, the inventor of a scientific short-hand writing, was much respected by him for useful and accurate judgment in the branch of philology. Mr. Hooke, the Roman historian, and disciple of the Newtonian chronology, was amongst his literary intimates.

The celebrated poet Mr. Pope was likewise admired by him, not only as a man of genius, but also as a moral poet. Yet, as Dr. Hartley was a zealous christian without guile, and (if the phrase may be admitted) a partizan for the Christian religion, he felt some jealousy of the rivalry of human philosophy, and regarded the Essay on Man, by Mr. Pope, as tending to insinuate that the divine revelation of the Christian religion was superfluous, in a case where human philosophy was adequate. He suspected the secret influence of Lord Bolingbroke as guiding the poetical pen of his unsuspecting friend, to deck out in borrowed plumes the plagiarisms of modern ethics from Christian doctrines; not without farther distrust of the insidious effect of poetic licence, in softening some rugged points of unaccommodating moral truths. It was against this principle that his jealousy was directed. His heart, from conscious sympathy of human infirmity, was totally devoid of religious pride. His only anxiety was to preserve the rule of life inviolate, because he deemed errors of human frailty less injurious to the moral cause, than systematical perversions of its principle.

It was in the society and friendly intercourse of the learned men above-mentioned, and many others, that Dr. Hartley arranged his work and brought it to a conclusion. His genius was penetrating and active; his industry indefatigable; his philosophical observations and attentions unrenitting. From his earliest youth he was devoted to the sciences; particularly to logic and mathematics. He studied mathematics, together with natural and experimental philosophy, under the celebrated Professor Saunderson. He was an enthusiastic admirer and disciple of Sir

Isaac Newton in every branch of literature and philosophy, natural and experimental, mathematical, historical and religious, which that immortal man diffused throughout the world. He received his first principles of logic and metaphysics from the works of that good and great philosopher Locke. He took the first rudiments of his own work from Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Locke; the doctrine of vibrations, as instrumental to sensation and motion, from the former, and the principle of association originally from the latter, farther explained in a dissertation by the Rev. Mr. Gay; as he himself has informed us. His work was begun when he was about twenty-five years of age; which is a very early period for deep and comprehensive researches. And yet it remains upon his own authority, as declared by himself to his private friends and connexions, that the seeds of this work were lying in latent germination for some years antecedent even to that early bud, which in the work itself has displayed, in full maturity, the mechanical, rational, and moral system of man, respecting his frame, his duty, and his expectations.

Dr. Hartley's work was published in the beginning of the year 1749, when he was a little more than forty-three years of age. It had been completed and finished about two or three years before. He did not expect that it would meet with any general or immediate reception in the philosophical world, or even that it would be much read or understood; neither did it happen otherwise than as he had expected. But at the same time he did entertain an expectation that, at some distant period, it would become the adopted system of future philosophers. That period seems now to be approaching.

He lived about nine years after the publication of his work. The labour of digesting the whole system, and of the composition, was exceedingly great and constant upon his mind for many years, as may easily be supposed from the very great scope of learning which it embraces. But after the completion and publication of it, his mind was left in perfect repose. He kept a general and vigilant attention upon the work, to receive and to consider any subsequent thoughts which might have occurred from his own reflections, or from the suggestions of others, by which he might have modified or arranged any incongruous or discordant parts. But no such alterations or modifications seem to have occurred to him; and at his death

he left his original work untouched, without addition or diminution, without alteration or comment. He has left no additional paper on the subject whatsoever.

The learned and ingenious Dr. Priestley published in the year 1775 some parts of Dr. Hartley's works in an octavo volume, entitled *Hartley's Theory of the Human Mind, on the Principle of the Association of Ideas; with Essays on the Subject of it*. Dr. Priestley had commenced a correspondence with the author a short time before his death, and has in subsequent literary works commented with great acuteness and erudition upon his metaphysical and moral system.

The system is in itself so extensive, and was at the time of its publication so entirely novel and original, that the author did not appear disposed to multiply his anxieties for the particular fate of each tenet or doctrine; but he bequeathed the whole, as one compact and undivided system, to the candour and mature judgement of time and posterity. There was but one point in which he appeared anxious to prevent any misapprehension of his principles: that point respected the immateriality of the soul. He was apprehensive lest the doctrine of corporeal vibrations being instrumental to sensation, should be deemed unfavourable to the opinion of the immateriality of the soul. He was therefore anxious to declare, and to have it understood, that he was not a materialist. He has not presumed to declare any sentiment respecting the nature of the soul, but the negative one, that it cannot be material according to any idea or definition that we can form of matter. He has given the following definition of matter, viz. "That it is a mere passive thing, of whose very essence it is to be endued with a *vis inertiae*; for this *vis inertiae* presents itself immediately in all our observations and experiments upon it, and is inseparable from it, even in idea." The materiality therefore of the sensitive soul is precluded, by the definition of matter being incapable of sensation. If there be any other element capable of sensation, the soul may consist of that element; but that is a new supposition, still leaving the original question concluded in the negative, by the fundamental definition of matter. If indeed we could suppose that matter may have some occult powers and properties, different and superior to those which appear to us, so that it might be endued with the most simple kinds of sensation, it might then attain

repor-

according to the demonstrations of the author's theory, to all that intelligence of which the human mind is possessed; that is to say, through all the paths of sensation, imagination, ambition, self-interest, sympathy and theopathy, finally to the moral sense. And if to the moral sense, whatever may be the origin of the soul by divine creation, whether material or immaterial, transitory or destined to immortality, it is a moral essence, the noblest work of God.

The philosophical character of Dr. Hartley is delineated in his works. The features of his private and personal character were of the same complexion. It may with peculiar propriety be said of him, that the mind was the man. His thoughts were not immersed in worldly pursuits or contentions, and therefore his life was not eventful or turbulent, but placid and undisturbed by passion or violent ambition. From his earliest youth his mental ambition was pre-occupied by pursuits of science. His hours of amusement were likewise bestowed upon objects of taste and sentiment. Music, poetry, and history, were his favourite recreations. His imagination was fertile and correct, his language and expression fluent and forcible. His natural temper was gay, cheerful, and sociable. He was addicted to no vice in any part of his life, neither to pride, nor to sensuality, nor intemperance, nor ostentation, nor envy, nor to any fordid self-interest: but his heart was replete with every contrary virtue. The virtuous principles which are instilled in his works were the invariable and decided principles of his life and conduct.

His person was of the middle size and well proportioned; his complexion fair,

his features regular and handsome; his countenance open, ingenuous, and animated. He was peculiarly neat in his person and attire. He was an early riser, and punctual in the employments of the day; methodical in the order and disposition of his library, papers and writings, as the companions of his thoughts; but without any pedantry, either in these habits, or in any other part of his character. His behaviour was polite, easy, and graceful; but that which made his address peculiarly engaging was the benevolence of heart from which that politeness flowed. He never conversed with a fellow-creature without feeling a wish to do him good. He considered the moral end of our creation to consist in the performance of the duties of life attached to each particular station, to which all other considerations ought to be inferior and subordinate, and consequently that the rule of life consists in training and adapting our faculties, through the means of moral habits and associations, to that end. In this he was the faithful disciple of his own theory, and by the observance of it he avoided the tumult of worldly vanities and their inquietudes, and preserved his mind in serenity and vigour, to perform the duties of life with fidelity, and without distraction. His whole character was eminently and uniformly marked by sincerity of heart, simplicity of manners, and manly innocence of mind. He died at Bath on the 28th of August 1757, at the age of 52 years.

He was twice married, and has left issue by both marriages now living:

From whom this memorable testimony is the tribute of Truth, Piety, and Affection.

#### POLITICAL ANECDOTE OF Dr. FRANKLIN. BY Mr. BURKE.

**W**HAT might have been the secret thoughts of some of the American Leaders, it is impossible to say. As far as a man so locked up as Dr. Franklin could be expected to communicate his ideas, I believe he opened them to Mr. Burke. It was, I think, the very day before he set out for America, that a very long conversation passed between them, and with a greater air of openness on the Doctor's side, than Mr. Burke had observed in him before. In this discourse Dr. Franklin lamented, and with apparent sincerity, the separation which he feared was inevitable between Great Britain and her Colonies. He certainly spoke of it as an event which gave him the greatest concern. America, he said, would never again see such happy days as she had passed under the

protection of England. He observed, that ours was the only instance of a great empire, in which the most distant parts and members has been as well governed as the metropolis and its vicinity; but that the Americans were going to lose the means which secured to them this rare and precious advantage. The question with them was not, Whether they were to remain as they had been before the troubles? for better, he allowed, they could not hope to be; but, Whether they were to give up so happy a situation without a struggle? Mr. Burke had several other conversations with him about that time, in none of which, soured and exasperated as his mind certainly was, did he discover any other wish in favour of America than for a security to its *ancient* condition.



LETTER from Dr. SECKER, ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, to Mr. WALLACE, one of the MINISTERS of EDINBURGH.

Good Mr. Wallace,

I BEG pardon that I have suffered a month to pass without making any acknowledgement to you for your obliging letter, and to Dr. Oswald for his valuable present. The fundamental principle of his Appeal\* is not only right, but of the greatest importance, and he hath treated the subject with great justice and perspicuity; great mildness and decency towards those whom he confutes, great seriousness and propriety towards those whom he exhorts. I long to see that application of his doctrine to the primary truths of revealed religion particularly, which, in his conclusion, he signifies his intention of making; for the short specimens of it which he hath given in one or two places, only excite desires of more. His Sermon is an excellent one. The Letters which follow it are incomparable, and inexpressibly adapted to the present state of these nations. But though their connection with the Sermon is very natural, I want to have them freed from it, and printed separately, that they may get into more hands, and be considered by those who disdain to read sermons. God be thanked for the many good performances in support of religion which we have had from Scotland, whilst the English clergy seemed of late to fail of contributing their share! Dr. Oswald's language is no less pure and elegant than his sentiments are just and striking. In some few

places he uses *will* and *would*, where an Englishman would say *shall* and *should*; as in Appeal, p. 138, 139; 164, 300, 305. Letter II. p. 353. Sermon, p. 39, 40. Letter VIII. p. 55. twice; and, on the other hand, *shall* where we should say *will*, Appeal, p. 163. But our manner of speaking may appear as wrong to you, as yours to us; and perhaps there is no sure ground in the nature of the language for preferring either. Instead of *set aside*, p. 153, which amongst us signifies not employing, we would say *set apart*, which intimates a purpose of employing; but this is altogether arbitrary. *Sustain*, Letter II. p. 53, and elsewhere, I believe is a term of law in Scotland of merely the same meaning with *maintain*. We also use the word, but not in the same sense. Give me leave to ask the two persons meant in the Appeal p. 38. I desire you and Dr. Oswald to accept each of you a copy of the little matters which I have printed: my bookseller will send them down to you. The doctor and I have spoken somewhat differently of Charles I. and I think may allow one another so to do. Your faithful friend and servant,

THO. CANT.

Lambeth, Sept. 10.

1767.

To the Rev. Mr. Wallace,  
Edinburgh.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR BARTELS, DESCRIBING HIS JOURNEY TO MOUNT ZEINA.

(Concluded from Page 21.)

AT length we arrived at an enormous rock, which Polyphemus may be said to have rolled down from the summit of the Volcano, as a shelter to the poor worn-out traveller, after the fatigues he has struggled with in this vast plain. We placed our mules behind this rock, and pursued our journey on foot, continually wading through heaps of thick and black ashes. I could scarcely have supposed the strength of man capable of such painful struggles. I do not mention half the difficulties that it is necessary to encounter, the chief of which arise from the violent hurricanes that deprive one even of the power of breathing.

We travelled in this manner for the

space of two hours; and though all the countries around were still enveloped in a thick mist, the day seemed about to dawn. Beyond the Mountains of Calabria I perceived the first traces of Aurora's approach, and with exultation I remarked it to my friend. It was a spur that served to quicken our pace.—I cannot help expressing the surprise I felt on being so deceived in the expectation I had formed of being surrounded by ice and snow. The air, it is true, was keen, and we felt it the more forcibly from the perspiration into which the fatigue had thrown us; but not the least appearance of snow or ice could be perceived. We left Il Monte Framento, one of the points that surround

\* "An Appeal to Common Sense, in Behalf of Religion," 8vo. 1767. Printed at Edinburgh.

the capital summit of the Volcano, at our left, and proceeded to climb the steep mountain upon which the famous Tower of the Philosophers is situated. The laughable tradition is well known, which gave this name to a paltry guard-house, built probably by the ancient Normans, or the Goths. Empedocles, the celebrated Philosopher of Agrigentum, might have chosen it for an asylum, in order to make his calculations respecting the constitution of *Ætna*, and the cause and effects of its explosions. The Legend says, finding his researches fruitless, he was so extremely mortified that, to gratify his absurd ostentation, and lead superstition to believe that he was taken up among the Gods, he threw himself into the gulph. *Ætna* betrayed him some time after; a new eruption threw up his slippers, and proved his death. This story obtained it the name of the Tower of Philosophers, a name that has been transmitted even to our days, though the soldiers who from this eminence watched the motions of their enemies, were nothing less than Philosophers. This ruin procured us a desirable shelter from the cold and the wind; we placed ourselves behind it on the part opposite the sea and the Mountains of Calabria, that we might be able to contemplate at our ease the majestic rising of the star of day. I have seen this grand, this superb spectacle! which no language can paint, which the Poet's fancy can but feebly sketch:—What do I say? which the most rapid flight, the triumph of all the powers of the mind can never reach!—I have contemplated this magnificent spectacle, that surpasses in dignity, grandeur, and beauty, all that nature has most attracting to offer to the eager eyes of mortals. With a single glance I have seen all the works of the all-powerful Creator, Benefactor, and Preserver, united: with a single glance I have seen the inexhaustible source of his blessings, and those destroying torrents of liquid fire pour down before me. While I listened with solemn attention to the dreadful roarings of *Ætna*, my eyes were riveted to the new life which the sun created under me; and the immense paradise of delights that sprung up at my feet, banished from my remembrance and my view the horrible destruction that surrounded me.

When I arrived near the Philosophers Tower, an universal darkness still reigned; a thick mist enveloped the whole earth, which the impetuous wind that blew from the top of the Volcano could not dissipate. All nature was in awful stillness, that

seemed to announce something great, and bespeak the impatient desires of the creation. It was above the Mountains of Calabria that the sun first began to gild the horizon with its rays. Here nature made a pause, the darkness and the light seemed as yet undivided, and I might say with Brydone, "both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos."—I remained for a few moments rapt in expectation. All at once, as if the Almighty had that instant said, "Let there be Light!" I saw the breath of life animate the whole creation; I felt the bowels of the earth palpitate. I saw the sun dart with all the pomp of Divine Majesty; and where a few moments before darkness, mists, and confusion had prevailed, light and order were magnificently distributed. The picture became more superb every instant as the horizon extended. It was a prospect *unique* in nature. It is this majestic prospect that teaches us to pray, and enables the human soul to appreciate in a manner the divine grandeur. Delicious plains were at my feet, where Nature seemed to have shed her richest blessings; and houses, mountains, trees, and rivers, which take their source from the mountains, and after meandering through vast plains return in a thousand different ways, and lose themselves in the places whence they issued. *Ætna* appeared to rise from the centre of this terrestrial paradise, and to be the base to which the whole island was chained. An infinite number of mountains were attached to its various declivities: others, all the children of this immense Colossus, formed a garland round it, some raising their lofty but barren heads to the clouds, and some richly covered with verdure and aromatics silently assembled round their common parent. At a distance I discovered Messina, Palermo, Catania, Syracuse, Agrigentum, and a number of other towns, whose appearance was magnificent. I saw also the three Capes of the Island, and their triangular form. Thus I had all Sicily, with all its beauties, displayed as in a map, under my eye. An arm of the sea surrounded it, and on one side, where this channel united itself with the Mediterranean, I discovered the Islands of Lipari, and the enchanting shores of Italy, partly enlightened by the reflection of the rays of the rising sun, and partly concealed by a thin mist that insensibly lost itself in the clouds. On the other side I beheld the sombre shadows of *Ætna* forming an immovable curtain over one part of the island, reaching even to the sea, and so

concealing from the inhabitants of the country to the West of it the magnificent spectacle of the rising sun; a gratification which no words can estimate, and which made us forget all the fatigues and inconveniences that had accompanied this painful ascent.—But how is it that from this spot I could see so clearly? Why was I able to discover objects more distinctly than I had ever done before? My sight is naturally weak, and yet I could plainly perceive the Island of Malta, which is a hundred and fifty miles from the Coast. The observations which M. Brydone pretends to have made on the subject, appear to me the best explanation that can be given of this singular phenomenon of the sight. “All these objects (says he), by a kind of magic in vision, seem as if they were brought close round the skirts of *Ætna*; the distance appearing reduced to nothing. Perhaps this effect is produced by the rays of light passing from a rarer medium into a denser, which (from a well-known law in optics) to an observer in the rare medium, appears to lift up the objects that are at the bottom of the dense one; as a piece of money placed in a basin appears lifted up as soon as the basin is filled with water.”—I had no sooner recovered myself a little from the fatigue which joy had produced in me, than I began to estimate the beauties of this Elysium. I recalled to my memory, in succession, and was eager to find out the places where the Athenians first approached Sicily, where the Carthaginians formed colonies, where the people of Syracuse wrought prodigies of valour. I then endeavoured to trace the mountains where the ancient inhabitants of the country took refuge, when new forces from Greece and Carthage obliged them to seek their safety in flight. My rapacious view was fixed also upon the countries where the Roman legions immortalized their glory; upon those which the Saracens, the Goths, and the Normans formerly laid waste; and upon those where they afterwards fixed their habitation. I ran over all these places as in a book. I then called to mind past events, and took a review of all the great men who had any relation with these countries, and which reading and study had introduced to my acquaintance.

If I had followed the dictates of inclination, I should have prolonged my stay in this charming spot, where I could give a free scope to my observations; but my *Piedetto*, probably from indolence, was continually dinning in my ears the utter impossibility of ascending, on account of

the violence of the wind the last mile and a half, the distance we still were from the highest summit of *Ætna*; but I was resolved to proceed, at least till some physical impossibility should prevent me. I began, therefore, to climb. The first place I came to was a small plain, deeply covered with ashes and sand. I then descended into a kind of valley, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, where, for the first time, I met with ice and snow, but in small quantities. The clouds that surrounded me whitened my clothes, and my breath was frozen as in the depth of winter. In this valley, formed of lava, the cold was so piercing, that my hands and feet were almost frozen, and it was with the utmost difficulty I could mount any higher.

We arrived, however, at the last ascent of the volcano, which, joined to the two lower ones, form the crown of *Ætna*. We were still at a distance from the capital summit of *Ætna*, and though our guide would have persuaded us that it was impossible to reach it, we clambered on. The declivity appeared to be less steep, but this was, I imagine, an optical deception, as it is certainly the steepest part of the mountain. I found a new obstacle in the mist, which became thicker every instant, and prevented me from seeing three steps before me. The violence of the hurricanes also increased to such a degree, that I could scarcely breathe or stand upon my legs. Frequently I was obliged to lie down in order to recover my breath; my body suffered the greatest pain from the cold; and the route was rendered still more difficult from its being sown, as it were, with sharp points of lava. I had still half-a-mile to ascend, when the sulphurous exhalations became so thick, that it was impossible to withstand them. From these inconveniences I felt a most acute pain in my breast, and at last, overcome with fatigue, I sunk under it. By the assistance of my friend I recovered my strength, and we reached at length, in spite of every obstacle, the principal summit, where the ground became insensibly slippery, and smooth as ice under our feet, partly because the wind continually swept the surface, and partly because the perpetual fogs render it moist and greasy. To our great satisfaction, however, we found a small plain, which the wind had not yet cleared of the lava, and there we rested ourselves. The cold was less violent in proportion as we approached the summit, the head of which was covered with a thick crust of humid lava. This crust was so glutinous that every step we made left a deep mark, and

the matter exhaled a heat so excessive that it was impossible to keep the hand an instant on the same spot without burning it. I lay down a moment to warm myself, but notwithstanding I was almost frozen, it was impossible to withstand so strong a heat. I made haste to pass this burning road, and I came at length to the border of the gulf. There I heard *Ætna* thunder with all its dreadful vehemence; I felt its entrails shake; pieces of burning matter gave way under me: from the bottom of this hell, columns of thick and black smoke ascended, which having reached the borders of the gulf were delivered over to the hurricanes and dispelled among the clouds. I cannot better describe what I felt, when, elevated above the earth, I found myself on the brink of this precipice of flames, than by these lines of Virgil:

— *Mibi frigidus horror  
Membra quatit, gelidusque coit formidine  
sanguis.*

*ÆNEID III. 30.*

I made what stay I could near the border of the volcano; but from the wind, the mist, and the sulphurous exhalations, it was but short. What tormented me most was, that the puffs of black smoke darkened the sight, and prevented me from tracing, in the vast extent of country below me, the coasts of Africa. Now and then, however, the wind favoured us and dispersed the smoke, so that we were able to form a just idea of the volcano. It is an error to call (as is commonly done) the mountains that form the crown of *Ætna Bicornous*. On looking at the mountain, at a distance, it seems to be true; but the volcano is surrounded by three mountains, and it would of consequence be more proper to call the crown *Tricornous*. The situation of these mountains is so regular, that they form an equiangular triangle; and this position is the cause that, from whatever point they are seen, two of them only are visible, one of them always concealing the third. The mountain that surrounds the volcano on the side of Catania, and at the left of the Philosophers Tower, is called *Monte di Frumento*, and is the least steep of the three. I was desirous of attempting to walk on the very brink of the precipice; but whoever shall do it, *erit mihi magnus Apollo*. The circumference of the mountains surrounding the volcano is about two miles. An infinite number of openings and gulfs, which surround the capital

gulf, throw continually from their entrails a kind of rain of ashes and sand, accompanied with a continual smoke. The capital gulf, which forms but a small part of the circumference, if we may judge from the eye, is not more than sixty feet in diameter. I discovered, at a small distance from the gulf at our feet, a heap of snow; and when the wind dispelled the smoke, I could perceive some traces, in the marshy soil, of grass and plants. Being unable to discover any thing more, I returned, elate with joy at having ascended this immense colossus.

Our descent was quicker and less fatiguing. Sheltered from the fury of the elements, we stopped at the Philosophers Tower, and enjoyed a second time the Elysium that offered itself to our view. By degrees we drew towards the end of our journey; but before we arrived at the forests, I discovered at a distance a large burning gulf, out of which a black and thick smoke continually issued. It was an opening made by the eruption of 1780. I approached it, and found that the explosion had formed no mountain, as is commonly the case; but, on the contrary, that the force of the torrent had made a kind of valley, about forty feet long, twenty wide, and fifteen deep. The opening is situated at the end of the valley, and is about fifteen feet in diameter: within, the surface of the soil is covered with a stratum of sulphur and lava, which produces but very few plants. The lava is still warm, and the smoke that daily ascends from the lava that is already hardened, proves that the fire is still alive under the ashes. The torrent made its way over several valleys towards Paterno, a fief of the Prince of Biscari, and destroyed some vineyards, which was all the mischief it did. It was about one hundred feet wide by twenty thick, and flowed at least to a distance of six or seven miles.

We found our mules feeding in the forest, and we made all the expedition we could to reach the convent of Benedictines, where we rested from the fatigues of our journey. My friend had experienced during the route continual risings in the stomach, and vomited several times. I mention it in this place, because I found that a number of travellers, whose names were noted down in the convent, mention their having experienced similar inconveniences. The cause of this sickness proceeds, probably, from the sulphurous exhalations one is obliged to swallow, and the fatigue we undergo in struggling against the violence of the hurricanes; the

rapid change of climate, joined to the impression made on us by a too rarefied air, without doubt, contribute also to the malady.

We arrived at Catania at nine o'clock in the evening (having spent a day and a half in this journey), and were received by the inhabitants with the most flattering acclamations of joy.

A SPECIMEN of LORD WHITWORTH'S STATE PAPERS.

( *Concluded from Page 24.* )

III.

Mr. Secretary BOYLE to Mr. WHITWORTH, at Mosco.

*Whitehall, 2d Nov. 1708.*

SIR,

I HAVE received the favour of your letters of the 26th of September and 3d of October N. S. together with the several papers inclosed in the last, and a private one to myself of the 3d of October; and must thank you for the pains and skill you have shewn in managing the affair relating to the Muscovite Ambassador. I take all your thoughts upon that matter to be so very just, that, I hope, you will, upon this occasion, and all others, continue to write to me with all the freedom imaginable. The Ambassador has certainly acted a very malicious and unsincere part; for he not only assured me, that he would represent the matter to his Court as favourably as the nature of it would bear; but, as to my own particular, did often repeat his acknowledgments of my kindness and civility to him, from the beginning of his misfortune to the time of his going away. You shall, by the next post, be fully informed of all the facts and circumstances that attend this case. In the mean time, I may tell you, that I was hardly come to town, when this arrest was made, and was by chance not to be found. If I had been there, it had been too late to have prevented the injury he had received, and it could not have been in my power to have made an immediate reparation by inflicting any punishment upon the offenders, as one in my situation might have done in other countries. But Mr. Walpole, as soon as he was found, went, and in my name offered all the civilities could be shewn upon that occasion, of which he will give you a particular account himself. The treatment he received from the bailiffs may be something aggravated by him. But you know very well, that they never lay hands upon any body but with as much rudeness and violence as they can; but that is not a material part of the case; for the

indignity done to the character is, in a manner, equal, though the bailiffs had performed their office never so gently. As the Ambassador has taken pains to aggravate all other parts of this matter, so he has thought it necessary to lessen the number of his creditors that agreed in using him in this manner, since the account I sent you of the persons committed to prison for this offence, shows their number to be much greater than he represented it; not to mention a great many others, who would not join in this violent way of recovering their debts, but were very clamorous for their money, as some are at this very time. I do not take notice of this as an excuse for what is past, but to let you see that his representations are all of a piece. I need not observe to you, that the satisfaction demanded is extravagant and impracticable; and I do not doubt but as you have let them know that the prosecution against the offenders is carrying on with all the rigour our laws do allow, of which I gave you an account in my letter of the 26th of last month, so you will take a proper opportunity to let them understand that what they ask is in nobody's power to grant, and to say they will be satisfied no other way, is the same thing as to say they are resolved to break off all correspondence with her Majesty and Great Britain for the future. But you know the country and those people so well, that I need not trouble you with any suggestions of mine, but leave it entirely to your prudence and dexterity, to manage this accommodation in what manner you think best. You are not to depend upon it that any body extraordinary will be sent upon this occasion. If nothing else would make up the matter, and one was sure that would, great efforts would be made to persuade some person of quality to undertake that journey; but that could not be without difficulty: and I hope you will have the honour and satisfaction of putting an end to all this troublesome business, in spite of Mr. Matueoff's representations, who, I have reason to believe, has endeavoured to make the breach

as wide as he can, that it might deserve the more for making it up. I am very truly, with much esteem,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

H. BOYLE.

IV.

Lettre du Comte de BOTHMAR à Monf.

WHITWORTH.

*A la Haye, ce  $\frac{6^{me}}{17}$  Septembre 1717.*

NOUS avons un avis secret, Monsieur, mais très-certain, qu'on n'abandonne pas encore l'entreprise d'enlever le Roi Stanislaus ou de le tuer: celui qui conduit l'affaire est à cette heure en France, on m'en dit pas le nom: je ne sçais si ce n'est pas Serfom, quoique je doute s'il lui est permis de venir en France. On se flatte même que cette entreprise réussira d'autant plus facilement que le Roi Stanislaus ne sera plus sur ses gardes, après que la première est échouée, croyant qu'il n'a plus rien à craindre. Je ne sçais si on pourra avertir Mr. Poniatofki ou le Roi Stanislaus de ceci, par un billet sans nom, & d'une main inconnue, disant seulement que l'avis vient du même endroit, dont on lui a donné le premier, & qu'ainsi il peut le tenir pour sûr. Je serois bien aise de voir le manifeste du Roi Stanislaus sur la première entreprise contre lui, dont vous m'avez parlé.

V.

Mr. WHITWORTH to the KING of PRUSSIA.

*A Berlin, le 10<sup>me</sup> d'Août 1719.*

*Au Roi de Prusse.*

C'EST pour informer votre Majesté, très-humblement, que l'accommodement du Roi mon Maître ayant été conclu avec la Reine de Suede à Stockholm le vingt-deuxième du passé, j'ai eu ordre de m'adresser à votre Majesté, & d'offrir de lui faire comprendre, en signant le Traité connu. J'en ai donné part au Ministres de votre Majesté, qui auront sans doute fait leur rapport Mardi passé; mais comme le Roi suspend sa ratification seulement pour recevoir la résolution de votre Majesté, que mes instructions sont fort pressantes, & que le moindre délai pourra faire perdre l'occasion, je la supplie très-humblement de m'honorer de ses ordres là-dessus, par Mess. ses Ministres.

Je suis, &c. &c. &c.

VI.

Mr. WHITWORTH to Mr. Secretary CRAGGS.

*Berlin,  $\frac{1}{12}$  Aug. 1719, at eight in the evening.*

MR. KNIPHAUSEN is returned this afternoon from Wusterhausen, with the King's orders to accept and adjust the treaties, and to make the most sincere acknowledgments for this seasonable and essential mark of his Majesty's friendship.

Monf. Heusch and I have been in conference with Monf. d'Ilgen and Monf. Kniphausen ever since five o'clock, and after several disputes, we have settled the treaties and separate articles to his Majesty's satisfaction. The instruments are given to be drawn fair, and will be sent tomorrow to the King, these Ministers intending to have the ratifications signed at the same time for their justification, because of his indisposition, which will not allow him to examine and approve every article and alteration in particular. I hope they will be back on Monday time enough for us to sign and exchange the instruments the same evening, and I shall then immediately dispatch the originals to Hanover by a messenger.

These Ministers desire the signing may be kept secret for some few days.

VII.

Mr. Secretary CRAGGS to Mr. WHITWORTH.

*Whitehall, 14 August 1719.*

SIR,

I AM favoured with your letter of the 12th inst. N. S. inclosing the copy of yours of the 11th to my Lord Stanhope, from whom we have since received the copies of the treaties between his Majesty, as King of Great Britain and as Elector of Hanover, and the Crown of Prussia. You will easily believe that it gave every body here, that has any regard to the service of his King and country, the highest satisfaction, to see a negotiation thus happily concluded, that was attended with so many difficulties, and that your dexterity and application in the conduct of it has gained you all the credit and reputation you have so well deserved. This consideration has added very much to the pleasure I have received from so happy an event, as I shall ever make what touches you my particular concern, being with great sincerity and esteem, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

J. CRAGGS.

VIII.

## VIII.

Lord TOWNSHEND (Secretary of State)  
to Lord WHITWORTH.

(Very private, and wrote chiefly in cypher.)

Whitehall, 23d May 1791.

My Lord,

I HAVE this minute received the honour of your Lordship's two letters of the 24th inst. N. S. but not having had an opportunity of laying them before the King, I have no orders from his Majesty upon the contents of them.

