

European Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1791.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT OF THOMAS KING, ESQ. 2. MASK HALL, the Seat of the late JOHN HUTTON, ESQ. North Riding, Yorkshire. And 3. SKELETON and Principal DIMENSIONS of a FIRST RATE MAN OF WAR.]

CONTAINING

	Page		Page
Account of Mr. King, of Drury-Lane Theatre — — —	243	Mother of Richard Savage — — —	285
Account of the Purchase of the celebrated Diamond, by Tho. Pitt, Esq. Written by Himself — — —	245	An Original Letter from Mr. Savage to Theophilus Cibber, written while the former was in Newgate under Sentence of Death — — —	287
Thoughts on Duelling — — —	246	Milton's LYCIDAS ascertained — — —	288
Mask-Hall — — —	247	Interesting Anecdote from Lord Somers's Pamphlet entitled, "The Judgment of Whole Kingdoms and Nations concerning the Rights, Power, and Prerogative of Kings." — — —	ibid.
Short Account of a Bamboo presented by the Queen of Carnicobar to Mr. Hamiton; with a Query concerning it — — —	ibid.	Observations, Natural, Oeconomical, and Literary, made in a Tour from London to the Lakes in the Summer of 1791 [continued] — — —	289
Singular Instances of Subterraneous Fires	248	Letter from Monsieur and the Count D'Artois to the King their Brother; with the Declaration of the Emperor and the King of Prussia annexed to it: as also the Brussels Gazette Disavowal of the latter — — —	293
Life of the late Mr. Duval, Superintendent of the Imperial Library and Collection of Medals at Vienna — — —	251	Proceedings of the National Assembly of France: including, the Dissolution of the National Assembly—The King's Speech on the Occasion; and the President's Answer—The King's Proclamation on the same Occasion—Proceedings of the New Assembly; with the King's Speech on his first Visit to them, and the President's Answer	298
Letter from the Constitutional Society of Manchester to the Rev. Dr. Priestley; with Dr. Priestley's Answer — — —	256	Poetry: including, Ode to the Genius of Cambrea. By Mr. Polwhele—A Poetical Description of Horley-Bath, after the Manner of Simkin—Elegy, written in a lingering Illness—Elegy on the Waste near the Charter-house. By W. Hamilton Reid—The Catastrophe; a Tale. By Anthony Pasquin, Esq.	303
A short Account of the tragical End of Two Noble Families of the Tenth Century—An Anglo-Saxon History	257	Theatrical Journal: including, Plan and Character of "Poor Old Drury"—Ballad of "Oscar and Malvina"—New Performers; and two temporary Prologues — — —	308
Drossiana, No. XXV. Anecdotes of illustrious and extraordinary Persons [continued] — — —	261	Foreign Intelligence	
The London Review, with Anecdotes of Authors.		Monthly Chronicle, Marriages, Obituary, &c.	
Lempriere's Tour from Gibraltar to Morocco — — —	265		
Jerment's Discourses on Parental Duty	269		
Newte's Prospects and Observations on a Tour in England and Scotland, Natural, Economical, and Literary [contn.]	271		
The Life of Joseph Balsamo, commonly called Count Cagliostro, from his Birth to his Imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome — — —	274		
Mrs. Smith's Celestina, a Novel — — —	278		
Brown's Self-interpreting Bible — — —	279		
Remarks on the Island of Hinzuan or Johanna. By Sir William Jones [contn.]	281		
Anecdotes of the last Moments of the late Joseph Benedi& Augustus, Emperor of Germany — — —	284		
Disquisition on the Attempt made (in Boswell's "Life of Johnson") to palliate the Cruelty of Lady Macclesfield,			

L O N D O N :

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The receipt of the two original Letters from Mr. Pope, in his own hand-writing, is acknowledged with many thanks. One of them, according to our Correspondent's direction, will be inserted next Month.

We have no objection to the terms upon which *Hortensius* says he can procure us some original Letters of a certain eminent literary character deceased, which have not been published.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Oct. 10, to Oct. 15, 1791.

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

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

	Wheat	Rye	Barl.	Oats	Beans
Essex	5	0	3	8	3
Suffolk	5	0	3	1	3
Norfolk	5	0	2	11	3
Lincoln	5	2	3	5	3
York	5	4	3	10	3
Derham	5	0	4	1	3
Northumberl.	4	9	3	9	2
Cumberland	5	7	3	0	2
Westmorl.	6	4	4	6	3
Lancashire	5	7	0	0	4
Cheshire	5	8	4	9	3
Monmouth	5	4	0	0	3
Somerfet	5	6	0	0	3
Devon	5	0	0	0	2
Cornwall	5	2	0	0	2
Dorset	5	6	0	0	3
Hants	4	1	4	7	3
Suffex	4	10	0	0	3
Kent	5	2	3	10	3

WALES.

North Wales	5	3	4	1	3	2	1	6	4	6
South Wales	5	3	0	0	3	0	1	4	0	0

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

SEPTEMBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
27—30	— 20 —	51 — N.
28—30	— 24 —	57 — E.
29—30	— 27 —	55 — E.
30—30	— 21 —	55 — E.

OCTOBER.

1—29	— 99 —	46 — N. W.
2—29	— 94 —	54 — W.
3—30	— 05 —	60 — S.
4—29	— 85 —	60 — S.
5—29	— 74 —	55 — S.
6—29	— 74 —	58 — S. S. W.
7—29	— 70 —	53 — W.
8—29	— 72 —	56 — W.
9—29	— 45 —	55 — W.
10—29	— 20 —	54 — S.
11—29	— 24 —	50 — S. W.
12—29	— 75 —	45 — W.
13—29	— 62 —	50 — N. N. E.
14—29	— 15 —	49 — E.
15—29	— 31 —	48 — E.
16—29	— 41 —	50 — W.
17—29	— 45 —	42 — W. S. W.
18—29	— 23 —	53 — W.

19—29	— 36 —	55 — S.
20—28	— 96 —	56 — S.
21—28	— 85 —	55 — S.
22—29	— 14 —	51 — W.
23—29	— 66 —	43 — N.
24—30	— 00 —	36 — W.
25—29	— 83 —	45 — S.

PRICE of STOCKS,

Oct. 26, 1791.

Bank Stock, 196 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ 9-16ths
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	India Stock, —
118 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 18 a 17 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann —
New 4 per Cent. shut	India Bonds; 115s.
101 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	South Sea Stock, —
3 per Cent. red. 86 $\frac{2}{3}$ a	Old S. S. Ann. —
87	New S. S. Ann. —
3 per Cent. Conf. 88	3 per Cent. 1751, —
a 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	Exchequer Bills —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	N. Navy & Vict. Bills
Long Ann. 25 9-16ths	Lot. Tick.
7-16ths $\frac{1}{2}$	Irish Lottery Tickets,
Ditto Short, 1778, 12	

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
For OCTOBER 1791.

ACCOUNT of Mr. KING, of DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT OF HIM, IN THE CHARACTER OF SIR PETER TEAZLE,
IN THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.]

THIS Gentleman, now a veteran of the Stage, has had the good fortune to be esteemed equally by the public in his theatrical capacity, and by his friends for his sociable and engaging qualities as a member of society. He was, according to the *Biographia Dramatica*, born in London in August 1730; but by the majority of his Biographers is said to be the son of a Gentleman in the northern part of the kingdom, who, after giving him a good education, placed him with an Attorney. To a disposition like Mr. King's, then volatile and thoughtless, the dry practice of the law was not likely to afford much gratification. He became enamoured of the Stage, and forfeited the favour of his father by an elopement from the authority of his master; when engaging in a strolling company, he experienced most of the miseries incident to that vagabond and defultory mode of life.

This, however, could not have continued long, as in the year 1748 we find him engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, where, on the 19th of October, he appeared in the character of Allworth, in the revived Comedy of *A new Way to pay old Debts*, which was, as the play-bill of the day declared, his first appearance in any character. At Christmas, on the revival of *The Emperor of the Moon* at both houses, he had the part of Cinthio assigned him; but, from whatever cause it might have happened, we do not find that the early essays of his theatrical life in London were much noticed. He continued at Drury Lane two seasons, and being engaged at Bristol in the summer

of 1749, was, according to Mr. Wilkinfon, seen there by Mr. Whitehead and Mrs. Pritchard, who conceiving a favourable opinion of him, the former procured for him the part of Valerius in *The Roman Father*, and the latter was the means of his being put into the part of *George Barnwell*. He had also a small character in the then new play of *Edward the Black Prince*.

Of the merits of his tragic efforts the memory is lost, and perhaps without any injury to his reputation. He himself, however, judged rightly of his own powers, which certainly were confined to Comedy. In this walk he had then no chance of signalizing himself, all the characters to which he aspired being engrossed by Woodward, Yates, and Shuter, all then engaged at Drury Lane. He therefore determined to seek another field to display his abilities in, and at the end of the season of 1749 quitted Drury Lane, and went to Ireland, where, and at Bath, he continued improving himself by practice, until he arrived at a degree of excellence which made his return to Drury Lane easy to him a few years afterwards.

In 1753 he had the direction of the Theatre at Bath, and in 1757, when the formidable opposition to Mr. Sheridan in Dublin, by Barry and Woodward, commenced, Mr. King was then of so much importance, and had become so great a favourite with the Public, that each party was desirous of having his assistance. He was then engaged with Mr. Sheridan, who, in a splenetic moment, had refused to give some security, which had been required,

quired, for the due payment of the salaries, and by that means threw Mr. King into the arms of his opponents. This defection was one of the misfortunes which brought on the ruin of that Theatre.

At length the time arrived when Mr. King was to return to Drury Lane. In 1759 he was engaged by Mr. Garrick, and on the 2d of October appeared in the character of Tom in *The Conscious Lovers*. He afterwards performed *Brass*; Sir Harry, in *High Life below Stairs*; Sir Amorous Vainwit, in *Woman's a Riddle*; Harlequin, in *The Invasion*; William, in *The Way to Keep Him*, and other characters which established his reputation as one of the first comic performers of the times.

In 1761 Mr. Churchill's *Rosciad* appeared, and Mr. King was characterized in the following lines:

Behind came KING—bred up in modest
lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's
shore,
Hibernia fam'd, 'bove every other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous
flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame:
Tutor'd by Her, all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and
shines in BRASS.

This character, at the time of its publication, was thought to be dictated more by spleen than truth, and time has given it no additional support.

We shall not minutely follow Mr. King in his progress in the Theatre. It is sufficient to observe, that each succeeding year shewed his industry, his genius, and his improvement. In 1763 he produced a Musical Farce called *Love at first Sight*, in which he exhibited himself in a new light, that of a singer; and in 1766, by his performance of Lord Ogleby in *The Clandestine Marriage*, reached the summit of his reputation. His exhibition of this character, we have heard, was totally different from that in which Mr. Garrick had conceived and intended to have represented it. On hearing Mr. King's rehearsal of it, however, he declared himself satisfied with it, and encouraged him to expect, what he afterwards received, the universal applause of every spectator. The tremulous, feigned voice which Mr. King adopted, has, by a late writer, Mr. Wilkinson, been said to be an imitation of a very respectable printer at Exeter.

Before the end of the season which produced *The Clandestine Marriage*, Mr. King had the misfortune, by a fall from his horse in May, to break his thigh, which however was set, and he was restored to the stage, after five months confinement, in November following. In the course of this summer he married his present wife, Miss Baker, then an eminent dancer belonging to Drury-lane Theatre.

In 1768 he produced another Farce at Mr. Cautherley's benefit, entitled *Wit's last Stake*, and continued adding to his reputation by the number and variety of his performances, until the retirement of Mr. Garrick from the stage in 1776. On that occasion, the *quondam* Manager shewed his respect for Mr. King, by presenting him with his stage foil, which he received with the following letter:

Adelphi, June 25, 1776.

“ DEAR KING,

“ Accept a small token of our long and constant attachment to each other. I flatter myself that this sword, as it is a theatrical one, will not cut love between us, and that it will not be less valuable to you for having dangled at my side for some part of the last winter.

“ May health, success, and reputation still continue to attend you!

“ I am, dear King,

“ Yours, very truly,

“ D. GARRICK.

“ Farewell! Remember me!”

In 1782 Drury-lane Theatre was opened under the management of Mr. King, with a Dramatic Ode written and spoken by him. In this situation he continued until 1788, when he resigned his situation in disgust, for reasons which he assigned to the public, and for which we must refer to our Magazine for October in that year. On relinquishing the management of the Theatre, he went to Dublin and Edinburgh, at each of which places he met with great patronage, and returning to London, engaged for part of the season of 1789 at Covent Garden Theatre, where he produced a Farce, taken from Vanbrugh's *Mistake*, entitled *Lovers Quarrels*. Since that time he has returned to his situation at Drury-lane, much to the satisfaction of his employers and of the Public.

We shall conclude this account with the following lines which appeared a few years since in the public papers:

“ ————foremost

“ — foremost in the list, see KING appear,
 To Nature constant, and to critics dear;
 He, led by reason, with a steady gaze,
 Observes the world, and as he sees he plays;
 No idle whim e'er tempts his mind astray,
 More than his Author's meaning to convey;
 But with the bard the faithful actor moves,
 And the best comment to the author proves.—
 The wayward testiness of ancient life,
 The froward jealousy, and peevish strife,
 How well he marks, his TEAZLE shall proclaim,
 Where bard and actor share a mingled fame.

Not that in age alone his powers excel,
 The sprightly coxcomb he displays as well;
 And with a judgment critically true
 His native province ever keeps in view.
 How joys the bosom when we chance to find
 Superior merit with a worthy mind!
 The trembling frame with eager transport glows,
 The ready verse with honest ardour flows.
 Then, KING, accept this tribute of a Muse,
 Lur'd by no partial ends or fordid views;
 Who, though enamour'd of thy public art,
 With nobler ardour celebrates thy heart;
 A heart where sorrow never su'd in vain,
 And all the virtues hold unbounded reign.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THOMAS PITT, Esq. was made Governor of Fort St. George in the East Indies in the reign of Queen Anne, where he resided many years, and there purchased a diamond, which he sold to the King of France for 200,000*l.* The following account of his purchasing the diamond was written by himself, and appeared in the Daily Papers of the time: “ Since my coming into this melancholy place of Bergen, I have been often thinking of the most unparalleled villainy of William Frazer, Thomas Frederick, and Smapa a black-merchant, who brought a paper before Governor Addison in Council, insinuating, that I had unfairly got possession of a large diamond, which tended so much to the prejudice of my reputation and the ruin of my estate, that I thought necessary to keep by me the true relation how I purchased it in all respects, that so, in case of my sudden mortality, my children and friends may be apprized of the whole matter, and so be enabled thereby to put to silence and confound those, and all other villains in their base attempts against either. Having not my books by me at present, I cannot be positive as to the time; but for the manner of purchasing it, I do here declare and assert, under my hand, in the presence of God Almighty, as I hope for salvation through the merits and intercession of our Saviour Jesus Christ, that this is the truth, and if it be not, let God deny it to me and to my children for ever, which I would be so far from saying, much less leave it under my hand, that I would not be guilty of the least untruth in the relation of it for the

riches and honour of the whole world. About two or three years after my arrival at Madras, which was in July 1698, I heard there were large diamonds in the country to be sold, which I encouraged to be brought down, promising to be their chapman, if they would be reasonable therein; upon which Jamchund, one of the most eminent diamond merchants in those parts, came down about December 1701, and brought with him a large rough stone about 305 mangelms, and some small ones which myself and others bought; but he asking a very extravagant price for the great one, I did not think of meddling with it, when he left it with me for some days, and then came and took it away again, and did so several times, not insisting upon less than 200,000 padagoes; and, as I best remember, I did not bid him above 30,000, and had little thoughts of buying it for that; I considered there were many and great risks to be run, not only in cutting it, but also whether it would prove foul or clean, or the water good; besides, I thought it too great an amount to be adventured home on one bottom. But Jamchund resolved to return speedily to his own country, so that I best remember it was in February following he came again to me (with Vincaty Chittee, who was always with him when I discoursed with him about it), and pressed me to know whether I resolved to buy it, when he came down to 100,000 padagoes, and something under before we parted; when we agreed upon a day to meet, and make a final end thereof one way or other, which I believe was the latter

latter end of the aforesaid month, or the beginning of March; when we accordingly met in the consultation-room, where, after a great deal of talk, I brought him down to 55,000 padagoes, and advanced to 45,000, resolving to give no more, and he likewise resolving not to abate, so delivered him up the stone, and we took a friendly leave of one another. Mr. Benyon was then writing in my closet, with whom I discoursed what had passed, and told him, now I was clear of it; when about an hour after my servant brought me word that Jamchund and Vincaty Chittee were at the door, who being called in, they used a great many expressions in favour of the stone, and told me he had rather I should buy it than anybody, and to give an instance thereof, offered it for 50,000; so believing it must be a pennyworth, if it proved good, I offered to part the 5000 padagoes that was then between us which he would not hearken to, and was going out of the room again, when he turned back and told me, that I should have it for 49,000; but I still adhered to what I had before offered him, when presently he came to 48,000, and made a solemn vow he would not part with it a padage under, when I went again into the

closet to Mr. Benyon and told him what had passed, saying, that if it was worth 47,500 it was worth 48,000*; so I closed with him for that sum, when he delivered me the stone, for which I paid him very honourably, as by my books appears. And I here further call God to witness, that I never used the least threatening word at any of our meetings to induce him to sell it me; and God himself knows it was never so much as in my thoughts so to do: since which I have had frequent and considerable dealings with this man, and trusted him with several sums of money, and balanced several accounts with him, and left upwards of 2000 padagoes in his hands at my coming away; so had I used the least indirect means to have got it from him, would not he have made himself satisfaction when he has had my money so often in his hands; or would I have trusted him afterwards, as I did, preferable to all other diamond merchants? And this is the truth, so I hope for God's blessing upon this and all my other affairs in this world, and eternal happiness hereafter. Written and signed by me in Bergen, July 29, 1710.

“THO: PITT.”

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

None yet so wild, whom Reason could not guide,
If he'd but let his Rage awhile subside.

MILTON.

IT is not a little surprising that any gentleman (after the just manner in which the nature of Duelling has been so many times treated) should so far indulge a false notion of honour, as to think it incumbent on him to shed another's blood or spill his own. What reparation can either one or the other afford for the wrong received? If any stain is thrown on my character, does my killing my adversary wash it off. Granting the fact alledged to be true, I do not in the least clear myself from the imputation, by calling the person to account who alledges it. So far from it, that the law, in cases of this nature, affords no mercy to the survivor, where the charge brought against him by the deceased stands as full as it did before. And if the fact alledged be not true, how is my honour concerned to resent a falsehood? I am very far from encouraging the bully or the coward: the one ought to be avoided, and the other despised. Justice, in all occurrences of life, should be the standard of a gentleman's actions; this rule should hold good with respect to affronts and resent-

ment for them. Must I endeavour to destroy my fellow-creature, because he is not of the same opinion with me? Must an unguarded word or an inadvertent action be put in competition with his life or mine? These principles are owing to false bravery, to fantastick law of mistaken honour, to which a gentleman is nowise obliged to conform; and he may, I think, without derogating from his dignity refuse a challenge. If he is attacked, it will be time enough to shew by his behaviour that he did not refuse the challenge through fear but principle only.

With respect to an officer in the army or navy, he is under an indispensable obligation to refuse, rather than accept a challenge. Does not his pay lay him under a positive tie to preserve peace, as well as devote his life whenever the defence of his country or service of his Prince requires it? May not his life and courage be looked upon as the right and property of those who pay him? How then can he answer for the throwing away, or risking, what in justice belongs to another? If

* 20,400l. sterling, at 8s. 6d. per padage.

this reasoning be true, he acts more according to the duty he lays himself under by accepting a commission who refuses a challenge, than he who receives one. These are the true sentiments of honour.

No gentleman that reflects can ascribe any extraordinary merit to himself, merely because he dares point his sword at another's breast, or receive that of another pointed at his, since the meanest soldier in the army, for sixpence a day, enters on a much severer trial of courage, and faces ten times the danger of a private duel. Shall then the highest esteemed honour of the gentleman be exceeded by the mercenary bravery of a common soldier?

I forbear to mention those kind of high-mettled heroes who are ready to knock a man down for a look, or a gesture, which their quixotism construes into a designed affront. How many lives have been exposed for women whom the very combatants despised? I never hear any of these Amadis's mentioned, but they remind me of those extravagant lovers in Spain, who

blend religion and gallantry together. These enamourats, attended with all the pomp and show of devotion, make the tour of the great square in Madrid in the most solemn order, round which are balconies and scaffolds crowded with females. In their hands they carry a great discipline; their shoulders and backs are uncovered. As they are prepossessed with the chimerical notion, that the more blood they draw at every lash, the more amiable they appear in their mistresses eyes, they take particular care, as they approach the objects of their passion, to redouble the force and number of their blows.

I will dismiss this subject with a bon-mot of Henry the Fourth of France, on reading an ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer: "Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. who never knew what Fear was." "Then," said that Prince humorously, "He never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

MILLARD.

September 23, 1791.

M A S K H A L L.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS seat is pleasantly situated in the North Riding of the county of York. It was lately in the possession of John

Hutton, Esq. and abounds with pleasing objects, which are visible from various parts of it.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE perusal of Mr. Hamilton's account of the Island of Carnicobar, given in your last month's Magazine, induces me to inform you, that I am in possession of a piece of Bamboo with the following inscription: "Presented by Adomgay, Queen of Carnicobar, 24th May, 1779. G. HAMILTON." It is about four inches long, and about an inch and a half in dia-

meter: But whether it has been her Majesty's purse or drinking-cup, or what other use she has applied it to, is a point upon which I should be glad to have your opinion.

I am, Sir,

Your occasional Reader,
And humble servant,

17th Oct. 1791.

H. R.

O N L I G H T.

First property—it has no weight.

THE rays of light from a candle rise and fall, and go in all directions, with the same velocity; but are not, like every thing else, subject to the laws of gravity. Light, therefore, cannot have any weight.

Second property—it has no solidity.

By means of glasses, a sufficient quantity of the rays of light may be collected so as to evaporate gold; but so far from any thing like solidity being produced by such a prodigious quantity of rays in so small a place, that a sword blade may be passed through the cone near the focus, without the least resistance being felt. Light, therefore, cannot have any solidity.

Third property—it has no substance.

Give a tallow candle velocity, by shooting it out of a gun, and it will go through an inch board: light goes at the rate of twenty-four thousand miles in a second; and yet so far is it from removing any body it meets, as water, air, or the thinnest fluid would do, that it does not, with all its astonishing velocity, strike hard enough to be felt. Light, therefore, cannot have any substance: we should not say a body of light; it is infinitely compressible; but were it all, expansive as it is, compressed into the size of a grain of sand, the grain of sand would outweigh it. What can it be? Nothing; and yet it is.

SINGU-

SINGULAR INSTANCES of SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

WE include in this appellation the several species of fires that proceed from the earth, whatever be their cause, or however they may be produced; such as those which kindle themselves in mines, pits, common sewers, and even in the bottom as it were of the sea. Almost every writer who treats of the breaking up of mines, gives us instances of these singular phenomena, which are more common than are generally imagined, and since the discovery of the inflammable air of marshes and swamps have no longer appeared equally wonderful.

A coal mine opened in the mountains near Briançon for the use of the French troops, had been worked many years without inconvenience or accident of any kind, when in February 1763 the workmen were interrupted in their labours by a phenomenon which they had never before seen, and by which many of them were considerably injured. The mine had been shut up for a single day only; in the mean time an inflammable vapour had collected near the works, which took fire with a very considerable explosion when the men entered with their candles. The danger they ran, and the injury done to others, who, not believing the account of these men, were resolved to have the demonstration of their senses, determined the proprietors to abandon the mine and open another: but the precaution was useless; they still found the same enemy. M. Pajot, Intendant of the province, hearing of the accident, examined the workmen, who informed him, that when they approached the works of the mine, the flame of their candles gradually increased in length, and that the explosion almost instantly took place. From the report of M. Duhamel and M. de Montigny, who were deputed by the Academy to enquire into the matter, we learn that a similar phenomenon was known in the coal mines of Hainaut by the name of *feu brison*. A whitish vapour, somewhat resembling a spider's web, issued with violence through the crevices in the walls of the works. This vapour is very inflammable, and makes so violent an explosion when it takes fire, as to strike down and nearly deprive of life every workman who does not take the precaution of throwing himself prostrate on the earth; for it is to be remarked, that the vapour exercises its chief force towards the upper part of the mine, while little or no effect is felt at the bottom.

Hook, in his Philosophical Collection, tells us that a similar accident happened in the mines near the Mendip Hills in the county of Somerset. Several workmen were thrown by the explosion from the end of the mine to the entrance; and the effort of the inflamed matter, he says, is sometimes so great as to carry away the machine at the mouth of the mine.

The Philosophical Transactions mention various phenomena of this kind observed in the Newcastle mines and in those of Lancashire. In 1750, three men who were at work in one of the former were so forcibly struck by the explosion of the inflamed matter, that their limbs were separated from their bodies.

These transient inflammations sometimes produce permanent fires, and frequently kindle without the action of any foreign cause. In a mine in the parish of Feugerolles in Forez, the fire kindled of itself, and consumed the whole bed of coals. A similar accident destroyed in the same canton a part of the mountain called Viale. In 1738 the fire kindled in like manner in a mine near St. Etienne, but by great exertion the communication was intercepted, and the fire extinguished.

These inflammable vapours are not the only ones which the workmen have to apprehend in coal mines. There is another less terrifying, but equally dangerous. It does not take fire; on the contrary, it extinguishes the lamps and candles, and stifles in the space of a few minutes every person in the mine. It is called by the name of foul air.

In the mines of Hainaut and Auvergne these vapours are frequently announced by a kind of mist or fog; sometimes however they are absolutely invisible. They are also found in the coal pits or mines both in England and Scotland. The Philosophical Transactions mention eight persons who were suffocated in one day at the bottom of a ladder placed at the entrance of a mine belonging to Lord Sinclair in Scotland. Such are the dangers to which the miners are exposed; let us now examine what method they take to guard themselves from them.

In the Lancashire mines, when the men are obliged to discontinue their work, they send into the mine, before they enter it again, a man dressed in a kind of coarse sack with sleeves, which covers him from head to foot, so that he can only see by means of two pieces of glass placed conveniently

veniently for that purpose; the shirt or sack is made perfectly wet. The man holds a lighted candle in his hand. When he arrives to the place where the vapour is collected, he throws himself on the ground, and waits in this posture till the vapour, which appears in the form of a small cloud, approaches him. He then sets fire to it with his candle. It flames, and puts the air in violent commotion; the men may then enter without danger. This operation ought to be made in time, as the vapour will soon increase by new exhalations, and the cloud become so considerable that it cannot be set on fire without the utmost risk. This method, however, manifestly affords no remedy to the vapour called foul air.

In the mines of Hainault they employ means less dangerous, and at the same time more sure. They open at regular distances pits, which in the language of the country are called *bores d'airage*, or vent-holes. They place as many as possible at the two extremities of each gallery. The air has in this case a free passage in the mine, and carries off these formidable vapours. When the circulation is not sufficiently quick, they increase it by suspending in the pits, near the extremities of the galleries, large pans of lighted coals. The rarefaction of air occasioned by these fires attracts the air of the mine, which is at the same time replaced by that which enters through other apertures.

All animal and vegetable substances in a state of putrefaction, and inclosed in places where they have no free communication with the air, produce inflammable matter that frequently takes fire of itself. The following curious instance happened 25 July 1757.