The proposals from Poland are surely the most chimerical that this age has produced; but our friend, the King of Prussia, seems, by the measures he is taking with regard to his troops, to be determined to put his affairs upon a more solid foundation. I am convinced, by what you write, that all thoughts of the convention, we had lately in view, must, at least for the present, be laid aside: the eyes of all this part of Europe will now, for some time, be turned upon what is doing at Neustadt. When that peace is once concluded, I see no reason why the King should not be as well with the Czar as the King of Prussia, or any other power in Europe. I am sure the King has less reason to apprehend the influence of his new acquisitions; neither can his increasing in his trade and shipping give the King the same jealousy that it may, with reason, give the Dutch and other powers; because the ballance of trade in the Baltic has always, in all times, been against us; and there is not any thing which we bring from thence, that we may not have, with a very small en-

couragement, from our own plantations in the West-Indies. This being our case, your Lordship would do a very eminent service to the King, if you could find a proper opportunity of founding the Muscovite Minister with you, in case he is a man of weight and credit at his own court, and of talking to him in the style and strain I now write. Your Lordship, I know, is sensible that this must however be done with great caution; and you will open yourself more or less to him, as you find he relishes it, and as you judge he may be trusted. This I may venture to assure you, that, as soon as the peace in the North is made, the King, on his part, will be willing, not only to have an entire reconciliation between himself and the Czar, but likewise to establish a perfect friendship and good correspondence with him, and that your Lordship cannot do his Majesty greater service than in beginning this good work.

The great confidence his Majesty has in your Lordship's abilities makes him trust you with this most important service preferably to any others; and from some advances which have been formerly made to your Lordship by the Muscovites, the King thinks you may naturally enough take up the same subject again; and his Majesty is persuaded, that as this negotiation requires the greatest skill, secrecy, and discretion, both with regard to the court where you are and to others, your Lordship will not fail to manage it accordingly.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

TOWNSHEND.

## D R O S S I A N A.

## NUMBER XXIII.

ANECDOTES of ILLUSTRIOUS and EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,  
PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

[ Continued from Page 29. ]

ABBE DE RANCE,

THE Reformer of the Convent of La Trappe in Normandy, was the son of a Nobleman, and had published in early life an edition of Anacreon. He was a gay dissipated young Abbe till he was brought to a better way of life by the accident of his gun's buriting in his hand. The story of his conversion on seeing the

dead body of his mistress disfigured by the small-pox is not true. The regulations he made for his Convent are extremely rigid and severe. The life of the Monks of it is really, as Santeuil said, "longo supplicio mori." What was said of old to a Cynic Philosopher might have been applied to him: "Ποῦ πρὸς ἰδανὴν, καὶ μάστιγας λαμβάνει;" "Il préche la faim, & treuve

& trouve des disciples." A few of the rules are subjoined, from a very scarce book\*.

"On n'y servira jamais au reſectoir que des legumes, des racines, des herbes, et du laitage, pour les portions de la communauté, et jamais de poisson, ni d'œufs."

"On y aura toujours la tête baiffée, mais on ne se penchera point sur ce qu'on mange, et on éloignera un peu de soi ses portions."

"On ne parlera jamais de soi, ni en bien, ni en mal. On ne parlera jamais avec action, ni avec gestes du corps, ni de la main. Jamais il n'arrivera à dire qu'on a rien à dire. Mais tout au moins on dira quelques mots, quand il faudra parler."

"Dans le Chapitre des Coupes, le Supérieur entonne, "*Loquamur de Ordine nostro*," et en même temps tous les Religieux se prosternent."

"Le Supérieur dit, "*quid dicitis*," et tous repondent etant prosternés, "*Culpas meas*," et apres qu'il a dit "*Surgite in nomine Domini*," tous se levent, et ceux à qui il dit de venir dire leurs coupes, viennent devant lui, et lui s'inclinent pour proclamer leurs coupes à haute voix, pour être entendus de toute la Communauté."

"Les premiers Religieux de l'Ordre ont regardé la *travail des mains* comme une de leur obligations principales. On ira aux ouvrages assignés d'une maniere qui n'a rien de léger, de précipité, ni de lâche. Les Religieux ne permettront pas à leur sens de prendre aucun effort dans les objets les plus indifférens, ni de se trop repandre dans les choses mêmes où ils seront occupés; considérant que le travail des mains est la première peine du péché, et un exercice propre à un état de pénitent et de pauvre, et que c'est un moyen très-puissant pour les sanctifier dans leur profession."

"On garde dans les Cloîtres un *perpetuel silence*. Si on a besoin du quelque chose dans ce Monastère, il faut s'adresser au portier, ou à celui qui reçoit les étrangers, parceque les Religieux etant obligés à un très rigoureux silence, ne donnent aucune réponse à ceux qui leur parlent."

"Dans leur conférences, chaque Religieux se tiendra dans une posture modeste. On y aura toujours les manches de la coude levées."

"On y parlera de suite, les uns apres les autres."

"On n'y fera jamais un conte du monde, sous prétexte d'en tirer quelque instruction, et on bannira absolument les entretiens des Gazettes, de nouvelles du temps et du monde, comme aussi tous discours de la Cour et du Collège. Cela ne pouvant qu'indisposer les âmes, et les jeter dans la dissipation, et dans les souvenirs des choses qu'on a du avoir oubliées."

Yet it appears by a Letter from Abbé de Rancé to M. Santeuil, that he was not still satisfied with the austerities of his Convent:

"Il est vrai que nous voudrions bien ressembler aux Saints Moines, et tracer dans nos vies des actions qui les ont rendus l'édification des hommes et la joie des anges. Mais avec tous nos efforts et peine sommes nous les ombres de ces corps d'une beauté et d'une clarté si grande."

The Life of this extraordinary man is written in most elegant French by Abbé Marfolier, 2 vols. 12mo.

#### MASQUE DE FER.

"Le Duc de Choiseul m'a raconté plusieurs fois, que Louis XV. lui avoit dit qu'il étoit instruit de la vérité de l'histoire du Masque de Fer. Le Duc, très curieux de pénétrer ce mystère, s'avança autant, qu'il le pouvoit, jusqu'à prier sa Majesté de le lui dévoiler; mais le Roi ne vouloit jamais rien lui dire de plus, sinon que de toutes les conjectures qu'on avoit faites là dessus, il n'y en avoit pas une de vraie; et quelques temps apres, Mademoiselle de Pompadour, excitée par M. de Choiseul, ayant pressé le Roi sur ce sujet, il lui dit, "que c'étoit un Ministre d'un Prince d'Italie." Je suis tombé par hazard sur une lettre écrite de Turin, et imprimée dans "l'Histoire Abrégée de l'Europe, chez Claude Jordan, à Leyde," tome 3, page 33, article "MANTOUE." Cette Lettre expose que le Duc de Mantoue en 1685, voulant traverser les desseins de la France en Italie, envoya son *Premier Ministre* en différentes cours, pour les engager à former une ligue contre leur ennemi commun. Ce Ministre, qui étoit un habile *Negotiateur*, réussit à persuader toutes les Puissances d'Italie d'entrer dans les vues de son maître. Il ne resta plus que le Duc de Savoie, et il vint à Turin pour

\* Reglemens de l'Ordre de la Trappe.



travailler à le détacher des intérêts de la France. Le Cabinet de Versailles, instruit de ses démarches, donna des instructions là dessus au Marquis d'Arcy, alors Ambassadeur de France à Turin. Celui-ci commença par faire beaucoup de caresses et d'amitiés au Ministre du Duc de Mantoue : il l'engagea dans plusieurs parties ; entre autres, à une chasse, qui les mena du côté de Pignerol, ville appartenante alors à la France. Aussitôt qu'ils se trouverent sur les terres de la France, des hommes apostés enleverent le Ministre de Mantoue et le conduisirent à Pignerol, et delà aux Isles de Sainte Marguerite, où il resta sous la garde de M. de St. Marc, et du Major Rosargues jusqu'en 1690, qu'ils eurent l'ordre de l'amener à la Bastille."

CORRESPONDANCE INTERCEPTÉE,  
12mo. Paris, 1788.

PELISSON,

who was sent to the Bastille for his fidelity to his patron M. Fouquet, the famous Superintendent of the Finances to Louis XIV. wrote a poem in that horrid fortrefs called "Eurymedon." His Biographer says, "Il en forma le dessein dans le temps qu'on l'interrogeoit, persuadé qu'il ne pourroit écarter ce par une grande contention d'esprit les ennuis qui sont inseparables d'une rigoureuse prison." He wrote these verses on the walls of his cell in the Bastille :

" Doubles grilles à gros cloux,  
" Triples portes, forts verroux,  
" Aux ames vraiment *mechantes*  
" Vous representez l'enfer,  
" Mais aux ames innocentes  
" Vous n'êtes que du bois, des pierres, et  
" du fer."

Voltaire says, there are no compositions in the French language that in style and manner more resemble the orations of Tully than the remonstrances of Pelisson to Louis XIV. in favour of M. Fouquet.

ABBE RACCELLAI.

The power of *motive* upon the human mind was perhaps never better exemplified than in the following account of the Abbe Raccellai, taken from that very entertaining book, "Les Melanges de la Littérature, par Vigneuil de Merveille;" written, however, by Dom. Noel d'Argonne, a Carthusian Monk of Gailion, near Rouen, in Normandy :

" L'Abbé Raccellai étoit fils d'un Florentin de son nom, qui étoit veau en France, où il tint les grosses fermes et

emporta de nos gabelles en Italie beaucoup d'argent. Cet Abbé, petit neveu de Monsignor della Casa, bien connu par ses ouvrages, étoit passé de la Cour de Rome (où il avoit reçu un affront) à celle de France, qui le consideroit beaucoup à cause de la beauté de son esprit et de sa grande dépense, ou, pour mieux dire, de ses profusions. Car on a vu servir à la table des bassins de vermeil tout chargés d'essences, des parfums, des gands, des éventails, et même des pistoles pour le jeu apres le repas. Il est facile de juger par là, quel homme c'étoit que M. de Raccellai. Sa delicatesse en toutes choses alloit à l'excès. Il ne buvoit que de l'eau, mais d'une eau qu'il falloit chercher bienloin, et pour ainsi dire, choisir goutte à goutte. Un rien le bleffoit ; le soleil, le serain, le moindre froid, le moindre chaud, ou le moindre intemperie de l'air alteroit sa constitution. La seule apprehension de tomber malade l'obligeoit à garder la chambre, et se mettre au lit. C'est à lui que nos Medecins sont obligés de l'imagination des *vapeurs* (cette maladie *sans maladie*, qui fait l'exercice des gens oisifs et la fortune de ceux qui les traitent). Ce bon Abbé gemissoit doucement sous le poids de ces bagatelles, n'osant rien entreprendre, où il y a eu tant soit peu de fatigue et de peine. A la fin rongé d'ambition, ou plutôt du desir de se venger de ses ennemis, il entreprit de servir la Reine Marie de Medecis dans des intrigues fort mêlées, et qui demanderent beaucoup d'activité. La vue du travail qui lui paroissoit un monstre, pensa lui faire lâcher prise ; mais se surmontant, il devint si robuste et si actif, que ses amis qui le voyoient travailler tout le jour, ne point reposer la nuit, courir la poste sur des mechants chevaux, boire et manger chaud ou froid, comme il le trouvoit, lui demanderent des nouvelles de l'Abbé Raccellai, ne sachant point ce qu'il étoit devenu, ni quel autre homme avoit pris sa place, ni dans quel autre corps son ame étoit passée."

ABBE BLANCHET,

Interpreter for the Oriental Language to the late King of France, and Author of "Les Variétés Morales et Amusantes," was a man of such an extremely hypochondriacal constitution, that at the age of twenty he thus wrote to a friend : " Je suis si horriblement triste, que la vie m'en devient amere. Tel que je suis, il faut pourtant que je *me* supporte, mais les autres y sont ils obligés ? Si la Religion ne me soutenoit et consoloit un peu,

je crois que je deviendrois fou." By attention, by care of himself, and by employment, this excellent man lived to be seventy years old, and passed his long life with credit to himself and with amusement and instruction to others. A countryman of his says of his works: "Ils annoncent à la fois, un literateur erudit, un moraliste aussi ingenieux, que severe, et un ecivain sans pretention, mais dont le style (tousjours clair) est souvent agreable et quelquefois elegant." Hippocrates, or at least the compiler of the medical works attributed to him, has called the melancholy, the horrific disposition, as the disposition attending upon great men, heroes, and men of genius. Where indeed the mind, by being overstrained by exertion, becomes torpid, or where, for want of its proper pabulum, it remains inactive and undirected, depression of spirits must take place. In that case the French say well, "l'epée mange son fourreau." In general, however, the most melancholy persons in the world are those who have nothing to do, or who chuse to do nothing.

FOntenELLE.

Of the composition of this ingenious man's "Eloges" too much praise cannot easily be given. His language is ever clear and elegant, and his general turn of thinking is always new and *recherchée*. The late excellent Dr. Johnson was very fond of them. One of Fontenelle's maxims was a very excellent one: "Il faut se refuser le superflu, pour donner aux autres le necessaire." He used to say, "J'ai eu la foiblesse de faire bien des epigrammes, mais j'ai toujours resisté au plaisir malin de les publier." The Regent one day asked Fontenelle, What he was in general to think of the numerous copies of verses which were presented to him? "Dites toujours, Monseigneur, qu'ils sont mauvais, et de cent fois vous ne vous tromperez pas deux." He said well of La Fontaine, "Il est bien aisé d'être un homme d'esprit, ou un sot, mais d'être tous les deux, et dans le plus haut degré, cela est admirable."

On seeing a bust of Boileau the satirist, he said, "On doit le couronner des lauriers, et l'envoyer aux galeres."

Some one asking him, how he liked a company in which he had passed an evening, and which consisted chiefly of men of inferior talents, and of women of a certain age, he said, "J'ai trouvé les hommes passables, et les femmes passées." He lived to be upwards of ninety-nine years

of age; and when some one asked him, not long before he died, what he felt, he replied, "rien qu'un difficulté d'être."

PIRON,

the famous Epigrammatist, and the Author of that excellent Comely "La Metromanie," had a very great dislike to Voltaire, which that writer returned him with interest.

Voltaire, on coming out of the French Theatre at Paris, where one of his Tragedies had been hissed, in a scornful way asked Piron, "Well, Sir, and what do you think of my Tragedy?" "I know," replied the Wit, "what you think of it. You wish I had written it."

OLIVER CROMWELL.

It is but little known, that to this extraordinary person the inhabitants of these kingdoms owe the security of their property; he having opposed a motion made in the House of Commons by one of the Fanatics for burning all the records of the kingdom. Another Fanatic desired a private audience of him, to know, in the Lord's name, the destination of a fleet he was then sending out against the Spaniards. "The Lord shall know it," replied the Protector, "for thou shalt go with the fleet;" and he ordered him directly to be sent on board one of the ships of it. His eloquence was in general much embarrassed and perplexed, perhaps on purpose; for Lockyer Dean of Peterborough used to say, that he had heard him speak wonderfully well on a commercial subject, and with great precision and knowledge of the subject. There is a story, somewhere, of Oliver Cromwell's walking round the corpse of Charles the First, on the evening of the execution, as it lay in one of the rooms of Whitehall, muffled up in a long black cloak, and repeating to himself, "Dreadful necessity!" He was accused by Lord Holles, in his Memoirs, of being occasionally a very great coward, in some of the early engagements between the King's forces and those of the Parliament. Lord Oxford told Lord Bolingbroke, that he had seen a Letter of Charles the First to his Queen, respecting his intended treatment of Cromwell after he should have restored him to his Crown. After this Letter Cromwell never would trust that Prince, and resolved to bring him to the scaffold.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

Of this great man, the "*Pater Patriæ*"

of his times," as Lord Clarendon calls him, so little is known, that even the manner of his death remains a matter of uncertainty. It is not certainly known, whether it was occasioned by the bursting of his own pistol, or by a pistol-shot from the enemy. Sir Robert Harley, Knight of the Bath, was of opinion, that it was occasioned by the bursting of a pistol which his son-in-law had presented him with from France, and which his Black Servant had overloaded. I have seen somewhere in MS. a very pathetic account of his sufferings on this occasion, and of the difficulties he encountered in getting his

horse over some river to his quarters. The print of this illustrious citizen, in the Illustrious Heads, is fictitious. At Hampden-House, in Bucks, near Missenden, over the chimney of one of the parlours, there is a bust of him in ivory, under which are his arms, with this motto: "Vestigia nulla retrorsum." It represents him as a man of a grave and serious aspect, of a thin visage, and with flowing hair. It is a pity it has not been engraved, as perhaps it contains the only representation of this great man.

(To be continued.)

T H E  
L O N D O N R E V I E W  
A N D  
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L,  
F o r A U G U S T 1791.

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.*

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Comprehending an Account of his Studies and numerous Works, in chronological Order; a Series of his Epistolary Correspondence and Conversations with many Eminent Persons; and various Original Pieces of his Composition, never before published. The whole exhibiting a View of Literature and Literary Men in Great Britain, for near Half a Century, during which he flourished. By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 2s. Dilly.

THE materials of which these volumes are composed appear to have been collected with great labour and anxious attention; and from the long period of time that Mr. Boswell had the happiness of enjoying the intimate and confidential friendship of Johnson with the scheme of writing his life constantly in view, they may be considered as the *viginti annorum lucubrationes*. It is not however to the industry of Mr. Boswell alone, great as it most certainly has been, that we are indebted for the pleasure we have received in perusing this work, as we are informed that the delay of its publication is to be imputed, in a considerable degree, to the extraordinary zeal which has been shewn by distinguished persons in all quarters to supply additional information concerning its illustrious subject; "resembling in this," says Mr. Boswell, "the tribes of ancient nations, of which every individual was eager to throw a stone upon the

grave of a departed hero, and thus to share in the pious office of erecting an honourable monument to his memory." But it is in our opinion to the exertion of Mr. Boswell's "faculty of giving a just representation of Dr. Johnson," that he has in this work "most largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind." So perfectly has he depicted the character of his "illustrious friend," and "brightest ornament of the eighteenth century," that, to use the expression of Dr. Adams, who had known Johnson from his early years, and was his friend through life, "in every attitude, every scene and situation I have thought myself in his company." Having made some proper observations on the "ponderous labours" of Sir John Hawkins, and the "lively sallies" of Mrs Piozzi, in their writings respecting Johnson, we are assured that HE will be seen in this work as he really was; for "I profess to write,"

says Mr. Boswell, "not his panegyric, which must be all praise, but his life, which, great and good as he was, must not be supposed to be entirely perfect. To be as he was, is indeed subject of panegyric enough to any man in this state of being; but in every picture there should be shade as well as light, and when I delineate him without reserve, I do what he himself recommended both by his precept and example;" and it is but justice to declare, that although Mr. Boswell fondly indulges the feelings of friendship for the memory of his friend whenever the occasion will permit, he does not appear in any instance to have been seduced from the strict impartiality, and love of truth, which the duty of the historian requires. To follow the author into all the domestic privacies and minute details of the daily life and conversation of Johnson, which he has here exhibited in such abundant variety, might gratify our own inclinations, but would greatly exceed the limits of our Review. We shall therefore endeavour to extract from these volumes the outline of Johnson's life, preserving, as far as it is possible, in a connected series, those peculiarities of thought and action by which his extraordinary character is distinguished, and occasionally remarking the observations with which they are accompanied.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Litchfield in Staffordshire on the 18th September N. S. 1709; and baptized the same day, as appears by the register of St Mary's parish in that city. His father, Michael Johnson, was a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, who settled in Litchfield as a Bookseller and Stationer. His mother, Sarah Ford, was descended of an ancient race of substantial Yeomanry in Warwickshire. They were well advanced in years when they married; and never had more than two children, both sons; SAMUEL; "who lived to be," says Mr. Boswell, "the illustrious character whose various excellence I am to endeavour to record, their first-born; and Nathanael, who died in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. Michael Johnson, although endowed with a strong and active mind, was afflicted with a mixture of that disease the nature of which eludes the most minute enquiry, though the effects are well known to be a weariness of life, an unconcern about those things which agitate the greater part of mankind, and a general sensation of gloomy wretchedness; and from him his son Samuel inherited "a vile melancholy," which, to use his own expression "made him mad all his life, or at least not sober." The

father of Johnson was a pretty good Latin scholar, and his mother a woman of distinguished understanding and great piety; but the early instances he exhibited of the strength of his memory and extraordinary parts soon rendered a more extensive source of information necessary; and after being taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow who kept a school for young children at Litchfield, and by a master whom he familiarly called Tom Brown, and who had published a spelling-book and dedicated it *To the Universe*, he began to learn Latin with Mr. Hawkins, usher or under master of Litchfield school; and rose in the course of two years to be under the care of Mr. Hunter, the head master. Of this master Johnson used to say, "He beat us unmercifully, and did not distinguish between ignorance and negligence; for he would beat a boy equally for not knowing a thing and for neglecting to know it. He would ask a boy a question; and if he did not answer it he would beat him, without considering whether he had an opportunity of knowing how to answer it. For instance, he would call up a boy and ask him Latin for a Candlestick, which the boy could not expect to be asked. Now, Sir, if a boy could answer every question, there would be no need of a master to teach him." Mr. Boswell, however, thinks it necessary, in justice to the memory of Mr. Hunter, to mention, that though he might err in being too severe, the school of Litchfield was very respectable in his time; and Johnson himself afterwards attributed his accurate knowledge of Latin to his thus enforcing instruction by means of the rod; a mode of chastisement of which he upon all occasions expressed his approbation. "I would rather," said he, "have the rod to be the general terror of all, to make them learn, than tell a child, "If you do thus or thus you will be more esteemed than your brothers or sisters." The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't; whereas by exciting emulations and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundations of lasting mischief; you make brothers and sisters hate each other." Johnson, after having resided for some time at the house of his uncle Cornelius Ford, was, at the age of fifteen, removed to the school of Stourbridge in Worcestershire, of which Mr. Wentworth was then master. He remained at Stourbridge little more than a year, and then returned home, where he may be said to have loitered for two years

in a state very unworthy of his uncommon abilities, of which he had already given several proofs. On the 31st of October 1728, being then in his nineteenth year, he went to Oxford, was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, and placed under the tuition of Mr. Jorden, fellow of the College, of whose learning and abilities he does not appear to have entertained any very exalted idea, but for whose worth he had so high a love and respect, that he used to say, "whenever a young man becomes Jorden's pupil he becomes his son." Soon after his introduction to this seminary, he translated, by the desire of Mr. Jorden, Pope's Messiah into Latin verse, and performed it with such uncommon rapidity and in so masterly a manner, that he obtained great applause from it, which ever after kept him high in the estimation of his College, and indeed of all the University.

The rapidly increasing energies of Johnson's mind were, soon after this proof of his genius, unfortunately suspended by the "morbid melancholy" which was lurking in his constitution, and to which may be ascribed those particularities, and that aversion to regular life, which at a very early period marked his character. While he was at Litchfield in the College vacation of the year 1729, he felt himself overwhelmed with a horrible hypochondria, and was sometimes so languid and inefficient that he could not distinguish the hour upon the town-clock. Upon the first violent attack of this disorder, he strove to overcome it by forcible exertions; but all in vain; and his distress became so intolerable that he applied to Dr. Swinfen, physician in Litchfield, his godfather, and put into his hands a state of his case written in Latin with such extraordinary acuteness, research, and eloquence, that he shewed it to several persons as an instance of the deep erudition of his patient and godson; but Johnson was so much offended by this breach of confidence, that he was never afterwards fully reconciled to him. The medical advice of Dr. Swinfen does not seem to have been very effectual; for we are informed, that the oppression and distraction of this disease were so great, that insanity was the object of his most dismal apprehension, and that he fancied himself seized by it, or approaching to it, at the time when he was giving proofs of a more than ordinary soundness and vigour of judgement. The particular course of his reading while at Oxford, and during the time of vacation which he passed at home, cannot be traced; but it was most probably

deep and varied; until in the autumn of the year 1731 the *res angusta domi*, and the neglect of a friend to whom he had trusted for support, obliged him to leave College, after having been a member of it little more than three years, without a degree, or the advantage of a complete academical education. Johnson, under all these inauspicious circumstances, returned to his native city, destitute, and not knowing how he should gain even a decent livelihood; and to add to his embarrassments, his father, whose misfortunes in trade rendered him unable to support his son, died, in the month of December following, in a state of poverty, thus described in one of Johnson's little diaries of the following year: "1732, Julii 15. *Undecim aureos deposui, quo die quicquid ante matris funus (quod jerum sit precor) de paternis bonis sperari licet, viginti libras accepi. Usque adeo mihi fortuna fugenda est. Interea, ne paupertate vires animi languescant, nec in flagitia egestas abigat, cavendam*;" a circumstance which, as Mr. Boswell justly observes, displays his spirit and virtuous dignity of mind. In this forlorn state Johnson accepted of an offer to be employed as usher in the school of Market-Boiworth in Leicestershire, to which place he went on foot on the 16th of July. The aversion which he soon felt from the uniform tenor and painful drudgery, of this situation was greatly enhanced by a disagreement between him and Sir Woodston Dixey, the patron of the school, in whose house, as Mr. Boswell has been told, he officiated as a kind of domestic chaplain, so far at least as to say grace at table, and where he was treated with what he represented as such intolerable harshness, that he relinquished a situation which all his life afterwards he recollected with the strongest aversion. Being now totally unoccupied, he was invited by Mr. Hector to pass some time with him at Birmingham as his guest at the house of Mr. Warren an eminent bookseller, with whom Mr. Hector boarded and lodged. Here he executed his first prose work, a translation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, from the French into the English language, which was completed and published in 1735, with LONDON upon the title-page, though it was in reality printed at BIRMINGHAM. Johnson returned to Litchfield early in 1734, and in August that year published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin Poems of Politian; but there were not subscribers enough to ensure a sufficient sale, so the work never appeared, and, probably, never was executed. During

the course of this year he returned again to Birmingham, and in the month of November wrote an anonymous letter to Mr. Cave, the original compiler and editor of the Gentleman's Magazine, pointing out the defects of the poetical article of that Miscellany, and offering on reasonable terms, "sometimes to fill a column." This letter was answered the ensuing month, but whether any thing was done in consequence of it we are not informed. On the 9th July 1735, Johnson was married to Mrs. Porter, of Birmingham; but the marriage ceremony was performed at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback. Of this event Johnson afterwards gave to Mr. Boswell the following curious account: "Sir, it was a love marriage upon both sides. Sir, she had read old romances,

and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears." But Johnson, notwithstanding this singular beginning of connubial felicity, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moment of Mrs. Johnson's life.

[ *To be continued.* ]

A Journey through Spain in the Years 1786 and 1787; with particular Attention to the Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Population, Taxes, and Revenue of that Country; and Remarks in passing through a Part of France. By Joseph Townsend, A.M. 3 Vols. 8vo. 15s. Dilly.

IT will be in the recollection of many of our Readers, that an ample Review was given of the Chevalier de Bourgoanne's Travels into Spain\*, the title of which was modest and concise: it was said to contain, "A new, accurate, and comprehensive View of the present State of that Country;" and we found it full of interesting information, derived from the most authentic sources, and obtained by the best means of acquiring a thorough knowledge of any country, long residence, and a friendly intercourse with the most intelligent inhabitants of every principal city and town affording subjects worthy of enquiry and notice.

The English Traveller whose Journey now falls under our observation, though he possessed not the first advantage, long residence, enjoyed the last, an intimacy with persons of eminence in every place he visited, in consequence of letters of recommendation from the Prime Minister of Spain, and several other Spanish Noblemen, and Men of Letters. Of these gentlemen others to the best of company in all parts of the Continent of Europe, the English in general are too negligent; therefore it is necessary to remind them, that they often lose the chief benefits of travelling by not taking care to procure letters of recommendation before they leave

their own country. An enlarged and instructive view of society and manners cannot be obtained by conversing with common people in any country; neither can it be acquired by the weight and influence of a full purse, which some of our wealthy Citizens and Country Esquires have foolishly expected. The Rev. Mr. Townsend knew better, or was better informed by his patron, before he quitted London: he seems to have made the best use of his heralds robed in paper and wax; and upon every occasion he makes a pompous display of the great audiences, the good dinners, and the hearty welcomes they obtained him. Too much indeed of the Spanish pride seems to have infected his veins; it was one of the fevers of the country which he caught in his way through it, and of which he was most probably very easily cured on his return home. In compensation for too much vanity, we have much useful information, and many lively anecdotes, which render his performance both useful and entertaining.

The last Exhibition at the Royal Academy presented us an Historical Piece by a great Master, with a new title; it was called, *A Finished Sketch*; and such is the Journey of Mr. Townsend, whose favourite studies, next to Theology, appear to

\* See Vol. XVII. of the European Magazine, page 425; and Vol. XVIII. page 28.

have been Botany and Medicine; for on these sciences, especially the former, he descends at large; and it takes the lead so much throughout the work, that we are surprized not to find the Natural History of Spain forming any part of a copious title-page, in which "particular attention is paid to the manufactures, commerce, population, taxes, and revenues of that country." Sketches of these are indeed given in the work, but by no means such an account of them as can prove satisfactory to the inquisitive British Merchant, or the Political Student; nor could it be expected from the Rector of Pewsey, whose line of avocations must have been widely distant from a research into those principles and practices in commerce, which can alone enable a traveller to form accurate observations and just calculations respecting manufactures, and mercantile transactions. It is, therefore, in the translation from the Chevalier Bourgoanne, before-mentioned, that we must look for the best statement of these; while in the Rev. Mr. Townsend's Journey we shall find a fund of such entertainment as might be expected from the pen of the gentleman and the scholar, deemed competent to be the travelling companion of the Earl of Wycombe, by that discerning judge of merit in every walk, the Marquis of Lansdowne; whose name we have not hitherto met with in the course of reading through the first and second volumes, to which our present Review will be limited; yet we strongly conjecture, that the letters of recommendation which proved so eminently serviceable to our Reverend Traveller, were furnished by his Lordship.

The first volume opens with useful directions to the itinerant in Spain, which merit the attention of such as may intend a journey to that country: in this view we recommend a close attention to it, instead of injuring the Author by copying it. The remarks in passing through a part of France, in the way to Spain, chiefly regard Paris; and here our Traveller's taste for the fine Arts and Natural History first manifest itself in a more scientific description of the Cabinets of Curiosities, than any hitherto given. He begins with the Royal Cabinet, "delightfully situated at the entrance of the Botanical Garden. The Count de Buffon being exceedingly infirm, I saw this Cabinet with Monsieur Daubenton, who shewed me every possible attention. From the animal kingdom, as I imagine, no collection is equal to this. In this part of Natural History (the late celebrated) M.

de Buffon certainly excelled. The minerals are very numerous, but much inferior to those in private cabinets. There are indeed large masses of gold and silver, but I cannot say that they appear to me well chosen. The crystallized diamonds are fine, more valuable to the Naturalist than to the Jeweller. The emeralds from Peru are large and clear; some are single crystals with hexaëdral prisms, others form a groupe or druse. The sparrous iron, with silver from Begori in Dauphine, is worthy of attention. The sparrous lead ore, in fine needles, from the Hartz, is truly elegant. The antimony in long needles, with heavy spar, from Bohemia, is superb. Among the fossils the most striking are, a nautilus, near three feet diameter; elephants teeth from Siberia, with an elephant's thigh-bone from the vicinity of the Ohio in Canada."

"M. D'Orcy, a Farmer-General in the *Place Vendome*, has two apartments, one for reptiles, the other for minerals. His minerals are numerous, large and elegant. Of gold he has only two fine specimens. Of the other metals the principal are, copper in blue crystals, with copper blossoms, and green-feathered ore; blend, with bright yellow pellucid crystals, elegant and rare; antimony, in long-coured needles, permeating rhomboidal crystals of heavy spar."

"The Cabinet of Monsieur de Romé de l'Isle, *Ruë des Bons Garçons*, presents a most interesting system of crystallization. With astonishing patience and acuteness he traces the crystals of salts, earths, metallic substances, and gems, through an almost infinite variety, in beautiful succession, each to its elementary and characteristic form, and shews clearly by what laws they have departed from it. In the prosecution of his subject, he has clearly ascertained a fact of great importance to the Natural Historian, which is, *that minerals may be infallibly distinguished by the form, the hardness, and the specific gravity of their crystals.* Thus, by the sensible qualities of the mineral itself, if crystallized, we may instantly reduce it to its proper class, and judge of its contents, without the assistance of fire."

The Abbe Hauy, of the Royal Academy, has a collection of crystals which is worthy of attention. He demonstrates that all crystals, of whatever size or form, are composed of primitive, minute, and elementary crystals, and that most of them, by proper fractures, may be reduced from the complex to the simple and  
elemen-

elementary form. "In the course of my visit, I saw him with a blunt knife bring back a mishapen mass of fluor to an *octaèdral* crystal, nor would it readily assume any other form."

Several other cabinets are described with equal precision; and we shall find our curious Investigator of Nature's operations equally instructive in the regions of Botany. But when he lets us know that Abbeville and Amiens are manufacturing towns; that in the former is made good damask, and the latter is famous for its woollen goods and camelots, he affords no more information concerning manufactures and commerce than might be gained from his position, and not so much as will be found in Brookes's Gazetteer. But it is high time we should proceed to Spain; we shall therefore pass over the short notes made by our traveller in his journey from Paris to Belgarde respecting the manufactures of Lyons, &c. and meet him again in the province of Roussillon, which he truly says is rich and highly cultivated, even to the foot of the Pyrenees, abounding with corn, and wine, and oil, and silk, all of the best quality. The views all the way up the Pyrenees are beautiful. As you approach their summit, Belgarde presents itself, seated on a mountain eminent above the rest, and commanding this pass for a great extent. This fortress, the last in the French dominions, is more remarkable for strength than beauty. They reckon more than 1500 smugglers in the Pyrenees, men of desperate resolution, who, knowing the cruel punishments to which they shall be condemned if taken, travel well armed, and generally in strong parties. A military force is sometimes sent against them, but to little purpose, as neither party is ever eager to engage. The smugglers, strangers to ambition, and little influenced by the thirst of military fame, without reluctance quit the field; and, unless when their superiority is manifest and great, think only of securing their retreat; whilst the soldier, regarding this service as both dangerous and disgraceful, has no inclination to the attack. When these daring adventurers (the smugglers) have the misfortune to be taken, some of them are hanged, some are broken upon the wheel, and some are burnt alive. How shocking to humanity, that Governments by their bad policy should lay such snares for men!

The following observation is new, and shews the traveller's close attention to natural history:—"The only useful vegetable productions of these high mountains are

the *ilex* and the cork tree; the latter very profitable on account of its bark. When these trees are fifteen years old, they begin to be productive, yet not for the market, this maiden bark being only fit for fuel. At the end of eight years more, the bark improves, but does not arrive at its perfection till the third period; after which, for *one hundred and fifty years*, it yields a marketable commodity every ten years. The season for barking is July or August, when they take special care not to wound the inner bark."

Little more worthy of notice is to be found in the journey from Belgarde to Barcelona; on his arrival, however, at this ancient city, Mr. Townsend takes a full scope. Being the Holy Week, he describes the processions, which scarcely differ from those of other Roman Catholic countries upon the same occasion, so repeatedly given in other books of travels—They consist of a representation of all the active scenes of our Saviour's life, from his birth to his crucifixion, by pageants; the figures are of pasteboard, as large as life, habited in the ancient Roman dresses, placed on stages supported upon men's shoulders, who are disguised; a numerous train of masked penitents follow, dragging chains and iron balls proportioned to the imagined weight of their sins. At Bruges, only twelve miles from Ostend, such a procession must have been seen by hundreds of English travellers every year, on Palm Sunday.

But to shew how necessary it is for travellers who are resolved to write for the Public not to trust to their own self-sufficiency and vanity, but to let some literary friend revise the manuscript, we must point out one striking error, that it may be corrected in the next edition. Mr. Townsend seems to be very fond of the numbers *one hundred thousand*; for in one street at Paris, *La Rue de St. Honoré*, he assembles more than 100,000 persons on the evening of the last day of the Carnival—see p. 40. Vol. I.; and at Barcelona, about six weeks after, he finds more than 100,000 people crowding the streets of that city, hurrying from church to church to express the warmth of their zeal, and the fervour of their devotion, by bowing themselves in each, and kissing the feet of the most revered image. Yet he closes his detached account of the Academies, Courts of Inquisition, Courts of Law, Hospitals, Houses of Correction, Trades, Manufactures, Commerce, and Population, with tables, by which, says he, "the thriving condition of this city will appear by exhibiting,



biting, at one view, the state of its population at different periods." We will take the first and the last. A. D. 1464, the number of persons was 40,000.—A. D. 1786, 94,880; and this is repeated in words as well as figures, at the very time when he saw more than 100,000 in the streets—see p. 107. 134, 135, Vol. I.; yet neither infants nor the sick could be there!

In the Convent of the Dominicans our Reverend Traveller found more than 500 records of sentences passed on Heretics by the Inquisition, containing their name, their age, their occupation, their place of abode, the time when they were condemned, and the event; whether the party were burnt in person or in effigy, or whether he recanted and was saved, not from the fire and faggot, for then he might relapse, but from the flames of hell. Most of these were women. Under each inscription there is a portrait of the Heretic, some half, others more than three parts devoured by devils. He could not resist his inclination to copy some of them, when no one was walking in the cloister. An Inquisitor who did him the honour of a visit, happened to open his memorandum book precisely on the leaf which contained his drawings: he smiled and said, "You see that I can keep a secret, and that we are not strangers to principles of honour." This was fifteen months after the event, consequently the Inquisitor had had sufficient time to consider of the matter; yet he would take no harsh measure to prevent the consequence of conveying such proofs of cruel bigotry to an enlightened Protestant country. This surely should have been a lesson to the Rector of Pewsey, Wilts, not to have given a frightful sketch of one of these devils, in a coarsely executed plate, representing, besides other figures, the Devil beginning to eat a Heretic condemned to the faggot in the year 1566. If the Spanish Inquisitor had paid a visit to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, accompanied by Mr. Townsend, in these enlightened days, when the spirit of Christian charity is universally expanding itself amongst all orders of men, but more especially of the Clergy, we hope he would not have copied from this library, and published in his own country in 1791, representations of Protestants burning Protestants in England, and other parts of Europe, in the 15th and 16th centuries. These records should be considered only as references for private use; not to

be brought forward for public inspection, at the present period.

The journey from Barcelona to Madrid is replete with pleasing incidents and judicious remarks: the regulations of the Magistrates in fixing the prices of provisions and lodgings to travellers at the inns throughout Catalonia, are worthy the attention of statesmen; for after the subjects have contributed their quota to the support of Government, the administrators of such government should secure them from private extortion.

Of *Zaragoza*, which must be looked for in our vulgar authors of repute, such as Salmon, B ookes, and Guthrie, by the name of *Saragossa*, our author gives but a slight account, which he imputes to his being straightened for time; we shall therefore assure our readers, that the description of this ancient capital of Arragon is far superior under the article *Saragossa*, in Brookes' *Gazetteer*, sixth edition.

Full compensation is made for the deficiency just mentioned by our author's ample account of Madrid, in which there are many curious particulars not noticed by other travellers, or at least not published. The good pictures in the churches, the superb collection in the New Palace, are described with the science of a critic, and the animation of an amateur. The palace of the *Euen Retiro*, we are told, is a vast pile of buildings, very ancient, long deserted, and verging to decay. The theatre is vast, and opens into the gardens, so as to make them, upon occasion, a continuation of the scene. Further particulars concerning this famous city we shall reserve for a future opportunity, and close the present Review with an important political *axiom* \* from our author, which if not already transmitted, should be sent in a dispatch to Downing-street, for the benefit of Mr. Pitt, whose house-steward and cook may thereby add fresh credentials to his political abilities.

"Soon after my return to Aranjuez, I had the honour to dine with the prime minister, *Count Florida Blanco*. I was struck with the elegance of the dinner, in which there was great variety, yet every thing was excellent; and had I been to form a judgment of the Count merely from the arrangement of his table, I should have pronounced him a man of sense. It is an old, and perhaps a well founded observation, "that no man is fit to govern an empire who cannot give a dinner to his friends."

(To be continued.)

\* "A proposition evident at first sight," JOHNSON. The reader is requested, on the present occasion, to substitute *taste*.

A Farewell for Two Years to England.  
1s. 6d

A Poem. By Helen Maria Williams. 4to.  
Cadell.

BY this poem, which will not diminish the established poetical character of Miss Williams, we learn, that this young lady has left England, intending to reside abroad two years. France, whose political Revolution is an object of her warmest praise, is the country which it appears she intends to be her residence during her absence;

Where new-born Freedom treads the banks  
of Seine,  
Hope in her eye, and Virtue in her train!

The poem opens with the following pleasing description:—

Sweet Spring! while others hail thy  
op'ning flowers,  
The first young hope of Summer's blushing  
hours;  
Me they remind, that when her ardent  
ray  
Shall reach the summit of our lengthen'd  
day,  
Then ALBION! far from thee, my cher-  
ish'd home,  
To foreign climes my pensive steps must  
ream;  
And twice shall Spring, dispelling Win-  
ter's gloom,  
Shed o'er thy lovely vales her vernal  
bloom;  
Twice shall thy village-maids, with chap-  
lets gay,  
And simple carols, hail returning May;  
And twice shall Autumn o'er thy cul-  
tur'd plain  
Pour the rich treasures of his yellow grain;  
Twice shall thy happy peasants bear along  
The lavish store, and wake the harvest  
song;  
Ere from the bounding deep my searching  
eye,  
Ah! land below'd, shall thy white cliffs  
descry.—  
Where the slow Loire, on borders ever  
gay,  
Delights to linger, in his sunny way,  
Ort, while I seem to count, with musing  
glance,  
The mur'm'ring waves that near his brink  
advance,  
My wand'ring thoughts shall seek the  
grassy side,  
Parental Thames! where rolls thy ample  
tide;  
Where, on thy willow'd bank, methinks,  
appears  
Engrav'd the record of my passing years:

Ah! not like thine their course is gently  
led,

By zephyrs fann'd, through paths with  
verdure spread;

They flow, as urg'd by storms the moun-  
tain rill

Falls o'er the fragments of the rocky hill.

My native scenes! can aught in time  
or space

From this fond heart your lov'd remem-  
brance chase?

Link'd to that heart by ties for ever dear,  
By Joy's light smile, and Sorrow's tender

tear;

By all that ere my anxious hopes employ'd,  
By all my soul has suffer'd or enjoy'd!

Still blended with those well-known scenes  
arise

The varying images the past supplies;

The childish sports that fond attention  
drew,

And charm'd my vacant heart when life  
was new;

The harmless mirth, the sadness robb'd of  
power

To cast its shade beyond the present hour—  
And that dear hope which sooth'd my

youthful breast,

And shew'd the op'ning world in beauty  
dress;

That hope which seem'd with bright un-  
folding rays

(Ah, vainly seem'd!) to gild my future  
days;

That hope, which early wrapp'd in last-  
ing gloom,

Sunk in the cold inexorable tomb!—

And friendship ever powerful to controul  
The keen emotions of the wounded soul,

To lift the suff'ring spirit from despair,

And bid it feel, that life deserves a care;  
Still each impression that my heart retains,

Is link'd, dear Land! to thee by lasting  
chains.

Miss Williams then descants on the happiness of her native land, from which the transition naturally follows to the present state of France; concerning which our fair authoress appears to entertain expectations which we fear are not built on a solid foundation. She supposes all dangers and difficulties to be at an end in that kingdom—

And tho' on Seine's fair banks a tran-  
sient storm

Flung o'er the darken'd wave its angry  
form,

That

That purifying tempest now has past,  
No more the trembling waters feel the  
    blast;  
The bord'ring images, confus'dly trac'd  
Along the ruffled stream, to order haste;  
The vernal day-spring bursts the partial  
gloom,  
And all the landscape glows with fresher  
bloom.

A consummation devoutly to be wished,  
but we suspect the period is more distant  
than is supposed.

From the state of France Miss Williams turns to Africa, and expresses herself with becoming indignation on the Slave-trade, and on the failure of the late application for the abolition of that detestable traffic. She concludes her poem with the following lines:

And when the destin'd hour of exile past,  
My willing feet shall reach their home at last;

When with the trembling hope Affection  
proves,  
My eager heart shall search for those it  
loves;  
May no sharp pang that cherish'd hope  
destroy,  
And from my bosom tear the promis'd  
joy;  
Shroud every object, every scene, in gloom,  
And lead my bleeding soul to Friendship's  
tomb!  
But may that moment to my eyes restore  
The friends whose love endears my native  
shore!  
Ah! long may Friendship, like the west-  
ern ray,  
Chear the sad evening of a stormy day,  
And gild my shadowy path with ling'ring  
light,  
The last dear beam that slowly sinks in  
night.

A General History of Music, from the earliest Ages to the present Period. By Dr. Burney. Vol. IV. 4to. One Guinea and Half in Boards. Payne, Robson, and Robinson.

[Concluded from Vol. XIX. Page 358.]

OUR Author having terminated his account of Handel's dramatic compositions and opera regency, proceeds to that of the late Earl of Middlesex, which began in 1741. But previous to this new theatrical administration, he gives, in his usual manner, fragments of the fashionable divisions of the preceding period. In the Third Volume he has inserted specimens of the favourite passages of the last century, when Melody first began to be cultivated; and in the present volume, he has done the same from the first operas attempted in England before the arrival of Handel, as well as afterwards from the airs sung by Valentini, Nicolini, and Senesino. He has likewise at the close of the last article, p. 437 and 438, not only given us two plates containing the most remarkable passages and divisions in the Songs that were executed by FARINELLI, but, on the four following plates, the entire air, *Son qual nave*, by the performance of which he so much astonished his hearers. These and other plates, containing "the divisions and refinements which were brought into favour about the middle of the present century," will better enable judges of music to form an opinion of the progress of melody and vocal execution, than any verbal description which even Dr. B. so happy in discriminative musical language, can give.

The new manager opened his campaign with the opera of *Alessandro in Persia*. This, as usual when new singers first appear on our stage, was a *pasticcio* opera, consisting of songs selected from different masters, in order to display the abilities of the performers by such airs as had acquired them the most applause in their own country. The favourite composers of this time, to whose works the singers had recourse on the present occasion, were *Leo, Haffé, Pejetti, Lampugnani*, and *Domenico Scarlatti*. The singers were *Monticelli* and *Visconti*, first man and first woman, with *Amorevoli* the tenor, and *Frafi* and *Galli*, whom we all remember. These were continued till 1745. The composers here, during this period, were *Galuppi*, more commonly known in Italy by the name of *Buranello*, and *Lampugnani*.

Dr. B. has rendered the account of this period of the musical drama in England interesting, by his characters of composers and singers, and critical remarks on the most favourite songs in the several operas then performed; informing us, that "from this time he shall have little occasion to trust to tradition or books for the musical transactions of our capital, as he shall speak of persons and things from his own memory, acquaintance, and professional intercourse."

"In 1745, the Opera-house being shut up on account of the Rebellion, and popular prejudice against the performers, who, being foreigners, were chiefly Roman Catholics, an opera was attempted April 7, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market, under the direction of Gemiani. P. equalled. The opera was intitled *L'INCOSTANZA DELUSA*: several of the airs were composed by the mysterious Count St. Germain, particularly *Fer Picta bell' Idol mio*, which was sung by Frasi, first woman, and encored every night.—The success of this enterprize was, however, inconsiderable, and the performances did not continue more than nine or ten nights."

In 1746 the great opera house was again opened, when *Gluck* was here, and composed the opera called *La Caduta de Giganti*, in compliment to the Duke of Cumberland on the suppression of the Rebellion. The first man in this opera was still *MONTICELLI*; the rest of the singers were *Jozzi* (a much better harpsichord player than vocal performer) and *Ciacchi*, with the female singers *Imer*, *Pompeati*, and *Frasi*. Dancing seems at this time to have begun to attract more powerfully than Music, by the performance of *AURETTI*, and of the charming *VIOLETTA*, afterwards Mrs. Garrick.

In the summer of 1746, when *Monticelli* left England, *Regnelli*, an old but great singer, whose voice as well as person were in ruin, came over, and first appeared on our stage in the autumn following, in a *pasticcio* called *Annibale in Capua*. *Terradelias* was now in England, and produced *Mitridate*. In 1747 *Phaeton*, an opera set by *Paradies*, just arrived in England, was performed.

The Earl of Middlesex having quitted the helm in 1748, *Dr. Croza*, an Italian adventurer, first brought hither from his own country a company of *Burletta* or Comic Singers, with *Ciampi* to compose. The principal of these performers were *Perucci* and *Lafchi*, both admirable actors, and *Lafchi*, an excellent tenor singer, with the then young *Guadagni* for the serious man's part.

Besides the *Buffo* operas of *Ciampi*, there were others by *Latilla* and *Natale Resta*, that were very justly admired. These were continued till the spring of 1750, "when *Croza* the manager, after having a benefit, ran away, leaving the performers, and innumerable tradespeople and others his creditors; and in May an advertisement appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*, signed Henry Gibbs, a tea mer-

chant in Covent-Garden, offering a reward of 30l. to any one who would secure his person."

At this time *GIARDINI* arrived; the effect of whose admirable performance on the violin is well described by our author.

"In 1753 and 1754, *Serious Operas*, after languishing in poverty and disgrace from the departure of *Monticelli* in 1746, were again attempted under the management of *Vaneschi*; but till the arrival of *MINGOTTI*, in the autumn of 1754, there were no singers here with sufficient abilities to revive their favour."

But though the lyric theatre was crowded every night by the attractions of this performer, with the assistance of *Ricciarelli* as first man, the *Columba Mattei* second woman, and *Ciprandi* tenor, in 1756 *Vaneschi* the manager, like his predecessor *Croza*, ran away; after which *Giardini* and *Mingotti* undertook the direction. "But (says Dr. B.) though great applause was acquired, and appearances were favourable, yet the profits to the managers were so far from solid, that they found themselves involved at the end of the season in such difficulties, that they were glad to resign their short-lived honours, and shrink into a private station."

After the abdication of *Giardini* and *Mingotti*, *Mattei* and her husband *Trombetta* "made interest (says our author) for speedy ruin, and obtained the management."—We can now do little more than point out the most interesting and important subjects of the subsequent part of this volume.

In autumn 1757, *Poteura* and *Mattei* were the principal performers, *Cocchi* the composer, and *Pinto* the leader of the opera-band. After an ample account of the operas then brought out, we have a character of *ELISI*, who came hither for the first time in 1760; of a new *Buffo* company; *Paganini*, *De Amicis*, *J. C. Bach*, *Vento*, *MANZOLI*, *Scotti*, *Tenducci*, and *Ciprandi*; *Bach's* opera of *Aviano in Siria*, and *Vento's Demofonte*; the triumvirate management of *Gordon*, *Vincent*, and *Crawford*; *GUARDUCCI* and *Gruffi* (1766), *Sarvai*, *Lowatini*, *Signora Guadagni*, and *Morigi*; the *Buona Figliuola* and *Piccini*; *Zamparini*; *La Scbiava*; *Tigrane* and *Sifare*; *Guglielmi*; *Alessandri*. *GUADAGNI* (1769) arrives a second time, with a high reputation for vocal merit and personal caprice, after an absence of twenty years. *Piccini's Olimpiade*, *Gluck's Orfeo*, and *Bach's Ezio*, *Tenducci* first man. *Millico*; *Girelli*; *SACCHINI*; *Madepoitelle* *Kemel*.

Heinel. *Il Cid. Tamerlano*. Management of Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Brook. Miss Cecilia Davies, Rauzzini, and the Schindlerin. Sestini and Trebbi; GABRIELLI; AGUJARI; Tracta; Pozzi; *Roncaglia* and *Mad. Le Brun*; *Jermoli* and the *Todi*; PACCHIEROTTI and *Bernafconi*. (1778) *Bertoni*; *Anfani*; *Viganoni*, *Allegranti*. DANCING discussed. Commemoration of HANDEL (1784). Mad. MARA. Character of Sacchini; ditto of Giardini. *Crescentini*. Dancers. 1785, *Anjoffi*, *Tajca*, *Babbini*; Gallini sole Manager. RUBINELLI, 1786; *Tarchi*, *Cherubini*, *Grejnich*; Morelli, Storace. 1788, MARCHESI, *Giuliani*, Giulio Sabino. Parallel of the three great singers, PACCHIEROTTI, RUBINELLI, and MARCHESI.

CHAP. VI. which terminates the annals of the Italian Opera in England, is concluded by a translation of Voltaire's description of the Lyric Theatre :

Haste to the magic palace where abound  
The joys sublime of verse, of dance, and  
    found;  
Where bright illusion fascinates the sight,  
And tyren notes the enchanted ear delight;  
Where all the plastic pow'rs of art are  
    inewn,  
And joys unnumber'd are combin'd in  
    one.

CHAP. VII. *Progress of the Musical Drama at VENICE during the present Century.*

Though the subject of this chapter makes a necessary part of a general history of music, yet it is far less interesting to English readers than the opera annals of our own capital. They will, however, find here characters of many great composers, whose works, though not produced for our theatre, are well known to the musical inhabitants of our country; such as *Lotti*, *Vivaldi*, *Gasparini*, *Marcello*, *Galuppi*, *Pejceetti*, *Domenico Alberti*, and *Bertoni*.

CHAP. VIII. *Progress of the Musical Drama at NAPLES*, and account of the eminent Composers and school of *Counterpoint of that City*.

This chapter is rich and instructive, in the characters drawn of the great masters which the Conservatorios, or music-schools, of this city have produced; among whom are Mancini, the two Scarlatti's, Alessandro and Domenico Scarlatti, Vinci, Leo, Porpora, Abos, Feo, Pergolesi, Latilla, Rinaldo di Capua, Terradellas, Jomelli,

Perez, &c. some of which articles are amusingly biographical, as well as judiciously critical.

CHAP. IX. treats of *Opera Composers employed at ROME*, and Tracts published in Italy on the Theory and Practice of Music during the present century.

The latter part of this chapter, which characterizes the principal musical treatises produced during this period, is curious, and full of information.

CHAP. X. *Of the Progress of Music in GERMANY during the present Century.*

In the course of this chapter, our author has described and celebrated the abilities of Keiser, Fuchs, Telemann, Haffé, Sebastian and Emanuel Bach, Graun, Gluck, Stamitz, Wagenseil, Benda, Schönbart, Schwanberger, Kirnberger, Wolf, Haydn, Vanhal, Mozart, and Pleyel. The principal writers on the subject of music in Germany, have here likewise had their share of attention and praise.

CHAP. XI. *Of the Music of France during the present Century.*

Here we have a list and character of all the French Opera-composers from the time of Lulli to the present period. Among these Rameau has had an honourable niche assigned him, not only as a practical musician but theorist. Gretry, Gluck, Piccini, and Sacchini, have each an article among the favourite composers for the theatre at Paris; and among the writers upon the subject of music, D'Alembert, the Abbé Rouffier, M. de la Borde and other followers of Rameau, have a place, as well as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Marmontel, and other heretics who deny the supremacy of Rameau.

CHAP. XII. *General State of Music in ENGLAND during the present Century.*

This being the last chapter, and containing accounts of modern musicians and musical events, will be more amusing to the generality of readers than any of the former chapters of this curious and elaborate work. Besides a chronological series of the principal musical transactions, we have admirable characters of the most eminent professors, native and foreign, who have flourished in our country during this period. Among these we shall instance Dr. Pepusch, Galliard, Geminiani, Veracini, Carbonelli, Castrucci, Corbet, Cleg, Dubourg, Clarke, Festing, Collet, Brown, Coporale, Cervetto, Babel, Felton, Carey, Lampe, Dr. Arne, Smith, Stanley, Jozzi, Ketway, Worgan, Keeble, Gladwin, Burton, Giardini, Fischer, and Abel.

Abel. Of some of these the professional merit is critically and candidly examined. Among the favourite fingers of our own country, we have accounts of Holcomb, Beard, Lowe and Leveridge; Mrs Tofts, Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Arne, Mrs. Lampe, Miss Turner, Miss Brent, and Mrs. Billington.

This last volume is terminated by a chronological list of the principal books published on the subject of Music in England during the present century.

The musical plates, containing specimens of scarce and curious compositions, in the Third and Fourth Volumes, amount to near 200. The four ornamental plates to the First and Second Volumes, engraved by Bartolozzi from designs of Cipriani, are extremely beautiful. There are likewise several plates from original drawings of ancient instruments made at Rome under the author's own eye. The frontispiece to the Third Volume is exquisitely engraved by Bartolozzi from an ingenious and elegant design of Mr. Edward Burney, Dr. Burney's nephew; and as a frontispiece to the Fourth Volume, we have a head of the author from an original picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved likewise by Bartolozzi.

Such are the contents of this voluminous and curious work, in analysing which we have been equally amused and instructed. The narrative is constantly enlivened by miscellaneous and collateral information, which keeps off languor in the perusal of so long a work, in a manner hardly to be expected in the history of an art not generally understood, like the history of an empire or individual.

With respect to style, we scruple not to say, that we have sometimes met with periods in it of equal force and elegance with any that can be found in the productions of our most eminent prose writers; and as to the scientific and critical part of the work, we have met with nothing more clear and satisfactory on the subject, though none of the histories of music which France, Italy, and Germany have produced are unknown to us. Indeed, if a parallel were to be drawn, impartially, between this and any similar work in

any language, we believe that it would be found superior in the essential articles of historical information, scientific discussion, general accuracy, and, above all, taste and candour. It must however be owned, that the author, perhaps to enliven the dry parts of his narrative, has sometimes been too indiscreet as to hazard puns and pleasantries; but in a work of such length, both the writer and the reader want relaxation. In poetry, Pope advises the passing "from grave to gay, from pleasant to severe."—But the Muse of History must not forget the solemnity of her gait and character, whether she represents the great Roman empire, or the little republic of San Marino. And yet the representative of a great nation and of an art or science may perhaps assume different degrees of gravity. Let the history of mathematics be as *dry*, and that of astronomy as *lusty* as you please; but the history of poetry, painting, and music, in which the biography of wild, capricious, and enthusiastic votaries of those arts, is as necessary as knowledge and taste in describing their progress, a simile, it should seem, may be admitted now and then, without derogating much from the dignity of the subject. Voltaire, an inveterate joker, tells a friend who advised him to be more serious in his writings, "that whatever dignity we may assume, if the muscles have not a little relaxation, we are ruined. A uniform gravity disgusts. The tail ought not to be covered with diamonds like the head. Without variety there is no beauty. To be always admirable is tiresome. Let them criticize as much as they please, if they do but read me \*." And Dr. B. himself has told us in the preface to his first volume, that "he would rather be thought trivial than tiresome." Upon the whole, we think that the infinite variety of materials collected; the flying from one country to another; the reading dull books in so many different languages; studying and describing music of such different ages and styles; embellishing the subject with such diversity of knowledge, seem to make the solemn reader ample amends for slight offences against historic gravity.

Discourses on different Subjects. By the Rev. Richard Polwhele. In Two Volumes. Second Edition. To which are added, Two Discourses and an Essay. 8vo. 10s.

SERMONS are not considered as that species of literature which is the most attractive; but this opinion, we believe,

will be found erroneous, when they are produced by those who are capable of affording them the graces of composition.

\* *Corresp. Generale*, Tom. II. A. p. 164.

Of late years sermons have been much read when agreeably written. They are by no means excluded from the means of exhibiting Genius in a favourable point of view; and, from the success of many late specimens, it may be presumed that they will be rescued from the too common imputations of dullness and insipidity, with which they have been usually charged.

The present Author, whose Discourses (for he does not call them Sermons) are now before us, has produced two volumes which will be read with both pleasure and profit. The subjects are, *On Christian Simplicity; On Christian Sensibility; On Christian Prudence; On the unpremeditated Discourses of Christ; On the Passion; On the Universality of the Christian Religion; On the Jews; On the Arab; On the Death of Friends; On the Reunion with our Friends in a Future State; Rewards and Punishments in a Future State; On the Character of Simeon; On the Character of Barzillai; On the Situation and Duties of the Husbandman; On the Designation of Men to another State of Existence; On the Recollection of our puerile Days; On the Danger of miscellaneous Reading on religious Subjects; On the Dissipation of fashionable Women; On the Domestic Character of Women; On Affected Impartiality; On a particular Providence; On our Disinclination to convert the striking Events of Life to our Religious Advantage; On the Comparative Learning and Virtues of the Ancients and Moderns.* From the above enumeration, it will be seen that some of the subjects are hardly adapted to the pulpit, and perhaps were not designed for it. The Essay which concludes the volumes, is "On the Comparative Learning and Morality of the Ancients and Moderns," in which the Author, with some success, combats the opinions of Mr. Addison and Dr. Warton, that "we fall short at present of the Ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience."

As a specimen of our Author's manner, we shall select the following from his Sermon "On the Domestic Character of Women."

"The female who follows the dictates of nature and reason, may find enough to fill up her time without having recourse to the various methods which fashion hath invented. Many of these methods, indeed, are so bustling and tumultuous, that they often materially injure the child which is yet in its mother's womb, if they do not occasion its death, or the death of the pa-

rent. The quiet undissipated life only agrees with her, who would bring her offspring maturely born and unblemished into the world. Ere she is a mother, therefore, her duty commences to her child. And it is a duty, though little regarded, of no small moment. From a thoughtless or a wilful violation of it have thousands been destroyed.

"When the little infant is ushered to the light, her own instinct (if undepraved) will direct her to consult its preservation by every salutary care. To suckle it with the milk of her own bosom will be an obvious and a delightful task; nor will she conceive it possible so far to resist the natural impulse of maternal tenderness, as to banish her babe from the breasts which are its own, into the arms of a stranger who is totally uninterested in its fate. The delight she enjoys in nourishing her helpless offspring is of the most exquisite kind. In common with all the animals of the brute creation, she perceives a pleasure in the very act of suckling, abstractedly from mental feelings or reflection, which (by the way) may be an argument in favour of it sufficient to recommend the experiment to those voluptuous females who have seldom exercised either their sensibility or their reason. But the mother who cherishes in her bosom a babe endeared to her by manifold sufferings for its sake, who feels herself sustaining by the milk of her own body a human creature just separated from herself, yet almost as dependent on her for support as before its separation, must experience a satisfaction far preferable to every dissipated or licentious enjoyment. To suckle her own child is so plain and self-evident a duty, that the mother who reflects at all, can have little relish for pleasure, amidst the fashionable allotments of that time which ought to have been uninterruptedly devoted to her offspring. She who hath been cruel enough to make an alien of her child, by removing it as soon as born at a distance from her family, hath effectually blunted the acuteness of those feelings which were intended to interest the parent in her children's education. There are some who having permitted one child to imbibe the milk of a stranger at the same time that they have nourished another with their own, have experienced a very perceptible preference for the latter, in point of natural affection. But while the mother's love for her extruded little one is decreasing, or rather decaying in the very bud, it is of moment to consider that he is perhaps imbibing so deeply the constitu-

tional ill qualities of his supposititious nurse, as to contaminate both his body and mind with the principles of pollution. The good mother then will think it one of her first duties towards her children to feed them with her own milk."