Mr. Garnier, a master mason, accompanied by two of his workmen, went to examine the shore of a privy, the conduit of which was supposed to be stopped up. The entrance of the sewer was closed up by means of a stone that fitted it very exactly. Upon taking up the stone, a blue flame was seen round the edge of it. Having taken a lighted candle in order to look into the vault, Mr. Garnier was incapable of distinguishing anything on account of a very thick vapour with which the cavity was filled, and the very strong smell which issued from it. The blue flame seen round the stone did not at all terrify him, as he had witnessed similar phenomena on similar occasions, and he was desirous of ascertaining the state of the vault. For this purpose he made use of a method that increased the fire in a most alarming man-

ner. That he might be able to see clearly to the bottom of the vault, he threw into it a piece of lighted paper. The flame communicated to the inflammable vapour with which the vault was filled, and so considerable a fire issued from it as to pass the opening of the vault, and extend into the court, where it ascended to the height of eighteen or twenty feet. In this state it continued to flame for the space of half an hour, when it appeared to be extinguished. In a few minutes however it revived; but it was merely for an instant, when it totally ceased. The flame was of a beautiful blue, and the noise it made was like the sparkling of fire in a blacksmith's forge. The neighbours were singularly alarmed, and were scarcely able to support the sulphurous odour which it diffused. It was attended however with no fatal consequences. The workmen felt a sharpness and violent burning in the breast, which continued for the space of a fortnight, and occasioned a slight spitting of blood.

The conduit being stopped up was found to be the cause of this phenomenon. The vapour of the vault having no vent became condensed, and being of a sulphurous nature readily took fire. On the under surface of the stone a whitish and sulphurous matter had collected nearly an inch thick, which caught fire the instant a light was applied to it, and even by simply rubbing it.

In 1664 an inhabitant of Rome who had a house on the bank of the Tiber, was desirous of emptying a pit situate behind a dunghill. The men whom he employed had nearly finished the undertaking, when one of them descended into the pit with a lighted candle; but scarcely had he arrived half-way when he exclaimed with all his might, desiring to be drawn up again, on account of the extreme heat which he felt, added to a most sulphurous and insupportable smell. He was drawn up, and a second descended, having, like the first, a lighted candle in his hand. As soon as he was in the middle of the pit, a blue flame issued out of it which continued for several minutes. The man was a shocking spectacle; his hands and face were scorched, his beard and hair entirely consumed, and his clothes had caught fire.

The late M. Raouil, Counsellor in the Parliament of Bourdeaux, wrote to the Academy in the month of July 1740, that there was in the Priory of Tremolac, five leagues from the town of Bergerac, an inflammable and burning rivulet. It was discovered by a person catching craw-fish, who

who, in order to discover where these fish concealed themselves, made use of lighted straw. As long as this man walked upon the gravel of the bed nearly horizontal with the stream, the water did not take fire; but when he came to places more unequal, and where there were frequent hollows, the water took fire instantly. It was a blueish flame. The Abbe of the Priory made the experiment several times, and always with success. From the observations of M. Bougiere and M. Pelissier de Barri, made upon this rivulet in 1764, it is evident that there ascends from the bottom of certain waters an æthereal principle susceptible of inflammation. They perceived when they walked in the water that they disturbed a fine slime, but not clayey, from which a very great quantity of bubbles proceeded, which, bursting upon the surface of the water, diffused an inflammable vapour. The flame, from their account, was of a blueish colour, and nearly of the same heat as lighted paper. It burns till the vapour is consumed, when it is in vain to endeavour to rekindle it, till the water has had time to form new vapours. These gentlemen add, that the same phenomenon is observable in almost all the streams, pools, and reservoirs of the canton.

Mr. George West, apothecary of Hermandad, wrote to Mr. Henry Volgnad, 2d July 1673, that four leagues from this town there issued from a mountain covered with vines, a stream the water of which was so inflammable at its source, that when a light was brought near it, it took fire and burnt like brandy. The flame rose to the height of about three feet, and communicated to every combustible substance that it touched. This water when once set on fire burned for a considerable time, and could only be extinguished by throwing earth upon it. Though on fire, the water still continued cold; it had a sulphurous taste, but no smell was occasioned by the flame. If the water was taken from its basin, it flamed no longer. The inhabitants of the canton pretend that the eruption of this fountain took place about twenty years before; it was not till 1672 that its inflammable property was discovered, upon occasion of some rushes which the villagers set on fire near the fountain, when the water flamed for the first time, and continued to burn night and day for many weeks.

We read in the Journal des Sçavans for the year 1684, that in the palatinate of Cracow, in the middle of a mountain whose soil is slimy, full of grayish flints, and

commonly covered with herbs and odiferous flowers, there is a large fountain the water of which is clear, and at its source of an agreeable odour and taste. It issues out with violence, and bubbles so loud as to be heard at a great distance. The water of this fountain rises higher and higher as the moon approaches its full, and falls again when the moon is in its wane. When a lighted torch or candle is applied to the bubbles of this water, it burns like spirits of wine; but it is only at its source that it has this quality. The flame, though very subtle, will consume wood; it is extinguished by striking the surface of the water with besoms made of the branches of trees.

There are various other phenomena of this kind equally curious with those which we have mentioned; but we shall close our list with giving an account of one observed near Broseley in the county of Salop at the commencement of the present century, which occasioned the utmost alarm to those who were witnesses of it.

The fountain of Broseley, says the account given of it at the time, made its first eruption in 1700. Two days before, the inhabitants had been alarmed by a tempest the most violent they had ever witnessed. The hurricane had scarcely ceased, when a new phenomenon terrified them still more. They were roused from their sleep about two o'clock in the morning by a most tremendous noise, and the earth trembled to such a degree, that they conceived the general dissolution to be approaching. Those who had the courage left their houses, and repaired to the place from whence the noise proceeded, to enquire into its cause. About two hundred persons were assembled, seven or eight of whom ventured to approach a small hill, or rather mountain, about an hundred yards from the river Severn, and at the foot of which was a foundery. They soon perceived that the noise proceeded from thence; all the surface of the ground was in a violent agitation; it rose and sunk several times in the space of a minute. One of the company, more daring than the rest, made with a knife a hole in the ground of a few inches diameter. Immediately there issued from the place a water-spout, which rose six or seven feet high. The eruption was so violent as to throw down the person who made the hole. Shortly after, having put a lighted candle to the water-spout, it took fire, and was in a flame. The same experiment having been repeated many times, the proprietor of the land, desirous of preserving so singular a curiosity,

city, had a cistern made on the spot, upon which he placed a lid, leaving at the same time an opening for the gratification of the public. The moment a candle is applied to the opening made in the lid of the cistern, the water takes fire, and burns like spirits of wine, as long as the external air is prevented from exerting its power; but as soon as the lid is raised, the flames disappear. The heat of this fire is such, that meat put into a pot and placed on the hole

in the lid of the cistern, will be cooked as expeditiously as in the hottest furnace. The most surprising circumstance is, that notwithstanding this fire, the water has not the least warmth, but is as cold as that of springs in general. The fire therefore does not reside in the water; it is merely perhaps an inflammable vapour, which takes fire and burns, as *naphtha* burns in water.

LIFE of the late MR. DUVAL, SUPERINTENDANT of the IMPERIAL LIBRARY and COLLECTION of MEDALS at VIENNA.

VALENTINE JAMERAI DUVAL was born in 1695, in the little village of Artonay, in Champagne. At the age of ten years he lost his father, a poor labourer, who left his wife in a state of poverty, and burthened with children, at a time when war and famine desolated France.

In this state of poverty, the young Duval accustomed himself from his infancy to a rude life, and to the privation of almost every necessary. Misery, far from extinguishing the happy dispositions with which he was born, served on the contrary to develope that masculine courage which he retained to the last moment of his life. He had scarcely learned to read, when, at the age of twelve years, he entered into the service of a peasant of the same village, who appointed him to take care of his poultry. The uniformity of such an employment did not agree with the natural vivacity of his disposition, but he found the means of relieving it by his sports and frolics, which attracted about him all the boys of the village. He presided in their amusements, invented new ones, and his joviality and good-humour made him the delight of all his associates.

It was at the commencement of the severe winter of 1709 that he quitted his native place, and travelled towards Lorraine; but after a few days journey he was seized by an excessive cold, and even attacked by the small-pox. He must have died but for the care of a poor shepherd in the environs of the village of Monglat, who placed him in a stable, or rather a sheep-pen, and whose poverty could supply him with no other articles of subsistence than coarse bread and water, and no other bed than a truss of straw. The breath of the sheep soon dispelled his cold, and occasioned a perspiration that assisted the disorder with which he was infected. His horrible deformity, which scarcely left a trace of the human figure, did not prevent the sheep from frequently visiting him.

“As I had not the strength,” says he, “to drive them away, they frequently took the liberty of licking my face; but the roughness of their tongues made me experience the torments of *Marfyas*. I did all I could to avoid these cruel caresses, as much on my own account, as from the apprehension that the venom with which my face was covered might be infectious to these poor animals, not knowing then that this poison was the peculiar lot of beings of my own species.”

From the cares he received, aided by the strength of his constitution, he recovered, and quitted his benefactor to continue his route as far as Clezantine, a village situated on the borders of Lorraine, where he entered into the service of another shepherd, with whom he remained two years; but taking a disgust to this kind of life, chance conducted him to the Hermitage of La Rochette, near Deneuvre. The Hermit, known by the name of Brother Palemon, received him, made him partake his rustic labours, and embrace his mode of life.

The abode of Duval at La Rochette was not of long duration; he saw himself obliged to resign his place to a Hermit sent to Brother Palemon by his superiors, who, to console him, gave him a letter of recommendation to the Hermits of St. Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and a mile or two beyond Luneville.

Our young recluse, forced to abandon his retreat, felt the utmost astonishment in passing through Luneville, which was the first town he had ever seen, and which he regarded as the center of magnificence and pleasure.

It was in the year 1713 that he arrived at the Hermitage of St. Anne. Its four solitary inhabitants received him with kindness, and entrusted him with the care of six cows, which served them for the culture of a piece of arable land of about a dozen acres, the produce of which, together with the milk and fruits of their little farm, were

appropriated to their own subsistence, and to the distribution of charity.

He had always discovered an ardour for books, and greedily devoured all that fell in his way, whatever might be their subjects. It was at St. Anne's that he began to learn to write. One of the old men traced for him, with a trembling and decrepit hand, the elements of this ingenious art. So defective a model could produce but very wretched copies; by his zeal and ingenuity, however, he was soon able to write an indifferent hand with tolerable readinefs.

One day as he was employing himself, according to custom, in laying snares for game, that he might be able to purchase books and maps of geography, he perceived upon a tree in the forest a large wild cat, whose sparkling eyes and rich fur strongly excited his avarice. Resolved at all events to catch it, he climbed the tree, and perceiving that the animal kept at the extremity of the branches to avoid him, he cut a stick in order to drive it from its station. He gave it a violent blow on the head, and it fell to the ground, but was so little injured as to be able to run away. Our Acteon, enraged at the idea of losing his prey, made a similar leap, pursued it, and pressed it so closely, that the animal, upon the point of being taken, took refuge in a hollow tree. Duval, redoubling his ardour, manœuvred so well with his stick at the bottom of the tree, that the cat, finding itself warnly attacked, bolted from its retreat to make a new escape, and threw itself directly in the arms of its enemy. He exerted all his efforts to stifle the animal, which became furious on an excess, and finding its head and fore-claws free, it fastened its talons and teeth to the head of our hero. Duval resolved not to let it escape, and, in defiance of the pain he felt, he tore it by its hind feet from his head, which was as it were scalped, and killed it against a tree. Elate with his victory, he fastened the cat to his stick and returned home. His masters, seeing him covered with blood, were terrified; but he said to them with the utmost indifference, "It is a mere trifle; be so good as to wash my head with a little warm wine, and it will soon be well: and here," shewing the cat, "here is my reconpence." Nothing can better depict the firm and determined character of this young recluse, than his conduct in this little adventure.

His persevering zeal in the chase, and the money he procured for his game, had

already enabled him to make a small collection of books, when an unexpected occasion furnished him with the means of adding to it some considerable works. Walking in the forest one day in autumn, and striking the dry leaves before him, he perceived something splendid on the ground, and, on taking it up, found it to be a gold seal, with a triple face well engraved on it. He went the following Sunday to Luneville, to intreat the vicar to publish it in the church, that the person who had lost it might recover it again by applying to him at the Hermitage. Some weeks after a man on horseback of genteel appearance knocked at the gate of St. Anne's, and asked for the Hermit's boy.—Duval appeared.—"You have found a seal?" said the stranger to him.—"Yes, Sir."—"I will thank you for it; it belongs to me."—"A moment's patience; before I give it you, you will be so good as to blazon your arms."—"You are laughing at me, young man; you can surely know nothing of heraldry*."—"Be that as it may, Sir, you shall not have the seal till you have blazoned your arms." The gentleman†, surpris'd at the firm and decided tone of Duval, asked him a variety of questions upon different subjects; and finding him equally informed in all, he described his arms, and gave him two guineas as a reconpence. Desirous of being better acquainted with this young lad, he made him promise to come and breakfast with him at Luneville every holiday. Duval kept his word, and received a crown-piece at every visit.

The generosity of Mr. Foster continued during his abode at Luneville, and he added to it his advice respecting the choice of books and maps. The application of Duval, seconded by such a guide, could not fail of being attended with improvement, and he acquired a considerable share of various kind of knowledge.

The number of his books had gradually increased to four hundred volumes, but his wardrobe continued the same. A coarse linen coat for summer, and a woollen one for winter, with his wooden shoes, constituted nearly the whole of it. His frequent visits at Luneville, the opulence and luxury that prevailed there, and the state of ease he began to feel, did not tempt him to quit his first simplicity; and he would have considered himself as guilty of robbery, if he had spent a farthing of what was given him, or what he gained, for any

* Among other books Duval had fallen by chance upon the Elements of Heraldry by Father Menestier.

† It was Mr. Foster, an Englishman of merit, who was then at Luneville.

other purpose than to satisfy his passion for study and books. Economical to excess as to all physical wants, and prodigal in whatever could contribute to his instruction and extend his knowledge, his privations gave him no pain. In proportion as his mind ripened, and the circle of his ideas enlarged, he began to reflect upon his abject state. He felt that he was not in his proper place, and he wished to change it. From this instant a secret inquietude haunted him in his retreat, accompanied him in the forest, and distracted him in the midst of his studies.

Seated one day at the foot of a tree, absorbed in his reflections, and surrounded by maps of geography, which he examined with the most eager attention, a gentleman suddenly approached him, and asked with an air of surprize what he was doing.—“Studying geography,” said he.—“And do you understand any thing of the subject?”—“Most assuredly; I never trouble myself about things I do not understand.”—“And what place are you now seeking for?”—“I am trying to find the most direct way to Quebec.”—“For what purpose?”—“That I might go there, and continue my studies in the University of that town*.”—“But why need you go for this purpose to the end of the world? There are Universities nearer home, superior to that of Quebec; and if it will afford you any pleasure, I will point them out to you.” At this moment they were joined by a large retinue belonging to the young Princes of Lorraine, who were hunting in the forest with Count Vidampiere and Baron Putschner, their Governors. A variety of questions were put to Duval, which he answered with equal precision and good-sense, and without being out of countenance. It was at length proposed by Baron Putschner and Count Vidampiere, the person who first accosted him, that he should continue his studies in form in the College of Jesuits of Pont-à-Mousson. Duval felt the importance of this proposal, but desired time to consider of it; adding, that he valued his liberty, and would never quit his retreat without being sure of preserving this precious gift of nature. They dispelled his apprehensions on this subject, and Baron Putschner promised to call upon him in a few days.

The Baron kept his word, and came to inform him, that Leopold Duke of Lorraine would take him under his protection, and furnish him with the means of pursuing and finishing his studies. He invited him at the same time to go with him to court at Luneville. Our young recluse was at-

tached to the Hermitage, and could not quit it without tears. Having vowed an eternal gratitude to his benefactors, he set off in a chariot and fix with the baron. On his arrival at Luneville he was presented to the Duke, who received him in the midst of a numerous court, whom this singular event had contributed to assemble. He answered every question that was put to him without being confused or at a loss, notwithstanding the novelty of the scene to him, and the important part he had to act. Some ladies having expressed their surprize at the beauty of his teeth, he said very ingenuously, “What, ladies, can there be astonishing in this? It is an advantage which I enjoy in common with all the canine species.” The Duke, charmed with his simplicity and his happy physiognomy, renewed his promise of protection, and committed the care of his establishment at the college of Pont-à-Mousson to Baron Putschner. His books and effects were conveyed thither; he was clothed, and an annual pension assigned him.

Duval's natural taste for study, added to his desire of answering the expectations of his illustrious patron, made him redouble his zeal. History, geography, and antiquities, were the studies he preferred, and in which his new guides were peculiarly qualified to assist him.

The sedentary life he now led being no longer balanced as heretofore by frequent bodily exercises, his constitution soon felt the effects.

His animal spirits, heated by his close application and his sittings-up, disordered his imagination; and it was in this state that the accidental sight of a young beauty kindled in his heart a sudden and violent love. Fatigued by his repeated struggles with the most impetuous of the human passions, he read one day in St. Jérôme, that hemlock was a certain cure for it. Charmed with this important discovery, he immediately procured a considerable quantity of this herb, and eat it as a salad. The imprudence nearly cost him his life. The poison having chilled his blood and dried up his lungs, he was seized with a dangerous illness, the fatal effects of which were long felt by him. Weakened however as he was by ill health, his studies were unremitting: constantly attached to his books, he never quitted them but to breathe sometimes a pure air in the woods and forests. These solitary rambles recalled to his mind the pastoral life he had led; and the remembrance was so pleasing, that they became to his death his favourite recreation.

* He had read in one of his books of this University, which gave rise to his desire.

He continued also to find pleasure in taking game, as well as in fishing. Having one day observed that there were eels in the stream that flowed at the foot of the convent in which he resided, he contrived the following means to catch them: He passed a rod through one of the panes of the window, which he balanced on a pivot. To one end of the rod he fixed a line with a hook, and the other communicated to a bell that hung by his bed-side in such a manner, that on the least motion of the rod the bell would ring and awake him. On hearing the bell one night he leaped from his bed, ran to the window, and on drawing the line he found himself scarcely able to support the weight that hung to it. It was an enormous eel, which the moment he was laying hold of it, escaped from his hands, fell into the room, and became instantly invisible. Having a long time sought for it to no purpose, he at last heard a great bustle in the bakehouse under him. The eel, having found a hole in the floor, had fallen into the trough at the very moment the baker was kneading his dough. Terrified at seeing this creature writhe and twist and flounce about in the tub, and fear magnifying the object tenfold, the baker conceived that he saw the Devil himself in this enormous and frightful shape. He took to his heels, shrieking to such a degree as to alarm the whole convent. The reverend father's ran from all sides, some agitated themselves by terror, and others trying in vain to discover the cause of this singular event. The enigma must have remained inexplicable, if Duval had not come to their succour.

He lived two years in this house, and the improvement he made was so great, that Duke Leopold as a recompence, and to give him an opportunity of still further progress, permitted him in 1718 to make a journey to Paris in his suite. On his return the next year, the Duke appointed him his Librarian, and conferred on him the office of Professor of History in the Academy of Luneville.

He shortly after read public lectures on History and Antiquities: they were attended with the greatest success, and frequented by a number of young Englishmen, among whom was the immortal Chatham. Duval, struck with the distinguished air, as well as with the manly and honourable voice of this young man, predicted more than once a part of his fate. The generosity of Duval's pupils, added to his own economy, soon enabled him to shew his gratitude to the Hermits of St. Anne. He formed the project of building this Hermitage, the cradle of his fortune,

and of consecrating to it all his savings. A handsome square building, with a chapel in the middle of it, and surrounded with a considerable quantity of land, consisting of a garden, an orchard, a vineyard, a nursery of the best fruit-trees, and some arable ground, were the result of this generous intention. His principles of beneficence and humanity led him to render this institution useful to the public. The Hermits of St. Anne were ordered to furnish gratuitously, and at the distance of three leagues round, the produce of their nursery, and every kind of tree that should be demanded of them, and to every person without exception. They were further obliged to go and plant them themselves, if it were required, without exacting any reward, or even taking refreshment; unless they found themselves at too great a distance from the Hermitage to return to dinner.

Duval, occupied by his studies and the inspection of the Hermitage of St. Anne, had spent many years in perfect content, when an unexpected accident interrupted his felicity. Duke Leopold died in 1738, and his son Francis exchanged the Duchy of Lorraine for the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. King Stanislaus, the new possessor of Lorraine, used indeed the most urgent entreaties to prevail on Duval to continue in the office of Professor in the Academy of Luneville, but his attachment to his old patron would not permit him to listen to the proposal. He went to Florence, where he was placed at the head of the ducal library, which was transferred thither. Notwithstanding the charming climate of Italy, Lorraine, to which he had so many reasons to be attached, did not cease to be the object of his regret. His regret was considerably increased by his separation from the young Duke Francis, who on his marriage with the heiress of the House of Austria was obliged of course to reside at Vienna. The science of Medals, upon which Duval had already read lectures in Lorraine, became now his favourite amusement, and he was desirous of making a collection of ancient and modern coins. He was deeply engaged in this pursuit when the Emperor Francis, who had formed a similar design, sent for him, that he might have the care and management of the collection.

During his abode at Vienna it was customary with him to wait upon the King after dinner. One day he quitted him abruptly, without waiting till he should be dismissed. "Where are you going?" said the Prince.—"To hear Gabrieli, Sire."—"But she sings so wretchedly."—

“ Let me entreat your Majesty not to say this aloud.”—“ Why not?”—“ Because it is of importance to your Majesty, that every one should believe what you say; but in this no one will believe you.” The Abbe Marcy, who was present at this conversation, said to him as they came out together, “ Do you know, Duval, that you have spoken to the Emperor a bold truth?”—“ So much the better,” replied he; “ I hope he will profit by it.” In 1751 he was appointed Sub-Preceptor to the Archduke Joseph, the late Emperor; but he refused this office, flattering as it was to vanity, and gave the reasons of his refusal in writing. He preserved nevertheless the friendship of their Majesties, and continued to receive new proofs of it.

Once during the Carnival, the Queen laid a bet with his Majesty, who piqued himself on being able to find out all the masks, that she would give her arm at the ball to a mask that he should not discover. Duval, who had never been at a ball in his life, was entreated to wait upon the Maids of Honour that he might be dressed for the occasion. He went, and endeavoured to excuse himself, alledging his extreme awkwardness, and entire ignorance, how to conduct himself: but he was obliged to yield; and every thing being ready, he was introduced to her Majesty. The Empress gave him her arm; and assuming a tone of gaiety to encourage him, she said among other things, as they went to the ball, “ Well, Duval, I hope at least you will dance a minuet with me.”—“ I, Madam! I have learned in the woods no other dance than that of tumbling head over heels.” The Empress laughed heartily at his reply, and presently they arrived at the formidable assembly-room. The Emperor, anxious to win his bet, was already there; but his efforts were vain to discover the mask, which, after two hours stay, was suffered to depart. The disguise of Duval, and the constraint he experienced in so great a crowd, had made him very warm; and in returning from the ball he caught a violent cold, which, as he pleasantly said himself, preserved him from the danger of being elated with pride at the distinction conferred upon him.

He was beloved by all the Imperial Family; but from his extreme modesty he was scarcely acquainted with the persons of many individuals of it. The eldest Archduchesses passing him one day without his appearing to know them, the King of the Romans, who was a little behind them, and who perceived his absence, asked him, if he knew those Ladies? “ No,

Sir,” said he ingenuously.—“ I do not at all wonder at it,” replied the Prince; “ it is because my sisters are not antiques.”

A philosopher in the strict sense of the word, Duval thus lived, in the midst of luxury and human greatness, a life truly pastoral, never deviating from his first plan, and never more happy than in the depth of his retreat. The person of whose society he was most fond, was Mademoiselle de Guttenberg, first *Femme de Chambre* of the Empress. She had a cultivated understanding, and a heart ever ready to compassionate and relieve the sufferings of humanity. This character, perfectly analogous to his own, inspired him with the greatest confidence. He not only saw her regularly when at Court, but in the frequent absences which she was obliged to make, he wrote to her very assiduously. A considerable part of this correspondence was found among the papers of the defunct, collected together and placed in order by himself.

His health being again impaired by his close application to study, he was advised to take a second journey to re-establish it. He returned into France, and arrived at Paris in 1752, where he found a number of persons who were desirous of shewing him civilities and rendering his abode agreeable. The Abbé Lenglet du Fresnoy, M. du Fresnoy d'Aubigny, the Abbé Barthelemi, M. de Boze, M. Ducloux, and Madame de Grassigny, were among the friends whose society he cultivated most. Notwithstanding the distractions of this new kind of life, his friends at Vienna were not forgotten. Mademoiselle de Guttenberg frequently heard from him; he assumed even in his correspondence with her the style and manners of a *petit-maitre*, and never wrote to her but upon rose-coloured paper.

On his return he passed by Artonay, his native village. He purchased his paternal cottage, which one of his sisters had sold from indigence; and having caused it to be pulled down, he built on the spot a solid and commodious house, which he made a present of to the community for the abode of the schoolmaster of the village. His beneficence distinguished itself also in a hamlet situated near Artonay, where, finding that there were no wells, he had some dug at his own expence.

From his good constitution, hardened by fatigue, he lived to the age of 79 years without feeling the infirmities of old age. In his eightieth year he was all at once attacked with the gravel, which brought him to the brink of the grave. In this

painful state his philosophy gave him a superiority over common minds: a prey to the most excruciating pains, his firmness and intrepidity were invincible, and he preserved all his presence of mind. By the cares, however, of the Empress, his disorder took a favourable turn, and he was snatched from the arms of death; but in the following year he was seized with a fever, occasioned by indigestion, which weakened him every day, and speedily put an end to his existence.

A few days before his death a friend who attended him perceiving a book in his hand, asked him what it was? "M. de St. Lambert's Poem of the Seasons," he replied. "You are surprised, perhaps, to see the attention of a dying man employed on a book of this nature. A book of devotion may be more suitable to the state in which I am; but tortured with pain, I

cannot bear serious reading. Beside, I have reflected with myself, and; having recapitulated with impartiality the actions of my life, I have found my intentions to have been upright and good. As to faults that are involuntary and inseparable from human weakness, God will (I know) pardon them, and I rely without the smallest apprehension upon his supreme goodness." This perfect tranquility of soul, the result of innocence and candour, never quitted him to his latest breath. He died November 3, 1775, aged 81 years. Let his ashes repose in peace; and may Posterity, the arbiter of true merit, never forget a man who, to raise himself from the state of obscurity and nothingness to which his birth seemed to have condemned him, opened himself a way, and overcame difficulties which the perseverance of genius alone were capable of surmounting.

LETTER FROM THE CONSTITUTIONAL SOCIETY OF MANCHESTER TO THE REVEREND DOCTOR PRIESTLEY.

SIR,

TO the various tributes of public respect and attention which you have received from different Societies in this kingdom and on the Continent, on occasion of the late outrage at Birmingham, the Manchester Constitutional Society desire to add theirs.

They feel a melancholy satisfaction in seizing this opportunity to express their high sense of your character as a Benefactor of Mankind, and to lament in common with the discerning part of the public the whole series of those infamous acts of violence and injustice, which have been to disgraceful to this country, in their commencement, their continuance, and their close.

They conceive it to be their duty, as citizens, thus to step forward in public disapprobation of such proceedings, and to contribute as far as lies in their power to diminish the weight of national reproach which these transactions must bring upon the name of Englishmen.

Sorry as they are for the loss and injury you have sustained on this occasion, the society cannot help remarking with some degree of pleasure, the involuntary tribute which ignorance and malevolence have paid to superior worth and superior talents. It is on slight honour to be marked out as you have been by the advocates of bigotry and intolerance as the most dangerous enemy of their cause. In peace, health, and prosperity, may you long continue to be so distinguished.

Signed, in the name and on the behalf of the Manchester Constitution Society, by

WILLIAM RIGBY, jun. President
SAMUEL JACKSON, Secretary,

Manchester, September 13, 1791

DR. PRIESTLEY'S ANSWER.