"To begin thus aright, will be a sure promise of her future attention to their welfare. From infancy to youth, she will watch over them with the fondest regard—observe even their slightest propensity to what is wrong, and correct it by easy remedies—practise every rational method of preserving their health and vigour, and train them up in the paths of righteousness. From the contagious conversation of servants she will sedulously guard them; nor entrust them, without frequent inspection, even to the management of their immediate attendants. She will, herself, instruct them in the elements of language and religion; nor give up her boys into their father's hands, 'till she can resign them flourishing like the rose-bud, and inviting the warmth of a superior cultivation to open them into a beautiful maturity. Her girls she will long guide with unremitting diligence and circumspection. Awakened to the peculiar niceties of a female education, she will tremulously steer between the opposite points in which too much attention hath been paid, either to literary qualifications, or to exterior and domestic accomplishments. As her principal object will be the improvement of the heart, she will observe the greatest caution in recommending to her daughters those writings which inform the head or amuse the imagination without either a moral or religious tendency. To fill the female mind with the stores of science, may be to supply it with the most valuable materials—to arm it against the dangers of affluence and grandeur, and to furnish it with resources against the hour of adversity. But where learning hath once produced these beneficial effects in its female votaries, it hath a thousand times proved the bane to their happiness, and the happiness of all whom they have been able to influence; inspiring them with an overweening pride, and a contempt for the humbler offices of domestic life. Nor is it always safe to introduce them to the friendship of the Muses. The rapture of poetry hath often relaxed the ties of prudence. But the regions of the novelist, to which common life is all divines and immensity, are to be kept at an immeasurable distance from the female eye. The sensible mother will be aware, that even the best novels are to the young heart delusive and dangerous: even the best exhibit pic-

tures of vice: but to be acquainted with vice in order to avoid it, is not necessary for a woman. If she confine herself to the retreats for which nature intended her, she will be little exposed to temptation. Her's is the silent and sequestered path. What she ought never to see, she need not know: her ignorance of vice is her greatest security.

"Yet there are various productions highly captivating to the young, which the good parent will not hesitate to present to her daughters. To impress, however, on their minds the words of sacred truth, will be her first and favourite study. Instead of having injudiciously broken the scriptures into familiar lessons, and prostituted them to the purposes of elementary instruction, she hath wisely reserved them for the edification of less puerile years. It is now that she initiates her pupils into the sacred page with a gradual solemnity; leads them from plainer passages to such as are less perspicuous, from historical narration to prophetic description; and selects for their more frequent perusal the beautiful morality of the Gospel.

"Hence they can best derive their sweetest attributes—humility, gentleness, and modesty.

"In the mean time there are inferior virtues and qualifications which their faithful preceptors will deem worthy their regard. To the graces she will direct their secondary care. To set off their charms by the help of exterior decoration and address, is not only natural but laudable, provided it be done with simplicity and delicacy. It is only the glare of ostentation which we censure—the harlotry of artificial blushes. The fairest forms in nature ought surely to have every honest advantage: but let them be adorned with dignity and ease. Let not finery be mistaken for elegance; nor formality for politeness. The discerning mother will discriminate between the use and abuse of the exterior accomplishments—will see the propriety with which a moderate attention to them is imposed, and yet perceive an inexcusable vanity and irrationality in devoting to them the best portion of our time. Had the life of woman been chiefly designed for the embellishment of society, the showy outside had been well adapted to it. But the case is far otherwise. The calls of a family are too serious to be postponed for trifles; too pressing to be deferred from day to day; and too various not to demand the most unwearied activity. For this great variety of cares, which  
requires



requires no depth of thought, the female mind seems most happily formed. More lively than penetrating, and more rapid than contemplative, it can easily turn from moral and religious studies and occupations to the elegant or ornamental accomplishments, and from the ornamental accomplishments to the management of a family; and, if not immoderately occu-

ped by either, can attend to all with equal felicity."

In this manner Mr Polwhele proceeds at some length to enforce the duties of a mother, but our limits here oblige us to stop, with an acknowledgment of the pleasure we have received from the greater part of the work.

Prospects and Observations, on a Tour in England and Scotland, Natural, Economical, and Literary. By Thomas Newte, Esq. With a Map of Scotland on a large Scale; and 23 Engraved Copper-plates. 4to. 11. 1s. Robinsons.

THE first circumstance that strikes us in this highly-decorated Publication, is the lowness of its price. Though almost all of the numerous engravings be done by Heath and Cary, it is little more than at the rate of the half of what our journalists, and even our gentlemen travellers, lay upon their Tours, though the embellishments be executed by inferior artists. One Guinea for a work of such size, and so many elegant views, is a mere trifle, considering the heavy expence that must have been incurred by such decorations, as well as the advanced price of advertising, of paper, and of printing. This is an example worthy to be imitated by men of capacity, of leisure, and of fortune; some of whom we could name that are as rapacious for money, and as ready to avail themselves of the public curiosity, and taste for painting, as the merest book-maker in any of the Inns of Court, or St. George's Fields, or remotest skirts of Marybone. That these "Prospects and Observations," therefore, may be considered, to a certain degree, as a present to the public, might be affirmed literally, even if they did not contain so great a variety of amusement and instruction.

The nature and object of this publication is briefly set forth in a short and modest Advertisement; in which the Author says, that nothing but the hope of being, in some degree, beneficial to mankind, would have induced him to offer these Views and Observations to the public.

The nature of that "benefit to mankind" to which Captain Newte alludes in his Advertisement, and which is the professed object of his publication, is briefly expressed in his Dedication of it to the King, which was done by his Majesty's permission, and which at the same time that it is elegant, respectful, and even complimentary, breathes a manly and independent spirit.

"SIRE,

"I beg leave to present to Your Majesty a book which aims at a general description of the Northern parts of this Island; but whose principal object is to give a proper direction to the labour of the people, to improve their natural resources in the land and the sea, and to contribute to the independence, the happiness, and the increase of the most virtuous and useful part of the community.

"In former times, when the great body of the people groaned under feudal tyranny, the oppressed, in both England and Scotland, found now and then relief and consolation in the wise and humane attention of the Sovereign. While the higher ranks were protected by their privileges and their wealth, the Sovereign became the representative and the guardian of that helpless race of men; and the views of the most generous and enlightened Princes, co-operating with the advancement of knowledge, and the progress of commerce, at last burst the bands of a domineering aristocracy, and opened the doors of liberty wider and wider to the people.

"Yet even at this day, when the light of literature is extending far and wide; in the Northern part of the United Kingdom, ideas, customs, and laws still exist, highly unfavourable to freedom, and all the blessings of general and animated exertion. Agricultural improvement is thereby discouraged, commerce fettered, and the labouring poor subject to harsh and rapacious treatment from their superiors.

"These unfortunate circumstances I am ambitious of bringing under the review of the Father of his people.

"The world will acknowledge how natural it is to solicit, in favour of a publication of this kind, the acceptance and patronage of the munificent friend of all

liberal and good arts, whose generous cares are not confined to these Islands only, but extend to all quarters of the globe, and all races of men."

The whole of this excursion through England and Scotland, with the reflections and practical hints to which it gave birth, is divided in the Table of Contents into seven periods, or rather portions of space: 1. From Oxford to the border of Scotland. 2. From the border of Scotland to the entrance into the Highlands at Loch Lomond. 3. From Loch Lomond to Inverness. 4. From Inverness, by the Sea Coast, to Perth. 5. From Perth, by Stirling, to Edinburgh. 6. Edinburgh with its neighbourhood. 7. From Edinburgh to York.

Under the first of these divisions, our Author sets out with reflections on the nature and advantages of diaries, which will probably be considered as equally just and ingenious; being true, though not obvious or common.

"There is not one hour in the life of man that is exactly the same with another, during the whole course of his existence, from the cradle to the grave. New objects, circumstances, and situations; new ideas, emotions, and passions blended together, according to their different shades and order of succession, and producing fancies, hopes, and fears in endless variety, render human life the most variegated as well as the most fleeting scene, with which we are at all acquainted in the whole circle of nature. As the power of language is unable to arrest and describe the mixed emotions of the mind at the moment they pass, so it is far less fitted to recall them at pleasure. But if we cannot clothe in language, and mark down the various sentiments and feelings that occupy our minds in different times and situations, it is in our power in some measure to make up for this deficiency, by recording the objects that occasioned them; and the diaries in which these are comprehended afford, at least to him who takes the trouble of making them, a very curious and interesting subject of both entertainment and improvement. If the unvaried and uninteresting voids of life should seem but little adapted to the composition of such journals, travels and voyages not only furnish materials for collections of this kind, but naturally induce men to make them."

Our Author makes various reflections on Oxford and Cambridge, and shews the importance of the Universities, and a public education at these venerable seats of

the Muses, in a political and a new light; visits Haythorpe, and describes the country around and the state of agriculture; and passes on with a great variety of descriptions and remarks as he goes to Chapel-house, Long Compton, Stratford upon Avon, and the town of Birmingham. Speaking of this famous place, he says, "This town is far from being distinguished by zeal in religion. Dr. Priestley's latitudinarian principles are adopted by those who consider themselves as philosophers; but the great mass of the people give themselves very little concern about religious matters, seldom if ever going to church, and spending the Sundays in their ordinary working apparel, in low debauchery. What religion there is in Birmingham is to be found among the dissenters. It is well known, that there are many coiners of false money in Birmingham, a circumstance that is easily accounted for, from the nature of the business in which they have been accustomed to be employed; it may be added, that there is a great deal of trick and low cunning among the Birmingham manufacturers in general (though there are, no doubt, some exceptions), as well as profligacy of manners. This may be owing in part to their want of early education; for the moment that the children are fit for any kind of labour, instead of being sent to school, they are set to some sort of work; but it is probably more owing to their being constantly associated together, both in their labouring and in their idle hours. It is remarkable, that society corrupts the manners of the vulgar as much as it sharpens their understanding.

"About fifty years ago there were only three principal or leading streets in Birmingham, which at this day is so crowded, and at the same time so extensive a town: a circumstance which illustrates in a very striking manner the rapid increase of our manufactures and trade in steel and iron. It is not above three years since pavements, or foot-paths, formed of flag-stones upon the London plan, were first introduced in this place. The ladies at Birmingham at first considered these smooth pavements as very great grievances. They were not so convenient, they said, as their old foot-paths, or easy to walk on. And this was the more remarkable, that the streets and side-paths were not laid with good paving, but with round hard stones about the size of large apples, and of course such as appeared to strangers to be very troublesome to the walker, and even painful.

“ The industry of the people in those parts is wonderful. They live like the people of Spain and other hot countries, rising at three or four o'clock in the morning, going to rest for a few hours at noon, and afterwards working till nine or ten o'clock at night. The people of Birmingham, I speak of the middling and ordinary class of manufacturers, ret- in in many things, as has been already observed in the instance of their attachment to taverns and other public houses, the manners of other times. They are expensive in eating and drinking, and in clothes too; but they give themselves no trouble about the stile or mode in which they live. Men who employ under them great numbers of workmen, and who spend from two to three hundred a year, live in their kitchens; which are kept remarkably clean, however, in good order, and well furnished. This is by no means mentioned as a matter of either contempt or reproach, but the contrary. There is a natural and indeed necessary connection between industry and economy, as there is between both and the prosperity of a nation. From the introduction of luxury and the decay of manufactures, the United Provinces have begun to decline in wealth, population, and power. Indolence and Pleasure, the parents of Idleness and Corruption, have begun to sap the foundations of a state which was raised on industry, temperance, and frugality.”

From Birmingham our travellers (for Captain Newte informs us that he was accompanied by friends, whose social sympathy enlivened the impressions made by every object) pass on to Sutton, Litchfield, Burton, Derby, Matlock with its environs, Dovedale, Bakewell, Chatsworth, Buxton, Cattleton, Peak, Manchester, Worsley, Warrington, Trescot, Liverpool, Ormskirk, Preston, Garstang, Lancaster, Hornby, Kirby Lonsdale, Kendal, Bowness, the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, Penrith, and Carlisle.

Under the second period or division of the Tour, our travellers go to Annan, Dumfries, Moffat, Elvanfoot, Drumlanrig the princely seat of the Duke of Queensberry, the South highlands of Scotland, the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Annan, Douglas Mill, Lanerk with the falls of the Clyde, the town with the park and palace of Hamilton, Bothwell Castle, Glasgow.

“ In the City of Glasgow there are eleven kirks besides sundry conventicles and meeting houses. The

eighty-five Societies, or Fellowship meetings of the handicraftsmen of Glasgow, and chiefly the weavers, in which they instruct one another in metaphysical notions in theology, are celebrated by the petitions presented to Parliament by Lord G. Gordon. In such, and so extensive a city, lying in the most puritanical part of Scotland, and in which so great a proportion of the people are shut in from the open air and face of Nature, and confined to sedentary and often solitary employment, it is not to be wondered, that there is much fanaticism, grimace, and hypocrisy. It is not many years since the magistrates of Glasgow, humouring the austerity of certain of their clergy, and the general prejudices of the people, were wont to be very rigid in enforcing a judaical observance of the sabbath. The elders, a class of men in Scotland that seem to unite in their persons somewhat of the authority of curates, constables, and church-wardens, used to search on the Sunday evenings the public houses; and if any person not belonging to the family was found there, he was subjected to a fine, or, if he could not give an account of himself, perhaps to imprisonment. Yet means were found by all who had a mind to evade the laws of sobriety in the following manner: They called at an elder's house, on pretence of seeking the benefit of his prayers or family worship. This duty being over, the elder put up his bible on an adjoining shelf, and took down a bowl in which he made a small quantity of punch, presenting at the same time something to eat, as ham, oat-cake, cheese, dried fish. &c. which they call a *relish*. The elder's bowl being soon exhausted, each of the guests, in his turn, insisted on having also his bowl; for which demands the landlord took care beforehand to be well provided with rum and other ingredients, which he retailed in this private manner, chiding his guests at the same time that he drank glass, for glass, for their intemperance. The company parted at a late hour sufficiently replenished, it must be owned, with the spirit.”

The elders or senators in the Kirk of Scotland, Captain Newte was informed, are a kind of lay-brethren corresponding to the Mahometan Marabouts, who are raised to a degree of clerical dignity, without any previous education or examination, on account of their sanctity, which, it seems, is as often pretended as real.

From Glasgow our travellers ride along the green banks of the Clyde,

adorned with many delightful villas and enlivened by flourishing manufactures, and commerce to Dunbarton, the prospect from which is grand, beautiful, and rich beyond expression; Lufs the feat of the

Clan Colquhoun, and Loch-Lomond. Here we enter the Highlands, and here commences the Third Division of this wide excursion.

[ *To be continued.* ]

The Life of Thomas Pain, the Author of "Rights of Man," with a Defence of his Writings. By Francis Oldys, A. M. of the University of Pennsylvania. 8vo. 2s 6d. Stockdale.

A MORE cogent reason cannot be given for this publication, than that which is assigned by the writer of Mr. Pain's life, in the following short exordium:

"It has been established by the reiterated testimony of mankind, that the lives of those persons, who have either performed useful actions, or neglected essential duties, ought to be recounted, as much for an example to the present age, as for the instruction of future times."

THOMAS PAIN\* is placed precisely in this predicament. His actions have stamped him a public character, and from his public conduct much useful information and instruction may be derived. In his transactions as a private individual, we find the records of villainy in various shapes, not imparting upon mankind under any impenetrable mask, or close-wrought veil, but, almost from the beginning, openly and avowedly practised in the broad face of day. The facts on which he stands convicted by his Biographer are not lightly stated, but are supported by authentic documents and substantiated evidence.

"The borough of Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, has in the same manner become dignified by the birth of Pain, as the Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Cæsar.

"He was born on the 29th of January 1737: his father was a staymaker by trade, and a quaker in religion; his mother was Frances Cocke, the daughter of an attorney at Thetford. By thus taking a wife from the church, Joseph Pain was by his own act, and the rules of the quakers, at once expelled from their community. But neither this irregularity, nor this expulsion, prevented that benevolent sect from pitying his distresses through life, and relieving his wants as they were seen. Both father and mother lived to know their son's

vices, to pity his misfortunes, to hear of his fame, but to partake little of his bounty."

Our American revolutionist, we are told, "was never baptized, though he was privately named, and never received, like true christians, into the bosom of any church, though he was indeed confirmed by the Bishop of Norwich, owing to the orthodox zeal of Mrs. Cocke, his aunt. He was educated at the free-school at Thetford; and was deemed a sharp boy, of unsettled application. His tuition was directed by his expectations to what is useful, more than to what is ornamental; to reading, writing, and cyphering, which are so commodious to tradesmen, rather than to classical knowledge, which is so decorous in gentlemen. With such instruction he left the school, at the age of thirteen, in order to learn his father's trade. The business of a staymaker he never liked, or indeed any occupation which required attentive diligence and steady effort. He, however, worked on with his father, fitting stays for the ladies of Thetford during six years, except for a short while that he laboured with a cousin, in making bodices for the girls of Shipdam in the county of Norfolk. At the age of twenty, and in the year 1757, Pain adventured to London: with whom he worked, or whom he fitted, tradition has not recorded; it is however, certain, that London did not enjoy long the honour of his residence; he was soon prompted by his restlessness to look for new prospects at Dover, in 1758. For almost a twelvemonth he worked with Mr. Grace, a respectable staymaker in that ancient cinque-port. Meantime, Miss Grace either won our author's heart, or our author attempted to win the heart of Miss Grace; and the father was thus induced

\* In a note we are informed by Mr. Oldys, that "this is the real name; and that his fictitious name is *Paine* with a final *e*; for that his father's name was *Pain*; his own name was *Pain* when he married, when he corresponded with the Excise, and when he first appeared in America. But finding some inconvenience in his real name, or seeing some advantage in a fictitious one, he thus changed the name of his family; and he thus exercised a freedom which only great men enjoy for honourable ends.

to lend him *ten* pounds, in order to enable our adventurer to set up as a master stay-maker at Sandwich. Yet it is certain he neither married the lady, nor repaid the loan."

"At Sandwich he settled early in 1759. Biographers have been diligent to discover in what houses famous men had lived at particular periods of their depression or their elevation. Of our Author \* it can only be told, that he lodged in the market-place. The well known antiquary of this ancient port has not yet determined, whether he were not the first who had here used the mystery of stay-making. It is however certain, that he practised other arts. There is a tradition, that in his lodging he collected a congregation, to whom he preached as an Independent rather than a Methodist. While thus occupied, he became enamoured of the person, or the property, of Mary Lambert, the waiting-maid of the wife of Richard Solly, an eminent woollen-draper at Sandwich. Mary Lambert, who is still praised by her own sex as a pretty girl of modest behaviour, our Author married on the 27th of September 1759. Her father was an exciseman, but she was an orphan when Pain married her. The women of Sandwich to this hour express their surprise, that so fine a girl should have married to old a fellow; yet Mary was scarcely twenty one, while Thomas was only twenty-two. The fact is, that our Author has always appeared to the female eyes a dozen years older than he was, owing to the hardness of his features, or to the scars of disease."

"Marriage is the great epoch of a man's life. Our author was now to maintain his wife and family by his trade. The tradition of Sandwich still repeats, that he expected a fortune on his marriage, which he never found. In expectation there are doubtless degrees of comparison. A man beginning life as a stay-maker, on ten pounds of borrowed money, has other hopes and other fears than men of vast wealth and unbounded expectancy. He certainly was disappointed both in his pleasure and his profit; and disappointment has a sad effect on the human constitution. Two months had hardly elapsed when our Author's ill usage of his wife became apparent to the whole town, and excited the indignation of some, with the pity of others.

Influenced by the general goodness of the English character, Mrs. Solly relieved the distresses of her favourite maid with constant sollicitude. For almost a twelve-month this unhappy couple lived in comfortable lodgings. At length he took a house, without being able to furnish it. Mr. Rutter, a reputable broker of Sandwich, supplied him with such furniture as he wanted. But it soon appeared that our Author rather desired relief than wished for resilience; and being embarrassed with debts, and goaded by duns, he took the opportunity of the first Sunday morning to sail from Sandwich with his wife and goods to Margate; where he sold by auction the same furniture with which Mr. Rutter had supplied him. Our Author, we fear, committed on this occasion an old crime, which has now a new name. In Henry the Eighth's days, he who obtained another's property by false tokens, was punished by pillory as a cheat. In George the Second's reign, persons convicted of obtaining goods by false pretences were to be transported as swindlers. What a fine opportunity for our metaphysical statesmen to discuss, not so much our Author's practice as our Author's principles. Had Thomas Pain been indicted at the Old Bailey, he might have insisted, as he now insists, that the laws of England did not exist, and that the Judges did not sit on the Bench. He might have pleaded what he now pleads, that since the statute of Henry the Eighth was made before he was born, he ought not to be sent to the pillory under its provisions. Against the Act of George the Second, for the punishment of swindlers, our Author might have insisted, as he still insists, that though it was made since he was born, he had not consented to be bound by its penalties."

A chain of reasoning is introduced upon the transaction of removing to Margate, to expose the facility of Mr. Pain's principles in the famous pamphlet called *Rights of Man*. But as it is no part of our office to enter into political discussions, we shall take leave of Mr. Oldys for the present with submitting to his re-consideration, Whether the transaction itself, as he states it, is within the meaning or intent of either of the statutes. It is hardly credible that Pain should move off the first Sunday after he obtained the furniture from Mr. Rutter; but admitting the fact, it does not appear that he obtained the goods by

\* To avoid confusion our readers are requested to observe, that the title Author, so often repeated by Mr. Oldys, refers to Mr. Paine's publication of the two celebrated pamphlets *Common Sense*, and *Rights of Man*.

*false tokens or false pretences.* Mr. Rutter must have given him credit as Thomas Pain, an inhabitant of Sandwich, married to Mary Lambert of the same town, a young woman of good character. He had an art or trade to live by, and there was a probability of his succeeding and paying for the goods at the expiration of the term of credit agreed on: before that period arrived he decamped; and undoubtedly here was an abuse of credit; but, by law, the goods were his own property, and he could only be sued for debt at the end of the Term, or, in the mean time, be held to bail for better security. Mr. Rutter must have known this; for had he considered him as a swindler, he might have secured him for an act of

felony, though he could not for debt, on the Sunday. Sandwich is not so large a town that an inhabitant, with his wife and furniture, should embark so secretly as it is suggested. Dates are omitted respecting this incident, though carefully attended to on other occasions; and we shall find, as we proceed, strong presumptive proof, that a considerable space of time had elapsed before, "embarrassed by debts, and goaded by duns," he left Sandwich. His justification, however, is by no means intended; but if he was not a swindler, either according to the spirit or letter of the statutes, some pages of condemnation of his *Rights of Man* are nugatory.

(To be continued.)

## THE PEEPER.

NUMBER XXVI.

Ὁυ γὰρ ἐστὶ περὶ οὐτοῦ δειοτέρου ἢ ἀνθρώπου βουλευσαίῃ, ἢ περὶ παιδείας, καὶ τῶν αὐτοῦ, καὶ τῶν αὐτοῦ ἐκείνων. PLATO.

AS no subject is of greater importance than *Education*, so none has more employed the attention and labours of the learned and ingenious in all the civilized ages and countries of the world. The writers upon this interesting subject in our own language are so exceedingly numerous, that there seems now scarcely any thing left to be said new upon it. To repeat the remarks of others, by a fresh writer upon *Education*, would be an unnecessary and impertinent intrusion upon the public attention, and to boast novelties would indicate a mind more replete with conceit than judgement, and that the author is directed not to much by experience as by the heat of imagination.

Nothing can be more easy than to invent plans apparently of general utility, and nothing is more difficult than to carry them into execution. The truth of this remark cannot be evidenced better than in the article which I have made the subject of this paper. The projectors of new methods of instructing youth have been so many, and their success has generally proved so different from their pretensions, that it would be almost hazarding a person's literary reputation to venture into so dangerous a channel as that of experiment.

While, therefore, I venture to present my thoughts upon this hackneyed topic to the public consideration without complacency, I do it without apprehension: for as my paper assumes no merit from the novelty of

its subject, or in the manner of treating it, so neither is it calculated to excite suspicions in the minds of the judicious by the pretence of invention.

*Education* cannot be begun too early, continued with too much perseverance, nor occupy too long a period of time. Children are very soon capable of discipline, and as soon as they feel sensible of the power of authority, they are rendered capable of acquiring the first rudiments of knowledge. Those parents, therefore, who desire that their children shall, by their improvement in behaviour and learning, render them happy, ought, as early as possible, to mix parental authority with parental fondness. By no means, nor at any time, should the child be enabled to separate the one from the other. It is surprising how quick the infantile discernment is, and more particularly so into its parent's temper, and the effect way of gaining an ascendancy over it. The parental authority should never be relaxed by the importunity, or other little cunning arts of the child; for if it is thus suffered to be wrought upon, the child will in future presume upon its powers of persuasion or artifice, to commit offences without the apprehension of punishment.

The fixing a deep impression of the sense of authority on the young mind, is the principal point in early education. I am no advocate for oppressing children's minds with tedious lessons, and rules to be acquired by heart.

heart. In some cases, where such a course has been severely pursued, the young minds have, unhappily, been rendered averse for ever to books, and to method of all kinds. I am thoroughly convinced, that a very principal part of the neglect and contempt which are so generally thrown upon the very best of books, the Sacred Scriptures, owe their origin to the early and indiscriminate use of them in schools. Various parts of the Bible are improper for the perusal of youth, as tending either to corrupt or to perplex their ideas, by the nature of their relations, or the abstruseness of their reasonings. And as we are, in general, very apt to despise, or at least to look upon with an indifference bordering upon contempt, the objects of our juvenile exercises and amusement, it is therefore not to be wondered at that the Bible, being considered as an hackneyed school-book, should come in for a share of this contempt or negligence. I have oftentimes been struck with indignation, upon entering a school, to see in what an irreverent dirty manner the Bibles and Testaments have been treated. The Mahometans ought to be our examples in this case, by the becoming regard which all ranks of them evidence for their Alcoran; and I could wish that these few hints may be the means, in some degree, of securing the first and best of books from the profanation which children are early initiated into the practice of throwing upon it. There are elementary books in our language more than sufficient to supersede the necessity of using the sacred volume as a common school-book. Many of those books adapted to the use of children which have been published of late years, are much better calculated for the service intended than the Scripture, because they are plain, and written in an easy familiar and engaging method; levelled to their understandings, and rendered pleasant to their fancies.

I am of opinion, that the Latin grammar should not be put into the hands of a child, at least till he is ten years of age. Every person knows that the trammels of grammatical learning are none of them the most pleasant, nor very easy to be understood. Grammar rules may be imprinted, it is true, pretty deep in the memory even of very young minds; but the reasons of them, and their adaptation to the knowledge of a language and its elegancies, are not to be acquired in the same ready manner, since herein an acuteness and a taste are requisite, which fall not to the lot of the general body of mankind.

There are so very few persons, generally considered, who retain that knowledge of the Classics which they have acquired at the grammar-school, or, indeed, any tolerable part of it, that it seems that the universal importance which has been affixed to a classical education, is of a very equivocal nature. For my part, when I perceive so many boys drudging away seven, or perhaps a greater number of years, in the acquisition of the rules of a difficult and dead language, for which they will never have the most trifling occasion during the rest of their lives, it never or rarely fails exciting in me emotions of pity and indignation. No one (not even Mr. Knox himself, who is without doubt the best English writer upon Education) can have a more ardent love for the Latin and Greek languages than I have; no one has a greater relish for their beauties, nor a more profound admiration of the Grecian and Roman writers; and yet that partiality which I feel for them, does not make me blind to the absurdity of sacrificing the time of boys to the study of them, whose destination in life will never call for their use, and whose capacities are not adequate to their proper reception.

I shall ever remain of opinion, till I see something more convincing said to the contrary than hath hitherto come within the circle of my reading, that the education of all young persons should be entirely adapted to their future destinations in life. At the first, indeed, I readily allow, that the education of all must be equal in the same articles and degrees; but at the period when it may be supposed some thoughts are conceived, both by their friends and by themselves, of what occupations they will in future exercise in life, then should their studies be devoted to such objects as may render them proper persons to fill those occupations. I know many tradesmen and merchants who, notwithstanding their having had the benefit of what is, foolishly enough, called a liberal education, have entirely forgot the little Latin and Greek they were taught at school, and, what is much worse, are quite ignorant of many branches of knowledge which it is absolutely necessary such persons should be acquainted with.

We are, in general, deceived into the most absurd notion, that the acquisition of the learned languages is the grand point to be aimed at in the education of youth, and that all the other branches of instruction are of little consequence when compared to this. It should, however, be very seriously considered,

sidered, that the greatest possible advantages resulting from this part of knowledge, are of very little, if any, significance in the commerce of life; and that they can only make the person who enjoys it an object of esteem or admiration to a very confined set of his fellow creatures; whereas those articles which are sacrificed to the study of it, will be found necessary to him almost every day, and in every connection of his life. In fact, therefore, the classical part of education, if I may so express myself, ought to be esteemed at this period of time as a secondary object, and the prejudices which have hitherto been too generally attached to it, should be transferred to those points which have been commonly considered as its subordinates.

“Which is preferable in respect of advantages to the pupil, an education at a public or a private seminary?” has been long a celebrated question, and engaged the consideration of some of the very best writers, ancient as well as modern. It would be rash and presumptuous, I apprehend, for any person to pronounce a positive determination upon it, because there may be circumstances which may render either of the modes the most eligible. As, however, those authors who have taken up the cause in favour of the public education, have been the most numerous, and also the most dogmatical. I shall here just consider two of the most weighty and plausible reasons which have been generally alledged to support that side of the question, and upon which the best writer upon the subject, Mr. Knox, has laid a more than ordinary stress.

The two advantages alledged are, “the spirit of emulation which, it is supposed, will actuate boys at a public seminary;—and, the beneficial connections which they may probably make there.”

The first, it must be confessed, is a very valuable consideration, and cannot be too much attended to, either by the friends or the instructors of youth. An ambition to excel is the best stimulus that can possibly actuate the human breast, as it facilitates industry, and makes the object attained more permanent in the mind. May not, however, this noble spirit be as effectually promoted and successfully answered in a seminary where there are but six, four, or even two pupils, as in one where there are an hundred?—Indeed I am of opinion, that this desirable end may be much better obtained in the small than in the large circle; for where the

boys are so numerous, there will, necessarily, be counter forces; that is, though a boy may be stimulated to honourable exertions by the examples of some of his school fellows, yet it is as probable that he will be confirmed in habits of indolence and vice by the more numerous examples around him. Besides, as the tutor cannot attend to the encouragement of this virtuous principle so minutely as is necessary to carry it into full and successful force, when he hath a very large number of pupils, there will, of course, prove to be a greater balance in favour of the private, or rather small seminary, than in the public, or large one, with respect to those benefits expected from the first reason.

As to that of “making beneficial connections,” it is, at the very best, but a mean and unworthy consideration; and I cannot prevail upon myself to believe that any parent who can afford to give his child a good education would be actuated by such a degrading motive. This, indeed, would be to destroy that principle which is contended for in the preceding reason, as it would be one of the greatest inlets to meanness and vice, by rendering young persons of inferior fortunes sinfully pliable and abjectly supple to their superiors. If such an interested mode of behaviour were to be taught them (and it must be, in order to give this reason its due force), it would be the sure means of eradicating all the principles of a noble and generous virtue from their minds. To instil into them a proper respect for their superiors, is proper; but to instruct them to be servile to the great, from the selfish views of obtaining, in consequence of it, worldly distinctions and riches, would be to degrade them from the high character of rational men, to that mean one of abject slaves and lycophants.

Thus have I thrown out these few unconnected hints upon one of the most important and best of subjects that can engage the consideration of a thinking man.—Though often treated, it is not yet exhausted, nor can it be, as long as mankind exist in a state that proceeds gradually from imbecility to strength, and from ignorance to knowledge. Experience may add a greater strength to some of these ideas, and new observations may arise, both upon them and others; at a future opportunity, therefore, I may again, through the same channel, touch this favourite and interesting subject.

W.



## CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MR. PAINE AND M. EMANUEL SYEYES.

From Mr. THOMAS PAINE to M. EMANUEL SYEYES.

SIR, Paris, July 8, 1791.

**D**URING my preparations for a journey to England, I read in the *Moniteur* of Wednesday last a letter, in which you give to all true Republicans a challenge upon the subject of Government, and offer yourself for the defence of what is called "Monarchic Opinion" against the "Republican System."

I accept your challenge with pleasure, and have such confidence in the superiority of the Republican System over that nullity of a System called Monarchy, that I engage myself not to exceed the extent of fifty pages in my part of the controversy, though I leave to you the liberty of taking whatever latitude you please.

My respect for your moral and literary character will be a sufficient assurance to you for my candour in our discussion; but, though I propose to conduct myself in it with as much seriousness as good faith, I ought to mention, that I do not preclude myself from the liberty of ridiculing, as they deserve, any monarchical absurdities which may occasionally present themselves to my mind.

I do not mean by Republicanism that which bears the name in Holland, or in some Italian States. I consider it simply as a Government by Representation; a Government founded upon the principles of the "Declaration of Rights;" principles with which many parts of the French Constitution are at variance. The French and the American Declarations of Rights are but one and the same thing in principles, and almost in expressions; and this is the republicanism which I undertake to defend against what is called Monarchy and Aristocracy.

I observe with pleasure, that we are already agreed upon one point—the *extreme danger of a Civil List of thirty millions*. I cannot conceive the reason why one part of the Government should be supported with such extravagant profusion, while the other receives scarcely sufficient for its plainest wants.

This disproportion, at once dangerous and dishonourable, furnishes to one the means of corruption, and places the other in a situation to be corrupted. In America, we make but little difference, in this respect, between the legislative and the executive parts of Government; but the first is much better treated than in France.

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But, however I may consider the subject, of which you, Sir, have proposed the discussion, I am anxious that you should have no doubt of my entire respect for yourself. I should also add, that I am not the personal enemy of Kings; on the contrary, no person can be more sincere than myself, in wishing to see them in the happy and honourable state of plain individuals. But I am the declared, open, and intrepid enemy of that which is called Monarchy, and I am so on account of principles which nothing can alter, or corrupt;—my predilection for humanity, my anxiety for the dignity and honour of the human species, my disgust at seeing men directed by infants and governed by brutes, and the horror inspired by all the evils which Monarchy has scattered over the earth; by the misery, the exactions, the wars and the massacres with which it has wounded humanity.

In short, it is against the *whole Hell of Monarchy* that I have declared war.

(Signed) THOMAS PAINE.

THE EXPLANATORY NOTE of M. SYEYES, in Answer to the LETTER of Mr. PAINE, and to several other Provocations of the same sort.

MR. THOMAS PAINE is one of those men who have contributed the most to establish the liberty of America. His ardent love of humanity, and his hatred of every sort of tyranny, have induced him to take up in England the defence of the French Revolution, against the *ambigorous* declamation of Mr. Burke. His work has been translated into our language, under the title of "*Des Droits de l'Homme*," and is universally known.

What French Patriot is there, who has not already, from the bottom of his heart, thanked this foreigner for having strengthened our cause by all the powers of his reason and his reputation? It is with pleasure that I observe an opportunity of offering him the tribute of my gratitude and my profound esteem for the truly philosophical application of talents so distinguished as his own.

Mr. Paine supposes that I have given him a challenge, and he accepts it. I have not given any challenge; but I shall be very glad to afford to so able an author an opportunity of giving the world some further truths.

Mr. Paine declares himself to be the open enemy of Monarchical Government. I merely say, that a Republican form of Government appears to me to be insufficient for liberty. After an avowal so positive on both sides,

S

nothing

nothing seems to remain for us but to produce our proofs, the public being entirely ready to decide between us. But unfortunately abstract questions, those especially that relate to a science, the very language of which is scarcely yet fixed, require to be prepared for investigation by a sort of preliminary convention. Before we begin a contest, to be carried on at least under the standard of philosophy, it is necessary that we should be understood. Mr. Paine is so conscious of this necessity, that he begins by giving definitions. "I do not understand," says he, "by Republicanism, that which bears the name in Holland, and some States of Italy."

When he wrote thus, this author was, no doubt, aware that I, on my part, do not undertake to defend either the Ottoman or the ——— Monarchy. In order to be reasonable in this discussion, and certainly we both desire to be so, we ought to begin by rejecting all examples. In point of social order, Mr. Paine cannot be \* less pleased than I am with the models which history offers us. The question between us then depends upon simple theory. Mr. Paine defends his Republic, such as he understands it; I defend Monarchy, such as I have conceived it.

"In short," says Mr. Paine, "it is against the whole HELL of Monarchy that I have declared war." I intreat him to believe, that, in this undertaking, I would be his second, and not his adversary. I do not adopt the interest of the whole Hell of Republics. The one is as real as the other, and avails just as much. It is impossible that either Mr. Paine or myself should ever take the part of any sort of Hell.

"By Republicanism," says Mr. Paine, "I understand merely a Government by Representation." I have had some difficulty in conceiving, why it should be endeavoured to confound two notions so distinct as those of a representative system and republicanism; and I hope for some attention to my answer.

It is only since the event of the 21st of June last, that this Republican Party has been perceived. What is their object? Can they be ignorant, that the plan of representation which the National Assembly has presented to France, though imperfect in some of its parts, is, notwithstanding, the purest and the best which has hitherto appeared in the world? What then is the object of those who desire a Republic, when they define it to be simply a Government by Representation?—What! does this Party, so

lately formed, already endeavour to array itself with the honour of demanding, representative administration against the National Assembly itself? Will they seriously undertake to persuade men, that in all this there are but two opinions, that of the Republicans, who wish for a representation, and that of the National Assembly, who do not? It is impossible to impute to M.M. the new Republicans such a chimera; or, that they should hope for such a blind docility on the part of the public and posterity.

When I speak of political representation, I go further than Mr. Paine. I maintain that every social constitution of which representation is not the essence, is a false constitution. Whether a Monarchy or not, every association, the members of which do not all at once vacate their common administration, has but to chuse between representatives and masters, between despotism and a legitimate Government. There may be varieties in the manner of classing the representatives, and in their internal regulations; and none of the different forms may be able to attribute to itself exclusively the true, essential, and distinctive character of all good government. We are not to imitate those who say—Observe, I understand by a Republic, a good Government; and by Monarchy, a bad one: take that ground, and defend yourself. It is not to a man of abilities, like Mr. Paine, that it is necessary to give a caution against such language.

Whatever dispute may arise upon the different sorts of representations; however it may be enquired, for instance, whether it is wise to employ exactly the same method in the executive and the legislative order; or whatever other questions of this sort may be produced; it does not at all follow, that upon these gradations and shades depends the difference between Republicans and Monarchicans.

All these debates are, or will be, common to partisans of both systems, and they will be equally so in either hypothesis of a good or a bad representation. In fact, whether our established proxies shall be well or ill chosen, or well or ill established, it will remain to be known what shall be their correlation, and how you will dispose them amongst themselves, for the best distribution and greatest facility of public operation.

In one word, it will still remain to be known, whether you will have a Republic or a Monarchy; because, of themselves, the republican and the monarchic forms will apply either to a good or bad constitution, to a

\* Here we have presumed, upon the sense of the context, to make an alteration in the original, which appears to have been misprinted.

good or bad government. It is not, therefore, the character of a true representation, that it must bear the distinguishing attributes which mark republicans.

Here, in my opinion, are the two principal points, by which the difference of the two systems may be recognized.

Make all political action, that which you please to call the Executive Power, center in a Council of Execution appointed by the people or by the National Assembly, and you have formed a Republic.

Place, on the contrary, at the head of the departments which you call ministerial, and which ought to be better divided, responsible chiefs, independent one of another, but depending, as to their ministerial existence, upon an individual of superior rank, in whom is represented the stable unity of Government, or, what is the same, of National Monarchy; let this individual be authorized to chuse and dismiss, in the name of the people, these first executive chiefs, and to exercise some other functions useful to the public interest, but his irresponsibility for which cannot be dangerous, and you have formed a Monarchy.

It appears that the question depends entirely upon the manner of crowning the Government. What the Monarchists would do by individual unity, the Republicans would do by a collective body. I do not accuse the last of failing to perceive the necessity of unity in action, and I do not deny that it may be possible to establish this unity in a Senate, or superior Council of Execution. But I believe, that it would be ill-constituted under a multitude of Reports of Committees; and that, in order to preserve all the advantages of which the unity of action is capable, it should not be separated from individual unity.

Thus, in our system, the Government is composed of a first Monarch, the Elector and irresponsible, in whose name act six Monarchs, named by him and responsible. After these are the Directories of the Departments.

In the other, a Senate or Council, named by the Departments or by the Legislative Assembly, would be in the first degree of execution; then the Administration of the Departments.

Those who aim at investing an image with abstract notions, may figure a monarchical Government as ending in a point, and a republican Government in a platform. But the advantages which we attribute to one form rather than the other, are so important, that they cannot be conveyed by a simple image. I do not give the exposition of them; this is not the place; but I am not

unwilling to repeat, that in the two points here mentioned consist the distinctive characters of the two systems; that is to say, the difference which there is between an individual responsible decision, withheld by an irresponsible electing will, and a decision by a majority discharged of all legal responsibility. The consequences will be deduced elsewhere.

The Republicans and we may, moreover, differ upon many great questions referring to social regulation, though there may be no reason to acknowledge any new difference between Republicanism and Monarchism. For example: several combinations may be imagined in the election of the Council or Senate of Execution, with the design of extending them more or less to the deliberating administrative bodies. So may we also admit, that there may be more than one method proper to regulate what is called the succession to the throne; for there is a latitude of opinion to be either a Republican or a Monarchist, according to several varieties.

If it is enquired, and I have no doubt that the enquiry will be made, what is my opinion with respect to the hereditary right of the Monarch Elector, I answer, without hesitation, that, in good theory, an hereditary transmission of an office, whatever it is, can never accord with the laws of a true representation. Hereditaryship, in this sense, is as much an attain upon principle, as an outrage upon society. But let us refer to the history of all Elective Monarchies or Principalities. Is there one in which the elective mode is not still worse than the hereditary succession? Is any man so insensible as to intend any blame upon the National Assembly, or to reproach them with want of courage?

What more than they have done could have been performed in the two years past by men, at bottom, like others; that is to say, who can judge only by that which they know, and who, for the most part, know that only to be possible which has been already done? And, if they had thought themselves able to enter into the examination of this question, would it have been for them to balance against an absurd, but peaceable, hereditaryship, the equally absurd custom of election, which is also oftentimes accompanied with a civil war? At present, indeed, we are habituated to an elective mode, and have sufficiently reflected to believe, that there may exist a great variety of combinations in that respect.

There is certainly one very applicable to the first public function. It appears to me to unite all the advantages attributed to hereditary, without any of its inconveniences; all the advantages of election, without its dan-

gers. Nevertheless, I am far from thinking that circumstances are favourable for producing a change in this respect of the decreed Constitution, and I am very glad to deliver my opinion strongly upon this subject. The obstacles, I admit, are no longer the same; but have they, therefore, all disappeared, and have not some new ones arisen? Would an interior division be an indifferent transaction, at the era in which we are placed? The National Assembly is secure of the union of all parts of France for the Constitution, as already known.

An universal wish appears for the completion and the confirmation of it throughout with uniformity, and with a force capable of giving empire to the law. Would it be reasonable to take this moment for throwing an apple of discord in the midst of the departments, and of hazarding incongruities in the decrees, to which it might be hereafter so difficult to place limits? If the nation will one day explain itself by a constituent Assembly as to the place of the Monarch, whether it shall become elective, or remain hereditary, we need not, on that account, lose Monarchy, since there will always remain what is its essence, an individual decision, as well on the part of the acting Monarchs as of the Monarch elector. In short, I hope, that as the public opinion is simplifying more and more in political matters, the *triangle* Monarchy will be generally perceived to be more suitable than the republican *platform* to that division of powers, which is the true bulwark of public liberty.

"Understand by a Republic," says Mr. Paine, "a government founded upon the principles of the Declaration of Rights." I do not see why this government should not be a Monarchy.

"Principles," says he, "with which many parts of the French Constitution are in contradiction." This is possible; and it is probable, that if it was proposed to form a Republic, offences might be committed against the Declaration of Rights. But who does not see that these contradictions may be remedied without an abolition of the Monarchy? Mr. Paine will permit me to tell him a second time, that, since I do not require him to support any particular Republican form, it is right that he should allow me the same liberty with respect to Monarchy.

I desire, that our discussion, if it takes place, may not depart from the *spheres of theory*. The truths which we shall establish may descend too slowly, or too fast, to be applicable to facts. But I have already said enough to make it understood, that, at pre-

sent, I feel much more powerfully the instant necessity of establishing the decreed Constitution, than that of reforming it.

*The Declarations of Rights of France and America are only one and the same thing in principles, and nearly so in words.* So much the worse. I could wish that ours might be the best, and it would not be difficult to make it so.

*And this is the Republicanism which I have undertaken to defend against what is called Monarchy and Aristocracy.* A man who lives in France, or any other part of Europe, will allow, that if we are to take the words *Republic* and *Monarchy* only in their common acceptance, we shall be sufficiently disgusted by the mere mention of them. Have I not an opportunity, if I was to follow the example given me by Mr. Paine, to cast some discredit upon that which is called *Republic* and *Aristocracy*? Would a Senate of Execution be less aristocratical, than Ministers acting under the free and irresponsible choice of a Monarch, whose evident and palpable interest would be always inseparable from that of the majority?

I have, perhaps, done wrong in making so early a discovery of my doubts as to the excellence of the Republican system. How far are those from understanding me, who reproach me with not adopting a Republic, and believe, that not to proceed so far is to stop upon the road! Neither the ideas nor the sentiments which are called *Republican*, are unknown to me; but, in my design of advancing always towards the *maximum* of social liberty, I ought to pass the *Republic*, to leave it far behind, and to arrive at *true Monarchy*! If I am in an error, I declare, that it is neither for want of time nor attention; for my researches and results preceded the Revolution.

I acknowledge, that, for a note, this is become very long; but I was desirous of providing, that if our discussion took place, it should not degenerate into a dispute of words. It will result, I believe, from the perusal of the above, that men who are willing to speak in precise terms will not permit themselves to suppose, that *Republicanism* is the opposite of *Monarchism*. The correlative of *one* is *many*. Our adversaries are *Poliarchists*—*Policrates*; those are their true titles. When they call themselves *Republicans*, it should not be by opposition to *Monarchy*: they are *Republicans*, because they are for the *public* interest, and certainly we are so too.

The public interest, it is true, has been for a long time sacrificed to private views; but has not this evil been common to all known States, without regard to their several denomi-

denominations? If, instead of adopting clear notions, happily suggested by etymology itself, it is determined to persist in a confusion of words which can be useful to no possible end, without doubt I shall not obstinately oppose it. I will permit the word "Republic" to be taken as synonymous to "Representative Constitution;" but I declare, that, after having taken it in this sense, I shall feel a necessity of enquiring, after all, whether they would wish that our Republic should be Monarchic or Poliarchic. Let us then, if we can, establish the question in these terms—"In a good Republic, is it better that the government should be Monarchic or Poliarchic?"

I finish this Letter by a remark with which I ought to have begun it. My Letter inserted in the *Monitor* of the 6th of July does not announce, "that I have leisure to enter into the controversy with the Republican *Policrates*." My words are these: "I shall, perhaps, soon have time to develop this

question." Why *soon*? Because I am persuaded that the National Assembly will, in a short time, put the last hand to their work, and that it is upon the very point of being finished.

Until then, it is impossible for me to leave my daily occupations to fill the Journals with any sort of discussion. I may be told, that this question is the *order of the day*, but I do not perceive that it is. Besides, a friend of liberty does not chuse to discuss questions of right under the empire of questions of fact. This enquiry into principles, and the publication of them, has been already so sufficiently laborious, to a man left to his own individual powers, that he should not expose himself to the regret of having wished to speak reason, at a time when the most decided determinations deprive many of the possibility of attending to it, and leave only the resolution of serving, in spite of him, the one or the other party.

EM. SYEYES.

#### DR. ADAM SMITH.

The sentiments and opinions of Eminent Men on subjects of Literature are at all times curious, and eagerly fought after. We therefore make no apology for inserting the following, which probably will be considered as deriving their value more from the name of the man than from the soundness of his judgement. On the subject of Poetry it will be remarked with surprize, that Dr. SMITH appears not to have been endowed with a gleam of taste. Almost all his opinions are erroneous and contemptible. He reminds us of Mr. LOCKE, who once ventured to give his opinion on the Poetry of Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, and, in the same manner with Dr. SMITH, became the subject of ridicule. Speaking of King Arthur, that great Philosopher observed, "I had read Prince Arthur before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all lessened by this second piece. All our English Poets (except Milton) have been mere ballad-makers in comparison to him." Dr. SMITH's opinion would, we doubt not, have been in union with this of his brother Philosopher. The Poets, however, who have been censured by LOCKE and SMITH, would, were they living, feel no other sentiments than pity for such Critics.

IN the year 1780 I had frequent occasion to be in company with the late well-known Dr. ADAM SMITH. When business ended, our conversation took a literary turn; I was then young, inquisitive, and full of respect for his abilities as an author. On his part, he was extremely communicative, and delivered himself, on every subject, with a freedom, and even boldness, quite opposite to the apparent reserve of his appearance. I took down notes of his conversation, and have here sent you an abstract of them. I have neither added, altered, nor diminished; but merely put them into such a shape as may fit them for the eye of your readers.

Of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson Dr. Smith had a very contemptuous opinion. "I have seen that creature," said he, "bolt

up in the midst of a mixed company, and, without any previous notice, fall upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then resume his seat at table.— He has played this freak over and over, perhaps five or six times in the course of an evening. It is not hypocrisy, but madness. Though an honest sort of man himself, he is always patronizing scoundrels. Savage, for instance, whom he so loudly praises, was but a worthless fellow; his pension of fifty pounds never lasted him longer than a few days. As a sample of his economy, you may take a circumstance that Johnson himself once told me. It was, at that period, fashionable to wear scarlet cloaks trimmed with gold lace; and the Doctor met him one day, just after he had got his pension, with one of these cloaks upon his back,

back, while, at the same time, his naked toes were sticking through his shoes."

He was no admirer of the Rambler or the Idler, and hinted, that he had never been able to read them. He was averse to the contest with America, yet he spoke highly of Johnson's political pamphlets; but, above all, he was charmed with that respecting Falkland's Islands, as it displayed, in such forcible language, the madness of modern wars.

I enquired his opinion of the late Dr. Campbell, author of the Political Survey of Great Britain. He told me, that he never had been above once in his company; that the Doctor was a voluminous writer, and one of those authors who write from one end of the week to the other without interruption. A gentleman who happened to dine with Dr. Campbell in the house of a common acquaintance remarked, that he would be glad to possess a complete set of the Doctor's works. The hint was not lost; for next morning he was surprised at the appearance of a cart before his door. This cart was loaded with the books he had asked for;—the driver's bill amounted to *seventy pounds!*—As Dr. Campbell composed a part of the Universal History, and of the Biographia Britannica, we may suppose that these two ponderous articles formed a great part of the cargo. The Doctor was in use to get a number of copies of his publications from the Printer, and keep them in his house for such an opportunity. A gentleman who came in one day exclaimed with surprise, "Have you ever read all these books?"—"Nay," replied Dr. Campbell, laughing, "I have written them."

Of Swift, Dr. Smith made frequent and honourable mention. He denied that the Dean could ever have written the Pindarics printed under his name. He affirmed, that he wanted nothing but inclination to have become one of the greatest of all Poets, "But in place of this, he is only a gossip, writing merely for the entertainment of a private circle." He regarded Swift, both in style and sentiment, as a pattern of correctness. He read to me some of the short poetical addresses to Stella, and was particularly pleased with one coupler—

"Say, Stella, feel you no content,

"Reflecting on a life well spent."

Though the Dean's verses are remarkable for ease and simplicity, yet the composition required an effort. To express this difficulty, Swift used to say, *that a verse came from him like a guinea.* Dr. Smith considered the lines on his own death as the Dean's poetical master-piece. He thought that, upon the whole, his poetry was correct after he

settled in Ireland, when he was, as he himself said, surrounded "only by humble friends."

The Doctor had some singular opinions. I was surprised at hearing him prefer Livy to all other historians, ancient and modern. He knew of no other who had even a pretence to rival him, if David Hume could not claim that honour. He regretted, in particular, the loss of his account of the civil wars in the age of Julius Cæsar; and when I attempted to comfort him by the library at Fez, he cut me short. I would have expected Polybius to stand much higher in his esteem than Livy, as having a much nearer resemblance to Dr. Smith's own manner of writing. Besides his miracles, Livy contains an immense number of the most obvious and gross falsehoods.

He was no fawning admirer of Shakespeare. "Voltaire, you know," says he, "calls Hamlet the dream of a drunken savage."—"He has good scenes, but not one good play." The Doctor, however, would not have permitted any body else to pass this verdict with impunity. For when I once afterwards, in order to sound him, hinted a disrespect for Hamlet, he gave a smile, as if he thought I would detect him in a contradiction, and replied, "Yes! but still Hamlet is full of fine passages."

He had an invincible contempt and aversion for blank verse, Milton's always excepted. "They do well," said he, "to call it *blank*, for blank it is; I myself, even I, who never could find a single rhyme in my life, could make blank verse as fast as I could speak. Nothing but laziness hinders our Tragic Poets from writing, like the French, in rhyme. Dryden, had he possessed but a tenth part of Shakespeare's dramatic genius, would have brought rhyming tragedies into fashion here, as well as they are in France, and then the mob would have admired them just as much as they now pretend to despise them."

Beattie's Minstrel he would not allow to be called a poem; for it had, he said, no plan, no beginning, middle, or end. He thought it only a *series of verses*, but a few of them very happy. As for the translation of the Iliad, "They do well," he said, "to call it Pope's Homer, for it is not Homer's Homer. It has no resemblance to the majesty and simplicity of the Greek." He read over to me L'Allegro and Il Penferoso, and explained the respective beauties of each; but added, that all the rest of Milton's short poems were trash. He could not imagine what had made Johnson praise the poem on the Death of Mrs. Killigrew, and compare it with Alexander's Feast. The criticism had

induced him to read it over, and with attention, twice, and he could not discover even a spark of merit. At the same time he mentioned Gray's Odes, which Johnson has damned to completely, and, in my humble opinion, with so much justice, as the standard of lyric excellence. He did not much admire *The Gentle Shepherd*. He preferred the *Pastor Fido*, of which he spoke with rapture, and the Eclogues of Virgil. I pled as well as I could for Allan Ramsay, because I regarded him as the single unaffected Poet whom we have had since Buchanan—  
*Proximus huic longo sed proximus intervallo.*

He answered, "It is the duty of a poet to write like a gentleman. I dislike that homely style which some think fit to call the language of nature and simplicity, and so forth. In Percy's Reliques too, a few tolerable pieces are buried under a heap of rubbish. You have read perhaps Adam Bell Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudestie?" I answered, Yes. "Well then," said he, "do you think that was worth printing?" He reflected with some harshness on Dr. Goldsmith; and repeated a variety of anecdotes to support his censure.

They amounted to prove that Goldsmith loved a wench and a bottle; and that a lie, when to serve a special end, was not excluded from his system of morality. To commit these stories to print would be very much in the modern taste; but such proceedings appear to me as an absolute disgrace to typography.

He never spoke but with ridicule and detestation of the *Reviews*. He said, that it was not easy to conceive in what contempt they were held in London. I mentioned a

story I had read of Mr. Burke having seduced and dishonoured a young lady, under promise of marriage. "I imagine," said he, "that you have got that fine story out of some of the Magazines. If any thing can be lower than the *Reviews*, they are so. They once had the impudence to publish a story of a gentleman's having debauched his own sister; and upon enquiry, it came out that the gentleman never had a sister. As to Mr. Burke, he is a worthy honest man. He married an accomplished girl, without a shilling of fortune." I wanted to get the Gentleman's Magazine excepted from his general censure; but he would not hear me. He never, he said, looked at a Review, nor even knew the names of the publishers.

He was fond of Pope, and had by heart many favourite passages; but he disliked the private character of the man. He was, he said, all affectation; and mentioned his Letter to Arbuthnot, when the latter was dying, as a consummate specimen of canting; which to be sure it is. He had also a very high opinion of Dryden, and loudly extolled his Fables. I mentioned Mr. Hume's objections; he replied, "You will learn more as to poetry by reading one good poem, than by a thousand volumes of criticism." He quoted some passages in Defoe, which breathed, as he thought, the true spirit of English verse.

He disliked Mickle's translation of the *Lusiad*, and esteemed the French version of that work as far superior. Mickle, in his presence, has contradicted, with great frankness, some of the positions advanced in the Doctor's Inquiry, which may perhaps have disgusted him; but, in truth, Mickle is only an indifferent rhymist\*.

\* Mickle had the additional merit with Dr. Smith of having, in the Introduction to the *Lusiad*, completely demolished his system of laying open the East India Company's Trade. Mickle, who, like Dr. Johnson, was not without prejudices in favour of high birth, had conceived an opinion, that a mean or unjust act was not likely to be committed by a man of quality, unless he had been improperly influenced; and, fancying he knew something of Dr. Smith's character, always ascribed the unworthy treatment he met with from his *ſapient* patron, to prejudices infused into him by his tutor. From the above account we think his suspicions had more of probability than we formerly imagined. That Mickle was only an indifferent rhymist will be assented to by no man of taste who has read his works. We refer those who are capable of judging to the appearance of the *Genius of the Cape* in the 4th, to the description of the Island of Venus in the 9th Book of the *LUSIAD*; to the whole Poem of ST. MARTIN, to POLLIO, or indeed any other of his poetical writings.

Perhaps, indeed, on this subject, the sentiments of those whose taste cannot be disputed, may have more weight than even a reference to Mr. Mickle's works. We therefore add, that Mr. Hayley, whose opinion will outweigh a Legion of such Critics as Dr. Smith, or his anonymous friend, says, "The epic powers of Catoenas have received their due honour in our language, by the elegant and spirited translation of Mr. Mickle;" and Mr. Polwhele, whose work we have noticed this month, says, "Read the *Lusiad* in Mickle's translation, and the *Æneid* in its native strain; and, unless classical prejudices interpose (Mr. Polwhele might have added other prejudices than classical), you will undoubtedly prefer Mickle, —though it may appear strange that the version of a modern Poem should outvie the original of the finest ancient epic. Such an eclipse seems a phenomenon in literature. But the *Lusiad* perhaps is become brilliant by transfusion."

EDITOR.

Dr.

Dr. Smith, with Lord Gardenstone, regarded the French theatre as the standard of dramatic excellence.

He said, that at the beginning of the present reign, the Dissenting Ministers had been in use to receive two thousand pounds a year from Government; that the Earl of Bute

had, as he thought, most improperly deprived them of this allowance; and that he supposed this to be the real motive of their virulent opposition to Government.

Glasgow.

A.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER from the REV. DEAN SWIFT to the REV. Mr. JOHN TOWERS, PREBENDARY of St. PATRICK'S, at POWERSCOURT, near BRAY.

SIR,

I CANNOT imagine what business it is that so entirely employs you. I am sure it is not to gain money, but to spend it; perhaps it is to new cast and contrive your house and gardens at 400l. more expence. I am sorry it should cost you two-pence to have an account of my health, which is not worth a penny; yet I struggle, and ride, and walk, and am temperate, and drink wine, on purpose to delay or make abortive those schemes proposed for a successor; and if I were well, I would counterfeit myself sick as Toby Mathews, Archbishop of York, used to do when all the Bishops were gaping to succeed him. It is one good sign that giddiness is peculiar to youth, and I find I grow giddier as I grow older, and therefore consequently I grow younger. If you will remove six miles nearer, I shall be content to come and sponge upon you, as poor as you are, for I cannot venture to be half a day's journey from Dublin, because there is no sufficient medium of flesh between my skin and

my bones, particularly in the parts that lie upon the saddle. Therefore be pleased to send me three dozen ounces of flesh before I attempt such an adventure, or get me a six mile inn between this town and your house. The cathedral organ and backside are painting and mending, by which I have saved a sermon, and as the rogues of workmen go on I may save another.

How, a wonder, came young Acheson to be among you? I believe neither his father nor mother know any thing of him; his mother is at Grange with Mrs. Acheson, her mother, and, I hear, is very ill of her asthma and other disorders got by cards and laziness, and keeping ill hours. Ten thousand sack-fulls of such Knights and such sons are, in my mind, heither worth rearing nor preserving. I count upon it that the boy is good for nothing.

I am, SIR, with great truth,

Your obedient humble Servant.

J. SWIFT.

OBSERVATIONS, NATURAL, OECONOMICAL, and LITERARY, made in a TOUR from LONDON to the LAKES in the Summer of 1791.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR, *Oxford, July 13, 1791.*

A GREEABLE to my promise, I shall send you an account of my Tour to the Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland, though I fear, if nothing better offers than has this day, my correspondence will not be much worth your cultivation.

Through the level well-known road to Uxbridge, nothing struck me but the cracks in the ground, occasioned by the late dry weather—the clay seems dried to a brick; and how the poor corn can push its roots through such a substance is above my comprehension! The power of vegetable life, I know, is prodigious, as I have known the side of a house damaged by the root of a tree; and the efforts which vegetables will make for a subsistence is almost equal to the sagacity of animals. A striking instance of this I saw

in a wood near the beautiful seat of Sir John Dashwood, at West-Wycomb. Here the road was cut so deep, that the roots of the trees stuck through the overhanging soil into the air on each side the road. Trees left in such distressing circumstances had need of every effort: accordingly, the roots had shot out long fibres to catch the soil below, and numbers had been successful. This I call the instinct of plants; and the manner in which *tendrils* will lean towards a support—the manner in which *flowers* turn themselves towards the sun, and shut themselves from the rain—the manner in which *branches* shoot towards the open side of a wood, and many other circumstances, prove indisputably that there is an instinct in vegetables.

But to return—After crossing the watery vale of Uxbridge, we enter a fine diversity of country; hill and dale, wood and water alternately solicit with novelty. The wood-top-

ped



ped hills relieve the vallies; and high-dressed pleasure-grounds contrast with well-cultivated farms. In this fine range of hills (running from Maidenhead Thicket through the long county of Bucks) are situated many elegant seats. We passed one belonging to the Duke of Portland, whose park incloses several of those hills, all clothed with wood in a stile worthy the celebrated Brown. The mottled deer and large cattle demonstrate the goodness of the soil, as well as the smooth verdure of the vallies. My black mirror presented me with many beautiful landscapes in this park, that a Claude might not have disdained to copy.

West Wycombe, the tasteful seat of Sir John Lashwood, next attracted our attention. Nature has done much here, and art more; but, alas! the pleasure of seeing such luxurious scenes is much chastified by the neglect one sees on all sides and in all parts of this elegant retreat. Neither art nor nature will remain perfect without the pruning hand of taste and industry: yet is the taste of the founder of this delicious place still evident, even in its tendency to ruin. The half-hid façade on the hill—the clumps on its sides—its lawns speckled with sheep—the luxurious feathering of the trees, clustering in some places into dark recesses, in others scattered over the smooth slopes, and belying into the serpentine elegancies of Hogarth's line of beauty—these beauties are not yet defaced, nor can they be forgot while the prints of this sweet place shall exist!