TO the MEMBERS of the CONSTITUTIONAL SOCIETY of MANCHESTER.

GENTLEMEN,

I THINK myself happy that my conduct has been approved by you, and that my sufferings have not discouraged you: Indeed, all violence is a confession of a failure in point of argument; and what greater triumph can the friends of Liberty wish for, since the effects of violence are temporary, whereas the conquests of reason are permanent.

There is evidently a general combination of the advocates for arbitrary power—that is, of those who expect to be gainers by it, against all liberty, civil and religious, in this country. But this combination, as it argues fear on their side, should be an argument for courage on ours.

You will therefore, I trust, pursue with increasing ardour your great object of a more equal Representation of the Commons of England in Parliament, as a necessary step to every thing else that is truly desirable with respect to Church and State. Whatever shall be done with the concurrence of such a true Representation of the People, must be agreeable to the voice of the Nation, and generally beneficial; whereas, whatever is done on the present system, may be nothing more than the wishes of a faction in opposition to the general good.

I am, &c.

(Signed) J. PRIESTLEY,
London, October 3.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A SHORT ACCOUNT of the TRÁGICAL END of TWO NOBLE FAMILIES of the TENTH CENTURY.

An ANGLÓ-SAXON HISTORY, now first done into English from the LATIN of HUGO, ABBOT of BRUNSBURY in the County of NORTHUMBERLAND, Anno Domini circa 1230.

With a COMMENTARY by S. D. Y.

S'intesso Fregi al Vero.

GIER. LIB.

THE history of dark and unlettered ages is the history of violence and superstition; and if amidst the clouds of ignorance and vice that hang over them we are able to discover some dawn of reason; some faint glimmering of virtue, yet unexpelled the human breast, or lingering like a wretched outlaw near its native seat, we must regard it but as the promise and prophecy of better hopes and times.

In such times it is our good fortune to live, and hence with pious steps we trace and contemplate with awful curiosity those dark and rude periods from whence our own enlightened æra is derived. Those prophecies and promises are fulfilled with us, and we behold religion and war, the serpent and lion of antiquity, deprived of poison, and led in flowery bands by the children of learning and humanity.

The short story which I have thought it worth my while to communicate to the world, will carry us back to a very remote period of our political existence, and one of the most obscure of all history. I mean my book to be judged by its own merit; but as some apology may be demanded at my hands by those who read no farther than title-pages, for venturing to call back the attention of the world to times which I have confessed to be in general little distinguished by any marks but those of barbarism and stupidity, I beg leave to express, that in my judgment this little work was composed by a person far advanced in learning and sentiment beyond the standard of his age, and that the matter of it is of a nature which cannot fail to interest all people of taste and sentiment;—that it is not useless to consider with some degree of curiosity the least pleasing state of society, and to contemplate it under all its modes and forms: for it is but a stupid and ungrateful pleasure that can be tasted in the enjoyment of any thing by those who know not the value of the purchase, nor the pains of acquirement. Happiness and Virtue itself are metaphysical beings, which exist but in our ideas; they must be judged by comparison, and enjoyed by contrast. Every age inherits discoveries, and adds its link to the chain of knowledge which has come down to it. The canoe and the hut of

VOL. XX.

the Indian may possibly be scientific or elegant improvements upon earlier and ruder inventions; they contain, however, the first elements of architecture that we can trace, and are the earliest rudiments of palaces and navies. I think there is no age nor nation altogether unworthy our study; the worst will form a shade to our laughing landscape, and add a grace to order and a charm to peace: from the naked Islander of the Southern Ocean we may learn the advantages of agriculture and commerce as well as from the volumes of Smith or of Child; the banks of the Tanais or the barren deserts of the East, the lawless Arab or the wandering horde, persuade to laws and polity, and the mutual privations of regulated society, beyond the visions of Harrington and More.

There are few persons, I believe, who have not at some moment of their lives indulged the romantic desire of having had their existence allotted them in some different age or country. The female heart still pants after the times of chivalry and tilts and tournaments, and vized knights suggest the dreams which succeed to the opera, the birth-night, and the beau. After contested nights and protracted sessions, the spirits of exhausted senators may expatiate in Gothic halls, and preside at the lordly hospitality of the feudal castle; and Kings themselves, if majorities could blush or if Ministers could feel, might regret those glorious days when Jews supplied their necessities, their pleasures, or their avarice, without stipulations for honours and titles, and the best Chancellor of the Exchequer was a tooth-drawer.

I have called this vain and visionary desire romantic, I might have said unjust. Whether we throw our eyes backward or around us, we shall alike find ample reasons to be satisfied with our lot. I would ask the most celebrated historian amongst us, what age or country of the world has been more distinguished for the toleration of liberal opinions, for the religious and civil freedom of the press, for the patronage of science and the administration of equal justice, for the extension and protection of commerce, and the advancement of every art beneficial to society? I would demand of the most discontented parisan,

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in what part of the world, or in what period, he has found more sedition compatible with the safety of the state, and less anarchy to result from confusion? Where else is religion upon that equitable footing, that all who do not profit by professing it, may shew their wit and their courage at its expence; and government so happily established, that all who are not paid by it are indulged with the privilege of libel and treason? And where else do the multiplicity and enormity of taxes provide so naturally for the numerous families of the poor they seem to oppress, by that just division of their children into smugglers and excisemen?

It is necessary I should offer a very short explanation to those persons who, so far from entertaining any romantic wishes or blind veneration for the manners, the wisdom, the laws, or the religion of their ancestors, seem to have denounced eternal war and to preach a philosophical crusade against all antiquity whatever. Though these gentlemen, I am afraid, are too much occupied in the pious duties of their important mission, and the propagation of their new glad-tidings, to afford me much probability of numbering them amongst my readers, yet as the names of a priest and of nobles, which appear in my first page, may catch their attention, and awaken their new zeal to the disadvantage of myself, or my publisher, I beg leave to assure them, that I have carefully mixed a Commentary of my own with the translation, not thinking it fair to vary from the text of my author, which, I trust, will be a sufficient antidote to any poisonous opinions which he might, notwithstanding what I have said in his praise, have imbibed in his cloister; and I have endeavoured all along to arm such of my readers as the virtues or innocence of the personages they are growing acquainted with, might otherwise, perhaps, have interested in favour of their piety or their noble birth, against being tainted with this ancient idolatry, which they are so disinterestedly employed to abolish.

THE TRANSLATOR and EDITOR.

AN hereditary and revengeful war, one of those privileges with which the manners of the times and the vice of the Gothic constitutions indulged their aristocracies, had alternately involved the two noble houses of Sigebert and Kenelwolfe in all the calamities of that wretched state, where the natural excesses of victory are unrestrained by the contracts of policy or the theories of mercy.

My history commences with informing us, that Ethelfric, the son of Sigebert, in a successful inroad had plundered the barony of his enemy, and that, after having routed her company, he had carried off his daughter by force, notwithstanding her tears and entreaties.

When a young lady is introduced into print, it is needless to say she is a beauty: the adventures of a homely lass are not often very historical, and would not, I believe, have interested the polite and gallant Abbot of Brunbury, the Author of these Memoirs. And here let me take occasion to inform my reader, that though I have endeavoured to rub off the rust of time from his style, and to strip his work from the rugged dress of ignorant antiquity it wears, I do not pretend to alter or embellish his story. On the contrary, I have preserved with care even such simplicities as might mark or explain the manners of his times, and his own peculiar opinions, which I was aware would interest many persons whose hearts would not answer to the complaints of Eadburgha. And since I am upon my own subject, I will confess, that I cannot but take some merit to myself from communicating a manuscript to the world, that in some parts, I think, soars beyond the pitch of a monkish understanding, and seems to breathe a spirit of freedom and poetry not commonly the nursing of a cloister: for which reasons, foreseeing that its authenticity is to be called in question, I have to request, that those gentlemen of any of the learned or antiquarian societies whose sceptical spirits may not be convinced by the internal evidence of the work itself, will be pleased to call upon my printer, whom I have ordered to shew them (first being informed of their names and qualities, my intention not being to satisfy unlearned curiosity) the trunks and skins in which it was buried, the dust and mould of many venerable centuries, and other particulars equally worthy their attention; which proofs I have been determined by some late controversies to afford them, that I may not be defrauded by that pert spirit of incredulity so rife among us, of the merit I think I may fairly challenge with the learned and elegant world, for my labours in a translation and abridgement, of which they only can be aequitate judges who are acquainted with the low and barbarous Latinity, as well as the prolix and involved narrative, of the original.

The charms of Eadburgha, says the Historian, tempted the conqueror, but—
what—

whatever were the motives of a conduct that would be esteemed generous even in these times, for I imagine my reader will be inclined to doubt with me the authenticity of a miracle, to which my good Abbot attributes it—the was returned to her father's arms, and the Castle of Carisburgh reassumed the countenance of joy. Its bells were unsuspended, and its banners were restored to the wind. The suitors were assembled in the hall, and his vassals feasted with their lord.

The Baron enquired for his son: "Where is your young Lord?" said he; "you have not embraced your brother, Eadburgha."

He had taken horse upon the news of the violence of Ethelfric, and had sworn by the shroud of St. Emma, his mother, never more to return to the Castle of Carisburgh till he had found and revenged his sister.

"Alas!" said Kenelwolfe, "he is the Lord of Carisburgh, for my arm is unbraced, and my spear is heavy in my hand; I cannot draw the bow of my youth, and my arrow does not my message. Seek ye your Lord; he is rash in battle, and powerful are the foes of Kenelwolfe."

Eadburgha wept. She knew her brother would leave nothing unattempted for her rescue, and she felt more than ever she had felt before, and more possibly than she was yet able to account for to herself, that she dreaded his meeting with Ethelfric.

Was it the generosity of the conqueror, it will be asked, that had affected her? or did she tremble with unusual fears for a brother, who now sought danger only for her sake? I do not believe Eadburgha could have answered the question herself, says the Abbot, and therefore I will not: a weak reason; the questions young ladies can answer not being always exactly those one might most wish to have resolved. For my own part, I am far from desiring my reader to imagine she was not interested for Ethelfric. I cannot conceive, who have read to the end of her history, the mysterious silence of my good Abbot on this occasion, and am inclined to believe it is one of those stratagems sometimes employed by authors to touch and distract their reader. If such artifices are necessary to carry us on to the end of this short story, I have very unworthily bestowed my time in rescuing his manuscript from oblivion, and therefore seize this first opportunity of disclaiming all such contrivances, and of in-

forming whoever chooses to take my word for it, that Eadburgha had certainly been affected by the valour, or the address, or the generosity, or perhaps the person, of her conqueror. Else why these unusual tears? whence this peculiar anxiety for her brother? Never yet, we are told, had he gone forth to battle but shielded by her vows and devotions. The offerings of Eadburgha were as numerous as the trophies of Ethelbert, for her piety kept pace with her affection, and the Blessed Mother of God, says the historian, loved the daughter of Kenelwolfe. Then why did she weep? Joy founded in the turrets of Carisburgh, and there was minstrelsy in its halls! Surely, because she had new motives for dreading the combat she presaged; motives which she feared, perhaps, to acknowledge to herself, and felt those involuntary emotions which are the first language of love to the heart, which rise to be repressed, and are repelled but to return.

"Blessed Lady!" said she, "preserve my brother!" But she prayed not as she was wont, "Blessed Lady! send back Ethelbert, clad in the spoils of his slaughtered foes, that the eyes of Kenelwolfe may rejoice, and thy chapels be hung with the shields and banners of the enemies of our house."

The words of the old Baron had touched her with tenderness, and she felt with how little fervency she had prayed for a brother.

A great use of prayer, says our good Abbot, and I think, among many religious, it is the only moral reflection in his book, is, that it shews us to ourselves; for who, says he, does not observe, that his petition is equally fervent as it is honest who can ask of God with confidence (for that is fervency) what his own heart does not confidently approve?

It is probable Eadburgha did not prefer even her mutilated prayer for her brother with ardour, because she dared not to pray for his enemy, and for his victory she could not. It is from the plainness of this reasoning that I have ventured to take it upon me to assert, that she was in love, no withstanding the affected silence of De Brunbury on the occasion.

I am afraid my reader may be disgusted with my long digressions, but as I cannot dissemble that my Abbot is a little obscure, I have ventured to interweave a trifling commentary of my own into the text, which I have preferred to the way of notes, both for the ease of the narrative, and that I may be sure to be read myself

as well as my author; and when I speak of his obscurity (sometimes I think affected) it would be uncandid in me to suppress, that some persons of great distinction in literature, who have done me the honour to peruse the history, have imagined it to be *A NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY*—and is it not, say they, a greater curiosity on that account? for we have undoubtedly better Histories of those times than they deserve, but no Novels; and why might not so gallant a man as your Abbot appears to have been, have amused himself and his friends in this manner? And certainly there must have been Novels in those times as well as our own, continue they; for what, think you, composed the libraries of Abbeesses and Nuns? We appeal to their manners and morals.

I protest I have stated their arguments as fairly and as forcibly as I am able.—In favour of my own opinion, I must however observe, always doubting and grieving when it differs from theirs, that besides its extreme probability, and the piety of its author, which has given it even a solemn air of exact and austere truth, and besides the concurrence of dates and facts well authenticated, and the testimony of contemporary writers, upon all of which I shall remark in their place, and besides the evidence I think incontrovertible of the tombs of these noble persons, which it is not to be supposed the Abbot would have dared to say were in his monastery at that time, when any man might have been instantly satisfied of the contrary if it were false; I say, besides this body of internal and collateral evidence, I have to observe in favour of my own opinion, my singular disinterestedness in expressing it to the world so much to the advantage of my book, which I am well assured, if I would but call it a Novel, instead of what I think it, might, besides the vulgar demand of clubs, circulating libraries, and boarding-schools, be read by Statesmen to Misses, and by Misses to Bishops, and be more lucrative than any thing in *polite literature*, except treason and trials for adultery.

The Abbot, with a very un priestly reserve, does not take upon him to say, whether the blessed Mother of God vouch-

safed an answer to the humble petition of Eadburgha; but I have reason to fear its fate was not more enviable than that of those which are even yet sometimes presented by the unhappy to the Gods of the earth, and with as little gallantry as he has already shewn knowledge of his profession, he leaves the tears, or, as he is pleased to call them, *gems*, on the cheeks of Eadburgha to dry of themselves (for in those barbarous days a white handkerchief seems to have been altogether as unknown as a white cheek is in ours), while he introduces a blind harper to sing the old Baron to sleep; for his vassals seem to have taken away their chairs, as our tutors and chaplains still do in some great families, as soon as they had finished their meal:—a circumstance which may throw some small gleam upon the manners of the times, when no man, it should seem, under the degree of a Lord had the privilege of getting drunk before sun-set; a heavy badge of unsufferable aristocracy, and which, it will not be doubted, was so considered by the Anglo-Saxons, when we recollect that they had almost as many Germans among them as we have.

I cannot dismiss the subject without offering the conjecture of a very learned friend of mine, to whom the public have long been obliged for his painful pursuit of Time through all his labyrinths and hiding-places; and who has effectually proved that he has a lock behind, as well as on his forehead; which I take to be as severe a blow as any the Pagan mythology has lately received.

This learned antiquary imagines, that it is from hence that the phrase, so commonly in use, is derived, of being “as drunk as a Lord;” and I own I am the more disposed to agree with him, both because many noble Lords (for whom I have a great respect) have by a strict conformity to the manners of their sturdy ancestors in this particular given my friend a reasonable ground of argument, and because it seems hard to deprive many of them of any thing plausible in favour of their illustrious descent. This gentleman has also engaged, in case of any attack, to write a folio in defence of the authenticity and antiquity of my book.

(To be continued.)

D R O S S I A N A.

NUMBER XXV.

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

[Continued from p. 176.]

MR. POPE.

MR. POPE attended the representation of the "Allegro ed il Penferoso," set to music by Handel, with Dr. Morell, the great Grecian. He was much displeas'd at the air of Laughter holding both his sides, and said it was a *musical pun*. The account of Mr. Pope's having received two thousand pounds for the suppression of ATOSSA, from Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, was confirm'd by two of her grand-daughters. Dr. Johnson's account of Mr. Pope's gormandizing is corroborated by what a learned and ingenious gentleman says a Nobleman who lived near Mr. Pope told him, that on becoming acquainted with a gentleman in his neighbourhood who had better citron water than himself, he us'd to frequent his Lordship's table less frequently. A Nobleman who lived near this incomparable satirist was so much afraid of him, that he us'd to lend him his coach and horses whenever he had occasion for them. Mr. Pope, it seems, was by no means sparing in the use he made of them. The ingenious Author of the "Spiritual Quixote" remembers very well seeing Mr. Pope, in the latter part of his life, at Mr. Allen's, near Bath; and he says, that his cheeks from ill health appear'd nearly to have contract'd the colour and the consistency of yellow leather.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

This celebrated Lady's violence does not appear to have left her in her extreme old age; for in her Opinions, Edinburgh, 12mo. 1788, she says, under the year 1737, article "Dogs," in allusion to her three grand-daughters, with whom she was not upon good terms, "I am very fond of my three dogs. They have all of them gratitude, wit, and good-sense; things very rare to be found in this country. They are fond of going out with me; but when I reason with them, and tell them it is not proper, they submit, and watch for my coming home, and meet me with as much joy as if I had never given them good advice." The Duchess gives the following account of Mr. Brooke's famous

Tragedy of Gustavus Vasa. "1738. The Prologue has, I think, some good lines in it. The Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain, did not see the Prologue, but refus'd to license the play; and said, that Authors must write upon such subjects as "The Orphan." The story is not at all applicable to our present times; but it is of a King of Sweden, and has nothing in it but characters of virtuous people, and speaking on the side of liberty, which is now a great offence."

LORD HARVEY,

according to the Duchess of Marlborough, in her Opinions, "1737, is at this time always with the King, and in vast favour. He has certainly parts and wit, but is the most wretched profligate man that ever was born; besides, ridiculous! a painted face, and not a tooth in his head." Mr. Pope very grossly call'd him, a mere cheefecake of asses milk, in allusion to his persevering in a very strict regimen which was recommended to him on his being attacked with epileptic fits. His daily food was a small quantity of asses milk and flour biscuit.

ST. EVREMOND.

Upon the coffin-plate of this celebrated wit, who was not over-pious, a wag wrote:

"Sanctus Evremondus nunc tandem
"ecclesiam ingressus est."

The great Prince of Conde's quarrel with St. Evremond is thus accounted for in some French Author: "The Prince, who was extremely fond of finding out the foibles of his friends, and entertaining himself with them, was apprised that St. Evremond had written a Comedy, in which the Prince's character was set in a ridiculous light, as an enquirer into the foibles of others; and as no human being in general bears a joke upon himself so ill as one that is fond of joking upon others, the Prince dismiss'd him from his service as the Captain of his Guards. Some papers of his, ridiculing the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, were discovered amongst the papers of a French lady who

was arrested on the Surintendant Fouquet's affair, and Louis XIV. banished him from France. He took refuge in this country, and was buried in Weltminster-Abbey, the Dean and Chapter of that Cathedral presenting his executors with the ground.

MOLIERE.

There is, it seems, to be nothing new. The trick that Parnell played Pope, in translating some of the Verses of the Rape of the Lock into Latin verse, and telling Pope that he had borrowed them from some Monkish Leonine verses, was practised by M. Rose, Secretary of the Cabinet to Louis XIV. upon the great Moliere. The famous song of Moliere, "Qu'ils sont doux, bouteille, ma mie, &c." in the "Medecin Malgre Lui," was thus translated by M. Rose, and presented to the Duc de Montausier as the original :

"Quam dulcis
"Amphora amœna,
"Quam dulces
"Sunt tuz voces,
"Dum fundis merum in calices,
"Utinam esses plena.
"Ah, ah, cara mea lagena
"Vacua cur jaceres?"

The same trick was in our times attempted to be played upon the ingenious Author of "Alzuma," by the Author of "The Dying Negro." Boileau gave the greatest testimony to the merit of Moliere that was ever given, when being one day asked by Louis XIV. who was the first of the great writers who had done honour to France during his reign? he answered, "Moliere, Sire." "I did not think so," replied the Monarch; "but you know much more of the matter than I do." Moliere was a man of consummate worth and virtue, and is supposed to have accelerated his death by playing when he was not in a situation to go upon the stage. His wife and Baron the famous actor requested him not to play that evening. He replied very nobly, "Et que seront tant des pauvres ouvriers. Je me reprocherois d'avoir negligé un seul jour de leur donner du pain." The last play in which Moliere played was his own "Malade Imaginaire;" and the efforts that he made to appear so, in spite of the attacks of his disorder, rendered him so really ill, that he took to his bed on quitting the stage, from which he never rose afterwards. A bust of this great Comic Writer has been lately placed in the anti-chamber of the French Theatre

at Paris. It was made by M. Houdon. This verse is inscribed upon it :

"Rien ne manque à sa gloire; il man-
"quoit à la notre."

Moliere's countenance was remarkably spirited and noble, a complete index of his great and forcible mind. Many of the traits in his own "Misanthrope" are supposed to have been taken from his own character; which however felt as strongly the splendor of virtue as the baseness of vice. Moliere had once by mistake given a beggar a louis d'or instead of a piece of four-and-twenty pence; the beggar ran after him, and told him, that he imagined he had made a mistake. Moliere put his hand in his pocket and gave him another louis d'or, crying out, "Tiens, mon ami, tiens, la vertu ou va t'elle se nicher?"

The following lines were put upon Moliere's coffin, in allusion to his being struck with death as he was playing the "Malade Imaginaire:"

"Roscius hic situs est, tristi Moliereus in
"urnâ
"Cui genus humanum ludere ludus
"erat.
"Dum ludet mortem, Mors, indignata
"jocantem,
"Corripit, et mimum fingere scena
"negat."

IMITATED IN FRENCH.

"Cy gyst qui parût sur la scene
"Le singe de la vie humaine,
"Qui n'aura jamais son egal,
"Qui voulant de la mort ainsi que de la
"vie
"Etre l'imitateur dans une Comedie;
"Pour trop bien reussir, y réussit fort mal,
"Car la Mort, en etant ravie
"Trouva si belle la copie,
"Q'elle en fit un original."

IMITATED IN ENGLISH.

"The Gallic Roscius' consecrated dust,
"Moliere's remains, to this sad urn we
"trust;
"Moliere, whose matchless mimic powers
"of face
"Play'd with each passion of the human
"race.
"Tho' life, tho' manners, own'd his
"powerful sway,
"Yet Death refus'd a rival to obey.
"For as presumptuously he dar'd to feign
"The horrors of the grisly Monarch's
"reign,
"Vex'd at the magic of his scenic art,
"The indignant Monarch realiz'd his
"part."

Moliere

Moliere had begun a translation of Lucretius, part of which was destroyed by the carelessness of his servant, and he threw the remainder into the fire in a peevish fit. He had translated that philosophical poet in a way different from his other translators. The didactic and the reasoning part of the poem he translated into prose; the descriptive and ornamental parts he turned into verse; an example well worthy of imitation by any one who shall think fit to translate this abtuse and metaphysical poet. The Anti-Lucretius of the famous Cardinal de Polignac has many very beautiful lines in it, but has the fault of obscurity, perhaps inseparable in poetry, from the nature of the subject; and the philosophy of it is bad, as it is founded upon the Cartesian system. Benedict Stay, a German, has written a Latin Poem on the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton. It is much esteemed by the few who read it.

 ABBE GEDOYN.

This excellent translator of Pausanias and of Quintilian, wrote an essay in favour of translations, which is to be found in his posthumous works with this title: "Apologie des Traductions." Bishop Burnet, in his "Essay upon Education," says "The Latine being thus well understood and easily spoken, the next task should be Greek; which, were it not that the New Testament, the treasure of our faith, is in that language, I should not very earnestly presse, since for Noblemen it is no otherwise usefull, all Greek books being exactly well translated in this late critical age." Bishop Burnet's Treatise was written about the year 1668.

 SARAZIN.

What a pity it is this elegant writer did not finish his "Histoire de la Conjuracion de Walenstein. In the "mediâ dicendi ratione" it is perhaps the finest piece of writing in the French language; as in the "tenui dicendi ratione," is the "Histoire de la Buisiere," in the "Saint Evremontiana."

 LEIBNITZ.

This great man has been continually accused of want of religion; yet in early life he wrote a Latin Poem on the Holy War, and used always to say of the Gospel, "qu'il etoit rempli d'une morale necessaire à l'homme;" and it appears by Bossuet's Posthumous Works, that he was in correspondence with that illustrious

Prelate upon a project of uniting the Protestants and Catholics.

 LAUNOY,

Doctor of the Sorbonne, was a great writer against the supposed Saints of his Church, and against the legendary histories of them. He used to be called, "le denicheur des Saints." The Rector of the Church of St. Roch, at Paris, when he met Launoy in the streets used always to pull off his hat to him; and gave for a reason, "Je fais toujours à M. de Launoy les plus grandes reverences, de peur qu'il ne m'ôte mon Saint Roch." He refused several very considerable benefices that were offered him; and used to say, "Je me trouverois bien de l'Eglise, mais l'Eglise ne se trouveroit pas bien de moi." Having attacked a certain celebrated religious Order, and being told that they would write against him, he replied, "Je crains plutôt leur canif que leur plume." The President Camus wrote this epitaph for him:

"Hic jacet
 "JOHANNES LAUNOYUS, Theologus
 "Parisiensis,
 "Qui veritatis assertor perpetuus
 "Jurium Ecclesiæ et Regis acerrimus
 "vindex
 "Vitam innocuam exegit.
 "Opes neglexit
 "Et quantumcumque (ut relicturus)
 "fatis habuit
 "Multa scripsit, nullâ spe, nullo timore,
 "Optimam famam maximamque vene-
 "rationem
 "Apud probos adeptus."

 GOMBERVILLE.

In his works there is an epitaph upon a man of letters, which will apply to most persons of that description:

"Les grands chargent leur sepulture
 "De cent eloges superflus.
 "Passant, en peu de mots, voici mon
 "aventure.
 "Ma naissance fût fort obscure,
 "Et ma mort l'est encore plus."

 GELLI,

the Florentine Poet, was by profession a taylor. Under his bust some one wrote these lines:

"Qua calamo æternos conscripsit dextera,
 "libros [acum.
 "Scæpe hac cum geminâ forficis rexit
 "Induit hac hominum periturâ corpora
 "veste, [dedit."
 "Sensâ tamen libris, non peritura.

SANTEUIL;

the famous Latin Poet, who was a great quibbler upon words, died as he lived; for on his death-bed being told that Son Altesse Royale the Prince Conde had sent to know how he did, turning up his eyes to Heaven, he cried out, "Tu solus Altissimus," and expired. Santeuil translated several of the Psalms into Latin verse, and made some excellent Hymns for the different offices of the Church; so that he said very truly, that his going to church was rather an act of vanity than of penitence. Santeuil was the general Latin Poet in Louis the XIVth's time for the inscriptions to be placed upon the public buildings of Paris. Of his own Latin verses he thought so highly, that he used to say, "Je ne suis qu'un atome, je ne suis rien, mais si je scavois avoir fait un mauvais vers, j'avois tout à l'heure me pendu à la Greve." The good old Rollin wrote the following excellent epitaph for him:

- "Quem superi præcinam, habuit quem
 " sancta poetam
 " Religio. Latet hec marmore San-
 " tolius.
 " Ille etiam heroas, fontesque et flumina
 " et hortis
 " Dixerat. Ut cineres quid juvat
 " iste labor?
 " Fama hominum merces sit versibus
 " æqua profanis.
 " Mercedem præsent. Carmina sacra
 " Deum."