Like the devices we read of in Sir William Chambers's *Oriental Gardening*, we experience light and shade in making our way into and out of woods of lime-trees, till we arrive in one so thick, dark, and long, that the mind is apt to picture the spreading arms of trees into the arms and legs of desperate assassins or lurking banditti!—when all at once the scene opens into a wide plain, so extended to see it terminate but with the sky. This beheld from the top of Stoken-Church Hill (the verge of that range just mentioned) fills the mind like the ocean seen from a promontory!

Now the scene changes from the Sylvan to the rich domains of Ceres. The land is but a thin mantle, covering a bed of chalk, but finely pulverized by the hand of industry. After some time it changes to a clay, and near Oxford the clay hardens into a thin, laminated, crumbly stone, inclosing many marine productions, particularly the *Nautilus* and *Cornu Ammonis*. Attention to these is now drawn off by the domes and spires of Oxford. The turrets multiply into

a coralline wood, and, mixing with the tall trees of the gardens, form a view totally unlike any town in the three kingdoms.

The entrance is stately, over a bridge of beautiful architecture. Magdalen's "learned Grove," as Pope calls it, gives a pleasing obscurity to the Gothic and Grecian architecture of that College; and to the left you have a view of the stately entrance to the Physic Gardens, now kept in excellent order, and greatly improved under the care and skill of Dr. Sibthorpe; and the High-street is the most picturesque of all the streets I ever beheld!

The tour of the Colleges has been so often wrote, and so often read, that I fear little information could flow from my pen on that head.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

## LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

*Oxford, 15th July, 1791.*

I CANNOT pass through Oxford without a few remarks upon the progress of the Arts in this ancient University. The Sculpture of the older Colleges exhibits the gross taste of our ancestors in both a clumsy and a ludicrous light. The statues are misshapen—the altars coarse and ill-designed—and the grimaces ludicrous, obscene, and void of fancy! About the reign of the First James, a glimpse had been obtained of Grecian architecture, and it is curious to observe how it began to interweave itself with the taste of that period, as many of the tall gate-ways of the Colleges prove; where, in imitation of what had been seen at Rome, the Doric sustains the bottom story, then follows the Ionic, next the Corinthian, and last or uppermost the Composite; and yet these are interlarded with Gothic or more rude ornaments, and make a motley medley of all kinds of architecture, particularly at Christ Church, where the venerable and the splendid are contrasted in the antique *Façade* and the new square called Peckwater. At last, however, the Grecian has prevailed, and many most elegant specimens are to be seen in Oxford. This must not be considered as universal. Many judicious conformities are made, and are new making, to the genius of the Gothic buildings in their repairs or additions; some of these (of artificial stone) exceed the laboured originals.

Painting has also stepped forward by gradations very similar. The stiff broad-shouled portraits of the sixteenth century—the legen-

dary incidents that impudently assumed the name of History in that period, have gradually given way to good sense and nature; and instead of distorted figures covered with glaring colours in their windows, we see a *Nativity* by Jervaise equal (perhaps superior in effect) to any on canvas.

Music has still made farther strides towards perfection. Vulgar annual songs were once considered as almost a part of the institution. Handel's portrait is now to be seen among the sages of the Bodleian repository, and his music is enjoyed, well understood, and even performed by thousands in the University! Can any thing exhibit the improved taste in that divine science so justly, as the degree just given to the modest Haydn by the University—this musical Shakespeare—this musical Drawcanfir, who can equal the strains of a Cherub, and enchant in all the gradations between those and a ballad—a genius whose versatility comprehends all the powers of harmony, and all the energy, pathos, and passion of melody! who can stun with thunder, or warble with a bird! For the honour of the University be it known, that this honour was conferred without the form of examination, and indeed such transcendent merit deserved the liberal compliment in the way it was conferred.

Would to God I could say as much for a science I love! Must Astronomy, which recognizes the whole universe, be more limited in the liberality of its Professors than the sensual Arts? How much do I pity the smallest retainer to that first of human attainments who can be influenced by collegiate pride, or the gloomy seclusions of a Monk!—No more. I scorn to be a second time denied the sight of an Observatory by excuses, let them be ever so plausible.

Politeness, however, is not wanting at Oxford in general. A cluster of acquaintances accompanied me to see every thing rare or extraordinary, and there was much to see! Much, indeed, I had seen before, but the inquisitive can never exhaust variety in this City.

*Christ bearing his Cross* (said to be by Guido), in Magdalen College, is an expressive figure, characteristic of his divinity and passion, snoring under a bodily and mental burthen, his depressed countenance still more depressed by the bloody sweat; though pity is not much excited by the crown of thorns, it seems to fit the head so very well. The other victims and the guards are at such a distance, that Christ might have escaped, if it had not been necessary to universal salvation that he should be crucified.

*Christ reproving the Woman*, by Mengs, is a tolerable specimen of the works of that artist, though much inferior to many of his in Rome.

The two candlesticks of eight feet high (the parts dug out of the ruins of Adrian's Villa near Tivoli) in the Ratcliffe Library, are fine specimens of ancient art, and almost equal to those in the Vatican.

Judge Blackstone, by Bacon, in the Hall of All Souls, of which he was a shining ornament, is a masterly statue—though a Judge's robes look not so well in marble as the toga of the Romans.

Gardens here are in various styles, and as their size could not admit of much variety singly, the general variety compensates more than sufficiently; for no two are alike. Here are excellent specimens of English, French, Italian, and even Spanish Gardening. The sequestered vista certainly claims peculiar propriety here, though fashion pronounces it formal and unnatural. Be it so; yet I am Goth enough to think "Magdalen's learned Grove," and the serpentine walk along the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell and the Isis (made at an immense expence, and kept in the nicest order) belonging to Christ College, two of the most agreeable walks in this kingdom.

I am, &c.

### L E T T E R III.

DEAR SIR, *Litchfield, July 13, 1791.*

FROM Oxford to Blenheim the country opens into rich, but not picturesque beauty; the soil a thin clay, the stones flat and crumbly. Blenheim is certainly a magnificent seat at a distance, viewed *en gros*; we become undeceived in the approach; the incongruous parts jumble into a vast but not a pleasing whole. The heavy architect had a mind to display all his powers; but, like a mechanic belumbered by a multitude of tools, he has taken up the chisel where he should have used a hammer, and thrown together a number of parts, without what painters would call *keeping*, or musicians *modulation*. The parts do certainly not assimilate. What business have Italian balconies on the top of an English Palace? In Italy the climate demands them; but when do we visit the tops of our houses in quest of cool air? The vestibule, however, forms a striking entrance; but I fear more from its size and painting than the device of its architecture.

The rooms and paintings are so well known, that description is unnecessary. The library is broken by a number of inelegant marble masses, principally pilasters, by far too strong for what they have to support; the statue of Queen Anne, at one end of it, is a majestic though stiff figure; but that it was by *her* munificence (as expressed on the pedestal) that the family owe the possession of Blenheim, is rather an extraordinary incumbrance, because I think it is generally understood that it was the nation at large who paid John Duke of Marlborough and his posterity this princely compliment.

The gardens exhibit a great variety of delightful views! The extensive water, which fills a wide and winding valley, loses itself in several smaller vallies, so as to give an idea of vast and indeterminate extent! The rounded inequality of ground both in the park and gardens, here covered with venerable woods, and there with beautiful cattle; the Temples—the historical Column—the Bridge—the village of Woodstock, all together form a variety of scenery which at once warms the heart and enchants the eye!

Leaving this delightful seat, we enter an open country, where so few houses, villages or farms appear, that one stands astonished where the people come from to cultivate such extensive plains. This circumstance I have often observed both in England and France, that the best cultivated corn-countries are always the most thinly inhabited.

Shall we pass through Stratford without bowing at the shrine of Shakespeare? Every Muse forbids it! We sit in his chair; we read his anathema upon the wight who should remove his bones, engraven on a plain stone, over his grave, in the chancel of the church; above which we could not but execrate a painted bust, a bold-looking unlikeness, that disgraces the hollowed earth below.

The ferruginous soil now begins to indicate our approach to the regions of Vulcan; good houses—small inclosures—population and smoke, make the indication still stronger, till Birmingham makes its appearance in smoky majesty, covering two large hills, and as many vallies, with dark-red ill-fashioned houses. But this casing (like the encrusted diamond) incloses gems of inestimable value—the roughest materials are here made to rival the productions of Golconda—iron seems to be handled like soft clay, and all the elements are called in and yield their assistance at the command of art!

Soho is Birmingham in miniature. On this small spot is accumulated the improvements of ages. Here is the advance guard of an army of artists pressing forward to scale the summit of perfection. Alas! why should

ingenuity and science be yet contaminated with the illiberal alloy of bigotry and intolerance? Can the spirited artist descend to be the tool of faction? Shall a town that astonishes a world harbour the demon of outrage? But two hours before the mischief alluded to began, I left the town, when no symptoms were visible of what happened on the night of July 14th.

The road to Litchfield affords little variety. The little triple-spired cathedral is a good object viewed on any side, but particularly in front, when the three spires seem in a line. But the ferruginous freestone of which the church is built, is so mouldered away, that the statuary and carving is all obliterated.—This town will long remain famous for having produced a Johnson and a Garrick.—The Muses seem unwilling to leave it: the poetess Seward and the antiquarian Green keep up its reputation.

We now enter the beautiful vale of Trent, leading almost from Litchfield to Newcastle-under-line. The first seat that decorates this charming valley is Beau Desert, belonging to the Earl of Uxbridge: it merits its name, it is a paradise undrest!—the house a giant, standing on an eminence, and looking over a pigmy world. Had nature been as liberal in water, as in the other requisites of beauty, this place would laugh at Brown, as a person in health would despise a meddling physician.

The seats of Lord Donnegal, Sir Edward Littleton, Lord Talbot, Lord Harrowby, and the Marquis of Stafford, enrich the sides of this sweet vale alternately—and the Trent lingers through the rich groves and pastures, unwilling to leave its child the Canal, called the Grand Trunk, which unites the Severn, the Trent, and the Weaver. Iron still continues to pervade the soil, and give it the red colour which it gives to common bricks.

Near the head of the vale, seams of coal break out, and columns of smoke proclaim the neighbourhood of Etruria, the celebrated pottery of the ingenious Mr. Wedgwood.—Here we have a colony raised in a desert, where clay-built man subsists on clay, and where he seems to wait nothing but the power of Prometheus to copy himself in that material.—How prolific is art! How far beyond enumeration the forms into which this material is turned, both for use and ornament! The vases of ancient Etruria are outdone in this pottery. Taste makes even the petunze of China unnecessary here; and in vain does the gilding of Dresden and St. Cloud endeavour to make the eye deceive the judgment.

I am, &c.

## LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR, *Litchfield, July 19, 1791.*

TALK-ON-THE-HILL displays the whole county of Chester like a flat wood beneath our feet. The Lancashire mountains on the right, and those of Wales on the left, bound the plain. This view is more extensive than beautiful; neither town, village, nor house, break the uniformity of this scene: indeed, the counties of Chester and Lancaster seem the last part of Britain that "rose out of the azure main;" and accordingly the soil in both is but a thin sward spread over a bed of sea sand. We are indebted to this sward, however, and the superabundant rains that keep it always moist, for the finest cheese in the world. Why then should we repine at the moist atmosphere that covers our island? Were we in the moon, our telescopes would shew us that this island is more green than any spot on the face of the earth. This verdure we owe to rain; in consequence, our horses, cattle, sheep (nay, I am proud to say the human animal), exceed those of any other country. Indeed, these two counties seem to have more than their share of this useful element; for the mountains that separate them from Yorkshire stop the western clouds from the Atlantic Ocean, and by rain-gages it is found that at least one-third more rain falls in Lancashire than Yorkshire (surface for surface), upon an average made from many years observation. The breed of horned cattle of Cheshire, however, are much inferior to those of Lancashire, though they produce better cheese. A cow at best is but an unwieldy and clumsy animal; but in Lancashire she has wide serpentine horns—a belly as light as a horse, beautifully spotted, or uniformly streaked from the back-bone on each side: in short, a Lancashire cow may really be called a beautiful animal.

It would be well if a traveller could sleep during his passage through Cheshire, but that the rough paved road effectually forbids. He will be in some measure rewarded for his fatigue, if he makes a digression by Middlewich, and has courage to descend into the salt mines. A stratum of salt rock will there astonish him about sixty yards beneath the surface, of unknown extent, that, excepting some other earthy and heterogeneous matter mixed with it, may be considered as a bed of real marine or table salt. Water issuing through this bed dissolves the salt, and becomes a brine of great strength, is drawn up to the surface, and after evaporation becomes the fine crystalline basket-salt of the table. The rock itself is also a great commercial object, being sent

to Liverpool in huge blocks, where it serves as ballast to returning ships, instead of stones; and as it dissolves in sea water, it makes it a brine capable of yielding twice the quantity of salt the water would without it—hence becoming saleable in every sea-port in Europe.

Coals are also used as ballast from Liverpool. These two articles for back carriage give this port a decided superiority over all others in the kingdom; besides, its imports being distributed in the country by canal navigation, is another of its fortuitous advantages. No wonder, therefore, from the spirit of enterprize in its inhabitants, that it has made a more rapid progress in building and improvements, than any other part of the three kingdoms, except the capital.

Little improvement can be seen near the road leading through Cheshire—the grass farms, and wooden thatched houses, are just what I remember them forty years ago, only they look a little older.

In descending the hill of Talk we cross the Grand Canal near Hare Castle, where it enters and passes through the mountain which separates Cheshire from Staffordshire. This tunnel I did not explore, but was told it was about a mile in length, arched all round.

Knutsford is a pretty little town, and has a great many handsome seats in its neighbourhood; but picturesque beauty must not be looked for in a flat country—the views can but extend over a few fields, being intercepted by dwarf oaks, which stand thick in the fences, and make the country look like one great wood. The late Lord Warrington, however, planted some millions of oaks in his estate of Dunham Massey, which have made such a progress in growth during the last fifty years, that they may soon be large enough to rush into the sea, and be a noble addition to our naval strength.

The silk mills of this place, Macclesfield, &c. are principally converted into cotton mills, that material having so far taken the lead of silk in the fashion of the present time; but it is impossible so many mills should find employment for any length of time, for there is scarcely a stream that will turn a wheel through the north of England that has not a cotton-mill upon it. At present they are fully employed, and long may they continue so!—but this I much fear.

At Warrington we enter Lancashire, the county of industry and spirit! This town has long been famous for its manufactory of sail-cloth, but boasts no great beauty in either building or situation. Its damp situation is indicated by vast poplar trees, that aquatic which delights in bogs and ditches.

The progress of improvement in the high-roads of this country affords matter for curiosity.—For many ages, and to the middle of this century, a causeway of about two feet broad, paved with round pebbles, was all that man or horse could travel upon, particularly in the winter season, through both these counties! This causeway was guarded by posts at a proper distance, to keep carts off it, and the open part of the road was generally impassable in the winter from mire and deep ruts. As trade increased, and turnpikes became general, the ruts were filled with pebbles and cinders; but still in winter no coach or chaise durst venture through them. Indiscretions and law-suits at last produced a broad pavement, which would suffer two carriages to pass each other, and this was thought the ultimate perfection that a country without gravel could go to, and the narrow pavement became covered with grass. In this state the roads have continued many years, to the great profit of the coach-maker, and the cure of indigestion: but now both the broad and narrow pavements are pulling up, the pebbles breaking into small pieces, and their interstices

filling up with sand. So far as this method has proceeded, the roads are become as good as in any part of England; and no doubt the utility will soon become general, enforced by so spirited and liberal a people as inhabit these counties.

The spirit of ancient hospitality lingered in the county of Chester long after it had forsaken the rest of the kingdom: the open manly character of our forefathers is still visible here. For many of the numerous old families of this county were attached to the Stuart Family, and for two reigns never came near the Court. Living therefore on their own estates, cultivating good neighbourhood, regaling after a fatiguing fox-chace on strong ale roast beef and toasted cheese, and meeting with much good-humour at a neighbouring bowling-green, constituted their routine of amusement, eripoliteness, *self*, and heavy taxes crept in among them. Happy times, and happy people! Your country associates in my mind the many jolly days I have formerly spent among you.

I am, &c.

[ To be continued ]

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

### INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS,

Written by Mr. ROBERDEAU,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER in the Character of SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, at the Haymarket Theatre, upon Mr. PALMER, jun.'s first appearance on the Stage, as PRINCE in HENRY the Fourth.

[Speaks within.

HERE, Hostess, Hostess, t'other cup of sack!

[Enters.

Jest-fall'n, and yet "no coward," see poor Jack!

"As hot as molten lead; as heavy too;"

He comes to tell (for once) his cares to you!

'Tis for this Prince within, whose vent'rous plan

Prefumes this night—you'll suffer him—  
"write man!"—

Turns all my grave advice to jeer and scoff:

"By Honour he's prick'd on,"—"How, if prick'd off?"

And then he talks of an indulgent Town!

That's a plain tale, and always sets me down!

I told him now his enterprize to quell,

"Would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!"

From you in duty nothing I'll conceal;

'Tis somewhat more than loyalty I feel

For yonder trembling elfin's hardy deed,

Who for his daring, "Instinct" well may plead;

Which bids him back from golden India  
In search of richer gems, your smiles, at home.

Impulsive led by Shakespear's guiding ray,  
Quits turban'd despots for your milder way;

A plea ue on all vile *Eastern* tours! I say.

"\* You who on tummer seas pursue  
"your trade,

"Ye critic fishers, let-me ask your aid;

"Of critic rods and lines the stoutest  
"heart's afraid.

"Need I apply old Esop's well-known tale;

"Let my entreaty for this try prevail:

"—" 'Tis scarce an eagle's talon in the  
"waist!"

"And a poor starveling minnow at the best!

"Do let it live more seasons in the stream,

"And for a while enjoy its hope-ful  
"dream:

"So the young panting animal before ye,

"In time may prove (thus nourish'd) a  
"John Dory!"

\* The lines which follow with inverted commas were omitted.

Yet should my fears the danger much ex-  
rate, [fate;  
And Candour's voice suspend the younker's  
Should you well-meaning for well-doing  
take,  
Or spare the stripling for the father's sake;  
Joy's grateful drops shall mark my glowing  
cheek,  
And Falstaff roar again, "I taught the boy  
to speak!"\*

JULY 30. *The Surrender of Calais*, a Play  
by Mr. Colman, jun. was acted the first  
time at the Haymarket. The Characters as  
follow :

King Edward III.	Mr. Williamson.
Governor of Calais,	Mr. Aickin.
Count Ribau mont,	Mr. Farren.
O'Carrol, —	Mr. Johnstone.
Serjeant, — —	Mr. Wilton.
Galloway-Maker, —	Mr. Parsons.
La Gloire, — —	Mr. Banister, jun.
Granard, — —	Mr. Wewitzer.
Eustace de St. Pierre,	Mr. Beaufay.
Madelon, — —	Mrs. Bland.
Queen Philippa, —	Mrs. Goodall.
Julia, — — —	Mrs. Kemble.

#### S T O R Y.

The fable of this piece is founded on that well-known event in our history, the Siege of Calais, when six citizens gave themselves up a voluntary sacrifice to save the town from the horrors of plunder, massacre, and devastation. On this ground-work the author has ingeniously contrived to interweave some love scenes between Count Ribau mont and Julia, and La Gloire and Madelon.— Count Ribau mont, partly from his love for Julia, and partly from motives of patriotism, endeavours to succour the besieged. In this he is in a great measure disappointed by the loss of some ships on the coast, out of which he is unable to save more provisions than are sufficient to last the town three days, with which he passes, unperceived by the English, into the garrison. Ribau mont is received by the Governor with great cordiality, who intimates, however, to him his intention of bestowing his daughter Julia upon a nobleman in great favour with the King. Julia, unwilling to disobey the commands of her father, receives the Count with great coolness. Ribau mont, in a second interview with Julia, reviles both the conduct of herself and father, particularly that of the latter, for a servile attention to the mandates

of a Court. Julia, stung to the soul by the censure passed on her father, leaves Ribau mont, who, in despair of being made happy with the hand of his mistress, resolves to give himself up, disguised, as one of the six devoted citizens. Julia, learning from her faithful servant O'Carrol the determination of Count Ribau mont, puts on the dress of a citizen, and appears before the King, where she challenges the Count with having assumed a character which of right belonged to her. The King, enraged at the determined heroism of the citizens, gives orders for the execution of Julia with the other six, on which she discovers both the person of herself and Ribau mont. The King, surprised at the conduct of Julia, resolves to spare her life, as well as that of the Count, and at the intercession of Queen Philippa, the other five citizens are liberated, with which the piece concludes.

The fable of *The Surrender of Calais* is peculiarly interesting, and is managed with much skill by the author.

13. A Young lady appeared the first time on any stage at the Haymarket Theatre, in the character of Leonora, in *The Padlock*. Her figure was good, her manner diffident, and her appearance modest and prepossessing. Her voice seemed to be but weak, and her powers were evidently repressed by her fears. She however experienced the liberality of an English audience, and was much applauded.

Afterwards, *The Irishman in Spain*, a Farce, by Mr. Charles Stuart, was acted the first time. The Characters as follow :

Don Carlos, —	Mr. R. Palmer.
Don Fabio, —	Mr. Evatt.
Don Guzman, —	Mr. Wewitzer.
Servant to Carlos,	Mr. Farley.
Kilmahane, —	Mr. Rock.
Olivia, — —	Mrs. Goodall.
Violetta, — —	Miss Fontenelle.

This Farce was originally advertised under the title of *She would be a Dutchess*, which alarming some individuals of high rank, the piece was much altered, and its title changed. In its present state it neither deserved nor had any applause being a jumble of detached scenes, with little connection. The character of the low-bred Teague was sustained with some humour, though it was on the whole too gross and vulgar for public exhibition. The audience dismissed the performance with marks of disapprobation,

\* These last words were the exclamation of QUIN (the celebrated FALSTAFF), on bearing the good report of his present Majesty's first speech from the throne (1761), to whom the veteran had been Rhetorical Preceptor.

which

which will probably prevent its repetition, though it is said that the author intends to make some alterations, and demand a further trial of it.

The performers did justice to their respective characters.

16. Miss Kemble, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, a child of four years old, was introduced to the public in the character of the young Prince in *The Battle of Hexham* for her mother's benefit. On the same evening Miss Heard performed the part of Adelaide, instead of Mrs. Goodall.

Afterwards a Farce called *The Northern Inn, or the Good Times of Queen Bess*, was acted the first time. It was an alteration by Mr. Stephen Kemble, of *Heywood's Fair Maid of the West*, or, *A Girl worth Gold*, originally printed in 1631. The principal characters were those of a spirited young Landlady, a Braggart, and a whimsical Tapster; they were well performed by Miss Fontenelle, Wilson, and young Bannister. The latter also spoke the Prologue. The Farce excited some applause, but there were parts in it not universally well relished.

#### RICHMOND THEATRE.

Mrs. Jordan performed Lætitia Hardy in *The Belle's Stratagem*, on the 3d of August, and took leave of the audience with the following address, written by Henry Bunbury, Esq.

HERE doom'd no longer or to *Romp* or  
sing,  
Or, as a beau in breeches, be—the *thing* ;—  
To memory still shall all your sports appear,  
The sprightly pastimes I have witness'd here.  
Each manly exercise the Green adorning ;  
The *fish*, the evening—and the *bat*, the  
morning ;  
Butchers full gallop—or a baker's barrow,  
Annoying Ladies in the lanes so narrow—  
Nags who, knock'd up, refuse to mount the  
Hill,  
Yet find their way at last *into the bill*.  
By wives molested, nor by country cousins,  
*Here* bucks come down to pay their *rumps*  
*and dozens*,  
And *dare do more than does become a man*—  
To be as little losers as they can.

Methinks a poet *here*, of any kind,  
Or gay or pensive, may a subject find—  
*Here*, where spring-guns and 'sparagus  
abound,  
And PLUMS and steel-traps spread their  
lures around ;  
In golden barges where the City dames  
Lugg'd by a horse up great Old Father  
Thames,  
Midst waving streamers, and tobacco flames,  
Nodding to drums and trumpets—*Dollman's*  
*Plumes* ;  
Where belles in boats sit *broiling* in the sun,  
And *Maid*s of Honour turn out *hot* at one ;  
Where Miss, her flame exposing with her  
face, }  
To flirt and angle finds both time and }  
Fishing, by turns, for compliments and }  
*dace* ;  
Here I, alas ! no longer shall have leisure  
To gape at parties, as they're call'd, of  
pleasure ;  
No more in such gay doings must partake,  
But from my comic lethargy awake ;  
Leave off this strain, and tune my notes  
anew,  
And bid to Richmond a more fond adieu !  
Richmond ! where Nature's partial hand is  
trac'd, }  
With all her richest charms supremely }  
Can I, unmov'd, your friendly mansions fly,  
Or quit these scenes without a grateful sigh ?  
For you—your smiles to Jobson's wife ex-  
tended, }  
And—her gown gone—poor Beatrice be-  
Caref's'd Hyppolita, and all her pranks—  
And sure Miss Peggy owes you many  
thanks !  
The gallant Sylvia could some mirth afford,  
And Little Pickle sung—and you encor'd !  
May this last effort for indulgence sue,  
And be, though *last*, not *least* approv'd by  
you. }  
Farewell !—What pleasure does reflection  
The dear remembrance of your kind ap-  
plause !— }  
Applause, that banish'd each intruding  
And rais'd *this little fame* to walk on air.  
Once more adieu !—parting is such sweet  
forrow,  
That I could say Good Night ! till it were  
Morrow.

## P O E T R Y.

### ODE TO HEALTH,

By Mr. THOMAS ADNEY.

*Non est vivere, sed valere, vita!*—MARTIAL.

HENCE ! paly Sickness haste !  
Let Pestilence its horrors wing away  
Far from the roseate day,  
Or sterile plains and solitary waste !

Let ATROPHY no more  
With yellow visage boast her noxious reign,  
Nor sad tormenting pain,  
Nor dread MARASMUS, with his *wither'd*  
cheek,  
Sure loit'ring vengeance wreak,  
But all rom hence retreat, to trace some  
beckly shore !

HEALTH.

**HEALTH**, to thee my lyre I string,  
 Mistress of the rosy ring!  
 Straight a floral wreath prepare,  
 For the Goddess blithe and fair!  
 See the featly-footed **Queen**  
 Sporting on the daisied green;  
 She, whose blushing cheeks disclose  
 All the beauties of the rose.  
 Say, *Queen*, if in some pathless dell  
 Or pearly grot thou'rt wont to dwell,  
 Near where the stream pellucid flows  
 In gentle tinklings as it goes;  
 Where shady trees extend their arms,  
 And Nature, dress'd in all her charms,  
 Rose lipp'd Goddess, ever reigns  
 Smiling o'er the fertile plains?  
 Say, when morning 'gins to dawn,  
 Weeping o'er the primrose lawn;  
 When **AURORA** ever bright  
 Unbars the golden gates of light,  
 And as a bride-maid leads the day  
 Deck'd in saffron vesture gay;  
 When the lark with mounting wings  
 His much-lov'd early ditty sings;  
 When the cock with clarion thrill  
 Wakes alert each distant hill,  
 Do'st thou the jasmine alcove seek,  
 Diffusing o'er thy beauteous cheek  
 Every bright transcendant hue  
 That e'er the spring's rich garden knew?  
 Or on the verdant carpet spread  
 A fillet for thy florid head,  
 Compos'd of ev'ry scented flow'r  
 That e'er receiv'd the spangled show'r;  
 Carnations sweet and lilies fair,  
 Moss roses cull'd with nicest care,  
 With violet, amaranth, and pink,  
 And daff'dil from the riv'let's brink?  
 Or dost thou, *Queen*, with pleasure lave  
 Thy ivory form in silver wave,  
 While the *Naiads* chaunt the song,  
 "Mirth and joy to thee belong,"  
 And hail thee Goddess of the plain,  
 Sister of the agile train,  
 Ever comely, ever gay,  
 Mistress of the roundelay!  
 Oh! let me trace thee to the grove  
 Where turtles coo their themes of love;  
 Where breathes the soft refrig'rant breeze  
 O'er the glade and through the trees;  
 Where sweet the mellow pipe is heard,  
 And every joyous warbling bird  
 Heedless hops from bough to bough,  
 While the peasant drives his plough,  
 Whistling as the glebe he breaks,  
 As his morning toil he takes;  
 Where beneath the umbrose oak  
 Which never felt the woodman's stroke,  
 Nymphs resort to greet their swains,  
 Sigh their loves and tell their pains.  
 There I'd join the light-heel'd throng  
 Who briskly trip the meads along:

**MIRTH**, with rosy blooming face,  
 Shall be the *first* to lead the chase; [sure,  
 And loose rob'd **FANCY**, queen of plea-  
 Shall chaunt her most admired measure,  
 Chaunt with never-ceasing glee  
 Strains of pure festivity.  
**BACCHUS** shall his purple vine  
 Round the myrtle-tree entwine;  
 And **VENUS** too, with lovely mien,  
 Ever sportive, yet serene,  
 Shall o'er the meads enraptur'd rove;  
 While the playful God of Love,  
 Rose-cheek'd Cherub, leads the way,  
 Blithsome as the blushing day;  
 While sober **TEMP'RANCE** chaste and mild  
 Sweetly carols wood-notes wild,  
 In russet garment, staid and free,  
 Chaunting songs of jollity!

**HEALTH**, to thee my lyre I string,  
 To thee my votive off'ring bring!  
 But where, Enchantress, dost thou dwell?  
 Secluded in some lonely cell,  
 Where from rural scenes remote  
 Is heard the hooting screech-owl's note?  
 Or on some promontory's height  
 Impervious to the traveller's sight,  
 'Midst endless frosts and drifting snows,  
 Where *Eurus* stern impetuous blows?  
 Or dost thou seek the buxom vale,  
 Or in the spicy bow'r regale,  
 Or on beds of roses play,  
 Listening to the love-fraught lay?  
 Oh! let me to thy mansion speed  
 O'er the green enamell'd mead;  
 To some far cave by moss o'ergrown,  
 Embos'd with many a lustrous stone;  
 Where the ivy creeps around  
 The rugged sides by Time imbrown'd;  
 Far imbower'd in the glen,  
 Where the red-breast and the wren  
 Build their little nests, and sing  
 Carols to the jocund Spring,  
 While the Zephyr's silken sail  
 Fans the lillies of the vale:  
 There retired, let me be  
 With the courteous Muse and thee;  
 Hold dalliance with the *Queen of Song*,  
 Whose aid inspires the vocal throng.  
 Gladly then I'd strike the wire,  
 Sing of bliss and chaste desire,  
 Weave the wreath to bind my hair,  
 And drink the fragrance of the air.  
 So should my vagrant fancy stray,  
 Amidst the honey'd sweets of May,  
 Thro' waving woods and gay alcove,  
 Where music breathes the sound of love.  
 O! let me seek at early dawn,  
 With mind compos'd, the dewy lawn;  
 Hear the blackbird in the bush,  
 And the sweetly thrilling thrush:  
 Let every prospect glad my sight  
 While I scale the steep rock's height,

Whose



Whose brow o'erhangs the breaking wave  
 Where blue *Tritons* love to lave,  
 Where *Nereids* from their coral cells  
 Sound aloud their twisted shells.  
 And when Eve, with *drowsy eye*,  
 Robes in grey the azure sky,  
 Let me roam with footsteps slow,  
 While the worm, with sheeny glow,  
 Illumes the thorn-entangled hedge,  
 Peering through the side-way sedge.  
 Let me in the lonely hour  
 Seek some tott'ring ivy'd tow'r,  
 Or walk some abbey's aisles among,  
 "Where shiv'ring ghosts from charnels  
 " throng ;"

Where the dark-mop'd owl complains,  
 While the bat clofe skims the plains,  
 With his leathern wings outspread,  
 As the Moon begins to shed  
 Her silv'ry lustre o'er the grove,  
 Where *Contemplation* joys to rove,  
 As slow he winds his sober pace,  
 With steady step and musel face.  
 Let me listen to the note  
 Of the wailing songster's throat,  
 Who, sadly pining on her thorn,  
 Trills in plaintive cadence, lorn,  
 To her *idol flow'r*, the Rose,  
 Which beneath mellifluous blows.  
 So long the forest's charms I'd sing,  
 Of leafy trees and endless spring ;  
 Of flow'rets of enlivening dye,  
 The teeming Earth's embroidery ;  
 Of whistling birds, of crystal fountains,  
 Rugged rocks and cloud-capt mountains ;  
 But *more* of *her*, whose florid face,  
 Buxom air, and winning grace,  
 Claims the song and sounding lyre,  
 And the Poet's fervent fire ;  
 All the eloquence we know ;—  
 For want of *HEALTH*, what's life below ?  
 Doom'd in a wretched state to mourn,  
 Bereft of peace, with mind forlorn,  
 We linger—till the winged dart  
 Vindictive strikes us to the heart,  
 And meet the turf-bound bed of clay,  
 Of mortals' woes the *sure ally* !  
 Then *HEALTH*, enthusiastic maid,  
 O grant for once thy balmy aid,  
 And o'er my cheeks diffuse the flush,  
 The vermeil glow and living blush ;  
 So long may'st thou my breast inspire,  
 Goddess of supreme desire !  
 And *FANCY*, and the Muse benign,  
 Teach me to weave the lofty rhyme !  
 Nor will I'er, with lip *prophane*,  
 Insult the Muse with *obscene strain*,  
 But humbly wake the silver string,  
 Her sacred influence to sing.