LIMOJON DE ST. DIDIER,

who followed Count d'Avaux in his embassy into Holland, wrote a small book, entitled, "Le Triomphe Hermetique; ou, La Pierre Philosophale victorieuse." Dr. Campbell's "Hermippus Redivivus" might perhaps have been taken from this book. M. Limojon wrote the History of the Negotiations at Nimeguen. Paris, 1680, 12mo. which is much esteemed.

ST. PAVIN.

It was said of St. Pavin, "qu'il n'avoit d'esprit que contre Dieu." This was not true. One of the prettiest epigrams in the French language was written by him:

- "Thirsis fait cens vers en une heure;
 " Je vais moins vite, et n'ai pas tort.
 " Les siens mourront avant qu'il meure,
 " Les miens vivront apres ma mort."

It has been said, that St. Pavin was converted in the latter part of his life, on hearing a very horrid noise at the death of one of his libertine friends.

M. Pieubet, another of his friends, made this elegant epitaph for him:

- " Sous ce tombeau git Saint Pavin,
 " Donne des larmes à sa fin.
 " Tu fils de ses amis peut-être?
 " Pleure ton sort; pleure le sien.
 " Tu n'en fus pas? pleure le tien.
 " Passant, d'avoir manqué d'en être."

MAGDELENE DE SAINT NECTAIRE, widow of Gui de Saint Exaperi, was a Protestant, and distinguished herself very much in the civil wars of France. After her husband's death she retired to her husband's château at Miremont, in the Limousin; where, with sixty young gentlemen well accounted, she used to make excursions upon the Catholic armies in her neighbourhood. In the year 1575, M. Montel, Governor of the Province, having had his detachments often defeated by this extraordinary Lady, took the resolution to besiege her in her château with fifteen hundred foot and fifty horse. She sallied out upon him and defeated his troops. On returning, however, to her château, finding it in the possession of the enemy, she galloped away to a neighbouring town, Turenne, to procure a reinforcement for her little army. Montel watched for her in a defile, but was defeated, and himself mortally wounded. This is all that is known of this heroine, whom indeed we have seen replaced in our times by the celebrated Chevaliere d'Eon. Abbé Arnaud, son of the illustrious M. d'Arnaud d'Andilly, in his very entertaining Memoirs, gives an account of a Lady in Champagne, in his time, of great beauty and of great wit, who, on being ill-treated by an officer who commanded in the neighbourhood of her domain, and who had suffered his soldiers to ravage the lands of her husband, and those of his tenants, in the absence of her husband, called him out to single combat, wounded, and disarmed him, and made him beg her pardon for the outrages he had committed. She dressed herself in men's clothes, and met her antagonist on horseback; and after having discharged her pistols she drew her sword.

(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 O C T O B E R 1791.

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

A Tour from Gibraltar to Tangier, Sallee, Mogadore, Santa Cruz, Tarudant, and thence over Mount Atlas, to Morocco; including a particular Account of the Royal Harem, &c. By William Lempriere, Surgeon. 8vo. 6s. J. Walter.

A SLIGHT sketch of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the empire of Morocco, and of their reception of European travellers, was given in "Letters from Barbary, &c. by an English Officer, sent on Embassy from General Cornwallis, Governor of Gibraltar, to the late Emperor of Morocco." See our Review of those Letters, Vol. XVII. p. 30. January 1790.

The present publication is more ample, and consequently highly interesting; for it supplies the deficiencies of the former, and furnishes a most satisfactory account of the domestic affairs, and of the private lives and characters of the Moors, of whom but little has been known of late years; for since their final expulsion from Spain, they have been as it were exiled or separated from Europe, and have totally lost that mixture of European manners which their ancestors had acquired by intermixing with civilized nations.

The medical profession likewise afforded Mr. Lempriere better, and more frequent opportunities of familiar intercourse with the inhabitants than that of an officer, who was received with military honours, and entertained with martial exercises in the field; whereas our surgeon being sent for expressly to undertake the cure of the Prince, and called upon during his attendance on his Highness to visit other sick persons of the first distinction of both sexes, enjoyed every advantage for obtaining a complete knowledge of their mode of living, their policy, manners, passions, amusements, and general conduct: these, therefore, are the subjects which employed his pen, during his leisure-hours, on the spot, and which render the narrative of his Tour an instructive and entertaining performance.

VOL. XX.

The occasion of Mr. Lempriere's undertaking this dangerous and fatiguing journey, is thus briefly related: "In the month of September 1789, a request was forwarded through Mr. Matra, the British Consul General at Tangier, to his Excellency General O'Hara, at Gibraltar, from Muley Abfulem, the late Emperor of Morocco's favourite son, the purport of which was, to intreat his Excellency to send a medical gentleman from the garrison to attend the Prince, whose health was at that time in a dangerous and declining state. The promises of Muley (that is Prince) Abfulem to the Consul were splendid and encouraging. The person who was to be sent on this expedition was to be protected from every indignity, and to be treated with the utmost respect. He was to receive a liberal reward for his professional exertions; his expences during his journey, and while he stayed in the country, were to be punctually defrayed; and he was to be sent back without delay, whenever his presence should be required at the garrison. But the most flattering circumstance which attended this requisition of the Moorish Prince was, the release of certain Christian captives who were at that period detained in slavery. These unfortunate persons consisted of the master of an English vessel trading to Africa, and nine seamen, who had been wrecked upon that part of the coast which is inhabited by the wild Arabs, and were carried into slavery by that savage and merciless people."

This declaration, followed up by unremitting attention to these unhappy men, does the highest honour to the humane and benevolent disposition of our British surgeon. The description of Tangier, at which port Mr. Lempriere arrived in six

M m

hours

hours after he embarked at Gibraltar, is very curious, particularly the account of the European Consuls, whose residence amongst these Barbarians excites commiseration rather than envy: they enjoy indeed a title and a post of honour, but they are subject to the caprice of an Emperor whose conduct is regulated by no law, and whose mind is governed by no fixed principle; so that even the universally allowed law of nations is frequently insufficient to protect their persons from insult.

Upon receiving an express to repair immediately to the Prince at Tarudant, his usual place of residence, the first care of the Governor of Tangier, who had received orders for that purpose, was to procure an interpreter for our young traveller; and it was not without difficulty that a person could be found who could speak the English and Arabic languages sufficiently well to perform that office; and it was owing to an accident that he obtained one.

After searching the whole town in vain, the Governor ordered, during the Jewish hour of prayer, that enquiries should be made among all the synagogues for a person who understood both languages. An unfortunate Jew, whose occupation was that of selling fruit about the streets of Gibraltar, and who had come to Tangier merely to spend a few days with his wife and family during a Jewish festival, being unacquainted with the intent of the enquiry, unguardedly answered in the affirmative. Without further ceremony, the poor man was dragged away from his friends and home, and constrained by force to accompany Mr. L. Of the mode of seizing persons at the arbitrary pleasure of a Governor in this despotic country, an Englishman can scarcely form an idea. Three or four lusty Moors, with large clubs in their hands, grasp the wretched and defenceless victim with as much energy as if he was an Hercules, from whom they expected the most formidable resistance, and half shake him to death before they deliver him up to the superior power. Such was exactly the situation of this unfortunate interpreter.

The whole of Mr. Lempriere's equipage consisted of two Negro soldiers, the interpreter, one saddle-mule for himself, and another for him; two baggage-mules, and a Moorish muleteer on foot to take care of them. With this convoy they set out on their journey, in the afternoon of the 30th of September. The country which they passed to Larache, the first considerable town, he describes as barren

and mountainous, with scarcely any inhabitants, and only a few miserable hamlets occasionally presenting themselves to his view. The villages throughout the empire consist of huts rudely constructed of stones, earth, and canes, covered with thatch, and inclosed with thick and high hedges. On his arrival at Larache, about fifty-two miles from Tangier, and a journey of three days, our traveller was placed by the Governor, for the first time, in a very decent apartment in the castle. The reputation of Christian surgeons and physicians is so great among the Moors, that they imagine they can cure all diseases; our surgeon's apartments were therefore almost continually filled with a number of persons, whose cases were in general truly deplorable. The diseases most prevalent were the hydrocele; violent inflammations of the eyes, very frequently terminating in blindness; the itch, combined with inveterate leprous affections; dropsies, and white swellings. The Moors chiefly depend upon topical remedies, and seldom make use of internal medicines; indeed, the state of medical and chirurgical knowledge in this country is very limited.

On the 4th of October they left Larache, the description of which, of the beautiful prospects in the adjacent country, and on the road to Marmora, their next stage, abound with new and curious observations. Among others, we notice with great pleasure, an account of the encampments of the Arabs on the banks of extensive lakes, covered with innumerable water-fowl. In the center of one of these encampments Mr. Lempriere pitched his tent, the first evening of his departure from Larache. The treatment he received from these people was kind and hospitable, betraying no signs of that inclination to impose upon strangers which so strongly marks the character of the inhabitants of the Moorish towns. Marmora, about sixty-four miles from Larache, containing little worthy of observation, we are next conducted to Sallee, famous in history, and which, says our Author, has decorated many a well-told tale. The piratical vessels fitted out from this port, and known by the name of Sallee Rovers, were long the terror of the mercantile world. Equally dreaded for their valour and their cruelty, the adventurers who navigated these swift and formidable vessels depopulated the ocean, and even dared sometimes to extend their devastations to the Christian coasts. As plunder was their sole aim, in the acquisition of it nothing impeded their career. Human life was of

no value in their estimation; or if it was sometimes spared, it was not through any sentiment of justice or compassion, but only that it might be protracted in the most wretched of situations, as the hopeless slave to the luxury and caprice of a fellow-mortal. On the opposite shore to Sallee is situated the town of Rabat, which formerly committed the same piratical depredations; and while they were formidable, they were what might be termed Independent States, paying only a very small tribute to the Emperor, and barely acknowledging him for their Sovereign. But the late Emperor Sidi Mahomet, when Prince, subdued these towns, and annexed them to the empire. This was a mortal blow to their piracies; for when those desperate mariners felt the uncertainty of possessing, for any length of time, their captures, they no longer became solicitous to acquire them; and at length, when the man who had deprived them of their privileges became Emperor, he put a total stop to their depredations, by declaring himself at peace with all Europe.—This information is of consequence to be known to all British masters and owners of trading vessels.

At Mogadore, his next station, Mr. Lempriere was directed to remain till the return of a messenger who was dispatched to Tarudant, to inform the Prince of his arrival; and this temporary residence in a town which the late Emperor upon his accession greatly improved, and in which he had ordered all the European merchants throughout his dominions to reside, was rendered very comfortable by the civilities of Mr. Hutchinson, the British Vice-Consul. An introduction to the Factory, which consists of about a dozen mercantile houses of different nations, gave him a better opportunity of being informed of the state of the country and its productions, than occurred at any subsequent period during his Tour. Availing himself therefore of that information, he very judiciously devotes the whole of Chapter IV. to a general view of the Empire of Morocco, describing its situation and climate, soil, wonderful fertility, natural productions, mines, animals, roads, buildings, population, manufactures, policy of its Emperors, &c. &c. &c. and this serves as a very satisfactory illustration of the succeeding narrative of his transactions.

From Mogadore, with an increased train of attendants, our traveller proceeds to Santa Cruz, a sea-port of some consequence when it belonged to the Portuguese, but at present a deserted town, with only

a few houses, which are almost hourly mouldering to decay; though, in Mr. Lempriere's opinion, the port is much more secure than that of Mogadore; and, from its vicinity to the southern provinces, is the best adapted of any part of the empire to all the purposes of commerce. A short journey of two days carried him to Tarudant, where he arrived on the 28th of October, and, without being allowed time to dismount, was immediately conducted to the residence of the Prince, situated about half a mile to the south of the town. We shall pass over the entertaining description of the Prince's house, as it is our intention to induce curious and sensible readers to set a high value on the whole performance, from the selected specimens we take the liberty to exhibit, and proceed to the account given by Mr. Lempriere of his reception.

“ I found the Prince sitting cross-legged, on a matras covered with fine white linen, and placed on the floor; this, with a narrow and long piece of carpeting that fronted him, on which were seated his Moorish friends, was the only furniture in the room. Upon my first entrance, and delivering the Consul's letter of introduction, which, according to the custom of the country, was presented in a silk handkerchief, I was addressed by the Prince with the salutation, *Bono tibib, bono Anglaise*, which is a mixture of Spanish and Arabic, meaning, *You are a good Doctor, the English are good*; and was ordered, with my interpreter, to sit down on the floor, between the Prince and his visitors, when I was immediately interrogated by every one present, each having a question to put to me, and that of the most insignificant kind.

“ The Prince expressed great pleasure at my arrival, wished to know whether I came voluntarily or not, and whether the English physicians were in great repute. To the first question I replied, that I was sent by the Governor of Gibraltar: to the second, I felt it a duty which I owed to truth and to my country to answer in the affirmative. He then desired me immediately to feel his pulse, and to examine his eyes, one of which was darkened by a cataract, and the other affected with a spasmodic complaint; and requested me to inform him, whether I would undertake to cure him, and how soon. My answer was, that I wished to consider his case maturely before I gave my opinion; and in a day or two I should be a better judge. One of his particular friends observed to him, from seeing me without a beard, for I had shaved in the morning, that I was too

young to be an able physician. Another remarked, that I had put powder in my hair on purpose to disguise my age; and a third insisted, that it was not my own hair. But what seemed to produce the greatest astonishment among them, was my dress, which from its closeness, the Moorish dress being quite loose, they were certain must occasion pain, and be disagreeably warm.

“ Having acquitted myself to the best of my ability in answering the curious enquiries of the whole Court, the Prince informed me, he had prepared for my reception a good house, whither he desired me to retire, and visit him the following morning early, when I was to examine his case more particularly. The good house promised me by the Prince, proved to be a miserable room in the Jewdry, that is, the part of the suburb inhabited by the Jews, situated about a quarter of a mile from the town: it was, however, the habitation of the Prince's principal Jew, and the best in the place. This apartment, which was on the ground floor, was narrow and dirty, having no windows to it, but opening by means of large folding-doors into a court, where three Jewish families, who lived all in the same house, threw the whole of their rubbish and dirt. I suppose my feelings might be rendered more acute by the disappointment; for on being introduced into this wretched hovel, I was so struck with horror and disgust, that I was on the point of mounting my horse for the purpose of asking the Prince for another apartment; but upon being told it was the best in the town, and reflecting that I had voluntarily entered upon these difficulties, I determined to struggle through them as well as I could, and consented for the present to acquiesce in this indifferent fate. I took, however, the first opportunity of representing my disagreeable situation to the Prince, who gave orders for apartments to be fitted up for me in his gardens; but, from the slowness of the masons, they were not finished in time for me to occupy them before I left Tarudant. As soon as my baggage was unpacked, the first object that occurred to me was to endeavour, under these circumstances, to make my situation as comfortable as the nature of it would admit. At one end of the room I placed my three folding stools, which I had used as a bed on the road, and screened it off as well as I could with mats, which I fixed across the apartment as a partition. One of my boxes was substituted for a table, and another for a chair, not being able to pro-

cure either of those articles in Tarudant. At the other end of the room my interpreter placed his bedding on the floor, where he slept during the whole of our stay.”

Upon visiting his patient the next day, Mr. Lempriere found his complaints to be of the most desperate kind, so that he could not flatter him with any great hopes of success; but he proposed to the Prince to make a trial of his plan of treatment for two months, with which he complied, and immediately began his course of medicines; his whole frame was so enervated by long debauchery, that it was necessary to put him under a strict regimen, to which he readily submitted but it was a long time before Mr. Lempriere could make him comprehend how a medicine introduced into the stomach could afford any relief to the eye. A misunderstanding however shortly took place between the Prince and his Surgeon, from the misrepresentations of his prejudiced courtiers, but it was happily got over; and it was with the greatest pleasure that in about a fortnight after his first attendance on the Prince, he observed an amendment in his complaint. The only remains of sight left in one eye, the use of the other being totally lost, were merely sufficient to enable him to see large bodies, without distinguishing any of them particularly; and the spasm, the disease which Mr. Lempriere was expected to cure, had drawn the eye so much towards the nose, as sometimes entirely to exclude the appearance of the pupil; but now the eye evinced a disposition to recover its former position, and he could distinguish an apple at about ten yards distance. These flattering appearances entirely removed every prejudice which at first arose in the minds of the Prince's attendants, and his Highness himself acknowledged that he had been too hasty in forming his opinion of him. The confidence which this success occasioned, induced the Prince to admit Mr. Lempriere into his *Harem*, where there were several ladies who had occasion for his services. An entertaining account of these women, and of the Emperor's *Harem* at Morocco, we shall reserve for the next opportunity, and for the present conclude with the further progress of the Prince's recovery: “ After the lapse of the third week, he began to distinguish large writing, and assured me, that he had written with his own hand a letter to the Emperor, wherein he informed him of the relief my attendance had afforded him; assuring me, that his father would reward me very handsomely if I effected a cure.”

“ Our intercourse, says Mr. Lempriere, was at this time improved into intimacy. He used to see me without reserve, and often at a time when he had his women with him, which, I was informed, was a mark of confidence with which no other man had ever before been honoured. He made me feel their pulses, and obliged one of them, who was remarkably fat and unwieldy, to be held down on the floor by

two of the others, while I dropped into her eye some of the same medicine which I had occasion to apply to his. The violent though temporary pain brought on by this application produced an immoderate fit of laughter in the Prince, as well as in the other ladies; and the object of it, though in most violent pain, to evince her respect for his royal highness, declared it to be a very pleasant sensation.

[*To be continued.*]

Parental Duty; or, the Religious Education of Children illustrated and urged in several Discourses, by the Rev. George Jerment, Minister of the Gospel, Bow-lane. London, 1791. Octavo. 2s. 6d. Dilly.

PERHAPS this subject has not been so frequently handled as that of filial duty, although it is at least of equal importance. It, indeed, requires our first attention; for he alone, who “ goeth forth bearing the precious seed of wise instruction,” can reasonably expect the gladdening return of duty from his children. It may therefore be hoped, that every conscientious parent will reckon himself indebted to an Author who suggests but one new idea on a subject of such magnitude. Every wise man must be satisfied, that the proper education of youth is, as a mean, the great basis of personal and of public virtue; and every true patriot, every one who loves mankind, must regret that the inexorable negligence of the bulk of parents throws so dark a veil over our prospects with respect to futurity.

The Author of this work seems deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of parental duty. He does not, indeed, dare the prying eye of criticism, or promise to gratify the fastidious taste of the refined reader; for he informs us, that as these Discourses were “ chiefly intended for the common people, elegance is sacrificed to utility.” But they display a lively fancy, a sound judgement, and considerable acquaintance with human nature, while they present nothing that can justly offend a cultivated mind. They have also the great recommendation of popular discourses; they tend to affect the heart. They contain many reflections which must touch the feelings, awake the fears, and excite the diligence of every parent who is not “ cruel like the ostriches in the wilderness.”

The subject of these Discourses is Prov. xxii. v. 6. “ Train up a child, &c.” The Author particularly illustrates the means of instruction, and the manner in which it ought to be communicated. He

endeavours to enforce the duty by various arguments, and considers several objections which have been made to a religious education. The following passage may be considered as a specimen of his manner of writing; it respects the use of the rod, “ Endeavour to make children sensible of the fault for which they are chastised, and to feel shame and remorse rather than outward pain. Nor ought correction to be administered in the heat of passion; though a just indignation may and should be expressed by looks, gesture, and language. Let no partiality be shewn. When two or more children are equally culpable, they should be equally corrected; they soon discover when an improper distinction is made; this naturally excites in their little breasts disgust, jealousy, and revenge. At the same time attend to the alleviations, and the difference arising from age, temper, and other circumstances. ‘ Fathers, provoke not your children to anger;’ nor, ‘ correct them ‘ after your own pleasure,’ to gratify your irascible passions. Parents there are who, when offended through some other cause, pour out their fury on children and domestics. A trivial mistake, an innocent childish trick, instantly rises into an heinous crime, and calls forth the furling look, the bitter word, the arm of vengeance; little faults are deemed almost unpardonable. At the same time we admit that there is a just severity; and on no occasion, perhaps, should it be more exercised than when children deliberately tell a lie; nor has any thing a worse tendency than for one parent to carelessly forgive the young offender, when the other has just applied the rod. Parents, from a sense of duty and a regard to the real welfare of their children, must often do violence to their own feelings. ‘ Chasten thy son ‘ while there is hope, and let not thy
soul

soul spare for his crying.' If you correct not children when young, they can hardly fail, when grown up, to apply, by habitual misconduct and undutiful behaviour, perhaps by open immorality, a more severe rod to your aged and feeble shoulders."

This writer ably and beautifully illustrates the falsity of the infidel charge against Revelation, as if it were injurious to society by causing divisions. "Revelation has occasioned divisions and animosity among men, only through their own perverse principles and corrupt passions. Has it a native tendency to produce divisions? Quite the reverse. Let the blame then be charged where it is due. The inspired volume breathes gentleness and peace, benevolence and love; it tends to unite men in the best bonds, the bonds of fraternal and divine affection. The cords of religion are added to those of friendship; it draws closer the ties of social life, meliorates the temper, and softens the manners. Were the word of God more generally believed, its spirit imbibed, and its duties practised, the blessings of civil society would be more numerous and sweeter. The beautiful and highly poetical description of the prophet would be realized; 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, &c.' The progress of the gospel has gone hand in hand with civilization. Moderation and humanity mingle with the horrors of war and lessen them. To the vanquished is shewn mercy. If the very profession of christianity civilizes men, much more its spirit. The parent trains up his son in the arts of peace, and inculcates a benovolent temper. Where is the christian father, who, like the chief of a savage tribe, vows personal revenge with his dying lips, and transmits family quarrels from age to age?"

Of faith without works he says, "Such a faith is false in itself, useless to men, and abominable to God. It is inactive, and nauseous like a rotten carcase. Though we walk in the way of a religious profession, if we walk not in the way of duty our profession is vain, and there is an essential defect in our character."

The Author informs us in his Advertisement, that "if these Discourses receive the approbation of the serious, he may possibly be encouraged to publish a few sermons to the young, which, in the course of his ministry, followed the former." We hope that the public will soon be favoured with these, especially as it is said that this work has an extensive sale.

WE are informed that Mr. Jerment is the son of a late respectable clergyman in Scotland, and is connected with that large body of Presbyterian Dissenters known in that country by the name of Seceders. The first members of this society, because of their strict attachment to the principles of the church of Scotland as avowed in her confession, and maintaining their right to testify against errors, were excluded from her communion A. 1733. They particularly complained of the forbearance of the Church with respect to Arian and Pelagian doctrines, and of violent intrusions in consequence of the revival of the law of patronage. They acknowledge the obligation of the solemn league and covenant, as a superadded tie on the successors of those who framed it, in the same manner as our baptismal engagements, to doctrinal and practical reformation. But although, from the spirit that has been generally ascribed to the ancient covenanters, Seceders have been charged with persecuting principles, we have the best authority for asserting, that they solemnly disavow the most remote ideas of any thing of this kind, and maintain the natural right of every man to worship God in his own way, if his principles be not necessarily inimical to the safety of the State. It is a mistaken notion that they swear the solemn league; this has never been done by any of them. They have an engagement adapted, in their apprehension, to present circumstances. In this they do not intermeddle with civil matters, but entirely confine themselves to those that are sacred. None in their communion are allowed to enter into this engagement who are not fully convinced that it is their duty, or who cannot satisfy their teachers as to the grounds of this conviction. Many who offer themselves are rejected for want of what is reckoned a sufficient degree of knowledge. This social vow is made in particular congregations only occasionally, as individuals testify their wish for an opportunity: for it is not customary for the same persons to enter into it a second time. They engage to "contend and testify against evils and errors" contrary to their principles; but they do not in their engagement adopt the term *extirpate*, used in the solemn league, as in our times at least, it is generally understood to express a persecuting spirit, which they reckon totally inconsistent with the genius of christianity, and one of the distinguishing characters of "the Man of Sin." On this account they have been calumniated as deserters from the cause, by another

party of Scotch Presbyterians, commonly called *Cameronians*, who adhere to the covenants as binding them to persecuting measures, and disown the authority of any magistrate who is not a covenanter. From want of candour, or of proper information, both parties have been unjustly confounded; but Seceders have afforded the best proofs of their steady attachment to the present civil government. During the last rebellion several hundreds of Seceders in Edinburgh and Glasgow embodied themselves as volunteers, under officers of their own choosing, and bravely ventured their lives in the field in defence of their lawful Sovereign.

These people have been involved in a charge ordinarily exhibited against those who have separated from others; that of being more concerned about faith than works. It is to be regretted, that in our time the lives of the generality of professors give too much occasion for this charge; but as justice requires that a man should be heard in his own cause, candour forbids us to load an individual, or any particular society, with an accusation, for which there seems to be no ground from

the doctrine of either. Whether the principles of this society have any tendency to the relaxation of morals, let the reader judge for himself from the preceding extracts; to us it appears that the whole of the work under review has a tendency directly the reverse. It also contains a great many sentiments truly liberal.

It has been said, that Seceders pay little attention to human learning. Their uniform attachment to those doctrines called *Calvinistic* may have, in part, subjected them to this reflection; but we are certainly informed, that none are admitted to preach in their communion, without passing through the same steps of trial with those required by the Church of Scotland: particularly, every candidate must give satisfying proofs of his acquaintance with the original languages of Scripture. Theology is taught by a professor of their own persuasion. The ordinary term of attendance is five or six years; none are admitted to this class, who have not regularly studied humanity and the various branches of philosophy, nor without a strict examination as to their proficiency in these studies.

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. 1l. 1s. Robinsons.

[Continued from Page 206.]

CAPTAIN NEWTE, in his return Southward, arrives at Perth, which he considers as one of the most prosperous places in North Britain, though the advantages of nature have not yet been duly seconded and improved by art.—Much has been done in Perth, and the vicinity of Perth, by the Duke of Athol, the late Earl of Kinnoull, Mr. Graham of Balgowan, Mr. Dempster, Mr. Arkwright, Messrs. Bells, Sandemans, and Andersons; and, above all, by the spirited exertions of Mr. Meli's and Mr. M'Alpine. But very much yet remains to be done: "nor is there any town in Scotland that admits of greater improvement than Perth, or that would be more highly improved, if it were possessed by inhabitants like those of Glasgow and Aberdeen. Quays would be extended downward on both sides of the Tay: the South Inch, with the adjacent land to the westward, would be laid out in new streets and squares, according to increasing commerce and population: canals would be formed for conveying the merchandize of the place to the very doors

of the shopkeepers, and, in the natural progress of things, as far as possible into the country. But, however favourably situated for manufactures and trade, it is but of late that a commercial spirit has visited Perth. The same ardour of mind that appears now, in the efforts of Mr. Meli's, and a few others, among the citizens of this central and celebrated town, in commercial improvement and political freedom, was exhausted, in preceding periods, in religious zeal. Perth, from its local situation, and the temper of the people, very naturally became the center, the *punctum saliens* of the Reformation in Scotland."

"From Perth the spirit of reformation proceeded in a south-westerly direction through Fifeshire, into which it struck also eastward, Strathern, Stirlingshire, Renfrew, Airshire, Galloway, and Dumfries, &c. One of the Ministers of Stirling, not many years since deceased, was wont to take much delight in tracing and pointing out the counties and districts over which the spirit of religious enthusiasm, from

from that period downward, prevailed, and which he sometimes called the lines, or the geography, of the Holy Ghost in Scotland. The religious spirit, he shewed, had not only spread over some of the middle, as well as the southern and western counties of Scotland, but had run through Argyleshire, though in rather a narrow channel, and penetrated through Glenmore into Murrayshire and part of Ross-shire, agreeably to what we have already observed.

“The austere spirit of the town of Perth, which withstood, for centuries, the influence of many visitors and travellers, and particularly of a large proportion of the soldiery constantly stationed there, begins now, we were informed, in some small measure to relax, as appears from some pleasant stories that are frequent in the mouths of the tradesmen, concerning some of the Ministers thereabouts, as well as the Elders, a species of lay brethren in the Church of Scotland corresponding to the Mahomedan Marabouts, who are raised to a degree of clerical dignity on account of their supposed sanctity, without any previous education. Every parish is divided into a certain number of districts, from four generally to ten, called commonly quarters, in each of which an Elder is appointed for the purpose of visiting and praying with the sick, in the absence of the Minister, and, above all, for that of watching and reporting such petty offences as are below the cognizance of the law, and which pass under the general name of Skull-duddery. The Elders meet weekly, in Kirk-session, after divine service, and the Minister presides as Moderator. They make reports of the frailties and follies of the people of their respective districts, distribute the voluntary collections of money at the church doors, hand about the elements from one communicant to another, in the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, and vote in the choice of one of their own number to represent their Kirk-session in the Presbytery. It is not an unusual piece of policy, we were told, and certainly not illaudable, for a Minister, when he wishes to reclaim a spendthrift of substance from his vicious courses, or to attach him at once to his own interest, and to that of the clergy, to make, which he can do, an Elder of him. The new Elder, proud of his dignity, renounces former levities and excesses, and behaves with due gravity and decorum. A substantial farmer, not many miles from Perth, was wont to come regularly to town every Friday, the day of the weekly

market, and to stay all night tippling, and sometimes, two or three nights. His parish Minister called him up to the order of Elders, and he immediately became a new man. The worthy Minister going one day to Perth, was stopped at the entrance into the town by the landlord of the inn, where his Elder, before his consecration, was wont to spend many a day and night. “Sir,” said the innkeeper; “wherein have I offended you, that you are doing all in your power to break my bread?” The Minister, surprised at such a salutation, alighted from his horse, stepped with the landlord into his house, and having called for a glass of wine, earnestly requested to know wherein he had unknowingly been of disservice to him. He laughed heartily, when the innkeeper told him, that he had no other complaint against him than that of his having made Mr. — an Elder.

“It is remarkable that, amidst all the fanaticism that has for more than two centuries warped the minds of men in this place, the Public or Grammar-school of Perth has been esteemed, for more than one hundred years, one of the best of Scotland. The two Martins, the Rectors of the school, were called the Busbys of Scotland. Mr. Cornfute, who succeeded to the youngest Martin, was not inferior to either the father or the son in literature and taste, while he excelled them both in philanthropy and urbanity of manners. At Perth school, as at the best schools in England, the youth of the first forms are initiated into the best Greek as well as the Latin Classics. Lord Mansfield received the rudiments of his education at Perth under Martin, and Lord Stormont under Cornfute.”

Our traveller, departing from Perth, describes Strathern, “which is fuller of gentlemen’s seats than any other district of equal extent in Scotland.”—To this sweet region, the beauty of Scotland, with the adjacent Ochills, and the courses of the Devon and Forth, our traveller is particularly attentive; and his descriptions of the scenery in those parts are most animated and picturesque.—It is remarkable, that as the melancholy and horrid religion of the Bonzes has pervaded India and China, the finest countries in the world, so the deepest gloom of Puritanism is found in the most charming districts of Caledonia, as in Perth and Sterling, with the places adjacent, Glasgow, and the country around, &c. &c. But the very *ultimatum* and *consummation* as it were of religious acerbity, tyranny,

and hypocrisy is found in a long straggling village, in Strathern, about seventeen miles from Perth, and nearly the same distance from Stirling, called Auchterarder, once "a royal burgh, but now known chiefly as the seat of a Presbytery, distinguished by a singular union of Popish and Antinomian principles: claiming the prerogatives of a Court of Inquisition, exalting the power of the Church in temporal concerns, reprobating with superlative zeal, as if there were danger of men growing too good, the efficacy of virtue towards the attainment of future as well as present happiness, and magnifying the importance of certain metaphysical notions in theology, which they call operations of grace and acts of faith. In the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, when the doctrines of the Kirk of Scotland, one would imagine, were sufficiently puritanical, the Presbytery of Auchterarder thought it necessary to form an Antinomian Creed for themselves, as being a peculiar people, zealous, not of good works but, of mysterious faith. With regard to matters of discipline, in which they were, and still are rigid to excess, except to those whom they consider as being in the faith, and firm in opposing lay-patronage, the frailty that excites their severest indignation and vengeance is fornication. It is a fact, that in most of the kirks there is a small gallery, fit to contain about half a dozen of persons, and painted black, placed in an elevated situation, near the roof of the church, which they call the cutty-stool, and on which offenders against chastity are forced to sit, during the time of divine service, for three Sundays, making profession of their repentance, and receive a rebuke from the minister in the face of the congregation. The horrid shame of the cutty-stool often drives unfortunate females to commit the crime of infanticide. It has been remarked, that such of the clergy as are the least strict in their own private lives, are often the severest in their censure of backsliders in public; and, on the contrary, that those are the most liberal and tender in the administration of public discipline, who, in their own private lives, are the most distinguished by purity and simplicity of manners; of which one amiable and reverend gentleman in this division of the Church of Scotland is said to exhibit a conspicuous proof and example."

The amiable character to whom our Author here alludes, is supposed to be the pious, the learned, and the good Mr.

John Murray, Minister of the Gospel at Foulis. Captain Newte might have contrasted this with a neighbouring character; a fellow who has been turned out of several noblemen's houses in Perthshire, on account of impertinences in the midst of intoxication; and who, notwithstanding this, has the impudence to set up for a rigid reformer and enforcer of Presbyterian discipline. Thus Presbytery has, very naturally, furnished many a minister to the Scotch capital, where the election of the greater part of the clergy is vested in the *Bourgeois*, or the lowest order of the people.

Captain Newte, in this part of his Tour, has occasion to enter pretty fully into the subject of Caledonian and Roman antiquities. He describes Crieff, Glen-Almon, and Ossian's Stone; various monuments of the Fingalian age; the natural productions and state of society and arts in the central or inland Highlands. He gives an account of a proposed canal between Crieff and Perth; of Drummond Castle, with a great variety of other family seats in Strathern; antient feuds between the families of Montrose and Argyll; the Aichill-hills, and advantages of an equal distribution, throughout that pastoral region, of landed property; Ardoch; Glen-Artney; Benvoirlich, which commands the grandest view in Britain, or perhaps in the world; the Sheriff-Muir; Dunblane, "in times of Episcopacy a bishop's see, and where there is a good library, founded in old times, like that of Inner-paffray, and on the estate of the same noble proprietor, by a subscription among neighbouring Gentlemen, for the instruction and entertainment of the public. There is a much better fund here than at Inner-paffray for a librarian, for purchasing new books, and maintaining the structure that contains them." This alludes to the very scanty allowance made to the librarian at Inner-paffray, as we are informed, the pure and the venerable Mr. William Dow, which does not exceed ten pounds. This grievance, the liberality of the Earl of Kinnoull and the other proprietors of the Inner-paffray library would no doubt speedily remedy, were it brought under their observation; and it is for this end that we here take notice of it.

Our traveller proceeds to Stirling, from which proud elevation he takes a view of the Royal Palaces as well as of the Parliaments of Scotland; the character of the Highlanders, with their music and poetry; the feudal system and aristocracy

in Scotland; the Revolution; the Scotch colony at Darien; the Union, and subsequent abolition of hereditary jurisdictions; the battle of Bannockburn; Carron; Camelon, with its antiquities, and Cicerone Farmer Stark; Antoninus's Wall; Roman camps and roads; and the canal between the Forth and Clyde; compared with that of Languedoc. After this we have the following sublime reflections, worthy of the genius of Mr. Gibbon, delivered in language more natural than that of the Roman historian, and equally energetic. "The isthmus between the Forth and the Clyde is, at the present moment, stamp'd with the different characters of two great nations in the zenith of their power and grandeur. The Carron canal bespeaks the wealth, the art, and the expanded views of the commercial Britons. The vallum of Agricola, extended, like a fortified glen, a little to the southward, and nearly parallel with the canal, makes, even now, a deeper impression on sense, and marks with a bolder hand the genius of the conquering Romans. The walls of Agricola and of Adrian, proofs at once of the power of the Romans and the courage of the Caledonians, remind the classical specta-

(To be continued.)

tor of the grandeur of the Romans, undoubtedly the greatest nation with which, by tradition, history, or observation, we are at all acquainted. Modern politicians and princes act, for the most part, by subterfuge and intrigue, varying their designs and expedients according to times and circumstances, and therefore seldom producing a great effect. The Romans, aiming at the conquest of the world, extensive in their views, and steady in their conduct; like the laws of nature, acted incessantly in all circumstances and seasons. So transcendantly great were the Roman works, that when the historical accounts of them were lost in the dark ages, an opinion prevailed that they were executed by supernatural and invisible agents.

"What an accession might not be made to the resources of human knowledge and human happiness, if the Princes of the earth, imitating the Romans, not in their ends but their means, and laying aside all ideas of conquest and false glory, would labour with equal comprehension of view, and steadiness of execution, for the welfare of mankind."

Captain Newte proceeds through Falkirk and Linlithgow to Edinburgh.

The Life of Joseph Balsamo, commonly called Count Cagliostro, from his Birth to his Imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, with the Particulars of his Trial before the Inquisition, and his Confessions concerning Common and Egyptian Free-Masonry. Translated from the Original Proceedings published at Rome, by Order of the Apostolic Chamber. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Kearsley.

THE lives of extraordinary impostors ought to be made public, that the punishments inflicted on them for their infamous deceptions and frauds, may operate as salutary warnings to those, whose vicious dispositions from early youth, seduce them to engage in roving, adventurous, and dissolute enterprizes, instead of fixing upon some settled, regular, virtuous plan of supporting themselves in a decent and reputable manner.

The temptation which the first successes of superior cunning and address hold out to unwary youth, too often carry them beyond the goal at which they meant to stop. They commonly commence their career with culpable artifice, but by degrees, being accustomed to a life of indolence, from supplying their wants by petty stratagems and low intrigues, when these fail of producing sufficient emolument for all the purposes of splendid and voluptuous dissipation, they proceed to greater lengths, and commit more daring and open deceptions on the property of their fellow-

citizens, till in the end, they become more dangerous enemies to civil society than common thieves, and consequently deserve more exemplary punishment. The street-robber and the highwayman, by sudden assault, subject the unhappy objects of their lawless rapine to momentary bodily fear, and deprive them of a small portion of their property; but the cool deliberate impostor is secretly undermining your house; and when all his trains are properly laid and prepared, he sets fire to the whole, and in one general explosion destroys the reputation, ruins the peace of mind, and triumphantly carries off the spoils of the unfortunate family, with whom he has long associated as an agreeable companion, or an apparently disinterested zealous friend. The unhappy victims of such depredators may well exclaim with the Royal Psalmist, "It is not an open enemy that hath done me this wrong, but the friend of my bosom, who did eat of my bread, and drink of my cup." In short, all the sagacity of man cannot arm him at all points, against

against the sinful wiles and roguish snares of finished impostors; and of this race was Joseph Balsamo, favoured by nature, accomplished by education, and completed, by long practice in the great world, for all the purposes of seduction and plunder.

The Italian Author, from his style, appears to have been one of the Holy Fathers of the Inquisition, who were his judges: he introduces his memoirs with the following pathetic exordium:

“A life which, during a period of forty-seven years, has been continually enveloped in mystery and enigmas; which, considered by some as a model of heroism, religion, and morality, and regarded by others as a tissue of baseness, imposture, and impiety, has hitherto kept the judgment of a large portion of Europe in suspense; this life, however, is at length become the subject of serious and useful meditation, since the character of Cagliostro is no longer equivocal. The sinner, while perusing these sheets, will now see and acknowledge his error; the good catholic will perceive the necessity of being constantly on his guard against the snares of hell; the scholar will learn how deceitful that knowledge is, which has not religion for its basis; the ignorant will be taught to be humble; and the whole world will have occasion to admire the double triumph of truth and faith.”

We are farther informed, that the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff has on this occasion been employed in dispensing with the law that, with as much justice as prudence, enjoins inviolable secrecy respecting all the procedures of the Holy Inquisition. There may be prudence, but there can be no justice in concealing the proceedings of any court of criminal judicature whatever: we therefore heartily rejoice, that the Inquisition has upon this occasion furnished a plausible pretext for the existence of such a tribunal; and that its jurisdiction is now limited to the dominions of the Pope. We know of no other tribunal before which he could have been legally condemned; the Roman ecclesiastical law differs from all other codes; and therefore he must have escaped that punishment which was due to him on many accounts, in almost every capital of Europe; but we cannot approve of that part of the advertisement of the English Translator, in which he says, “it will be a lasting reproach on the reign of Pius VI. to have detained, tried, and inflicted the punishment of perpetual imprisonment on a man, against whom he could only prove the crime of being a Free-Mason.”

We imagine that every impartial Protestant reader of this Life, rejecting some particularities which are calculated to inspire a veneration for the Roman Catholic religion, will consider the change of the sentence of death into perpetual imprisonment, as an act of mercy in the Pope, especially when he reflects how dangerous it would have been to let loose again upon society such an artful and successful impostor.—The motive of the Court of Rome for condemning him on the subject of mystical Egyptian masonry is apparent, but it is not dishonourable; it was to deter others from disseminating in the capital of an Ecclesiastical Government, and the residence of the Supreme Head of the Roman Catholic Church, any opinions, or articles of belief, tending to a subversion of that religion and that government. All nations claim the same right, and exercise it upon extraordinary occasions. The crimes of theft and riot are generally combined in most instances of popular tumult; and when our Government has judged it prudent to make an example for the sake of public tranquillity, as a warning to others, the courts of justice, upon two indictments being laid for riot and theft, have proceeded to trial and condemnation upon the Riot Act, keeping the second charge in reserve, if the culprit should be acquitted on the first. Beside this, every man who repairs to any capital city, intending to reside in it, knows that he is bound to submit to the laws of that country to which it belongs; and if those laws are peculiarly absurd, or even oppressive, none but the ignorant can involuntarily suffer by them. Men of Cagliostro's education, and knowledge of the world, may be outwitted, but they cannot plead ignorance: it is the thirst of gain, and the hopes of enriching themselves by the credulity of mankind, which tempt them to encounter all dangers; and they flatter themselves, that the same address which has extricated them from perilous situations upon former occasions, will deliver them in future.

The memoirs of the Count now before us remove the mysterious veil with which he chose to cover his obscure birth, when closely questioned upon that subject while he resided in England; for it appears that he was born at Palermo on the 8th of June 1743, and was the son of Peter Balsamo and Felicia Braconiere, both of them of mean extraction. Upon the death of his father, our adventurer was taken under the protection of his maternal uncles, who gave him an education suit-

able to his infant years; but such was his vicious disposition, that he eloped more than once from the seminary of St. Roch at Palermo, where he had been placed for his instruction. At the age of thirteen, he was carried to the convent of the Good Brotherhood, at Cartagirone, where he put on the habit of a novice; and being placed under the tuition of the apothecary, he learned from him (according to his own confession) the first principles of chemistry and medicine. Of his real knowledge of the first, and his pretended skill in the last, he made a very profitable use in the course of his travels. Being soon tired of a reclusive life, he quitted the convent, and returned to Palermo, where he indulged his taste for drawing, and his passion for fencing, which led him into many quarrels; but, above all things, he took a particular pleasure in resisting the officers of justice, and in delivering from their hands the prisoners whom they had arrested. He was also accused of having forged tickets of admission to the Theatre; and he stole from one of his uncles, with whom he lived, a considerable quantity of money, and several valuable effects.— Having encouraged an amorous intercourse between an acquaintance and one of his female cousins, he carried *billets-doux* from one to the other; and, profiting by this opportunity, made the lover believe that the young lady sometimes requested money, and sometimes a watch or a trinket: these presents were accordingly confided to his care, and clandestinely appropriated to his own use. Such was his address, that he insinuated himself into the good graces of a relation who was a Notary Public, and actually found means to falsify a will in favour of a certain Marquis Maurigi, by which means great injury accrued to a pious establishment. This piece of roguery was discovered several years after, at a time when he was absent from Palermo, and proofs were adduced on the occasion that clearly manifested his criminality. In consequence of various accusations for less notorious crimes, he was frequently seized and imprisoned at Palermo; but always regained his liberty in a short time, either from the want of necessary proofs for his conviction, or by means of the credit and intercession of his relations. At length, he was forced to fly from his native country, for having duped a goldsmith of the name of Marano of more than sixty pieces of gold.

A ridiculous charge of practising *forcery* we shall leave with the holy Fathers, who, blinded by superstition or ignorance,

could not, or would not perceive, that there are various means of imposing upon men of weak minds, without the assistance of magic or witchcraft. Marano's money carried him to Messina: there he got acquainted with a certain person of the name of Altotas, who was in possession of several Arabic manuscripts, and pretended to be a great chymist. Having embarked together on board a vessel, they sailed along the Archipelago, and landed at Alexandria in Egypt, where, during the space of a few days, they performed several operations in chemistry, by which they procured a great deal of money. They proposed to pass from thence to Grand Cairo, but were driven by contrary winds to the Island of Malta, where they worked for some time in the Laboratory of the Grand Master Pinto. Altotas dying in this service, Balsamo resolved to visit Naples, and accordingly put himself under the protection of a Knight of Malta, to whom he was recommended by the Grand Master. After living for some time upon the Chevalier of Malta, he deserted him for a Sicilian Prince, who, being attached to the study of chemistry, took Cagliostro with him to visit his estates in Sicily: this gave him an opportunity to revisit Messina, where he happened to meet with a Priest, his countryman, and an old acquaintance; a man, by his own confession, violent in his temper, dissolute in his morals, and who had been concerned with him in his rogueries at Palermo. Having chosen this man for his associate, he gave up the Prince; and after a short second visit to Naples, they repaired to Rome. This was his first journey to that ancient capital, where he assumed, soon after his arrival, various characters, appearing sometimes in an ecclesiastical, and sometimes in a secular habit.

He employed himself at this period in making drawings on paper, the outlines of which were produced by means of a copper-plate engraving, and afterwards filled up by him with Indian ink: these he sold for designs made by means of a pen only. Having taken up his abode at the sign of the Sun, in the neighbourhood of the Rotunda, he happened to quarrel with one of the waiters, in consequence of which he was imprisoned three days.

It was about this time that he happened to see the young Lorenza Feliciani, whom he married, with the consent of her parents, who gave her a trilling fortune, proportionate to their condition. This woman

man makes a principal figure in his history, and confirms one of our remarks upon the singular procedure of Ecclesiastical Tribunals; for she appears to have been the chief evidence against her wretched husband, and indeed the only one personally mentioned in this publication by order of the Apostolic Chamber. Her character likewise is glossed over, as she had served the purpose of his judges.

It is asserted, that the first lessons the young bride received from her husband were intended, according to her own confession, to instruct her in the means of attracting and of gratifying the pleasures of the other sex. The most wanton coquetry and the most lascivious arts were the principles with which he endeavoured to inspire her. The mother of Lorenza, scandalized at this conduct, had such frequent altercations with her son-in-law concerning his behaviour, that he removed from her house, where he had resided since his marriage. When he had sufficiently corrupted the mind and the morals of his wife, he himself introduced her to admirers, who were to pay liberally for the favours they obtained; and as the profits were finally received by him, he endeavoured to satisfy her scruples of conscience by this maxim—"that adultery is no crime in a woman who commits it on account of her interest, and not simply through affection to another man. He likewise added example to precept, by proving how little he himself respected the ties of conjugal fidelity; and, in the course of his amours, he was accustomed to arouse his dormant passions by drinking a certain Egyptian wine, composed of aromatics, which possessed all the qualities necessary for the completion of his intentions." Surely, this trait cannot be in the original published by order of the Apostolic Chamber: the law of inviolable secrecy with respect to all the procedures of the Inquisition, had better have been observed upon this part of the confessions of Madame Cagliostro. But though seduction may be pleaded on the behalf of any woman, upon her first departure from the line of moral virtue, it can seldom be urged with any propriety, for repeated prostitution to different men, some of whom are the objects of choice and inclination; and in this point of view Lorenza will be considered as a character equally criminal with her husband. Certain it is, that he met his fate by following her interested advice to make a second visit to Rome, her native city, where she well knew, that, by some means or other, she should

be able to get rid of a perfidious, selfish, mean, and cruel husband.

From this necessary digression we now return to his other adventures, during his first residence at Rome.

Balsamo found it to be his interest, wherever he went, to make as many new acquaintance as possible, totally regardless of their character, if their talents answered his purpose of procuring money from others, if they were not rich themselves. Among others, he cultivated an intimacy with Ottavio Nicastro, a person well known on account of having finished his life at the gibbet, as an accomplice in an assassination: another notorious adventurer, called the Marquis Agliata, completed the triumvirate. The character of the Marquis bore a strong resemblance to that of Cagliostro, and they were countrymen. During the time of their close alliance, they were frequently seen to be shut up in a chamber, where they remained a long time without any third person. About what they were occupied is not precisely known; but more than one person has been heard to affirm, that they were one day seen to issue from the place of conference, the Marquis holding two bills in his hand, which, after having compared together, he presented to Cagliostro, telling him at the same time, that it was impossible to do any thing better; and he himself has not attempted to deny the superior genius of his friend the Marquis, in all things that regarded the counterfeiting of writings, and the imitation of seals; adding, that this extraordinary Nobelman had presented him with a patent as an Officer in the service of the King of Prussia, in which he pretended to be a Colonel, and had forged the signature of that Prince with a wonderful degree of accuracy. Thus authorised by Letters-Patent from the head of the illustrious House of Brandenburg, Cagliostro actually assumed the uniform of one of the Prussian regiments.

At length, Nicastro having quarrelled with his associates, most probably about the division of their booty, presented himself to the officers of the Police, accused them of having forged several bonds, and offered to give evidence against them. There is reason to believe, that this treachery having been discovered to Cagliostro and his bosom friend, they precipitately departed from Rome in two separate carriages; the wife of Cagliostro and the Marquis in one, and her husband in the other, accompanied by the Marquis's secretary. They took the road to Venice by

Loretto, and travelled at the expence of Agliata, who was indemnified by the unreserved possession of Madame Cagliostro. On the road they frequently stopt at considerable towns, and shut themselves up, as it is reported, to fabricate letters of introduction, by means of which they defrauded respectable families of considerable sums of money.

At Bergamo, however, they were not so fortunate as usual; for the Magistrates, after they had been some days endeavouring to recruit their purses by impositions upon new acquaintance, discovered the characters and pursuits of the strangers, and arrested Balsamo and his wife, who, after undergoing the necessary examinations, were banished the city. At the moment when the officers of justice had seized the husband, he had the address to convey a small packet of bills to his wife, which he conjured her to destroy, in order to save his life. She accordingly concealed them in her bosom, and took the first opportunity of tearing them to pieces. She observed on this occasion, that the bills were written on stamp paper. We learn also from this woman, that her husband was not intimidated by this untoward accident from continuing this species of fraud; for on a future occasion he fabricated paper, with the necessary marks, at a village situated near the river of Genoa. By means of that very paper, he forged a note for two thousand five hundred crowns, which he afterwards got discounted at Savona.

As for the Marquis Agliata, he not only found means to escape from Bergamo when his companions were arrested, but he also carried off all the money that was to support the family: poor Balsamo and Lorenza were thereby reduced to extreme misery, and found themselves under the necessity to undertake a pilgrimage to St. James of Galicia. In the habit then of pilgrims, they travelled through the territories of Sardinia and Genoa, and at length arrived at Antibes. In order to excite liberal contributions from the pious, they answered the usual interrogatories made to pilgrims, by declaring that they

undertook this journey to perform a voluntary penance for their sins, and in particular for having married without the consent of their parents. But as begging was but a bad trade, and afforded a very scanty support, he, partly by menaces, and partly by the most impious doctrines, urged his wife to raise money by prostituting herself to some of the officers of the garrison. With the money thus infamously earned, this virtuous couple travelled to Barcelona. A fascinating description of Lorenza's person follows this account, with a detail of similar frauds practised by her husband, and of her own seduction of a Magistrate during their residence at Barcelona, which was only six months; at the expiration of which they set out for Madrid, in the company and at the expence of a Nobleman, a traveller (of what country is not mentioned), who had been attracted by the charms of Madame; but on this occasion she was instructed to act upon the reserve till they were settled at Madrid, that they might mutually enjoy the benefit of the stranger's purse as long as possible. Accordingly they lived a considerable time together in the same hotel; and the Nobleman having at first threatened to leave them, Lorenza received fresh instructions to comply with his wishes: but in the end, being unable to satisfy the extortionate demands of both husband and wife, who were perpetually soliciting either money or presents, he abandoned them, and their next removal was to Lisbon. At the capital of Portugal only one intrigue took place with a rich merchant, who supplied them with cash for three months, when the dread of a prosecution on the part of the merchant's family determined him to quit Lisbon and repair to London, where he practised his various arts with amazing success. Many of his frauds upon persons of distinguished rank were set forth in other publications soon after he absconded; but there are some not so well known, which are related in that which is here set forth by authority of the Apostolic Chamber, of which we shall take further notice in our next.

(To be continued.)

Cecilia, a Novel, in Four Volumes. By Charlotte Smith. 12mo. 12s. Cadell.

IT to delight the imagination by correct and brilliant descriptions of picturesque scenery, and to awaken the finest sympathies of the heart by well-formed representations of soft distress, be a test of excellence in novel-writing, the pen of Mrs. Smith unquestionably deserves the warmest praise. The faculty, indeed, of exhibiting the charms of rural nature

in all their beautiful and sublime varieties, seems peculiar to the pen, or rather the pencil of Mrs. Smith; for her descriptions frequently present to the mind more perfect pictures than even painting could express. To afford our readers, however, an opportunity of judging of the truth of this observation, we shall extract, from among a number of others, a short descrip-

tion of part of the Pyrenees; and afterwards endeavour to analyse the interesting story on which the novel is founded, as a proof of the art with which the Author's touches those springs that are most likely to excite emotions in the heart. To render this extract the more intelligible, it may be necessary to premise, that Willoughby, the lover of Celestina, a supposed orphan, on receiving doubtful information that she was probably his own sister, had quitted her abruptly, on the evening preceding the day of their intended nuptials, in order to learn her history and origin from the Principal of a Convent in which she had been placed in the south of France.

“ On the morning of his departure from the foot of Montlouis, he travelled towards the south-east, always ascending, and was soon in the very heart of the Pyrenees. In scenes which had hardly ever been traversed but by the shepherds and goat-herds, and where no vestiges of man were seen, but here and there a solitary cabin serving them for shelter during a few weeks of summer, built of the rough branches of pine or chesnut, covered with turf, and lined with moss—in these huts, which were now some of them inhabited, Willoughby found a wild, but simple and benevolent people; always ready to supply him with such food as their flocks, among those desert regions, afforded to themselves; and in one of them, on a temporary bed, made of the skins of their sheep whom accident had destroyed, after a deep sigh, which was drawn from him by the memory of Celestina, and with which every day concluded, he obtained a few hours of refreshing sleep, and with the dawn of the next day pursued his journey towards the summit of the mountain.

“ Amid these paths that wound among the almost perpendicular points of the cliffs, he often sat down; surveying with awe and admiration the stupendous works of the Divine Architect, before whose simplest creation the laboured productions of the

most intelligent of his creatures sink into insignificance.—Huge masses of gray marble, or a dark granite, frowned above his head, whose crevices, here and there, afforded a scanty subsistence to lichens and moss campion; while the desolate barrenness of other parts added to that threatening aspect with which they seemed to hang over the wandering traveller, and to bid him to fear, left even the light steps of the Izard (the Chamois of the Pyrenees), or the wild goats, who now and then appeared suspended amid the craggy fissures, should daunt them from the mountain itself, and bury him beneath their thundering ruins.