And when Old *Ave*, with wrinkled face,  
 Shall bid me quit *Teutb's* gamefome chace,

May I reflect on pleasures past,  
*Nor grieve because they fled so fast !*  
 And when the grisly tyrant, *Death*,  
 Demands, alas ! my fleeting breath,  
 May bright-ey'd *HOPe*, with soothing hand,  
 Point to the all-mysterious land,  
 And waft my soul to realms above,  
 Where all is calmness, truth, and love !  
 But while on lowly Earth I be,  
*HEALTH*, let me *ever* live with *thee* !

## A MONODY

On the Late Rev. Mr. J. WESLEY,

Recited at the Great Room in Cornhill,  
 And Written by Mr. HAMILTON REID.

SAY, shall the learn'd, the pious, or the  
 brave,  
 Descend unmourn'd, unhonour'd, to the  
 grave ?  
 Not while their worth the votive verse in-  
 spires,  
 " E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires ;"  
 Nor yet shall sorrow sink th' obsequious  
 strain,  
 As tho' we sigh'd, as tho' our hopes were  
 vain.  
 The Saint just crown'd affords the tear relief,  
 His rich reversion mitigates our grief ;  
 His life instructive still directs our way,  
 So some should preach, for others should obey.  
 Not to one realm his labours were confin'd,  
 The world his fold, his flock all human kind !  
 And when on earth he could no further go,  
 He fought the wretched in the mines below ;  
 There doom'd by toil their earthly bread to  
 gain,  
 No Sabbath taught the heav'nly to obtain ;  
 That, spent profanely, or in boist'rous joy,  
 Was giv'n to save, but tended to destroy !  
 Lost men ! whom no kind hand e'er stretch'd  
 to save,  
 Ransom'd for life, yet lying in the grave,  
 Till WESLEY call'd ! Then 'gan th' unequal  
 strife,  
 Then burst these graves ! then rose the dead  
 to life !  
 Then rag'd the Infernal Powers, but left their  
 prey,  
 The heirs of glory and eternal day.  
 But yet no menace did the aliens win,  
 Conviction urg'd, persuasion led them in ;  
 And 'twas for these reproach he ne'er let  
 fall ;  
 Tho' some he lov'd, as men he honour'd all ;  
 Their Saviour's messenger, divinely mild,  
 Strong as a host, and humble as a child.  
 Thus did the Pastor every hour engage,  
 Nor ceas'd his efforts with declining age ;

But, still employ'd, some duty gave delight,  
His deeds all day were oraisons by night.—  
And as in praise, his last, last pulse did flow,  
Angels had wept, or Death deferr'd the blow,  
Had they not known, as for the blest, decreed,  
What loud Hosannas to the throne succeed;  
Then sculptur'd monuments no honour give,  
But grav'd upon the heart, the just for ever  
live.

Mrs. CRESPIGNY'S GROTTO.

The following Lines, which are from the pen of Mr. FITZGERALD, adorn a small GROT in the Garden at Camberwell—so often the scene of the Muses and the Drama.

THE INSCRIPTION.

**M**AY no rude gale disturb this calm retreat,  
The fans of Friendship, and the Muse's seat;  
But cooling show'rs and fresh'ning zephyrs bring  
Th' ambrosial sweetness of perpetual Spring!  
While Nature's feather'd warblers from above  
Chant their wild notes in eloquence of love!  
May Envy wither if she enters here,  
And drooping Mis'ry check the starting tear—  
Or if the Mistress of the Grot be nigh,  
Let the poor wretch drink comfort from her eye,

PROCEEDINGS of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY of FRANCE,  
respecting the INVIOIABILITY of the KING, the NEW CONSTITUTION, &c.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.

**T**HE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY commenced the debate on the fate of the King, by M. Muguet reading the Report of the Seven United Committees; the Diplomatic, Military, and Constitutional Committees; and those of Revision, of Criminal Jurisprudence, of Reports, and of Inquiries.

The objects of this Report were, first, the fact, the circumstances, and mode of the escape, the persons concerned in it, and the motives. Secondly, to state their opinion concerning the manner in which the Assembly ought, according to the laws of the Constitution, to conduct themselves towards the King. And, thirdly, how the several persons concerned in the escape of the King ought to be treated.

Which melts in pity at another's woes,  
And gleams relief—ere Charity bestows.

ANSWER to an EPIGRAM on the EUMELIAN\* CLUB, (founded by Dr. ASH, and bearing his Name), which ridicules it under the Name of A WOODEN CLUB.

By a MEMBER.

**S**INCE olives grow not here by Heav'n's decree,  
Pallas with pride adopts another tree.  
What tree so fit as *Ash*, "for nothing ill †?"  
So Spenser sings, dispute his word who will.  
Fit for all uses, ready at all time,  
This general type of science suits our clime;  
Type too of him, the gay Eumelian sage,  
Who blends the qualities of youth and age.  
Learn'd in the closet, jovial at the table;  
"For nothing ill," for most things wonderful able,  
He loves his friend still better than his joke,  
And Heart of Ash excels ev'n Heart of Oak.  
With him we laugh at each satyric rub,  
Nor heed the nick-name of a *Wooden Club*.  
So whilst our friendly *branches* we entwine,  
Come, waiters, moisten all our *roots* with wine.

After the detail of facts, which lasted two hours, the Report went to the examination of three great questions: Whether the King could constitutionally be put to his trial? Whether his flight be a crime against the constitution? And, lastly, Whether any accusation will stand against those who have been aiding and abetting in the flight?

The Report was at length terminated by a plan of a Decree, the sole purport of which was, That Mess. Bouille (father and son), Heimann, Klingin, d'Oreillize, Defotoux, Vauglas, Damas, Daudrouin, Vaicour, Demandel, Manassin, Talon, Fersen, Valory, and Dumoulier, should be prosecuted before the High National Court.

When the debate began, an adjournment of the question was first proposed

\* Eumelian is a Greek word, occurring often in Homer, and signifies well-ashed.

† "The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill." FAERY QUEEN, Book I,

by M. de Roches, which was immediately negatived; and after it was resolved to proceed directly on the question, M. Peythion was the first who spoke. He maintained, contrary to the opinion of the Committees, that the inviolability of Kings did not set them above National prosecutions, when they commit provocations of importance to the welfare of the people they govern: and concluded with moving, That Louis XVI. should be adjudged by the National Assembly, or by a Convention *ad hoc*.

It is to be observed, that through the whole of the Report the Queen appears to be considered as acting under the direction of the King, and therefore protected by his impeccability.

The debate was continued with great warmth \* in the morning sittings of Thursday and Friday, when the following articles were proposed, and decreed in substance, reserving the mode of wording for consideration.

1. Every King who shall put himself at the head of a hostile army, shall be held to have abdicated the royalty.—
2. Every King, who, after taking the oath to the Constitution, shall retract it, shall be held to have abdicated.—
3. Every King who shall abdicate, shall be considered as a simple citizen: he shall be

open to accusation in the ordinary way for his particular acts.—4. Every King who shall have conspired against the Constitution, by carrying on a direct and criminal correspondence with the enemies of the Nation, shall be deemed to have abdicated.

These propositions were carried by a great majority.

The first article of the Decree proposed by the Committees respecting M. B. uille, was then put and carried.

The Assembly proceeded on the Decree proposed by the Committees, and passed the other articles.

The Jacobins' Club, and the other factious societies (if there can be *society* among the wicked) were enraged at the Decrees which did not include the King as guilty of high treason; they sent forth their emissaries into the most frequented coffee-houses and all the public places, *there to animate the people against the people*, and bring more desolation and the continuance of anarchy on their already miserable, distracted country: the news-papers were prostituted on the occasion; the editors, sheltering themselves under the broad ægis of patriotism, deviated from the national motto—*La Loi, la Nation, et le Roi*—they fought against reason with the arms of calumny, and

\* A specimen of the language of the patriotic party in the National Assembly will shew with what little moderation their orators are governed. M. Vanier, speaking upon the subject of the King's inviolability, said,—“Is a King who deserts his post; a King who gives the signal for a civil war; who turns foreign arms against his fellow-citizens; who throws himself into the arms of a traitor, a murderer of his countrymen; who, by a voluntary and culpable abdication, takes out of the kingdom with him the *presumptive heir to the crown*; a King, who, in an absurd manifesto, vilifies the Constitution he swore to; who sins against the Constitutional Charter by which he is King; I say, Is such a man, can such a man be a King? Can he be inviolable? A strange amnesty is solicited at your hands! A crowned villain, a heap of criminality (here the friends to royalty and decency exclaimed “*to order*”) a crowned villain, I say, nearly soiled with the blood which he would have caused to have been spilt on the hospitable land that nurtured him; a Nero, a Caligula, a Sardanapalus, encircled by the mystery of inviolability, would be then deemed as impeccable as the Godhead! What! if a criminal be judged to death, is it in the name of a traitor that the sentence will be executed? No, no, no, for Frenchmen will no longer submit to ignominy. What was the pretext of this flight! It was because the *immense tribute* paid to the King is not sufficient according to Courtiers!—What! is it not sufficient to sacrifice to one man the blood and taxes of 12 provinces? Has he not enough? It was not sufficient to have left in his power the distribution of the many favours that *infect* the Government; it was not sufficient to have rescued his reign and his name from the opprobrium of a shameful bankruptcy—all *that* was not near enough—To the impoverished state unto which our prodigality for him had thrown us—he wished to add the scourge of war and famine. There are numerous other horrors, over which I am pleased to cast a veil, though I am not afraid to brave death, while I speak my thoughts. Believe me, be both *just and firm*, and if you do not feel equal to the trial, *run away*, and do not tarnish your glory—let your successors take your seats! I conclude with a wish, that the factious and adherents of the King's escape be tried, as being guilty of high treason; that the General Election cease to be suspended, and that at the time the Legislature is named, a National Convention be established to provide a successor for Louis XVI. *legally dethroned.*”

*this ought to be read*

became the shameless supporters of the vilest measures. Declamation, false logic, libels, and incendiary hand-bills, were recurred to, in hopes of shaking the public opinion;—thousands assembled in the Champ de Mars, to sign a petition, and send it into the different provinces, in order to rouse the whole Nation against the Assembly. It was even in agitation to blow up the house; but the National Guard mustered so strong, and wore in their countenances so much terror, that the Jacobins attempted nothing. We conclude this day's business with making the following observation to our readers:—The King is not accused, and his fate is now in his own hands. As we said long since, when the Constitution is finished, the whole volume of it will be presented to him for his acceptance; in the *interim* he continues suspended from all his royal functions. In short, the contest now lies between the National Assembly and the Jacobins' Club; whichever gains the point, it will be dearly purchased; the Representatives of the Nation have withdrawn themselves from that illegal party.

#### SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 17.

In consequence of the unconstitutional invitation of the wicked Clubs, a vast concourse of people assembled on and about the Altar of Liberty. Two men, one a soldier with a wooden leg, the other a hair-dresser, concealed themselves under the Altar. They had taken a couple of bottles of wine with them, and something to eat. After having breakfasted, they cut a few small holes through the boards, the better to see what was going forward at the Champ de Mars. They were perceived, and dragged by the mob to the Committee of the Section. The sitting Officers, convinced they had no bad design, ordered them to be taken to the invalids—but on a sudden it was reported that they had matches in their pockets, to set fire to some powder, and thus blow up the Altar. Madmen will believe any thing—the canaille tore the two unfortunate men from the protection of the National Guard; their first intention was to hang them up to the lamp-iron; but the cord breaking, the rabble went to work with their knives, cut off the two men's heads, and carried them on pikes through the streets! Thus was ushered in the morning of Sunday, in the polished capital of France.

The whole forenoon, Paris was a scene of confusion;—here the bloody flag was seen, to inform the multitude of their fate, if they persisted in refusing

obedience to the law; there the murderous cannon appeared ready to execute justice: every where horror, dismay, and the apparatus of death, were visible.

At two o'clock it was reported, that La Fayette was assassinated; at three we found the report to have been groundless: 18,000 disorderly wretches were invited in the evening to the Champ de Mars, there to swear that they would have no King: at five o'clock all the drums beat to arms—the bloody flag was hoisted at the town house, and carried into the Champ de Mars, escorted by a numerous guard: as soon as it appeared, the mob cried out, Down with the red flag! down with the red flag! The populace threw stones at it, and wounded several soldiers. At length the Mayor of Paris ordered M. la Fayette to execute the law; a general discharge took place, and many lives were lost, and great numbers wounded.

#### JULY 21.

No disturbance has taken place since Sunday, and it is trusted that the mob, deterred by the consequences of their last experiment, will not again speedily make an attempt to oppose the decrees of the Assembly, and disturb the public tranquillity. Twelve of the mob were shot dead in the riot on Sunday, and 24 wounded.—The populace were so enraged that the volunteers had fired, that, on their return to town, they killed six of them.

Among the events of Sunday last, the following is much talked of. A number of boys are accoutred, embodied, and exercised, under the title of—*The Hope of their Country*. One of these, eleven years of age, followed his father, a grenadier of the National Guard, to the Champ de Mars. By the first fire from the rioters the father was killed. The son covered his face with a handkerchief as he lay, fired his musket on the mob, and pursued with a bayonet when they fled. When the troops were called back from the pursuit, he threw himself on his father's body, and gave vent to the lamentations and expressions of grief natural to his age. In this situation the husband and son were conveyed to the unhappy widow.

#### JULY 30.

On Saturday, after a very warm debate, the National Assembly decreed, that all Orders of Knighthood should be abolished. A leading Member observed, that it was only by annihilating these Military Orders that they could complete the great work they had so gloriously begun, and sweep away the litter which remained of the Aristocratic dung-hill.

An effort was made, but in vain, for the preservation of the Order of Malta. What follows is the substance of this memorable Decree:—

All Orders of Chivalry, Military Incorporations, Decorations, or exterior Signs, denoting distinctions of birth, are suppressed in France, and none such can be established in future.

The Military Decorations that exist at present, being, like every other honorary reward, merely an individual personal distinction, cannot serve as a basis for any Corporation; and nothing can be acquired to receive it beyond the Civic Oath. The decoration of the heretofore Order of Merit is, in future, to be no other than that of St. Louis.

No Frenchman is at liberty to assume any of the qualities or titles suppressed by the Decrees of the 19th of June 1790; nor even with the additional words *ci-devant* (heretofore). No public officer can receive deeds in which these qualities are introduced; and the Committees of the Constitution and Criminal Jurisprudence are desired to propose penalties to be inflicted on such as infringe this disposition of the Law.

Every Frenchman who shall be admitted into any foreign Order, founded on distinctions of rank or birth, shall be divested of his quality as a French Citizen, but may be employed in the military service like any other foreigner.

#### FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

PARIS, August 5.

Mr Thouret, in the name of the Committees of Constitution and Revision, presented from them to the National Assembly the Report, entitled, "The French Constitution;" and M. Fayette moved, that a Decree should be prepared for presenting the Constitutional Act to the most independent examination and free acceptance of the King.

After the preamble, the Report proceeds thus:

"The National Assembly meaning to establish the French Constitution on the principles recognized and declared before, abolishes irrevocably the institutions that injure liberty and equality of rights.

"There is no longer Nobility, or Peerage, or distinction of orders, or feudal system, or patrimonial jurisdictions, or any of the titles, denominations, and prerogatives derived from them, or any orders of chivalry, corporations or decorations, for which proofs of nobility are required, or any other superiority, but that of public officers in the exercise of their functions.

"No public office is any longer saleable or hereditary.

"There is no longer, for any part of the nations, or for any individual, any privilege or exception to the common right of all Frenchmen.

"There is no longer wardenships, or corporations of professions, arts and crafts.

"The law no longer recognizes religious vows, or any other engagement contrary to natural rights, or to the Constitution."

The report is then classed under separate heads.—Under the first, it declares that the Constitution guarantees as natural and civil rights, that all citizens are admissible to places and employments without any distinction; that all contributions shall be divided equally among the citizens, in proportion to their means; that the same crimes shall be subject to the same punishments without distinction of persons; liberty to all men, of going, staying, or departing; of speaking, writing, and printing their thoughts, and of exercising the religious worship to which they are attached; liberty to all citizens of assembling peaceably, and of addressing to all constituted authority petitions individually signed; and it declares there shall be a general establishment of public succours for the relief and instruction of the poor. Under the second head, it declares the kingdom shall be divided into eighty-three Departments, the Departments into Districts, and the Districts into Cantons; it settles the election of Municipal Officers, declares who shall be French citizens, and who shall be deprived of that privilege (by naturalization in a foreign country, contumacy to the laws, and initiation in any Foreign Order which requires proofs of Nobility). Head the third relates to the public powers; it declares the French Government Monarchical, and the Constitution Representative; the Executive power is the King's;—the Legislative, the National Assembly's; the representatives shall be 745; the electors to be every active citizen 25 years of age, who has resided one year in the Canton for which he votes, and who is not a menial servant; every citizen is eligible as a representative who is not a Minister, or employed in certain places of the Household or Treasury.—The representatives are to meet the 1st of May; but shall perform no Legislative Act, if their number is less than 373. The National Assembly shall be formed by new elections every two years.

The other parts of the 3d Head relate to the Royalty, Regency, and King. The Royalty is declared indivisible, hereditary to the race upon the throne from male to male, to the utter exclusion of women. The King's title shall be only King of the French, and his per-

son sacred and inviolable. On his accession he shall take an oath, "To employ all the power delegated to him to maintain the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly, in 1789, 1790, and 1791, and to cause the laws to be executed." If he violates this oath, leaves the kingdom, heads an army against the country, or does not oppose such a one, he shall be held to have abdicated the throne, and tried. The King is to be held a minor until the age of eighteen; his next relation (aged twenty-five) not a woman, is in such case to be Regent, and to take an oath similar to the King's; he is, however, to have no power over the person of the King, the care of whom shall be confided to his mother. In case of mental incapacity, there is also to be a Regency. The presumptive heir is to bear the name of Prince Royal, and cannot leave the kingdom without the King's and the Assembly's leave; the Ministers are to be chosen by the King, but cannot be sheltered by him from responsibility.

The next section under this Head, relates to the power and functions of the National Assembly. They are to decree all laws, fix the public expenses, public contributions or taxes, pay and establishment of the army, navy &c. War cannot be resolved on, or carried on, but by their decree, sanctioned by the King; no treaties of peace, alliance, or commerce, can have effect without their ratification, nor can any troops be marched without 30,000 voices of their body, without their requisition or approbation.

The next section respects the holdings of the sittings, and form of deliberating in the Assembly; and the following sections respect the Royal assent and Royal connection with the Assembly. The King has a power of refusing his assent to a decree of the Assembly; but that refusal is only suspensive, for if the two following Legislatures shall present to him the same decree, it shall be decreed to have the King's consent. The King's consent shall be in the following words,—*the King consents, and will cause it to be executed*:—his suspensive refusal is to be thus expressed, *the King will examine*. The King may open and close by a speech, if he pleases, the National Assembly, when they have sent him notice, that they mean, at such time, to open and end their sittings; and he may, if state necessity require it, at any time, during the intervals of their sittings, convoke them. The King is declared supreme head of the general administration of the kingdom; of the land and sea forces, and of watching over the exterior security (by his Ambassadors) of the kingdom; he only bestows the rank of Marshals of the Army, and of Admirals of the Fleet;

he is to name two-thirds of the Lieutenant-Generals, Camp-M Marshals, Captains of Ships, and Colonels of National Gendarmeries,—a third of Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels, and a sixth of the Lieutenants of Ships.

The next objects of the report are, on the manner of promulgating the laws; on the interior administration; on exterior connections (where it is declared the King alone can interfere in foreign politics, and sign treaties with foreign powers); on the judicial power (which can in no case be exercised by the Legislative Body or the King); on the public force; on public contributions; and on the connection of the French nation with foreigners, which concludes the report in the following words:

"The French nation renounces the undertaking of any war with a view of making conquests, and will never employ its forces against the liberty of any people.

The constitution no longer admits the Droit d'Aubaine.

Foreigners, whether settled in France or not, inherit the property of their parents, whether Foreigners or Frenchmen. They can contract, acquire, and receive property situated in France, and dispose of it, as well as any French citizen, in every mode authorized by the laws.

Foreigners in France are subject to the same criminal laws and regulations of police as French citizens. Their persons, effects, industry, and religion, are equally protected by the law.

French colonies and possessions in Asia, Africa, and America, are not included in the present constitution.

None of the powers instituted by the constitution have a right to change it in its form, or in its parts.

The constituting National Assembly commits the deposit to the fidelity of the Legislative Body, of the King, and of the Judges, to the vigilance of fathers of families, to wives, and to mothers, to the attachment of young citizens, to the courage of all Frenchmen."

#### AUGUST 27.

Since the affair of the Champ-de-Mars, every thing has been remarkably quiet in Paris; and the Municipality and the Department have been uncommonly active in suppressing the resorts of disorderly persons, and preventing all attempts to disturb the public peace.

The King continues in the situation into which he was put by the decree of June 25, being as yet restored to no part of the actual executive power.

WAR-

## WARWICK ASSIZES.

## BIRMINGHAM RIOTERS.

Monday, August 22, 1791.

THE *Nisi Prius* bar was opened by Mr. Baron Hotham, at ten o'clock. At eleven Baron Perryn came into Court on the Crown side, and delivered a charge to the Grand Jury, in which, among other things, he said, "In the Calendar, Gentlemen, you will perceive the names of many prisoners, who, in open defiance to the laws of their country, have wickedly and wantonly, in contempt of all legal authority and government, destroyed and set fire to the houses of their fellow-subjects. This devastation was particularly levelled at a class of subjects, who have for a long series of years, by the wisdom of the established law, enjoyed the exercise of their religious tenets with free toleration of government.

"I shall not enter into any of the causes which may be urged upon the present occasion as having tended to excite this popular tumult; because, if any body of men had offended the laws, they were amenable for their conduct to their country. But whatever was the cause or the motive for those outrages, on no pretext can they be justified or palliated.

"It is rather extraordinary and singular, that at a time when the laws which have long disgraced the Statute Books, against the Roman Catholics have, under the mild and blessed Government during the present reign of his Majesty, been obliterated, and the situation of the Catholics, so far as respects their religious principles, placed under the happy and wise influence of a liberal and manly freedom, that a spirit of intolerance should break out against another class of men with such fury.

"Gentlemen, you are the guardians of your country. You will examine patiently, coolly, and deliberately; and I am happy that this arduous, though painful task has fallen into the hands of gentlemen, who are as tenacious of their honour, as they are of the safety, happiness, tranquility, and stability of the Constitution of their country."

Tuesday, August 23.

Francis Field, alias Rodney, for unlawfully, wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously setting fire to the house of John Taylor, Esq. and Joseph Priestley, Doctor of Laws, in the parish of Aston, in the county of Warwick, was put to the bar.

Mr. Newnham opened the case. Al-

though the Magistracy entered themselves in conjunction with the well-disposed inhabitants, yet the rioters bore down every thing before them. His Majesty has thought proper to make this prosecution a measure of Government. By the violent phrenzy of the rioters, one of the most elegant houses in the county, the property of one of the best and most inoffensive Gentlemen in the county, was burnt to the ground; the ruins of it still smoke. Liquor at first was their pretence and demand. They departed, but afterwards returned with the prisoner at the head of the riotous multitude, and he was seen to set fire to it with his own hand. Gentlemen, you are the defenders of the Constitution, and it is your duty to protect the subject according to the established laws. [After hearing the evidence, the Jury found him *Guilty*.]

William Rice, also of the parish of Aston, was indicted for demolishing the house of William Hunter, Esq. but he, proving an *alibi*, was acquitted.

Robert Whitehead was indicted for the same offence as William Rice, and acquitted.

Wednesday, August 24.

John Green, John Clifton, and Bartholomew Fisher, were capitally indicted, for demolishing the house of Joseph Priestley, L. L. D.

After a long trial, Green and Fisher were found *Guilty*. Death—and Clifton, on account of many favourable circumstances, and the testimony of several respectable persons to his good character, was acquitted.

John Stokes, indicted for pulling down the Old Meeting-house, was next put to the bar. The Counsel took an objection to the indictment, because it charged that the Meeting-house was situate in *Phillip-street*; whereas the register proved that it was originally licensed as being situated in *Old Meeting-house Lane*. The Counsel for the Crown gave the prosecution up.—*Not Guilty*.

William Shaker, the Bellman, for demolishing the house of Mr. Ryland.—Joseph Elwell proved that the prisoner was present, and that he was active, and he heard him say, "D—n him, let us pull it down." A great number of circumstances came out, which induced the Court and Jury to consider him as not coming under the indictment.—*Not Guilty*.

Joseph

*Joseph Careless*, indicted for beginning to demolish and pull down the dwelling-house of John Ryland, situated at Easy Hill, in the parish of Birmingham, on the 15th of July last.

Upon the whole of the evidence, the Jury, by direction of the Court, found him *Not Guilty*.

*William Hands*, alias *Hammond*, indicted for beginning to demolish the dwelling-house of John Ryland, of Easy Hill

No evidence for prisoner. *Guilty, Death.*

*James Watkins*, indicted for the same crime as the last prisoner—*Not Guilty.*

*Daniel Rose*, the last of the rioters, was put to the bar.

Mr. Newnham observed, that on behalf of the Government of the country, he had undertaken the painful task of prosecuting the delinquents, in order to preserve the liberty and the property of the subject inviolate; but having made dreadful examples of seven unhappy convicts, in order to shew that Government was not vindictive, or that it thirsted for blood, he should NOT call any evidence. Verdict—*Not Guilty.*

The awful sentence of death was then pronounced upon the four rioters; and the Baron gave them no hopes of pardon. They all wept bitterly.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

*Alexandria, March 21.*

THE plague now rages with considerable violence at Cairo, where it has carried off about a thousand persons every day for the last week.

*Constantinople, June 22.* The most alarming accounts have been received here from the Morea of the ravages occasioned by the plague, which has also broken out at Smyrna and Salonica. That disorder still continues to spread in this capital, and in the neighbouring villages.

Zarnata, Modon, Leonida, and several other towns in the Morea, with the City of Luidia, have been nearly depopulated by the plague. At the latter place it is supposed upwards of 70,000 persons have been carried off within a few months.

*Paris, July 13.* The removal of the corpse of Voltaire took place on Monday the 11th instant, from the ruins of the Bastille, where it had been deposited during the preceding night, to the *Pantheon Francois*. Among the most conspicuous parties was a detachment of citizens, of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, armed with pikes, upon the top of one of which was a banner inscribed, "The last argument of the people."

The procès verbal of the Assembly of electors in 1789 was displayed.—The following lines were inscribed on the banners:

"*Exterminez Grand Dieu! de la terre ou nous sommes*

"*Quiconque avec plaisir répand le sang des hommes.*"

And these:

"*Les mortels sont égaux; ce n'est pas le naissance,*

"*C'est la seule vertu qui fait leur distinction.*"

Medallions of Franklin, Mirabeau, and Rousseau, were borne in different parts of the procession.

A complete edition of his works was carried before the statue, upon which a crown was placed by Madame Villette.

The procession halted before the Theatre of the nation, upon each column of which was placed a medallion, containing the name of one of Voltaire's pieces. On one was inscribed—"He wrote *Irene* a 83 years of age;" on another, "He wrote *Oedipus* at 17."

A chorus of the opera of *Samson* was performed before this theatre, and at ten o'clock the procession arrived at the *Pantheon Francois*, where the body was deposited.

*Copy of a Letter from Prince REFIN to Prince GALLITZIN, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, dated*

"*Camp at Maczin, July 11th. 1791.*

"I have the honour to inform you, that having received information of a very large body of Turks collecting at Maczin, I passed the Danube, attacked and completely defeated them, on the 10th instant. The enemy lost upwards of 4000, while our loss, amounted only to about 150, and 2 or 300 wounded. We took their whole camp, thirty pieces of cannon, and fifteen standards. Mahmet Arnaut, a Basha of Two Tails, and several other officers of rank, are made prisoners. They report that the Grand Vizier himself was at a small distance behind the field of battle, and beheld the defeat of his troops. The flower of the Asiatic troops, and their chiefs Gapar Oglou and Caro Oiman Oglou, were in this battle. The number of Turks exceeded 70,000."

*Peterburgh,*



*Peterburgh, July 24.* The following account of the taking of Anapa was published here on the 19th instant by authority:—On the 3d of July, by eight in the morning, General Guttowich took the fortrefs of Anapa by storm. The garrison consisted of 10,000 Turks, and 15,000 Tartars and Circassians, who made a most desperate resistance. During the attack, the Turks and Tartars turned their cannon upon our troops, but were repulsed with great loss, and completely defeated, after an engagement which lasted five hours. Several thousand Turks, and their General Mustapha, Pacha of Three Tails, besides many other officers, were taken prisoners; the rest either fell in the attack, or were drowned by leaping into the sea. Seventy-one large metal cannons, nine mortars, and about fifty pair of colours, were found in the citadel.

*Berlin, July 16.* It is now determined that Princess Frederica, eldest daughter of the King, is to be married to the Duke of York; and to-morrow they will be solemnly betrothed at Potsdam, whether the Royal Family are to repair. The marriage is expected to be solemnized next Autumn, at the same time with that of the Hereditary Prince of Orange with the Princess Wilhelmina.

*Berlin, July 30.* Yesterday the messenger returned from England with the consent of the British Court to the marriage of the Duke of York with the Princess Frederica, the eldest daughter to the King.

*Copenhagen, July 28.* The King of Sweden has clearly demonstrated his sentiments on the French Revolution, which he totally disapproves of; and in his letter to the Baron de Staal de Holstein, Ambassador at Paris, containing instructions in what manner he was to conduct himself after the capture of the French monarch at Varennes, he strictly charges him "neither to correspond nor treat with any persons whatever, except with those who are freely authorised by his Most Christian Majesty; as since the Manifesto which that Prince left behind him on his departure from Paris, and the force which had been employed in obliging him to return, he was too fully convinced of his imprisoned state, and therefore should regard every act which might appear under his name as of no effect or force," &c.