“ Dashing down amongst these immense piles of stone, the cataracts formed by the melting of the snows, and the ice of the Glacieres, in the bosom of the mountains, fell roaring into dark and abyss-like chasms, whither the eye feared to follow them—yet, frequently, amidst the wildest horrors of these great objects, appeared some little green recess, shaded by immense pines, cedars, or mountain-ash; and the short turf beneath them appeared spangled with the Soldinella and fringed pink*, or blushing with the scented wreaths of the Daphne Cneorum—while through the cracks and hollows of the surrounding wall of rock were filtered small and clear streams, that crept away among the turfs of juniper, rosemary †, and the Rhododendron of the Alps, that clothed the less-abrupt declivity; where, uninterrupted by intervening crags, the mountain shelving gradually to its base, opened a bosom more smiling and fertile; through which the collected waters, no longer foaming from their fall, found their way towards the Mediterranean sea; their banks feathered with woods of cork trees, chestnuts, and evergreen oaks—while the eye, carried beyond them, was lost in the wide and luxuriant plains of Languedoc.”

(To be continued.)

The Self-Interpreting Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments. To which are annexed, an extensive Introduction; Marginal References and Illustrations; an exact Summary of the several Books; a Paraphrase on the more obscure or important Passages; an Analysis of the Contents of each Chapter; Explanatory Notes; Evangelical Reflections; and some necessary Tables. By the late Rev. John Brown, Minister of the Gospel at Haddington. 2 Vols. 4to. 2l. 16s. bound. Ogilvy and Speare.

A MIDST the general infidelity of the age, we are always pleased to see the labours of the divine attempting to illustrate the scriptures: some modern Commentators, however, have deviated frequently into prolixity, and in consequence

have tired but not edified the reader: others have illustrated the Historical, the Poetical, and the Prophetical parts with no small degree of credit to themselves; but we do not remember any writer besides the present Elucidator to have made a

* Dianthus superbus.—† Rhododendron Alpina; dwarf rosebay. This plant supplies firing to the shepherds of the Pyrenees. general

general attempt to render one passage of scripture subservient to the illustration of another, and it is a maxim, which every pious and intelligent lover of the Sacred Writings will be most happy to see universally received—that “the SCRIPTURES are the best interpreter of themselves.” Both the *Divine* and the *Christian* will derive more real instruction and advantage, from “comparing spiritual things with spiritual;” the Old Testament with the New; one passage of the Bible with another; than by all the secondary aids of learning and criticism they can possibly adopt. Upon this principle we deem ourselves authorized to commend the plan of Mr. Browne’s “*Self-Interpreting Bible*,” which in our opinion may justly claim the title it has assumed.

Mr. Browne was Clergyman to a congregation of Dissenters at Haddington, where he lived many years, and bore a character among them highly exemplary from the simplicity of his manners, and a rigid attention to the duties of his calling. As a preacher he was most indefatigable, sparing neither labour nor care to apply and fix the contents of the Scriptures upon his hearers. In his principles he was a zealous Calvinist, being of that sect known by the name of Antiburghers in Scotland. He published many books; among others, “*The Christian’s Journal*;” “*The Christian, Student, and Pastor, exemplified in the Lives of some eminent Christians*;” “*A Dictionary of the Bible*,” &c. all of which have been favourably received by the public.

The work before us, which was originally printed in Scotland by subscription about the year 1774, was bought up in a few years, its merit being universally acknowledged; and when no copies could be got, any money would have been given to possess the treasure.

In the mean time the pious author was not idle: at his leisure he added some thousand new references and illustrations, with a view to its improvement and future publication, all of which are here incorporated. With these additions the work was put into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Goode, Assistant to the Rev. Mr. Romaine, who undertook the correction and revision of this edition. He has also taken the liberty in some instances to polish the language of Mr. Brown, by altering the Scottish phrases, so as render it more intelligible to the English reader; but he has in no instance altered the sense of the Author. He has likewise corrected the text with Blaney’s Oxford quarto Bible, which is now ad-

mitted to be the most correct text of the Bible extant.

The arrangement is equally new, perspicuous, and concise. The work is prefaced by an Introduction necessary to a proper understanding of the Scriptures. A Summary is prefixed to each Book and Chapter, giving an accurate and copious analysis of their respective contents. The References and Illustrations are arranged on the right and left of the Text with a happy perspicuity, and at the bottom of the page the Reflections and the Explanatory Notes are arranged in different characters. The whole being uniformly executed gives an appearance to the page, considering the vast quantity of matter it contains, which we could hardly have believed to be possible.

The References are uncommonly numerous: upon one page we have reckoned upwards of three hundred. These are made to other passages of Scripture illustrative of the Text; some are similar in phrase, others in meaning, and others in their scope and design. By means of these the Author exhibits a view of the harmony of every Article of the Christian Faith; and with a real Concordance, he can boast the singular talent of exhibiting an extensive Commentary in a small compass.

The Evangelical Reflections will be found very useful to assist the devotions of the pious. By means of these the Author sums up the contents of the Chapter to the reader, with a view to enlighten his understanding, awaken his conscience, warm his heart, and direct and animate his practice.

The Explanatory Notes are few in number, and are chiefly confined to the figurative, the prophetic, and practical parts. There is also a copious Paraphrase on the Books of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon, and the Epistles.

A few necessary Tables are added at the end of the work, viz. the Names and Titles given to our Saviour and the Church of God; a Collection of Similies and Synonymous Words contained in the Scriptures; a Table of the Promises; a concise Harmony of the Gospel; a Table of proper Names; several Chronological Tables; and Tables of Scripture Measures, &c.

Upon the whole, we do not hesitate, without meaning to depreciate the labours of other Commentators, to recommend this as a most excellent family and closet Bible, admirably well adapted to the improvement, edification, and instruction of every Christian family.

REMARKS on the ISLAND of HINZUAN or JOHANNA.

By SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[From the Second Volume of "ASIATIC RESEARCHES," just published.]

[Continued from Page 180.]

WE received no answer from Sálím; nor, indeed, expected one, since we took for granted that he could not but approve our intention of visiting his father; and we went on shore before sunrise, in full expectation of a pleasant excursion to Domóni, but we were happily disappointed. The servants at the Prince's door told us coolly, that their master was indisposed, and, as they believed, asleep; that he had given them no orders concerning his palanquins, and that they durst not disturb him. Alwí soon came to pay us his compliments, and was followed by his eldest son Ahmed, with whom we walked to the gardens of the two princes Sálím and Hamdullah; the situation was naturally good but desolate; and in Sálím's garden, which we entered through a miserable hovel, we saw a convenient bathing-place, well-built with stone, but then in great disorder; and a shed by way of summer-house, like that under which we dined at the Governor's, but smaller, and less neat. On the ground lay a kind of cradle, about six feet long, and little more than one foot in breadth, made of cords twisted in a sort of clumsy network, with a long thick bamboo fixed to each side of it; this we heard with surprise was a royal palanquin, and one of the vehicles in which we were to have been rocked on men's shoulders over the mountains. I had much conversation with Ahmed, whom I found intelligent and communicative. He told me, that several of his countrymen composed songs and tunes; that he was himself a passionate lover of poetry and music, and that if we would dine at his house he would play and sing to us. We declined his invitation to dinner, as we had made a conditional promise if ever we passed a day at Metfamúda to eat our curry with Baná Gibu, an honest man, of whom we purchased eggs and vegetables, and to whom some Englishmen had given the title of Lord, which made him extremely vain; we could therefore make Sayyad Ahmed only a morning visit. He sung a hymn or two in Arabic, and accompanied his drawing though pathetic psalmody with a kind of mandoline, which he touched with an awkward quill: the instrument was very imperfect, but seemed to give him delight. The names of the strings were written on it in Arabian or Indian figures, simple and

compounded: but I could not think them worth copying. He gave Captain Williams, who wished to present some literary curiosities to the library at Dublin, a small roll, containing an hymn in Arabic letters, but in the language of Mombaza, which was mixed with Arabic; but it hardly deserved examination, since the study of languages has little intrinsic value, and is only useful as the instrument of real knowledge; which we can scarcely expect from the poets of Mozambique. Ahmed would, I believe, have heard our European airs (I always except French melody) with rapture; for his favourite tune was a common Irish jig, with which he seemed wonderfully affected.

On our return to the beach I thought of visiting old Alwí, according to my promise, and Prince Sálím, whose character I had not then discovered. I resolved for that purpose to stay on shore alone, our dinner with Gibu having been fixed at an early hour. Alwí shewed me his manuscripts, which chiefly related to the ceremonies and ordinances of his own religion; and one of them, which I had formerly seen in Europe, was a collection of sublime and elegant hymns in praise of Mohammed, with explanatory notes in the margin. I requested him to read one of them after the manner of the Arabs, and he chaunted it in a strain by no means unpleasing; but I am persuaded that he understood it very imperfectly. The room, which was open to the street, was presently crowded with visitors, most of whom were *Muffi*, or *expounders of the law*; and Alwí, desirous, perhaps, to display his zeal before them at the expence of good breeding, directed my attention to a passage in a Commentary on the Koran, which I found levelled at the Christians. The commentator, having related with some additions (but, on the whole, not inaccurately) the circumstances of the temptation; puts this speech into the mouth of the tempter: "Though I am unable to delude thee, yet I will mislead by thy means more human creatures than thou wilt set right." "Nor was this menace vain," says the Mohammedan writer; "for the inhabitants of a region many thousand leagues in extent, are still so deluded by the devil, that they impiously call I'sa the son of God. Heaven preserve us," he adds, "from blaspheming

Christians, as well as blaspheming Jews!" Although a religious dispute with these obstinate zealots would have been unseasonable and fruitless, yet they deserved, I thought, a slight reprehension, as the attack seemed to be concerted among them. "The commentator," said I, "was much to blame for passing so indiscriminate and hasty a censure: the title which gave your legislator, and gives you such offence, was often applied in Judea by a bold figure, agreeable to the Hebrew idiom, though unusual in Arabic, of *angels to holy men*, and even to *all mankind*, who are commanded to call God *their father*; and in this large sense the Apostle to the Romans calls the elect the *children of God*, and the Messiah the *first born among many brethren*; but the words *only begotten*, are applied transcendently and incomparably to him alone*; and as for me, who believe the scriptures, which you also profess to believe, though you assert without proof that we have altered them, I cannot refuse him an appellation, though far surpassing our reason, by which he is distinguished in the Gospel; and the believers in Mohammed, who expressly name him *the Messiah*, and pronounce him to have been born of a virgin, which alone might fully justify the phrase condemned by this author, are themselves condemnable for cavilling at words, when they cannot object to the substance of our faith consistently with their own." The Musselmans had nothing to say in reply; and the conversation was changed.

I was astonished at the questions which Alwí put to me concerning the late peace and the independence of America; the several powers and resources of Britain and France, Spain and Holland; the character and supposed views of the Emperor; the comparative strength of the Russian, Imperial, and Othman armies, and their respective modes of bringing their forces to action. I answered him without reserve, except on the state of our possessions in India; nor were my answers lost; for I observed that all the company were variously affected by them, generally with amazement, often with concern; especially when I described to them the great force and admirable discipline of the Austrian army, and the stupid prejudices of the Turks, whom nothing can induce to abandon their old Tartarian habits, and expose the weakness of their empire in Africa, and even in the most distant pro-

vinces of Asia. In return, he gave me a clear but general information concerning the government and commerce of his island: "his country," he said, "was poor, and produced few articles of trade; but if they could get money, *which they now preferred to play-things*," these were his words, "they might easily," he added, "procure foreign commodities, and exchange them advantageously with their neighbours in the islands and on the continent: thus with a little money," said he, "we purchase muskets, powder, balls, cutlasses, knives, cloths, raw cotton, and other articles brought from Bombay, and with these we trade to Madagascar for the natural produce of the country or for dollars, with which the French buy cattle, honey, butter, and so forth, in that island. With gold, which we receive from your ships, we can procure elephants teeth from the natives of Mozambique, who barter them also for ammunition and bars of iron; and the Portuguese in that country give us cloths of various kinds in exchange for our commodities: these cloths we dispose of lucratively in the three neighbouring islands; whence we bring rice, cattle, a kind of bread-fruit which grows in Comara, and slaves, which we buy also at other places to which we trade; and we carry on this traffic in our own vessels."

Here I could not help expressing my abhorrence of their *Slave Trade*, and asked him by what law they claimed a property in rational beings, since our Creator had given our species a dominion, to be moderately exercised, over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, but none to *man over man*. "By no law," answered he, "unless necessity be a law. There are nations in Madagascar and in Africa who know neither God nor his Prophet, nor Moses, nor David, nor the Messiah: these nations are in perpetual war, and take many captives, whom, if they could not sell, they would certainly kill. Individuals among them are in extreme poverty, and have numbers of children, who, if they cannot be disposed of, must perish through hunger, together with their miserable parents. By purchasing these wretches we preserve their lives, and, perhaps, those of many others, whom our money relieves. The sum of the argument is this: If we buy them, they will live—if they become valuable servants, they will live comfortably; but if they are not sold, they must die miserably."

* Rom. viii. 29: See 1. John iii. 1. 2. Barrow, 231, 232, 251.

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“ There may be,” said I, “ such cases, but you fallaciously draw a general conclusion from a few particular instances ; and this is the very fallacy which, on a thousand other occasions, deludes mankind. It is not to be doubted that a constant and gainful traffic in human creatures foments war, in which captives are always made, and keeps up that perpetual enmity which you pretend to be the *cause* of a practice in itself reprehensible, while in truth it is its *effect*. The same traffic encourages laziness in some parents, who might in general support their families by proper industry, and seduces others to stifle their natural feelings. At most, your redemption of those unhappy children can amount only to a personal contract, implied between you, for gratitude and reasonable service on their part—for kindness and humanity on your’s ; but can you think your part performed by disposing of them against their wills, with as much indifference as if you were selling cattle ; especially as they might become readers of the *Korán*, and pillars of your Faith ? “ The law,” said he, “ forbids our selling them, when they are believers in the Prophet ; and little children only are sold, nor they often, or by all masters.”— “ You who believe in Muhammed,” said I, “ are bound by the spirit and letter of his laws to take pains that they also may believe in him ; and if you neglect so important a duty for sordid gain, I do not see how you can hope for prosperity in this world, or for happiness in the next.” My old friend and the *Muftis* assented, and muttered a few prayers, but probably forgot my preaching before many minutes had passed.

So much time had slipped away in this conversation, that I could make but a short visit to Prince Sálim : my view in visiting him was to fix the time of our journey to Domóni as early as possible on the next morning. His appearance was more savage than ever, and I found him in a disposition to complain bitterly of the English. “ No acknowledgment,” he said, “ had been made for the kind attentions of himself and the chief men in his country to the officers and people of the Brilliant, though a whole year had elapsed since the wreck.” I really wondered at the forgetfulness to which alone such a neglect could be imputed ; and assured him, that I would express my opinion both in Bengal and in letters to England. “ We have little,” said he, “ to hope from letters for when we have been paid with them instead of money, and

have shewn them on board your ships, we have commonly been treated with disdain, and often with imprecations.” I assured him that either those letters must have been written coldly and by very obscure persons, or shown to very ill-bred men, of whom there were too many in all nations, but that a few instances of rudeness ought not to give him a general prejudice against our national character. “ But you,” said he, “ are a wealthy nation, and we are indigent ; yet though all our groves of cocoa-trees, our fruits, and our cattle are ever at your service, you always try to make hard bargains with us for what you chuse to dispose of, and frequently will neither sell nor give those things which we principally want.” “ To form,” said I, “ a just opinion of Englishmen, you must visit us in our own island, or at least in India ; here we are strangers and travellers : many of us have no design to trade in any country, and none of us think of trading in Hínzuán, where we stop only for refreshment. The clothes, arms, or instruments which you may want, are commonly necessary or convenient to us ; but if Sayyad Alwí or his sons were to be strangers in our country, you should have no reason to boast of superior hospitality.” He then shewed me, a second time, a part of an old silk vest, with the star of the order of the Thistle, and begged me to explain the motto ; expressing a wish that the order might be conferred on him by the King of England in return for his good offices to the English. I represented to him the impossibility of his being gratified, and took occasion to say, that there was more true dignity in their own native titles than in those of Prince, Duke, and Lord, which had been idly given them, but had no conformity to their manners or the constitution of their Government.

This conversation being agreeable to neither of us, I changed it by desiring that the palanquins and bearers might be ready next morning as early as possible : he answered, that his palanquins were at our service for nothing, but that we must pay him ten dollars for each set of bearers ; that it was the stated price, and that Mr. Hastings had paid it when he went to visit the King. This, as I learned afterwards, was false, but in all events I knew that he would keep the dollars himself, and give nothing to the bearers, who deserved them better, and whom he would compel to leave their cottages and toil for his profit. “ Can you imagine,” I replied, “ that we would employ four and twenty men to bear us so far on their shoulders without

rewarding them amply? But since they are free men (so he had assured me), and not your slaves, we will pay them in proportion to their diligence and good behaviour; and it becomes neither your dignity nor ours to make a previous bargain." I showed him an elegant copy of the *Korân*, which I destined for his father, and described the rest of my present; but he coldly asked, "if that was all." Had he been King, a purse of dry dollars would have given him more pleasure than the finest or holiest manuscript. Finding him, in conversing on a variety of subjects, utterly void of intelligence or principle, I took my leave, and saw him no more, but promised to let him know for certain whether we should make our intended excursion.

We dined in tolerable comfort, and had occasion, in the course of the day, to observe the manners of the natives in the mid-

dle rank, who are called *Bânas*, and all of whom have slaves constantly at work for them. We visited the mother of *Combomâde*, who seemed in a station but little raised above indigence; and her husband, who was a mariner, bartered an Arabic Treatise on Astronomy and Navigation, which he had read, for a sea-compass, of which he well knew the use.

In the morning I had conversed with two very old Arabs of Yemen, who had brought some articles of trade to *Hinzuan*; and in the afternoon I met another who had come from *Maikat* (where at that time there was a civil war) to purchase, if he could, an hundred stand of arms. I told them all, that I loved their nation, and they returned my compliments with great warmth, especially the two old men, who were near fourscore, and reminded me of *Zohair* and *Hâreth*.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS, EMPEROR of GERMANY.

TO the account of this Prince contained in our xviii vol. p. 227, 262. we are now enabled to add the following particulars, chiefly of his last moments, from a pamphlet published at Paris by Madame de R. Premier Cahier.

Joseph II. was a great traveller; but from the account before us, it was with a design of knowing mankind, not from an idle curiosity. The object of his travels in his own country, says the author, was to examine the soil, the different productions, the inhabitants, whose manners and laws differ so much, that their complicated variations check, and often frustrate, the efforts of Government. He wished to ascertain, with his own eyes, the necessity of reforms, and the proper encouragements, so as to act with the greatest advantage for his subjects, whom he considered as his children. With this design he travelled through Hungary in 1767 and 1773. Nothing escaped his scrutinizing eye. He visited the fortresses; saw the prisoners confined in them; received with humanity, free from ostentation, the petitions which a vast crowd of every description presented; and, whether he was obliged to proceed or to remain, he particularly attended to them. We can scarcely conceive the impression which the following billet, put into his hands in Hungary, must have excited. We may judge from it the state of the kingdom, and the blessings it derived from the Emperor.

' Most beneficent Emperor,

' This is the employment of the week!—Four days in repairing the roads; the fifth is destined for the fisheries; and the sixth for

the chase; all for the benefit of my superior: the seventh belongs to God. Judge, most just Sovereign, if I can pay the land-tax, and the other imposts.'

Joseph who, in these countrymen, saw creatures like himself, who was sensible that one man was not born to be the slave of another, and that countrymen, with rude exterior and rustic garments, often covered noble and compassionate hearts, lightened the chains of the Hungarian Peasants, and considered of means entirely to destroy them. He knew that the feudal system originated from the misfortunes of former ages, from the ignorance and superstition of the people; and that it was supported by personal interests, and by prejudices. He saw with a secret horror men harnessed to the manorial car, like beasts of burden, and re-established them in their native privileges. By this action he drew upon himself the hatred of the nobility.

During his last residence at Luxembourg, a select party met daily in his circle. One day the conversation had been very serious, and Joseph said, "If any one will honour my tomb with an epitaph, let it be the following: "Here lies Joseph II. who failed in all his undertakings."—Unfortunate Joseph! the measure of thy ills was not yet full; it was not as a sovereign that thou shouldst feel distress; it was as a man, as a man of the most refined sensibility.

During the whole of the night of the 15th of February 1790, the Emperor sent hourly to enquire after the Arch-Duchess Elizabeth, whose approaching delivery could not be concealed from him. At half after seven

seven in the morning he received the news of the birth of a Princess, but the mother had just expired in the most dreadful torments. Her death must be known, and his Confessor was commissioned to inform him of it. Joseph, overwhelmed with this unexpected stroke, was for a moment silent, and turned away his head to conceal the last tears that trickled down his cheeks. A deep sigh seemed at last to relieve his oppressed bosom; he lifted his eyes, yet full of tears, to heaven, and said, with a resigned voice—'Lord, thy will be done.' When he recollected himself he saw the Count de Rosenberg, and said to him with an anguish impossible to be described—'My sufferings are incredible: I was prepared to support whatever Heaven might have inflicted; but this dreadful misfortune exceeds whatever I have hitherto experienced.' The Arch-Duchess was his beloved sister, and at the moment of her death his own was inevitable, and the hour but shortly distant.

In this moment of distress, however, he was careful in his political arrangements, and attentive to the welfare of his subjects. He ordered the vault, in which the Emperors were usually deposited, to be opened, that those whose curiosity would lead them to press forward, at the moment of his funeral, might not be injured by the noxious vapours: he sent the Chancellor an order, written with his own hand, for a million of florins to be taken out of his private property, for the support of an institution for the relief of those brave soldiers who had acquired honour in the field.

On the day of his death he saw his ministers, and again took his leave: they stirred not from his apartment. 'I die,' said he to the brave Laudohn, 'I die, happy in being certain that you will be the protector of my army: give me your hand, I shall soon lose the pleasure of pressing it in mine.' To the

Cardinal Megazzi he excused himself for having occasioned him some uneasiness. 'I feel none,' replied he, 'but on account of your Majesty's situation.' The old Count Had-dick was so much affected by the scene, that he was carried away insensible. From that moment he never quitted his bed, and died a few days after his Sovereign.

Joseph ordered the infant Princess to be brought to him, and taking it in his languid arms, kissed and bathed it with his tears. 'Dear infant,' said he, 'true portrait of thy amiable and virtuous mother! Take her away, for my last moment is at hand.' He then called his Confessor, who was beginning to pray—God we praise thee—when the Emperor interrupted him—'Lord, thou who alone knowest my heart, I call thee to witness, that I had no object in any of my undertakings but the good and happiness of the subjects thou hast committed to my charge—Lord, thy will be done!' He then suffered his Confessor to go on.

At four in the morning the Emperor awaked, after a slight slumber, and Field-Marshal de Lascy, the Prince of Deitrich, Count de Rosenberg, and the Baron Stork, who watched in his room, went to his bed. 'You are still here,' said he. He requested the Baron to give him something comfortable, and took a little soup. The Confessor, whom he asked for, read prayers again. At the words—We repose our confidence on faith, hope, and love—the Emperor repeated Faith aloud; Hope in a lower tone, but very distinctly; and Love, with great ardour. 'It is enough,' added he; 'this book of prayers will be of no farther use to me: I give it to you, preserve it for love of me.' A few moments afterwards he said—'I think I have fulfilled every duty as a Man, and as a King.' Turning on his side, he breathed a few moments, and expired.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT cannot be denied but that we live in an apologizing age. Neither bad measures nor bad persons now want advocates. Sedition and atheism have each their defenders, and infamy of every species finds some one to excuse or applaud it. Richard the Third had had his champion; Tippoo Saib and the Northern Semiramis have their's. The Monster in Newgate has found a vindicator; and at last a greater monster, one who in her life-time drank the cup of disgrace to the dregs, is to have her sentence of merited condemnation attempted to be reversed, and her immaculate character cleared from imputations which neither

herself, nor any one for her, was hardy enough to attempt in her life-time. At the distance of considerably more than half a century from the time when the charge was originally made, the cruelty of the mother of Richard Savage is attempted to be palliated; and we are told, in extenuation, that it arose from her conviction that this reputed son was no other than an impostor, who had no claim to her kindness, being in truth the offspring of the person to whom the real son of Lady Macclesfield, afterwards Mrs. Brett, had been entrusted.

Strange as such a defence will appear,

it

it has been gravely and seriously brought before the public in Mr. Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*, Vol. I. p. 61, by a gentleman said to be connected with the Lady's family, and who, I fear, is weak enough to suppose that some of the infamy under which her character has laboured may attach itself to her relatives. He will not be surprized, however, if some doubts are suggested of the validity of a defence which never was heard of at the time it would have been most useful to the delinquent; at a time when the facts were recent, when they could have been enquired into, and the proofs examined, and the truth or falsehood of them established or refuted. In 1724, when the charge was first broached in the *Plain Dealer*, she was silent; again, in 1727, when Mr. Beckingham's *Life of Savage* appeared, she was still silent; and in 1744, when the more formidable attack by Dr. Johnson was published, she could not be prevailed on to afford one word of answer*. This silence on a subject so interesting to her, has always been considered as an admission of guilt; nor will a few lapses in Dr. Johnson's Narrative (should they even be proved) invalidate the presumption. That such a defence, had it ever been made, must have come to the ears of some persons who took up the cause of Savage, and especially of Dr. Johnson, I think there can be no doubt, and as little doubt that some of them, and he in particular, had too much integrity to conceal any circumstance that might be alledged in the woman's favour. In 1753 she died, at the great age of fourscore, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* of that year repeated all the facts unfavourable to her memory, and still no one had confidence enough to appear as her defender. In 1791 she has been more fortunate; an advocate has started up, who, in his eagerness to lower Savage's character and exalt his client's, has asserted some things as facts, which I apprehend are sufficient to weaken the credit of his whole Narrative. I do not however desire that the maxim, *falsum in uno falsum in omnibus*, should be pressed too far; it is enough that the

Gentleman is not sufficiently acquainted with his subject to be entitled to implicit belief.

"Trusting," says the Gentleman in the person of Mr. Boswell, "to Savage's information, Johnson represents this unhappy man's being received as a companion by Lord Tyrconnel, and pensioned by his Lordship, as if *posterior* to Savage's conviction and pardon. But I am assured that Savage had received the voluntary bounty of Lord Tyrconnel, and had been dismissed by him *long before* the murder was committed, and that his Lordship was very instrumental in procuring Savage's pardon, by his intercession with the Queen through Lady Hertford." I omit Mr. Boswell's inference from these supposed facts, as I am satisfied they have no foundation in truth. Mr. Savage's connection with Lord Tyrconnel took place after the murder; and his Lordship, a relation of Savage's mother, and then knowing what could be said against his claim to being really her son, admitted him to his intimacy, which he would not have done to an impostor, after that event. This will be proved by the evidence of dates, which will, I believe, not be controverted.

On the 27th of November 1727 the murder was committed, and in the December Sessions Mr. Savage was convicted. On the 6th of January 1728 a free pardon was ordered him. On the 17th he was admitted to bail. On the first of February the pardon passed the Seals, and on the 4th of March he pleaded it at the Old Bailey, and was discharged from his recognizance. His connection with Lord Tyrconnel soon after took place, and on the 4th of January 1729 †, above a year after the murder, he was residing in his Lordship's family in complete amity, and on that day published "The Wanderer, a Poem, dedicated to the Right Hon. the Lord Tyrconnel;" in a formal dedication, says Dr. Johnson, "filled with the highest strains of panegyric, and the warmest professions of gratitude, but by no means remarkable for delicacy of connection or elegance of style."