The following Proclamation by the King of Spain clearly proves the apprehensions of that Court, that the French

Revolution may eventually be productive of discontents in his dominions:

To all Governors of Provinces, Alcaldes, Justices, &c. "His Most Catholic Majesty, actuated by a just suspicion, lest the French, become fanatically addicted to that licentiousness which they term Liberty, should introduce and circulate their detestable maxims of Government by means of *Tinkers, Knife-grinders*, and other itinerant mechanics, who, notwithstanding former regulations, have considerably increased; hereby commands, that all the Governors, Alcaldes, and Justices of his realm shall especially watch over, and cause to be enregistered, all strangers following the above or any similar professions, without using violence to any such as may be peaceable, but carefully committing to prison all those upon whom papers of seditious tendency may be found, whether printed or in manuscript, and also all those who may utter sentiments of a similar nature.

"Accordingly, I hereby command all and each of you, in the King's name, to see this ordinance complied with in your respective Governments and Tribunals. You are also to inform all those who act under you, of the nature and extent of the present decree, and you are to demand an exact account of all their proceedings, which you are to transmit to us.

"You are also enjoined to send us notice of every thing particular that may occur, so that it may be laid before his Majesty, who will in consequence take those measures which may seem most suitable to his wisdom.

"May GOD grant you long life and happiness!

"LE COMTE DE CIFUENTES."

"Tuesday 18th June 1791."

On the 16th of July, the following order was passed in Council relative to foreigners:

"Foreigners *domiciliated* ought to be Catholics, and to take the oath of fidelity to that religion, and to the Sovereign, before the tribunals; renouncing all privileges as foreigners, and all relation and union with, or dependence upon, the country in which they were born, and promising not to make use of its protection, or that of its Ambassadors, Ministers, or Consuls, on pain of being sentenced to the galleys, or of expulsion from Spain, and confiscation of all their effects."—Only 15 days are allowed to foreigners so domiciliated to leave their place of residence, and one month to quit the kingdom,

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FRIDAY, July 29.

**T**HIS day two Proclamations were issued from the Secretary of State's office, the one offering a reward of *One Hundred Pounds* for discovering and apprehending every person concerned in the late riots at Birmingham; and the other offering the same reward for discovering the author, printer, or publisher, of the inflammatory hand-bill in p. 76.

**AUG. 5.** On the 9th ult. the following experiments were made on board a ship in Portsmouth harbour, by Mr. Hill, carpenter of the *Active*, and inventor of a machine for drawing bolts out of ships' sides, &c. 1st. He stopped a shot-hole on the outside of the ship, four feet under water, in the space of one minute, without assistance from any person out of the vessel. 2d. He stopped, in the same manner, a space in the ship's side, four feet under water, of four feet by four inches, in two minutes and a half. During the time of effectually curing both leaks, the ship made only ten inches water in the well. 3d. An experiment on the chain-pump with a new-constructed wheel of Mr. Hill's invention, which acts upon infinitely better principles than that at present in use, is much faster, less liable to be out of order, and will be a material saving to Government in chains and faucers.

Mr. Jefferson, the late American Minister at the Court of France, has communicated to an eminent Houie in the City a discovery, which, if sanctioned by experience, will be of the utmost importance. A person near Boston, who was a ship-builder, has solicited a patent from the United States for a mode of preserving ship-timber from being worm-eaten. During the thirty years he has been a bridge-builder, he has always soaked such timbers as were to be under water in oil, and has found this method to preserve them ever since he was in that employment.

7. William Gray, about 25 years of age, being employed on a scaffold erected for the purpose of painting the spire of Great Marrow church, by the breaking of one of the pulleys, fell with part of the scaffold upon the battlements upon the roof of the church, from the roof of the church to the ground, being in the whole full fourscore feet perpendicular. His right hand was somewhat lacerated, but he had no bone broken or dislocated.

8. His Royal Highness Prince Edward has left Gibraltar for America; his retinue when he sailed was rather domestic than princely; a French *female*, his own man, and a Swiss valet, composed his whole suite.

10. The Empress of Russia, it is credibly reported, has written with her own hand to her Ambassador, to request Mr. Fox to sit to Nollekens for a bust in white marble, which, she says, she means to place between the statues of Demosthenes and Cicero.

*New Fashion* — The Duke of Hamilton and some other young men of fashion have set the example of wearing the hair close cut round.

In the space of twelve months, from July 1790 to July 1791, the quantity of porter brewed in London amounted to 49 112,660 gallons.

11. The report of the Commissioners for liquidating the nation's debt, lately made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the last quarter, being the 20th, states, that there have been purchased in the different funds, 7 568,875l. stock; and that the cash paid for the same amounts to the sum of 5,760,896l. 15s. 10d.

12. This being the birth-day of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who entered into the 30th year of his age, there was a grand Gala at Windsor on the occasion, where her Majesty gave a ball and supper. The company was numerous and brilliant, more than 300 persons of the first rank being present. The ball commenced as soon as their Majesties were seated, and continued till twelve o'clock; when the Royal Family and the company adjourned to St. George's Hall, to partake of an elegant entertainment. The Royal Family supped on a throne erected at the upper end of the Hall, and the company at two tables sixty feet long, which were decorated in a most beautiful manner. In the middle of one was a pedestal with a column, round which were entwined roses and branches of flowers. At the top was a flag, and under it was figured a resplendent Glory, encircled with the order of the Garter, and the portrait of the Prince of Wales in the middle, with his Highness's crest and feathers. On the angles of the pedestal were musical figures, and the whole was turned round by clock-work. Nothing could have a more brilliant and charming

charming effect, which was much heightened by the fine illuminations of the room.

The inhabitants of Birmingham, at a public meeting, voted an address of thanks to his Majesty for his paternal care manifested for their security during the late riots. They also voted thanks and pieces of plate of 100 guineas value to their Justices; also thanks to the Earls of Aylesford and Plymouth, Sir Robert Lawley, the Hon. Capt. Finch, Mr. Moiland, and the several other gentlemen who exerted themselves to suppress the riots; thanks and elegant dress swords to Capt. Polhill, Cornets Hilton and Seymour; with 100l. to the non-commissioned officers and privates of the 15th dragoons for their great vigilance.

13. The Parliament, which stands prorogued to Tuesday the 16th of August inst. is further prorogued to Thursday the 3d day of November next.

The Irish Parliament is further prorogued to Tuesday the 6th day of September next.

15. The following letter was received this morning by Mr. Tayler, master of Lloyd's Coffee House:

*Whitehall, 14th August 1791.*

SIR,

A Letter has this day been written by Lord Grenville to the Governor of the Russia Company, to inform him, that from the accounts brought by Mr. Lindsay, who arrived this morning, of the result of the negotiations at Peterburgh, his Majesty's servants are of opinion, that there no longer exists any reason why the Russian merchants should not proceed in the usual course of their commerce, without any apprehension of interruption.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

J. B. BURGESS.

*Whitehall, August 16.*

Ministerial Notes have been delivered at St. Petersburg by Mr. Whitworth and Mr. Fawkener, and Count Goltze, on the part of his Majesty and of the King of Prussia, and by Count Osterman, on the part of the Empress of Russia, relative to the terms of pacification between Russia and the Porte.

In these Notes the Ministers of his Majesty and the King of Prussia agree, on the part of their respective Sovereigns, that their Majesties will propose to the Porte to conclude a peace with Russia on the terms of the cession of the district of Oczakow, from the Bog to the Dniester;

her Imperial Majesty engaging not to disturb the free navigation of the latter river, but to favour and protect it (to which condition the Porte is to be equally and reciprocally bound); and her Imperial Majesty being also to restore to the Porte, at the conclusion of the peace, all other conquests whatever. The Minister of her Imperial Majesty agrees, on the part of his Sovereign, to make peace on these terms; and the Ministers of his Majesty and the King of Prussia agree, on the part of their respective Sovereigns, that, if the Porte should decline to enter into negotiation on this basis, their Majesties will leave the termination of the war to the course of those events to which it may lead.

17. This day, a little before one o'clock, as his Majesty was passing in his carriage through the Park to St. James's, a gentleman dressed in black, standing in the Green Park, close to the rails, within a few yards of Mr. Copley's pavilion, just as the carriage came opposite where he stood, was observed to pull a paper hastily from his pocket, which he stuck on the rails, addressed to the King, throw off his hat, discharge a pistol in his own bosom, and instantly fall. Though surrounded with people collected to see the King pass, the rash act was so suddenly perpetrated, that no one suspected his fatal purpose till he had accomplished it. He expired immediately. In his left hand was a letter, addressed "To the Coroner who shall take an inquest on James Sutherland."—This unfortunate gentleman was Judge Advocate at Minorca during the Governorship of General Murray, with whom he had a lawsuit, which terminated in his favour. The General, however, got him suspended and recalled home. This, and the failure of some applications to Government, had greatly deranged his mind. He was very genteelly dressed, but had only two-pence, and some letters in his pockets; the letters were carried to the Secretary of State's Office. He left a singular paper behind him, expressive of being in found mind, and that the act was deliberate. The body was conveyed to St. Martin's bone-house.

Thursday the Coroner's Inquest sat upon the body of the above unfortunate gentleman, and brought in their verdict Lunacy.

18. The following melancholy accident happened at Woodford, in Essex, on the night between Monday and Tuesday last; Mr. Thompson, Surgeon, of  
X 2 that

that place, being alarmed by a noise, occasioned, as was supposed, by some thieves who were attempting to rob his house, rose, and having awakened a servant who had been a long time in the family, and who was much respected for his honesty and sobriety, they both armed themselves with blunderbusses, and went out into the garden. Mr. Thompson stationed the servant at a particular corner, by which he supposed the thieves must pass, if they had not already made a retreat, desiring him to remain on the same spot till he should take a turn round the garden. The servant having imprudently left the place where he was desired to watch, was met by his master in another part of the garden, who, taking him for one of the housebreakers, discharged his blunderbus at him, and lodged the whole contents in his body. The man died almost instantly, four balls having lodged in his lungs.

*Whitehall, August 23.*

On Saturday last one of his Majesty's Messengers arrived at the office of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, his Majesty's Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with dispatches from the Right Hon. Sir Robert Murray Keith, Knight of the Bath, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Vienna, and Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Sistovia, containing an account that a Definitive Treaty of Peace was signed on the 4th instant, between the Emperor and the Ottoman Porte, under the joint mediation of his Majesty, of the King of Prussia, and of the States-General of the United Provinces; and that a separate convention between his Imperial Majesty and the Ottoman Porte, for settling the limits between the two empires, was afterwards signed on the same day.

## P R O M O T I O N S.

**C**HARLES SMALL PYBUS, esq. M. P. to be one of his Majesty's Commissioners for executing the office of High Admiral of the kingdom of Great Britain.

Right Hon. Lord Hevey to be Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Florence.

James Allan Park, of Lincoln's inn, esq. to be Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster, vice William Swinnerton, esq. dec.

Rev. Dr. George Hill, Professor of Divinity in the New College of St. Andrews, to be Principal of that University; and also to be one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland, vice Dr. James Gillespie, dec.

Rev. Dr. Robert Arnott to be Second Master and Professor of Divinity in the New College of St. Andrew, vice Dr. George Hill, promoted.

Arthur Earl of Donnegal to the dignities of Marquis of Donnegal and Earl of Belfast—

Charles Earl of Drogheda to the dignity of Marquis of Drogheda—

Thomas Lord Welles to the dignity of Viscount Norland—

Arthur Lord Harborton to the dignity of Viscount Harborton—all of the kingdom of Ireland.

Robert Boyd, esq. to be a Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench in Ireland, vice Sir Samuel Bradstreet, bart. dec.

Dr. John Douglas, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, to be Bishop of Salisbury, vice Dr. Shute Barrington, translated.

Charles Meynell, esq. to be Master or Keeper of his Majesty's Tennis-court, near the Cockpit, in Whitehall, and of his Majesty's Tennis Court and Tennis Plays at Hampton Court, and elsewhere in Great Britain.

The Hon. Joseph Hewitt, Second Serjeant at Law, to be one of his Majesty's Justices of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, vice William Henn, esq. resigned.

Henry Duquery, esq. to be his Majesty's Second Serjeant at Law; and James Chatterton, esq. to be his Majesty's Third Serjeant at Law in Ireland.

60th (or the Royal American) regiment of foot, Major General Alured Clarke to be Colonel-Commandant of a battalion, vice Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Haldimand, dec.

Col. Craig, of the 16th regiment of foot, to be Adjutant-General of Ireland, vice Major-General Dundas, promoted to the 23d regiment.

William Woodley, esq. to be Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the Leeward Caribbee Islands, in the room of Sir Thomas Shirley, bart. resigned.

Alexander Hamilton, esq. to be Curstior of all original Writs issuing out of his Majesty's High Court of Chancery in Ireland.

The dignity of a Baron of the kingdom of Great Britain to George Earl of Morton, and his heirs male, by the name, stile, and title of Baron Douglas, of Lochleven, Kinross.

The Rev. Edward Venables Vernon, D. D. to be Bishop of Carlisle, vice Dr. Douglas, translated.

Dr. James Cornwallis, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, to the Deanry of Windsor and Wolverhampton, and Registry of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter thereunto annexed, vice Dr. John Douglas.

William Bleamire, esq. barrister, to be County Clerk of Middlesex, vice Henry Boulton, esq.

James Boswell, esq. to be Secretary for Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy.

The Rev. Mr. Wetham, late Rector of Westbury-upon-Trip, near Bristol, second Chaplain to Lord Westmorland, to be Dean of the Cathedral of Lismore, Ireland, vice the late Rev. Dean Ryder.

## MARRIAGES.

AT Edinburgh, William Mure, esq. of Caldwell, to Miss Hunter Blair, daughter of the late Sir James Hunter Blair, bart.

Capt. Collingwood, of his Majesty's ship *Mermaid*, to Miss Blackett, daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, esq. Mayor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Francis Wynch, esq. son of the late Governor of that name, to Miss Lucy Dorothy Perfect, second daughter of Dr. William Perfect, of West Malling, Kent.

Henry Bond, esq. Captain of the Royal Admiral East-Indiaman, to Miss Mary Young, of St. Helena.

Sir James Foulis, of Colington, bart, to Miss Margaret Dallas.

Edward Lane, esq. of Worthing-lodge, Hants, to Miss Allen, daughter of Capt. Allen, of the Royal Navy.

Mr. N. Heywood, merchant, of Liverpool, to Miss Percival, eldest daughter of Dr. Percival, of Manchester.

William Robert Phillimore, esq. to the Hon. Sarah Henley Ongley, youngest daughter of the late Lord Ongley.

Liberty Taylor, esq. brother to the Member for Maidstone, to Miss Allen, of Maidstone.

The Rev. Henry Hutton, to Miss Pepperell, eldest daughter to Sir William Pepperell, bart, of Harley-street.

At St. Kitt's, William Stephens, esq. of that Island, to Miss Young, daughter of Captain John Young, of the Royal Navy.

The Rev. B. Thirkens, of Rofs, Herefordshire, to Miss Westley, niece to the Countess of Conyngham.

John Manley, esq. late Captain in the 33d regiment, to Miss Lisle, of Mole's-court, Hants.

The Right Hon. Lord Sherrard, only son of the Earl of Harborough, to Miss Eleanor Monckton, youngest daughter of the Hon. John Monckton.

Sir Nelson Crocrot, bart. to Miss Read, of Crowood, Wilts.

The Rev. George Turner, Rector of Panton, Lincolnshire, to Miss Hanmer, daughter of the late Sir Walden Hanmer, bart.

John Chardin Musgrave, esq. eldest son of Sir Philip Musgrave, bart, to Miss Filmer,

daughter of the Rev. Edmund Filmer, Rector of Crundale, Kent.

Sir Alexander Munro, one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs, to Miss Johnston, of Tavistock-street, Bedford-square.

The Rev. C. W. Fonnercau, to Miss Neale, daughter of Thomas Neale, of Ipswich, M. D.

Sir George Wombwell, bart. to Lady Ann Bellafaye, second daughter of the Earl of Fauconberg.

Lord William Beauclerk, second son to the Duke of St. Albans, to Miss Carter Thelwall, of Redbourn, Lincolnshire.

The Right Hon. Lord Le Despencer, to Miss Eliza Eliot, second daughter of Samuel Eliot, of the Island of Antigua, esq.

John Macartney, esq. Captain in his Majesty's 32d regiment, to Miss Matilda Killet, of the Hot Wells, Bristol.

George Hassell, esq. of Ripon, Yorkshire, to Miss Hawes, only daughter of John Hawes, esq. of London.

Capt. Peregrine Daniel Fellowes, of Lincoln, to Miss Harriet Elizabeth Carpenter, of Richmond.

John Delme, esq. of Com's Hall, in the county of Southampton, to Miss Garnier, eldest daughter of George Garnier, esq. of Wickham, in the same county.

The Rev. William Hales, D. D. and late Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to Miss Whitty, daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Whitty.

On the 28th ult. Richard Chandler, esq. of Gloucester, to Miss Evans, niece of John Caryl Worsley, esq. of Platt, near Manchester.

The Hon. Richard Chetwynd, eldest son of Lord Viscount Chetwynd, to Miss Charlotte Cartwright, of Avonho, Northampton.

Sitwell Sitwell, esq. son of Francis Sitwell, esq. of Renishaw, Derbyshire, to Miss Alice Parke, second daughter of Thomas Parke, esq. of Highfield, near Liverpool.

Charles Milner, esq. of Preiton-hall, Kent, to Miss Harriot Dyke, youngest daughter of Sir John Dixon Dyke, bart.

The Right Hon. Lord Henry Fitzgerald, second brother to the Duke of Leinster, to Miss C. Boyle, of Stratford-place.

The Rev. Montagu Barton, of Stourton, Somerset, to Miss Caroline Louisa Hayer, daughter of William Hayer, esq. of Newton Toney, Wiltshire.

John Kelfall, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Lucretia Moultrie, second daughter of John Moultrie, esq. of North-street.

John Trevelyan, esq. eldest son of Sir John Trevelyan, bart. to Mrs Maria Wilson, third daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, bart.

Pegus, esq. of Croom's Hill, to Miss Luard, eldest daughter of Dr. Luard, of Greenwich.

William Pumer, esq. Member for Herts, to Miss Jane Hamilton, one of the daughters of the late Hon. and Rev. Dr. Hamilton,

of Taplow, Bucks, and niece to the late Lord Abercorn.

At Liverpool, James Hamer, esq. of Hamer-hall, Lancashire, to Miss Greenwood, daughter of John Greenwood, esq. of the former place.

The Rev. Thomas Ash, of St. George's, Hanover square, to Miss E. Wells, daughter of the Rev. Neville Wells, of Farley, Wilts.

In Ireland, Edward Cooke, esq. Secretary at War, to Miss Isabella Gorges, eldest daughter of Hamilton Gorges, esq.

Thomas Graham, esq. of Lincoln's inn, to Miss Davenport, of Clapham Common.

James Webb, esq. of Wokingham, Berks, to Miss Ogbourn, of Guildford, Surry.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY for JULY and AUGUST 1791.

JUNE 23.

**MRS. CATHERINE MACAULAY GRAHAM.** See an account of this Lady in our Magazine for November 1783. Since that time Mrs. Graham has published "Letters on Education," see Vol. XIX. page 269, and "Observations on the Reflections of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, Esq. in a Letter to Lord Stanhope," &c. 1791. Mr. Pennant, in his "History of London," says, "I looked to no purpose for the statue erected *DIVAE MACAULAE*, by her dotting admirer, a former Rector, which a successor of his has most profanely pulled down." With more truth, this ingenious, but inaccurate, writer, might have observed, that the statue was displaced long before any successor of Dr. Wilson had possession of St. Stephen Walbrook. Some time before his death, the Doctor, having changed his opinion of the Lady's merits, was desirous enough that this mark of his folly should be forgotten.

Sir David Murray, bart. at Hampstead.

Roger Heskith, esq. of Miols, in Lancashire. He served the office of High Sheriff in 1740.

24. Mr. John Bachelor, of Mare-street, Hackney.

William Coape Sherbrooke, esq. at Arnold, near Nottingham.

Lately, Mr. Rowland Wetherall, printer, in Sunderland, and Author of the Perpetual Calculator.

25. Mr. Thomas Banister, Sittingbourne.

Sir Lionel Lloyd, of Bedford-square.

26. Lady Anne Hamilton, relict of Lord Anne Hamilton, youngest son of James fourth Duke of Hamilton. She was daughter of Charles Powell, esq. of Pen-y-Bank, Carmarthenshire.

Mr. Jones, silversmith, St. James's-street.

The Countess-Dowager of Aberdeen, at her house in Teviot-row, Edinburgh.

27. At Clifton, Gloucestershire, Mr. James Cross, banker, at Bath.

Mr. Randolph, merchant, of Bristol.

Mr. Stanley Crowder, jun. of Paternoster-row, at Bristol.

Miss Rogers, esq. Collector of the Customs at Canterbury.

28. William Baylis, esq. High Alderman of Worcester.

At Pangbourn, Sir Edward Manly Pryce, bart.

Lately, at Birthgrove, near Swansea, Thomas Morgan, esq.

29. At Stubbing, near Chesterfield, Major General Gladwin, who served in America in the war of 1755, and was wounded in the action wherein General Braddock fell.

Mr. Richard Hanwell, of Kidlington, near Oxford.

30. At Berwick St. John, Wilts, the Rev. Edward Rolle, B. D. in his 89th year. He had been Rector of that parish near 36 years, Vicar of Moorelinch, in Somersetshire, and Prebendary of Salisbury. Mr. Rolle was the Author of several Poems in the third volume of Dodsley's Collection.

July 1. Mr. Joseph Kirke, nurseryman and seedsman, Brompton.

Mr. Samuel Jaffer, attorney at law, at Frome.

Lately, Miss Hamilton, an actress belonging to the Sheffield Company.

2. Griffith Williams, Esq. Agent to the Corps of Marines.

Lately, Captain David Williams, late in the African Trade, and formerly of Skerr, in Glamorganshire.

3. Francis Woodhouse, esq. barrister at law, at Aramstone, Herefordshire.

The Rev. William Dore, Dissenting Minister, at Cirencester.

Mr. Edward Dixon, printer, in the Old Bailey

4. Mr. Gallimore, of Chesterfield.

The Rev. John Cr. Gray, Vicar of Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, and Master of the Grammar-School there.

Mr. John Bennett, of Frenchchurch-street.

John Kenion, esq. at York, aged 91.

Mr. William French, attorney at law, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn.

William Bull, esq. aged 81, a native of South Carolina, many years Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief of the said Province, which he left with the British troops in 1782.

James Duberley, esq. Ensham Hall, Oxfordshire.

5. Mr. George Bowman, son of Mr. Bowman, banker, Lombard-street.

At Rochen-Chouart, France, M. Alphonso de Bourbon, a celebrated optician.

Mrs. Rose Wright, widow, Waltham-Abbey.

Lately, at Berkeley, near Northallerton, the Rev. Thomas Hooke, Rector of Berkeley, and Vicar of Leek. He was son of Nathaniel Hooke, Esq. Author of the Roman History, &c.

Lord Downe, eldest son of the Earl of Moray.

8. Mr. Nathaniel Burton, at Sheffield, aged 79.

William Comber Kirby, esq. Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

At Hillingdon, in Middlesex, John Lane, esq. aged 87.

Mr. Thomas Stackhouse, George-street, Manchester-square.

9. Mr. John Edwards, Senior Clerk in the Chamberlain of London's Office.

Thomas Boyl y, esq. Clerk of the North Road at the General Post Office.

George Chaworth, esq. of Annesley, in Northamptonshire; for which county he served the office of Sheriff in 1790.

Benjamin Hatley Foote, esq. Malling-Abbey, Kent.

At Ripon, Yorkshire, Francis Waul y, D. D. Dean of the Collegiate Church at Ripon, Rector of Sookley, and Prebendary of York, Southwell, and Herford.

Richard Gee, Esq. Orpington, Kent.

10. Mr. John Flight, one of the Proprietors of the Worcester Coina Manufactory.

The Rev. Samuel Johnson, D. D. Rector of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and formerly Fellow of S. John's College, Cambridge.

11. Mr. Attebury, Proprietor of a Steel Manufactory, near Sheffield.

Mr. William Collinson, distiller, at Limehouse.

Mr. James Wicksted, seal-engraver, aged 73.

Lately, Dr. Edward Bridge Blacket, Rector of Stoke Damarel, in Devonshire.

12. Mrs. Hall, widow of the late Rev.

Wesley Hall, and sister to John Wesley, in her 85th year.

William Abercrombie, M. D. at York, aged 91.

Mr. Whitacre, of Longwood-house, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

The Rev. Henry Penn, Rector of Shepham and Christon, Somersetshire, aged 93.

13. John Graham, esq. of Lion In's inn, in consequence of a duel fought the preceding day at Blackheath with Mr. Julius, a young Gentleman from the West Indies, who was in the office of Mr. Graham, his adversary's brother.

The quarrel originated on Sunday, in a mixed company, on a religious controversy. The subject was *hypocrisy*, and the impropriety of preaching a doctrine contrary to notorious practice in affairs of *serious* gallantry, which was considered as applying too closely to the circumstances of one of the parties; and thus produced a violent bustle at the time amongst the company, without producing an amicable adjustment.

The first fire which Mr. Graham received lodged a ball in his groin, which proved fatal, after the best assistance being afforded which could be procured. A mortification took place, and he died the succeeding day about noon at his chamber's.

Mr. Julius, by the advice of Mr. Graham after receiving the wound, immediately set off towards Dover, as may be supposed for the Continent.

Both parties had previously lived on terms of amity; and the fate of the deceased is much lamented, having been generally esteemed as a very unoffending and respectable character.

14. Mr. St. John Jones, of Lincoln's inn.

Mr. James Lawrence Blomfield, of Frenchchurch-street.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Blacklock, at Edinburgh (See page 3).

The Rev. Henry Homer, Rector of Berdenbury, in the county of Warwick, and formerly of Magdalen College, Oxford. He was father of seventeen children, and author of two pamphlets; one on enclosures, and the other on roads.

15. Mr. Thomas Bond, of Bond-court, Warwick, merchant.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Warren, many years Vicar of Plumstock, Devonshire.

19. Mr. Edward Croft, watchmaker, Bewick's-buildings, Fetter-lane.

Lately, at Sibdon Castle, Shropshire, W. Whitacre, of Longwood House, near Huddersfield, in Yorkshire.

22. William Boulton, esq. who had many years retired from the General Post Office.

Hamilton Wade esq. formerly a Major in the army.

Lately, the Rev. Thomas Sharp, Minister of the Gospel at Co-floppine, in Scotland.

23. At Maidstone, in his 67th year,

John

John Brenchley, esq. one of the Jurats and Senior Justices of the Corporation.

The Rev. Charles William Batt, A. M. and Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

24. Mr. William Blenkinsop, jun. upholder and undertaker, at Chatham.

25. In Rutland-square, Dublin, in his 79th year, the Rev. Dean Hancock.

In Dublin, on a journey for the recovery of his health, Mr. James Davidson, Teacher of the Grammar School at Dalmeny, Scotland.

26. Thomas Hawes, esq. at Hayes, in Middlesex.

27. Edward Morant, esq. Park-lane.

Mr. John Matthews, Stepney-Causeway.

28. At Antrim House, Dublin, Randall McDonnell, Marquis of Antrim, Governor of the County of Antrim, and K. B.

Peter Burrell, esq. many years Chief Cashier to the South Sea Company.

The Rev. Robert Gibson, Rector of St. Magnus London-bridge.

At Shawle, near Carlow, Queen's County, Ireland, Robert Hartpole, esq. brother-in-law to the Earl of Alborough.

Dr. Boswell, Rector of Linton, near Ross.

Lately, on his passage from Grenada, John Castles, esq. late of Baker-street, Portman-square.

29. At Thurles, in Ireland, in his 49th year, Dr. James Butler, titular Archbishop of Cashel.

Miss Tryon, only daughter of General Tryon.

Lately, at Corke, Francis Carlton, esq. Alderman, and father of Lord Chief Justice Carlton.

30. Sir William Fitzherbert, Bart. of Tillington-hall, in the County of Derby.

At Norwich, Mr. Christmas Chadley.

Lately, John Crode, esq. formerly a barrister at law.

31. At Shrewsbury, Humphrey Sandford, esq. of the Isle near that Town.

Mr. James Wickham, attorney at law, at Frome.

Lately, Mr. Storer, builder, and one of the Aldermen of Litchfield.

AUGUST 1. Mr. Andrews, Master of the Crown Punch House in Stationers-court.

Mr. Robert Aftett, late Secretary to the Lead Company.

Mr. John Cazeneuve, wine and Brandy merchant, at Chatham.

2. Mr. George Shaw, Serjeant-Farrier to the King, aged 82.

At Lechlade, Gloucestershire, Mr. Myers, surgeon.

Mr. Thomas Weston, Clay-hill, near Enfield.

At Valenciennes, John Byron, esq. eldest son of the late Admiral Byron.

3. At Huntingdon, Mr. John Vowell, jun. stationer, in Leadenhall-street. His death was occasioned by being over-urned in the York mail-coach.

Mr. John A. Bland, of St. James's-street, sword-cutter to his Majesty.

4. At Woodford-bridge, Jacob Rigall, esq. of Bath.

Sir John Good, one of the poor Knights of Windsor.

Mrs. Weston, wife of John Webbe Weston, esq. of Sutton Place.

In Scotland, the Rev. Mervyn Arcndall, M. A. Author of the *Monasticon Hibernicum*, and Editor of the late edition of *Lodge's Peerage*.

Lately, at Maidstone, Mr. Daniel Stuart, hop-merchant.

7. Robert Waddel, esq. of Crawhill, near Linlithgow, in Scotland.

J. Jennings, esq. husband of the Dowager Lady Dudley and Ward.

William Preston, esq. of Moreby, Justice of Peace for the East Riding of Yorkshire, and Treasurer of the Lunatic Asylum at York.

Lately, Saury Morritt, esq. at Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

8. At St. Thomas's-square, Hackney, Mrs. Mary Chitty.

George Wright, esq. of Barnes.

9. At Downend, in the 54th year of his age, the Rev. Caleb Evans, D. D. many years President of the Baptist Academy, and Pastor of the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters at Bradenad, Bristol.

Mr. Robert Brown, of Doctors-commons, many years Clerk of the Bricklayers Company.

10. Mr. Thomas Douglas, of Aldersgate-street, stationer.

James Stuart Tulk, esq. of Leicester-square.

At Dean's-court, Wimborne, Sir William Thomas Hanham, bart.

Mrs. Thurlow, widow of the late Bishop of Durham.

11. Mr. Warburton, linen-draper, in the Borough.

Mr. Lane grocer, Bull-street, Birmingham.

12. Mr. Thomas Ashwin, of Paradise-row, Birmingham, from a wound he received from the rioters.

13. John Exley, esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Mr. Paul Ashmore, tanner, at Winchcomb.

The Rev. John Skelton, late of Briggs, Lincolnshire, Vicar of Goxhill and Thornton cum Curtis, and Curate of Stockton.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. Smith, private Secretary to Mr. Pitt.

14. Mrs. Burne, of Illington, aged 82.

Samuel Dash, esq. of Shepherd's-hill, Sussex.

15. Benjamin Boddington, esq. at Enfield.

James Leeke, esq. of Dedram, Essex, formerly one of the Patentees of Covent Garden Theatre.

Mr. Jacob Yates, at Tooting.