* Dr. Johnson thus mentions her: "This mother is still alive, and may, perhaps, even yet, though her malice was so often defeated, enjoy the pleasure of reflecting, that the life which she often endeavoured to destroy, was at least shortened by her maternal offices; that though she could not transport her son to the plantations, bury him in the shop of a mechanic, or hasten the hand of the public executioner, she had yet the satisfaction of embittering all his hours, and forcing him into exigencies that hurried on his death."

† It happens remarkably, that at this time there was a periodical publication, called "The Monthly Chronicle," which records the exact day of the publications of the month.

In May 1730, Mr. Savage's verses on Lady Tyrconnel's recovery were published, which sufficiently prove that his connection with the Tyrconnel family then existed. At what period it ended I am not certain, but apprehend that it continued some time, if not some years after. In a letter from Aaron Hill to Mr. Thomson, dated May 20, 1736, he says, "Your good-nature was justly and generously employed in the mention you make of poor Mr. Savage: it is a long time since I saw him: I have been told some of his friends make complaints of certain little effects of a spleen in his temper, which he is no more able to help, and should, therefore, no more be accountable for, than the misfortune to which, in all likelihood, his constitution may have owed it originally. It is pity, methinks, there is nobody to be found near the King, who has weight enough and will enough to put him effectually in mind, that the singular case of this unfortunate son of a nobleman, born in wedlock to inherit the estate and title, and prevented in both by the extraordinary interposition of a parliamentary power, without reserve of subsistence assigned him, seems to leave him the most equitable right in the world to such a pension from the Crown, as might put him above those mortifications in life, which, no doubt, must have soured his disposition, and given the unreflecting part of his acquaintance occasion to complain now and then of his behaviour*." The same gentleman, in a letter to Mr. Savage himself, dated 23d June 1736, which, it should be remembered, was almost nine years after the murder, speaks of the difference between him and Lord Tyrconnel as having then lately happened. "What you say of Lord Tyrconnel reminds me of something I have heard (though very obscurely) concerning a breach in that friendship, which was once so useful and so ornamental to you. I am heartily sorry for the cause, whatever it may have been. I wish some means might be found to reconcile you again: the character you have given me of my Lord's good-nature represents this as no great difficulty on his side; and I am sure your just sense of what he once was, will prevail over any less agreeable remembrance of what he may have since seemed or been. So that gratitude expunging on one part and recollected esteem on the other, the hand of some friend might methinks interpose, and

soon blot out all displeasing impressions on both sides †." I believe it is unnecessary to add any further proof that Mr. Savage was not dismissed by Lord Tyrconnel *long before* the murder was committed, and therefore that every inference to be drawn from that circumstance must fall to the ground.

As Dr. Johnson's Life of Savage has given rise to this disquisition, I think it not improper to correct a mistake therein which has some connection with the present subject. Dr. Johnson supposes that Mr. Savage did not publish *The Bastard* until after his dismission from Lord Tyrconnel's. In this however he was misinformed. *The Bastard* was published on the 18th April 1728, just after he had pleaded his pardon, and before the connection between the Peer and the Poet took place, at a time when Savage was sore irritated with the knowledge of the measures his mother had taken to intercept the mercy of the Crown towards him; and therefore Dr. Johnson's assertion is well founded, "that Lord Tyrconnel, upon Savage's promise to lay aside his design of exposing (he should have said his design of *further* exposing) the cruelty of his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a pension of two hundred pounds a year. I do not find that Savage published any thing against his mother after this compact was entered into.

Some of your readers, I am afraid, will consider this dry detail of facts and dates as not very amusing; I shall, therefore, conclude with an original letter from Mr. Savage to Theophilus Cibber, written while the former was in Newgate under sentence of death. You may depend on the authenticity of it.

I am, &c.

C. D.

TO MR. CIBBER, jun.

Dear Theo.

MY love to good Mr. Wilks, in answer to his kind message by Mr. Ray †, and desire him to get delivered the inclosed to my *Mamma*, which I wrote, as you will find, in an inexpressible conflict of passions.

I have this afternoon had a visit from the poor illiterate ordinary Mr. Guthrey, and received him with a decent respect for my own sake; but had no way of getting rid of him, except one, which was by talking on points of religion and learning

* Hill's Works, Vol. 1. p. 237.

† Ibid. p. 341.

‡ An inferior Actor belonging to Drury Lane Theatre.

a little above his capacity. He offered me to read the office; but I told him, that I had a particular prayer of my own, and had no notion of any set form of prayer; and so dismissed him: however, I am to be troubled with his insipid visits thrice a day, though I told him, "that I had a very eminent divine in Dr. Young." But the poor wretch will have his way, and so let him.

I hope you are mended in your health. As for death I am easy, and dare meet it like a man: all that touches me is the concern of my friends, and a reconciliation with my mother. I cannot express the agony I felt when I wrote the letter to her. If you can find any decent excuse for shewing it to Mrs. Oldfield, do; for

I would have all my friends (and that admirable lady in particular) be satisfied I have done my duty towards it. Pray my kindest remembrance, dear Theophilus, to your wife. I am most affectionately
Your's,
Saturday night. R. SAVAGE.

P. S. The weight of my fetters has so weakened me (being obliged to lie in them), that I can scarce drag myself cross a room. I could not help smiling this afternoon: a kind of a bookseller visited me, in order to solicit me for an account of myself to be printed at my decease. What indecencies will not wretches commit through hopes of money! Dr. Young to-day sent me a letter most passionately kind.

M I L T O N.

IN the year 1694 was published a quarto pamphlet, entitled, "Paraphrasis Latina in duo poemata, (quorum alterum a Miltono, alterum a Clievelando, Anglice scriptum fuit) quibus deploratur mors juvenis præclari et eruditi D. Edwardi King, qui nave qua vectabatur faxo illisa, in Oceano Hybernico submersus est. Autore Guilielmo Heggeo. Printed for the Author."

The preface to this Pamphlet contains an anecdote of Mr. King, the Lycidas of Milton, hitherto unnoticed by every Editor of that Author. It is in these words: "This worthy gentleman, Mr. Edward King, was a fellow-student with Milton and Clieveland in Christ's College in Cambridge, who having sailed from Chester, the ship that he was in foundered upon a rock in the Irish seas. Some escaped in

the boat, and great endeavours were used in that great consternation to get him into the boat, which did not prevail. So he and all with him were drowned, except those only that escaped in the boat. Now he was a person generally beloved in his life, which made him so much lamented at his death, which occasioned several students to pen lamentations on his death, among whom was this Milton and Clieveland. I was desired by others to make these two translations, which was the occasion that I penned them. I was advised to put them to the press; and that which encouraged me to adventure to do it was hopes that ingenious gentlemen will communicate tokens of their kindness to me; for at this time my necessity is very great. These poems will afford a high and innocent recreation."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE from LORD SOMERS'S PAMPHLET entitled, "The JUDGMENT of Whole KINGDOMS and NATIONS concerning the RIGHTS, POWER, and PREROGATIVE of KINGS."

MEZERAY, the celebrated historian, about the beginning of King William's reign, conversing with a person of quality about the difference of the government in France and England, broke out into these expressions, "*O fortunatos nimium! sua si bona norint Angligenas!*"—We had once in France the same happiness and the same privileges that you have. Our laws were made by representatives of our own choosing. Our money was not taken from us but by our own consent. Our Kings were subject to the rules of law and reason. But now, alas! we are

miserable, and all is lost! I think nothing, Sir, too dear to maintain these precious advantages; and, if ever there be occasion, venture your life, your estate, and all you have, rather than submit to the condition to which you see us reduced!" Hence it appears that France was originally free; that the present Constitution is not an audacious novelty, as it has been represented by ignorant and ill-informed persons, but a glorious recovery of original rights, a restoration of the ancient system. BIRCH.

Bradford, Oct. 6, 1791.

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

[Continued from Page 202.]

LETTER IX.

Ulverstone, August 8, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

AT the hazard of our lives we arrived here, having no compass, when a thick fog broke in upon us on the middle of Lancaster Sands. Our horses certainly smelt the land, for by them and Providence we got safe to it.

These sands form a prodigious bay when the tide is in. The two arms that embrace this bay are the Peninsula of Furness on the north, and Rossa Point on the south. The first part of it, which is crossed in the road to Ulverstone (or what the country people call Ooston), is about eleven miles over; the road is more even than a gravel walk in a garden, and suffers a grand view of the rugged country that surrounds it. We enter the sands about four miles from Lancaster, and taking a sweep with the eye, the first land feature is Farleton Knot, a huge rock, as large as, and very like the rock of Gibraltar. The various bands or strata of limestone that form this mass, incline a little to the west; and the uppermost, which forms the surface of the mountain (and which surface is exactly like the little ridges on the sands left by a retiring tide), seems a proof that this calcareous heap must have once been under the sea.

Wharton Crag is the next striking feature to the left. The limestone strata which form this round hill, look like so many bandeaux wrapt elegantly round a handsome head.

Then opens Milnthorpe Sand, formed by the Ken, a river which gives name to a well cultivated dale, and to the largest town in Westmoreland. Nature on this sand has long spoken, in very intelligible language, the wish she had that it should be inclosed. She has planted large patches of grass over thousands of acres, which only equinoctial tides cover. Now was the Ken diverted from its present course along the side instead of the middle of the sandy bay, the land would soon get the better of the sea, and bank it out (without labour) with a fine sward.—Something of this kind has been proposed, I understand, and over-ruled: but I venture to prove the project practicable, and that at a small expence.

On the left of this bay is Castle-Head, a seat under a hill of romantic beauty, from whence shoots the peninsula of Cartmel Fell, as far as Humphrey Head, a frowning promontory that has long withstood the buffets of old Ocean, and still defies its utmost fury. At the end of the eleven miles above, we arrive at this promontory, which obstructs our way to Ulverstone; but not without compensation, for it affords a salt chalybeate spring of great salubrity, which is much resorted to in summer, the town of Cartmel, and Hooker, the beautiful seat of Lord George Cavendish.

Having passed this peninsula, eat flounders (called *flook*s) at Flookborough, we again enter the sands, and ride three miles over them before we arrive at Ulverstone. In crossing each of these sands, we cross also two rivers, each sometimes more than half a mile wide. This sounds alarmingly! but it is seldom they are more than a foot deep. Indeed, I have crossed them when we were obliged to open the two doors of the chaise, and let the water run through; but this is seldom the case.

Fatal accidents sometimes happen, and sometimes ludicrous ones. A Gentleman's horse was some time ago drowned in crossing one of these rivers too late. The horse floated, and the Gentleman stuck to him, as a wrecked seaman would to a plank. The man and horse were carried up by the tide a considerable way inland, and so near the shore that he tried by the long tail of the horse if he could touch the bottom. No bottom was to be found! The tide turned, and the man and horse began to move towards the main sea! His heart sunk within him, though he still swam by the assistance of the horse's tail. Several miles was he carried by this uncouth navigation, when once more he was determined to try if he was within soundings. Having fastened one hand in the horse's tail, he plunged into the sea, and think what must have been his feelings when he felt the bottom! Providence had placed him on a sand bank! He stood up to the chin—the waves went over him—he disengaged himself from his good friend the dead horse, and waited there till the tide forsook the sands, and got safe home.

Anecdotes of this kind are without end in this neighbourhood, but misfortunes seldom happen except by carelessness; so that they should not deter people from crossing the sands; for though a singular, it is not an unpleasant ride.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

Ulverstone, August 9, 1791.

DEAR SIR,

ULVERSTONE is situated on that rich peninsula called Low Furness, the only corn part of Lancashire that bears any resemblance to the open parts of the south. Beside corn it produces that iron ore called *Hæmatites*, of such a quality, that no malleable iron can be made from English ore without a mixture of this. It is got at about twenty or thirty yards deep in the ground, lies in a regular stratum, is crumbly, and dyes the fingers of a brick colour. This ore, and the woods for charcoal, have greatly enriched this country, for they seem made for one another. Hence many iron furnaces and forges are to be met with on this peninsula, and landholders find it almost as profitable to let their grounds grow over with wood as to cultivate them, for every fourteen or fifteen years the wood is cut down and charred. These woods agreeably hide the rugged asperities of the mountainous part of this country, and give an air of shelter and warmth to it.

To the Abbey of Furness this whole peninsula belonged.—The Abbey is a ruin in the low and rich part of the neck, but so mutilated, that it is scarce worth a digression of fifteen miles from Ulverstone. It contained a society of Cistercian Monks, who were dissolved at the Reformation.

The ride from Ulverstone to Cunnistone Lake is through woods and rocks that must astonish and alarm a stranger; but when he arrives at the bottom or foot of the Lake, he will be struck with a scene of such tremendous barrenness as no words can describe! Cunnistone Fell, Tilberthwaite, &c. seem nothing but rock, and overtop in height, as well as ruggedness, all the mountains on the Lancashire side of Windermere. At the bottom of these, and near the head of the Lake, are some pretty inclosures, and better houses than might be expected in such a country. The seat called Cunnistone Water-Head is really a paradise in a desert; and these mountains also produce

copper, and the fine blue slate so much esteemed in the capital.

Rising a very steep hill by the High-Cross, we get a peep at the Lake of Windermere, the paragon of all the northern Lakes; but first we fall down into Hawkeshead, a small market town, where the houses seem as if they had been dancing a country dance, but being all out, they stood still where the dance ended! or, perhaps, like Bunbury's Long Minuet, in all attitudes. I can compare it to no other place I ever saw! Its situation, however, is pretty—it is in a narrow well-enclosed vale, at the head of a Lake called Eisted Water. The town and this lake make very good objects as seen from Belle Mount, the hospitable seat of the worthy and Rev. Mr. Brathwaite, whose kindness and hilarity providentially softens the gloom and rigour of the country.

By the side of Eisted Lake we approach the end of the mountain called Furness Fell, which separates this Lake from that of Windermere. The crossing of this mountain is truly Alpine—steep, rocky, and cut through stone precipices, whose bottom is washed by the Lake; so that this approach to the Lake of Windermere terrifies while the view enchants! Instead, therefore, of going (as the road directs) to the ferry, we were instructed to creep along the side of the precipice near a mile, and a few rods above the verge of the Lake, and all at once to turn round and view the landscape.—The sun was almost setting, his disk was hid from us by the mountain, so that his rays illumined the Lake, its islands, and the opposite landscape, without being seen himself. Had the best productions of Claude or Salvator been before us, they must have remained disregarded! No pencil ever gave such tints—no fancy ever threw together such an assemblage of the sublime and beautiful! Christian's Island seemed under our feet—the other islands like floating woods—the Lake itself, a mirror unruffled by a breath of wind, doubled its cultivated margin, and the woods and mountains, that stand as sentinels over the seats and villages that shelter in the vallies. These vales open radiantly to our view, exhibiting a foaming river in the bottom, with fields and houses on each side—higher up was the woody region—and above all steep and stupendous mountains! Langdale Pikes are of so singular a shape, that the imagination might easily conceive them to be two huge lions come down from the planet Jupiter, and

and reposing couchant at the head of the Lake. But my paper will hold no more, I must therefore defer further particulars till my next.

I am, &c.

LETTER XI.

DEAR SIR, *Ulverstone, Aug. 10.*

DESCENDING from this bird's-eye view of the Lake of Windermere, we embark at the ferry for Christian's Island. This ferry, by-the-bye, seems intended by Nature; for two peninsulas (called *nabs* here) penetrate the Lake just opposite to one another, and leave a narrow space for the navigation. Embarking then at the ferry, we see, from the extreme transparency of the water, what I have found to be the case all round the Lake, viz. that the ground slopes or inclines very gradually into the Lake for a few yards, and all at once becomes a steep brow; so that where the water would scarce reach the knee, the next step might precipitate the bather down a hill of many fathoms deep. This cost two boys their lives a few years ago, who riding a mare into the water in order to divert themselves with the distress of her foal, and urging the mare over the edge of the precipice, her fore feet slipped down, and the boys tumbling over her head, and clinging to the halter, drowned both themselves and the mare. In some places this Lake is 35 fathom deep, but so transparent, that I have seen a fish not a pound weight attack a bait at twelve yards deep. The sail to the large Island is charming! The mountains open into view in varied succession, and almost divert the eye from the cultivated scene we now arrive at.

Christian's Island is about a mile in length, but of very unequal width, containing about 40 acres:—hence its shores are beautifully indented, and the present possessor (J. C. Curwen, Esq. Member for Carlisle) has with good taste conformed to what Nature pointed out, by decorating the verge with shrubbery, and a walk round the whole island, that follows the winding shore. This walk presents so many and such contrasted scenes of wild rocks and rich vallies—of barrenness and cultivation—of wood and water—of white villages and black mountains—of abrupt and perpendicular precipices—with round smooth hills streaked with stone fences, inclosing fields of the richest green—that the Tourist spontaneously stops every ten

yards, and seems desirous of making a day's journey of the walk round this bewitching Island!

Not a breath of wind troubled the Lake this day; it was consequently a mirror, and doubled every beauty, while my convex mirror brought every scene within the compass of a picture. Calypso and her nymphs surprized the shipwrecked Telemachus with threats, but we were more fortunate on this island; for a beautiful group, including the Lady of the Island and her sweet children, came with much politeness, and pressed us to partake of their dessert, consisting of grapes, melons, &c. and much we lamented that our time would not permit a compliance with their wishes to detain us a few days.

In our approach to the house we had an opportunity of judging how much its round figure assimilated with this romantic country, and the singularity of its situation; for its outward figure is that of a tall beehive, with the chimneys in the center of its convex roof. This figure, however, is judiciously broken by an elegant portico, near as large as and very like that of St. George's Church, Hanover Square. The circular stair-case is in the centre of the building, so that radii from this inner to the outer circle make the rooms more square than could be expected in a cylindrical figure. Beside, this figure is well calculated to withstand the storms of this exposed situation, and is a striking feature in the landscape.

We left this delicious seat with regret, and in our passage to Bowness passed by Mr. Curwen's fleet of yachts, sailing-boats, &c. at anchor, which added not a little to the splendor of the scene.

I am, &c.

LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR, *Ulverstone, Aug. 14.*

BOWNESS contains the parish-church of Windermere—a large white structure, that makes a good object in the landscape. Its large east window of stained glass is said to have been saved from the demolition of Furness Abbey; the church must therefore have been built about the reign of Henry VIII. This window exhibits a Crucifixion in the center, of expressive figures, and is in tolerable preservation. This village is situated on a bay of the Lake; and from a hill just above it there is an extensive view of the Lake and its Islands, Langdale Pikes—Cunittone Fells—Rydal Hall, the seat of Sir Michael Fleming

Fleming—Cogarth, the large but unfinished feat of the Bishop of Llandaff; and Barigg, a feat much like Ferney, the feat of Voltaire.

Through the woods of the last mentioned place is a pleasing ride to Low Wood (the inn where most Tourists set up their headquarters); and in this ride we pass by the place where Mr. Justice Wilson was born, and also by the birth-place of Philosopher Walker, two characters which may be justly said to reflect honour on their country.

Cogarth is an ancient residence of the Phillipsons. The estate reaches some miles on the border of the Lake, consisting of beautiful woods and rich pasture-ground. Between two semi-globular woods is situated the large mansion now building by the Bishop of Llandaff. Its site is so little above the level of the Lake, that I should fear the mountain-inundations would be apt to pay it a visit. The gardens are draining; but why the house and gardens should be situated in a swamp, when the estate affords situations of every description, this Reverend Philosopher best knows. The house is well sheltered by woods and mountains on the North—opens finely to the Lake in front, and which from its length makes a striking object, as seen on and about all parts of the Lake.

Low Wood is only separated from the Lake by the high road leading from Kendal to Ambleside, and is convenient therefore for excursions on the Lake:—boats, lines, and baits are always ready for fishing, and the game is perch (called *baits* here). This social fish haunts particular places, particularly where an aquatic vegetable grows called *meakin*. This plant grows to be six or eight feet long, in water about ten or twelve feet deep, forming a curious wood. Over this wood the boat is fixed by an anchor, or a great stone fastened to the end of a long rope, and if the fishing-party consist of ladies and gentlemen the sport is excellent; for every one being equipped with a line and hook, on which the bait is hung, a plummet sinks the bait near to the bottom, and the fishers hold the lines in their hands over the side of the boat. If the perch are hungry, perhaps three or four will bite at a time, giving the hand a shake almost equal to an electric shock; then are they drawn up, and the struggling victims erect their sharp fins, so that the female fishers dare not touch them;

squalling and laughter in consequence ensue—the holds her wet captive at arm's length, who sprinkles her all over with water, and occasions the most laughable distress!—I know of no pleasanter diversion than to make one of a good-humoured fishing-party on this Lake!—Sometimes a large pike will follow the captive perch up to the very surface, and even make a spring out of the Lake after it.

No bait yet tried will tempt the famous charr of this or the neighbouring Lakes. This delicious fish is caught in nets, principally in the winter season, and potted for presents. The gray trout of this Lake grows to 30 or 40 pounds weight: it goes up the brooks and rivers to spawn, and takes up its abode in the deepest part of the water at other times, and therefore is very seldom caught. The brooks which empty themselves into Windermere afford small trout in great abundance; and the large eels may be seen sprawling on the grassy bottom of the Lake like a country inhabited by innumerable serpents. These are taken early in a morning by bearded spears fixed on the end of long poles. But this is a dangerous diversion; for as the bottom of clear water always appears nearer than it is, the unexperienced striker finds the eel more distant than he expected, and frequently tumbles over the side of the boat.

The stations on this side the Lake, for views, are many and various. The walk from Low Wood House to the Dove's Nest is sylvan and pretty; a hill above Miller Ground affords a grand picture; and higher still, in a field near the Crosses, a bird's-eye view of the Lake, surrounded by huge broken and rocky mountains, is awful and sublime! Should the day be a little overcast, and the sun's rays break partially through the clouds on some rugged eminence, then have we Gilpin's ideas made manifest of characteristic landscape, and the contrast between huge masses of light and shade. The golden tints where the rays strike—the straight rays, in pencils, streaming before a black mountain—and perhaps a black shower springing suddenly up, and frowning in its passage over all, are Alpine effects, unseen in flat countries, and afford rational wonder to the painter, the naturalist, and the philosopher.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER from MONSIEUR and the COUNT D'ARTOIS

TO THE
KING THEIR BROTHER.

[The following LETTER has been lately circulated in PARIS, and we believe through all FRANCE. Of its authenticity and importance every reader must judge for himself. It may not be improper, however, to observe, that it is generally supposed to be the composition of the celebrated M. DE CALONNE.]

SIRE, OUR BROTHER AND LORD,
WHEN the Affably, which owes its existence to you, and which has used it only for the destruction of your power, believes itself to be upon the point of consummating its guilty enterprize; when, to the indignity of holding you a captive in the centre of your capital, they add the perfidy of wishing you to degrade your Throne by your own hand; when they even dare to present to you the option of subscribing the Decrees which are to occasion the unhappiness of your people, or of ceasing to be King; we hasten to inform your Majesty, that the Powers whose assistance we have claimed for you, are determined to employ their forces, and that the Emperor and the King of Prussia have just contracted a mutual engagement to do so. The sage Leopold, immediately after having confirmed the tranquillity of his own States, and restored that of Europe, signed this engagement at Poelnitz, on the 27th of last month, conjointly with the worthy successor of the Great Frederick *. They have given the original into our hands, and for the purpose of forwarding it to you, we cause it to be printed at the end of this Letter, publication being at present the only means of communication of which your cruel oppressors have not been able to deprive us.

The other Courts have the same dispositions with those of Vienna and Berlin. The Princes and States of the Empire have already protested, in authentic acts, against the injuries done to their rights, which they have resolved to support with vigour. You cannot doubt, Sire, the lively interest which the Bourbon Kings take in your situation. Their Catholic and Sicilian Majesties have given unequivocal testimonies of it. The generous sentiments of the King of Sardinia, our father-in-law, cannot be uncertain. You may rely also upon those of the Swiss, the good and ancient friends of France. Even in the bosom of the North, a magnanimous King is ready to contribute to the re-establishment of your authority; and the immortal Catharine, to whom glory of no sort is a stranger, will not miss that of defending the cause of all Sovereigns.

It is not to be feared that the British nation, too generous to oppose that which is just, and too enlightened not to desire that which interests its own tranquillity, will be

inimical to the views of this noble and irresistible confederation.

Thus, in your misfortunes, Sire, you have the consolation to see all the Powers conspire to end them, and your firmness in the present critical moment will have the support of all Europe.

Those who know that they can only shake your resolution by touching your sensibility, will, no doubt, represent the aid of foreign powers as destructive to your subjects; that which is only meant in an auxiliary view, they will invest with purposes of hostility, and describe your kingdom to you as overflowed with blood, distracted in all quarters, and menaced with dismemberment. It is thus, that, after having always employed the most false alarms to cause real evils, they will use the same means to perpetuate them. It is thus that they hope to continue the wounds of their odious tyranny, by making it be believed, that whatever opposes it would lead to a harder state of slavery.

But, Sire, the intentions of the Powers who will give you their assistance are as direct and as pure as the zeal which has induced us to solicit it; they have nothing dreadful either for the state or for your people. It is not to attack them, it is to render them the most signal of all services, that they would snatch them from the despotism of demagogues and the calamities of anarchy. You are willing to confirm more than ever the liberty of your subjects, when the seditious have seized upon your's: what we may do to restore it to you, with the measure of authority which lawfully belongs to you, cannot be suspected of any oppressive wish. On the contrary, to repress licentiousness is to revenge liberty; to re-establish the public force, without which no nation can be free, is to free the nation.

These principles, Sire, are your's: the same spirit of moderation and benevolence which characterises your actions will be always the rule of our conduct; it is the soul of all our measures at foreign Courts; and, as the depositaries of those positive testimonies of views equally generous and equitable, we can guaranty, that they have no other desire than that of putting you in possession of the government of your States, that your people may enjoy in peace the blessings which you have destined them.

If rebels oppose to this desire a conceited

and blind resistance, which may force foreign armies to enter your kingdom, they only will have brought them there; to them alone let the guilty blood be impured, which it may be necessary to shed; the war will be their work: the end of the confederated Powers is only to support the found part of the nation against the delirious; and to extinguish in the bosom of the kingdom that volcano of fanaticism, the propagated eruptions of which menace all Empires.

Beside, Sire, there is no reason to believe that the French, whatever pains may be taken to inflame their natural bravery, by exalting and electrifying their heads with notions of patriotism and liberty, will long sacrifice their repose, their efforts, and their blood, to support the extravagant innovation which has only made them unhappy. Intoxication has but a time; the success of a crime has its bounds, and men are soon weary of excess when they are themselves the victims of it. Presently they will enquire, Why they should fight? and they will find, that it is to serve the ambition of a factious troop whom they despise, against a King who has always shewn himself just and humane:—Why they should be ruined? and they will find, that it is to gratify the avarice of those who possessed themselves of all the riches of the state, making the most detestable use of them, and, being charged to restore the public finances, have precipitated them into the most dreadful abyss:—Why they should violate the most sacred duties? and they will perceive, that it is to become poorer, more wretched, more harassed, more taxed than they have ever been:—Why they should overturn the ancient government? and they will perceive, that it is in the vain hope of introducing a system, which, if it was practicable, would be a thousand times more pregnant with abuse, but of which the execution is absolutely impossible:—Why they should persecute the Ministers of God? and they will perceive, that it is to favour the designs of a proud sect, which has resolved to destroy all religion, and consequently to give a loose to all crimes.

Even already all these truths are become perceptible; already the veil of imposture is torn in all parts, and the murmurs against an Assembly which has usurped all powers and abolished all rights, are heard from one extremity of the kingdom to the other.

Judge not, Sire, of the disposition of the greater number by the movements of the turbulent; judge not of the public sentiment from the inaction of its fidelity and its apparent indifference, when you were stopped at Varennes, and a troop of *satellites* reconducted you to Paris. Surprise froze all

minds, and produced a deadly silence. What they conceal from you, what sufficiently denotes the change, which is daily increasing, of the public opinion, are the marks of discontent which appear in all the provinces, and which wait only for support to break out more clearly; it is the demand which many departments have made, that the Assembly should give an account of the enormous sums wasted during their administration; it is the terror which the Chiefs discover, and their reiterated attempts to enter into an accommodation; it is the distress of commerce, and the recent explosion of despair in our colonies; the absolute penury of *specie*; the refusal of the taxable to pay taxes; the expectation of an approaching bankruptcy; the defection of the troops, who, the victims of all sorts of seductions, begin to resent them; and the increasing progress of emigration. It is impossible to misinterpret such signals; and their notoriety is so great, that the audacity even of the seducers of the people cannot contest their truth.

Give no credit, Sire, to the exaggerations of danger by which they endeavour to alarm you. They know that, regarding but little the dangers which threaten only your own person, you are tremblingly alive to those that might fall on your people, or strike the objects dear to your heart: For these objects it is that they have the barbarity to keep you constantly in fear, while they have the effrontery to boast of your liberty. But they have abused this artifice too long, and the moment is now come for turning against the factious spirits, who insult you, the weapon of terror, which has hitherto constituted all their force.

Great crimes are not to be apprehended when no interest can be promoted by committing them; and when, if committed, there is no means of avoiding a terrible punishment. All Paris knows, all Paris ought to know, that if a fanatical or sordid wickedness should dare to attempt your life, or that of the Queen, powerful armies, charging before them a militia feeble from want of discipline, and discouraged by remorse, would instantly fall on the impious city, which had drawn down on itself the vengeance of Heaven, and the indignation of the universe. None of the guilty could then escape from the most rigorous punishments—None of them will expose themselves to such punishments.

But if the blindest fury should arm a parricidal hand, you would see, Sire, be assured of it, millions of faithful citizens throw themselves round the Royal Family, cover you, if necessary, with their bodies, and shed the

last drop of their blood to preserve yours. Ah!—why will you hesitate to confide in the affection of a people, whose happiness you have not ceased for a moment to desire?

Frenchmen easily suffer themselves to be misled; but with equal facility they return to the path of duty. Their manners are naturally too gentle for their actions to be long ferocious; and their love for their King is too deeply rooted in their hearts for a fatal illusion to eradicate it entirely.

Who can be more powerfully induced than we to entertain alarms for the situation of a brother tenderly beloved? But by the accounts even of your most daring oppressors, the refusal of the Constitutional Resumption, which we understand to have been presented to you by the Assembly on the 3d of this month, will not expose you to the danger of being deprived of the Royalty.

But of this there is no danger. Of what consequence is it that you cease to be King in the eyes of the factious, when you will be so more solidly and more gloriously than ever in the eyes of all Europe, and in the hearts of all your faithful subjects? Of what consequence is it that by a foolish enterprise they presume to declare you deprived of the throne of your ancestors, whilst the combined forces of all the Powers are prepared to support you on it, and punish those evil usurpers who have sullied its lustre.

The danger would be much greater, if in appearing to consent to the dissolution of the Monarchy, you should appear to diminish your personal right to the assistance of all Monarchs, and if you seemed to withdraw yourself from the cause of Sovereigns, by consecrating a doctrine which they are obliged to proscribe. The danger would augment in proportion as you should show want of confidence in the means of protecting you; it would augment in proportion as the impression of that august character, which makes guilt shudder at the feet of Royal Majesty when worthily supported, would lose its force; it would augment, as the appearance of abandoning the interests of religion might excite the most dreadful ferment. In fine, it would augment, if, contenting yourself with the empty title of a King without power, you should appear in the opinion of the universe to abdicate the Crown, the preservation of which every one knows is indispensably connected with those unalienable rights which are essentially inherent in it.

The most sacred of duties, Sire, as well as the most ardent attachment, induce us to lay before your eyes all the dangerous consequences of the smallest appearance of weakness, at the same time that we present that

mass of overbearing force, which ought to be the safeguard of your firmness.

We ought still to announce to you, and we even swear at your feet, that if motives which it is impossible for us to perceive, but which can originate only from the excess of that violence and constraint which is only more cruel by being disguised, should compel your hand to subscribe an acceptance which your heart rejects, which your own interest and that of your people condemn, and which your duty as King expressly prohibits; we will protest in the face of the whole world, and in the most solemn manner, against this illusive act, and all that may follow from it; we will show that it is null of itself, null by defect of liberty, null from the radical vice of all the operations of the usurping Assembly, which, not being an Assembly of the States General, is nothing. We are supported by the rights of the whole nation in rejecting Decrees diametrically opposite to their wishes, expressed by the unanimous tenor of instructions to their Representatives; and we disavow, on behalf of the nation, those treacherous mandatories, who, in violating their orders, and departing from the mission entrusted to them, have ceased to be its Representatives. We will maintain what is evident, that having acted contrary to their title, they have acted without power, and what they could not legally do cannot be validly accepted.

Our Protest, signed in conjunction with us by all the Princes of your blood who are connected with us, should be common to all the House of Bourbon, whose eventual claims to the Throne impose on them the duty of defending the august deposit. We will protest for you, Sire, in protesting for your People, for Religion, for the fundamental maxims of Monarchy, and for all the orders of the State.

We will protest for you, and in your name, against what can only bear its false impression. Your voice being stifled by oppression, we shall be its necessary organs; and we express your real sentiments, as they exist in the oath of your accession to the throne, as they have appeared in the actions of your whole life, as they have been displayed in the declaration which you made at the first moment that you believed yourself free. You neither can nor ought to have any other, and your will exists only in those acts where it breathes freely.

We will protest for your people, who, in their delirium, cannot perceive how destructive this phantom of a New Constitution, which is made to dazzle their eyes, and before which they are vainly made to swear, must become

to them. When these people, neither knowing their lawful chief, nor their dearest interests, suffer themselves to be misguided to their destruction; when, blinded by deceitful promises, they see not those who excite them to destroy the pledges of their own security, the supporters of their repose, the principles of their subsistence, and all the ties of their civil association; it becomes necessary to claim for them the re-establishment of all these, it becomes necessary to save them from their own frenzy.

We will protest for the religion of our fathers, which is attacked in its dogmas and worship as well as its Ministers; and in order to supply your want of power at present to discharge in your own person your duties as eldest son of the Church, we will assume in your name the defence of its rights; we will oppose those invasions of its property which tend to degrade it; we will rise with indignation against acts which menace the kingdom with the horrors of schism; and we loudly profess our unalterable attachment to the ecclesiastical rules admitted in the State, whose observance you have sworn to maintain.

We will protest for the fundamental maxims of the monarchy, from which, Sire, you are not permitted to depart; which the Nation itself has declared inviolable; and which would be totally reversed by the Decrees presented to you; especially by those which, in excluding the King from all-exercise of the legislative power, abolish Royalty itself; by those which destroy all its supports, by suppressing all the intermediate ranks; by those which, in levelling all states, annihilate even the principle of obedience; by those which deprive monarchy of the functions most essential to the Monarchical Government, or which render it subordinate on those which remain; by those, in fine, which have armed the people, which have annulled the public force, and which, in confounding all powers, have introduced into France popular tyranny.

We will protest for all the orders of the State, because, independently of the intolerable and impossible suppression pronounced against the two first orders, all have been injured, harrassed, despoiled; and we have all at once to reclaim the rights of the clergy, who have displayed a firm and generous resistance only for the interests of Heaven, and the functions of the Holy Ministry; the rights of the Noblesse, who, more sensible of the outrages committed on the Throne, of which they are the support, than of the persecution which they experience, sacrifice every thing to display, by an illustrious zeal, that no obstacle can prevent a French Gentleman from

remaining faithful to his King, his country, his honour; the rights of the Magistracy, who regret much more than the privation of their state, to see themselves reduced to lament in silence the absence of justice, the impunity of crimes, and the violation of laws, of which they are essentially depositaries; in fine, the rights of all Possessors, since in France there is no property which has been respected, no honest citizens who have not suffered.

How can you, Sire, give a sincere and valid approbation to the pretended Constitution which has produced so many evils,² Depositary and possessor for life of the throne, which you have inherited from your ancestors, you can neither alienate its primordial rights, nor destroy the constitutive basis on which it is founded.

Born defender of the religion of your States, you can neither consent to what tends to its ruin, nor abandon its Ministers to disgrace.

Owing to your subjects the discharge of justice, you cannot renounce the function, essentially Royal, to cause it to be conducted by tribunals legally constituted, and yourself to superintend the Administration.

Protector of the rights of all the Orders, and of the possessions of all individuals, you cannot allow them to be violated and annihilated by the most arbitrary oppressions.

In fine, father of your people, you cannot abandon them to disorder and anarchy.

If the guilt which encompasses you, and the violence which binds your hands, do not permit you to fulfil these sacred duties, they are not less impressed on your heart in characters that cannot be effaced; and we will accomplish your real will, in supplying, as much as possible, the impossibility in which you now are of exercising it. Should you even prohibit us, and should you even be compelled to call yourself free in prohibiting us, these prohibitions, evidently contrary to your sentiments, as they would be to the first of your duties; these prohibitions issued from the bosom of your captivity, which will not, in reality, cease till your people have returned to their duty, and your troops to their obedience; these prohibitions which can have no more value than all that you have done before your departure, and which afterwards you disavowed; these prohibitions, in fine, which would partake of the same nullity with the act of approbation against which we shall be obliged to protest, cannot certainly induce us to betray our duty, to sacrifice your interests, and prove wanting in what France has a right to expect from us in such circumstances. We shall obey, Sire, your real commands, in resisting extorted prohibitions,

bitions, and we shall be secure of your approbation in following the laws of honour. Our perfect submission is too well known to you ever to appear doubtful. May we soon arrive at that happy moment, when, re-established in full liberty, you shall see us fly into your arms, there to renew the homage of our obedience, and set the example to all your subjects.

“ We are,

“ Sire, our Brother and Lord,

“ Your Majesty's

“ Most humble and most obedient Brothers,
Servants and Subjects,

“ LOUIS STANISLAS XAVIER,

“ CHARLES PHILLIPPE.”

*At the Castle of Schenburnolust,
near Coblenz, Sept. 10, 1791.*

SIRE,

Your august brothers having been pleased to communicate to us the letter addressed to your Majesty, permit us personally to add, that we adhere to its contents with all our heart and soul; that we are impressed with the same sentiments, animated with the same views, unshaken in the same resolutions. The zeal of which they afford us the example, is inseparable from the blood which flows in our veins, from that blood always ready to be shed in the service of the state. Frenchmen and Bourbons, even to the bottom of our hearts, what ought to be our indignation, when we see a vile faction return your benefits only by crimes—insult the Royal Majesty—treat all sovereignty with contempt—trample under foot laws human and divine—and pretend to establish their monstrous system on the ruins of our ancient Constitution.

All our steps, Sire, are guided by the Princes, whose wisdom equals their valour and sensibility. In following their steps, we are secure of firmly marching in the track of honour; and it is under their auspices that we renew in your hands, as Princes of your Blood, and French Gentlemen, the oath

to die faithful to your service. We will all perish rather than suffer the triumph of guilt, the degradation of the Throne, and the overthrow of the Monarchy.

We are, with the most profound respect,

SIRE,

Your Majesty's

Most humble, most obedient, and most faithful Servants and Subjects,

LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON,

LOUIS-HENRI-JOSEPH DE BOURBON,

LOUIS-ANTOINE-HENRI DE BOURBON.

At Worms, the 11th of Sept.

CONVENTION between his MAJESTY the
EMPEROR and his PRUSSIAN MAJESTY.

[Said to be in the hands of the Princes.]

HIS Majesty the Emperor, and his Majesty the King of Prussia, having heard the wishes and representations of Monsieur (the French King's brother), and the Count d'Artois, do jointly declare, that they look upon the actual situation of his Majesty the King of France as an object of common concern to all the Sovereigns of Europe. They hope that this concern will, doubtless, be acknowledged by all the Powers, from whom assistance is required; and that, in consequence, they will not refuse employing, in conjunction with their said Majesties, the most efficacious means relative to their forces, in order to enable the King of France to consolidate, in the most perfect liberty, the basis of a Monarchical Government, suitable both to the rights of Sovereigns, and the welfare of the French Nation. Then, and in this case, their said Majesties, the Emperor and the King of Prussia, are determined to act speedily, with mutual concord, and with necessary forces, to obtain the proposed end in common.

Meanwhile they will give to their troops necessary orders that they may be ready for putting themselves in a state of activity.

Pilnitz, the 27th of August, 1791.*

* The LETTER of Monsieur and M. D'ARTOIS to the KING, with the pretended Declaration of the EMPEROR and the KING of PRUSSIA annexed to it, having been printed at Brussels, without the authority of the Censor of the Press, attracted the notice of Government, and the Printer found great difficulty in excusing himself, by referring to the persons from whom he received his orders.

The Editor of the *Gazette des Pays Bas* applied for leave to copy them into his Paper, and received for answer the following note and article, both in the hand-writing of M. de Felz, Counsellor of State and War:

“ Please to insert the annexed article in to-morrow's Gazette. You will see by the article itself, that the insertion of the Letter from the French Princes, and the pretended Declaration subjoined to it, is entirely out of the question.”

“ *Brussels, Sept. 21.*

“ Some days ago a Letter appeared here from the Princes, the Brothers of his Most Christian Majesty, followed by a Letter from the Princes of the Branch of Bourbon Conde,

PROCEEDINGS of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY of FRANCE.

[Continued from Page 232.]

SEPT. 21.

LAST night the King, Queen, and Prince Royal, Madame, and Madame Elizabeth, went to the *Academie Royale de Musique*.

The crowd was so great, especially on the Boulevards, that the horses could only advance step by step, and the Royal Family in their carriage were saluted with repeated shouts of *Vive le Roi, Vive la Reine!*

The entertainment was Castor and Pollux.

When Pollux, in the Elysian fields, pressing Castor to return to earth, said,

Tout l'Univers demande ton retour ;

*Regne sur un peuple fidelle * ;*

the audience instantly applied the lines to the King, and called on the actor to repeat them, which he did in a manner so pointed and expressive as to render the application at once marked and affecting.

The King, by a gentle inclination of his head, signified that he understood and felt it.

The Royal Family withdrew amid shouts of "Long live the King of the French—the King of the Constitution—the Queen and the Prince Royal!"

SEPT. 27.

The public rejoicings, on account of the completion of the new Constitution, and the confirmation which it has received from the King's acceptance, still continue unabated. The brilliancy of illuminations supplies the absence of day, and the air incessantly re-sounds with the song of triumph, and the shout of congratulation, on account of the acquisition of freedom. The King and Queen, who might be supposed not to enjoy these testimonies of festivity, are at pains to avoid the suspicion, by mingling in the pub-

and an Article, intitled, *The Declaration of their Majesties the Emperor and the King of Prussia.*

"The manner in which these papers are published is surprising, and many people think that a consideration of the circumstances connected with them is sufficient to prove that they are not authentic.

"This presumption is strengthened by the undoubted inactivity of the troops; which, according to the Declaration, ought to be preparing to take the field; and the new order of things which has very lately taken place in France, may have produced a great change of dispositions with respect to the whole affair.

"Time alone can clear up these matters. That which most materially interests the public in these provinces, is the certainty that the body of troops now here, reinforced by two regiments whose march is announced, will not make any movement, and that these troops are destined only to maintain the public tranquillity, which is the sole object of the Emperor's solicitude."

The above article accordingly appeared in the *Gazette des Pays Bas* of Thursday, Sept. 22d, and may be considered as a complete disavowal of the pretended Declaration.

* All the world calls for your return; reign over a loyal people.

lic train, and appearing to share in their satisfaction. They have, in consequence, become more popular, and the cry of *Vive le Roi* may be frequently distinguished among those of *Vive la Nation, Vive la Constitution*. This popularity the King is careful to preserve and merit.

Yesterday the Mayor of Paris received the following letter from the King:

" S I R,

"I was desirous of marking the epoch of the completion of the Constitution by a public festival; but the Queen and I are, at the same time, attentive to the interests of the poor, which shall never be absent from our hearts. We have destined the sum of 50,000 livres (about 2000 guineas) for their relief; and I thought it my duty to charge you with the distribution of this sum among the several Sections, in proportion to their necessities. I am persuaded, that you will execute this commission in a manner the most agreeable to my intentions.

(Signed) LOUIS."

SEPT. 30.

DISSOLUTION of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

This day the Constituting National Assembly, according to their former resolution, terminated their laborious career; and never were the latter moments of any political life more glorious, rendered so by their own acts, and by the honourable testimony which was borne to their labours. The King had intimated his intention of coming in person to the Assembly, and the hall and galleries were as crowded and brilliant as on the me-

memorable day of his acceptance of the Constitution. The Members of the new Legislature being all admitted to the body of the Assembly, and the Municipality of Paris, as well as the Directors of the Department, being invited to assist at the sitting, in consequence of addresses which they presented, made it, if possible, more numerous than on the former occasion, and infinitely more brilliant. The Assembly closed their labours by receiving the last reports from their Committees on different subjects, particularly the military code, and by publishing an account of the state of the finances, of the sums in the national treasury, of the receipt of the taxes, of the contributions received by the Departments, and of the precise state in which they delivered over the affairs of the kingdom to their successors. The accounts were received with the highest pleasure; they were considered as highly favourable to the nation; and the vouchers were ordered to be deposited in the archives. M. Montesquieu stated, that there were 35 millions in the national treasury, of which 18 millions were in specie; and the Members of the Committee of Finance pledged themselves personally for the fidelity of the accounts, and that they would be ready to answer for them to the next Legislature.

Before three o'clock they had done all their business, and prepared for the Royal presence. At half past three the King was announced; and he entered, preceded by the deputation of Members, and by his Ministers, who, instead of being seated on chairs at the bar, took their stand behind the King. The Assembly were all standing and uncovered. The King was dressed in purple embroidered, and with the red ribbon and star, as Patron of the Order of St. Louis. He was received with the most lively acclamations. He drew a paper from his waistcoat pocket, and read his speech standing, which, by the arrangement previously made, kept all the Members on their legs. His deportment and manner was through the whole much more dignified, collected, and cheerful, than on the day of the acceptance. In reading the speech he was interrupted twenty times by torrents of applause.

“GENTLEMEN,

“AFTER having completed the Constitution, you have appointed this as the period of your labours. It might perhaps have been desirable that this session should have continued some time longer, that you might have been able, so to speak, to prove your own work, and add to your labours those

which being already prepared wanted only to be completed, and all those the necessity of which would have been felt by Legislators enlightened by the experience of almost three years; but you have undoubtedly been of opinion, that it was of consequence to place the smallest possible interval between the completion of the Constitution and the period of the labours of the Constituting Body, in order to mark with more precision, by their close succession, the difference which exists between the functions of the Constituting Body and the duties of Legislators.

“After having accepted the Constitution which you have given to the kingdom, I will employ all the powers and means which I have received from it, to secure to the laws their due respect and obedience. I have notified to Foreign Powers my acceptance of this Constitution, and I am now employing, and will always employ all those measures which can confirm the external safety and tranquility of the kingdom; I will use no less vigilance and firmness to enforce the execution of the Constitution at home, and to prevent it from being altered.

“For you, Gentlemen, who in a long and fatiguing career have displayed an indefatigable zeal in your labours, there still remains for you one duty to fulfil when you shall be dispersed over the surface of the empire. It is to enlighten the minds of your fellow-citizens with respect to the true spirit of those laws which you have made for them, to explain them to those who mistake their meaning, to purify and harmonize the general opinion by the example which you shall afford of attachment to order, and submission to the laws. In returning to your homes, Gentlemen, I trust that you will be the interpreters of the integrity of my sentiments to your fellow-citizens. Assure them all that the King will always be their firm and most faithful friend—that he finds it necessary to be loved by them—that he cannot be happy except with them and for them. The hope of contributing to their happiness will support my courage, as the satisfaction of having succeeded in it will to me form the most endearing recompence.”

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

“SIRE,

“THE National Assembly, arrived at the end of its career, enjoys at this moment the first-fruit of its labours. Convinced that the Government most suitable to France is that which unites the respectable prerogatives of the Throne with the unalienable rights of the people,

people, it has given to the State a Constitution, which equally secures Royalty and the National Freedom. The fate of France depends on the speedy confirmation of this Constitution, and all the means which can ascertain its success concur to accelerate it.

“ Soon, Sir, will the civic wish which your Majesty has now expressed be accomplished; soon returning to our homes, shall we there afford an example of obedience to the laws, after having made them, and give a lesson that no liberty can exist without respect to the constituted authorities.

“ Our successors, charged with the formidable deposit of the safety of the Empire, will neither mistake the object of their important mission, nor the means of properly fulfilling it. They are worthy, Sir, and will always be so, of the confidence which has placed in their hands the fate of the nation; and you, Sir, have already almost done every thing. Your Majesty has terminated the Revolution, by your loyal and free acceptance of the Constitution. You have discouraged any attempts from abroad, revived confidence at home, given vigour to the principal sinews of Government, and removed all obstacles to the useful activity of the Administration.

“ Your heart, Sir, has already received its reward. Your Majesty has enjoyed the exhilarating spectacle of the public festivity. Your sensibility has enjoyed the testimonies of the gratitude and attachment of the people. To you, Sir, belong the sentiments necessary to the happiness of good Kings; for you, Sir, they will be perpetuated, and their energy will increase in proportion as the nation shall enjoy your constant efforts to secure the common happiness, by the maintenance of the Constitution.”

The King then withdrew, attended by the Deputation and his Ministers.

The minutes of the day were read over, after which

The President said, “ The Constituting National Assembly declares that its mission is finished, and that its session is from this moment at an end.”

The King yesterday published the following proclamation :

LOUIS,

By the Grace of God, and by the Constitutional Law of the State, KING OF THE FRENCH. To all Citizens—Greeting :

I HAVE accepted the Constitution—I will use all my endeavours to maintain it, and cause it to be executed.

The Revolution is completed—It is time that the re-establishment of order should give to the Constitution the support which is still most necessary; it is time to fix the opi-

nion of Europe on the destiny of France, and to shew that the French are worthy to be free.

But my vigilance and my cares ought still to be seconded by the concurrence of all the friends of their country and of liberty: it is by submission to the laws; it is by abjuring the spirit of party, and all the passions which accompany it; it is by a happy union of sentiment, of wishes, and of endeavours, that the Constitution will be confirmed, and that the nation will enjoy all the advantages which it secures.

Let every idea of intolerance then be abandoned for ever; let the rash desire of independence no longer be confounded with the love of liberty; let those pernicious qualifications, with which it has been attempted to inflame the people, be irrevocably banished; let religious opinions no longer be a source of persecution and animosity; let all who observe the laws be at liberty to adopt that form of worship to which they are attached; and let no party give offence to those who may follow opinions different from their own, from motives of conscience. But it is not sufficient to shun those excesses to which you might be carried by a spirit of violence; you must likewise fulfil the obligations which are imposed by the public interest. One of the first, one of the most essential, is the payment of the contributions established by your Representatives. It is for the observance of engagements, which national honour has rendered sacred, for the internal tranquillity of the State; for its external security; it is for the stability of the Constitution itself that I remind you of this indispensable duty.

Citizens armed for the maintenance of the law, National Guards, never forget that it is to protect the safety of persons and of property, the collection of public contributions, the circulation of grain and of provisions, that the arms which you bear have been delivered into your hands; it belongs to you to feel that justice and mutual utility demand, that, between the inhabitants of the same empire, abundance should be applied to the aid of indigence; and that it is the duty of the public force to promote the advancement of commerce, as the means of remedying the intemperance of seasons, correcting the inequality of harvest, uniting together all the parts of the kingdom, and establishing a community of the various productions of their soil and industry.

And you, whom the people have chosen to watch over their interests; you also, on whom they have conferred the formidable power of determining on the property, the honour,

honour, and the life of citizens; you too, whom they have instituted to adjust their differences, Members of the different Administrative Bodies, Judges of Tribunals, Judges of Peace, I recommend to you to be impressed with the importance and dignity of your functions; fulfil them with zeal, with courage, with impartiality; labour with me to restore peace and the government of laws; and by thus securing the happiness of the nation, prepare for the return of those whose absence has only proceeded from the fear of disorder and violence.

And all you, who from different motives have quitted your country, your King invites you to return to your fellow-citizens; he invites you to yield to the public wish and the National interest. Return with confidence under the security of Law, and this honourable return, at the moment when the Constitution is definitively settled, will render more easy, and more expeditious, the re-establishment of order and of tranquillity.

And you French people, a nation so illustrious for so many ages, shew yourselves magnanimous and generous, at the moment when your liberty is confirmed; refuse your happy character; let your moderation and wisdom revive among you the security which the disturbances of the Revolution had banished; and let your King henceforth enjoy, without inquietude and without molestation, those testimonies of attachment and fidelity which can alone secure his happiness.

Done at Paris, the 28th September 1791.

(Signed) LOUIS.
(and underneath) DE LESSART.

OCT. 3.

The whole business of this day was the choice of a President, Vice President, and Secretaries.

M. Pastoret was elected President.

M. Ducaffel was chosen Vice President.

One of the new Legislators, a Peasant from Brittany, appeared in lank locks, with a pair of sailors trowsers on.

OCT. 4.

The Constitutional Code having been introduced, the Members swore to observe it in the following words:

“I swear to maintain, to the utmost of my power, the Constitution of the kingdom, decreed by the Constituting National Assembly in the years 1789, 1790, and 1791—to propose or consent to nothing, in the course of the Legislature, which may be hostile to it, and to be in every particular faithful to the Nation, the Law, and the King.”

The names of the Members were then called over, and each Legislator repeated at the tribune the same oath.

OCT. 5.

A deputation was named, agreeably to a constitutional clause, to wait on the King, and let him know the Assembly was formed; the Minister of Justice was told to signify to his Majesty that the Members were in waiting—he obeyed—but the King sent out word that he could not admit the deputation that evening:—the new Legislators *insisted*—vain is the resistance of weakness against force—they went in without any other form.—His Majesty informed the Spokesman that he could not receive them before Friday—the deputation retired. Next day, when the report was made to the House, the Members feeling hurt at the disappointment of not having the King among them, to open the *sessions pro forma*, decreed the abolition of the expressions *Sire* and *Majesty*, as unworthy of a free people addressing their *equal*. It was also enacted, that, for the future, the National Assembly do communicate directly with the King, without any unbecoming interposition of a Minister:—henceforward too, when the King thinks fit to go to the Assembly, he is to sit on the President's *left-hand*, and in a common arm chair no higher than and even with the President's. When he enters, or retires from the Assembly, the Members are all to rise; but when he has approached his seat, all the Members may sit down covered.

These Resolutions, however, were next day rescinded.

OCT. 7.

This day the King came to the Assembly, and, with as much cheerfulness as ever, delivered a speech, so well calculated to restore harmony, that it made a most lively impression on every heart. The acclamations were as loud and as frequent as before, and the King was apparently gratified by his reception. It was in every point the same as on the thirtieth of September.—The following are close translations of the speeches of the King and the President.

THE KING'S SPEECH.

“GENTLEMEN,

“Assembled by virtue of the Constitution to exercise the powers which it delegates to you, you will undoubtedly consider it as among your first duties, to facilitate the operations of Government; to confirm public credit; to add, if possible, to the security of the engagements of the nation; to shew that liberty and peace are compatible; and, finally, to attach the people to their new laws, by convincing them that those laws are for their good.

“Your experience of the effects of the new order of things, in the several Departments

ments from which you come, will enable you to judge of what may be yet wanting to bring it to perfection, and make it easy for you to devise the most proper means of giving the necessary force and activity to the Administration.

“ For my own part, called by the Constitution to examine, as first Representative of the People, and for their interest, the laws presented for my sanction, and charged with causing them to be executed, it is also my duty to propose to you such objects as I think ought to be taken into consideration in the course of your Session.

“ You will see the propriety of fixing your immediate attention on the state of the Finances, and you will feel the importance of establishing an equilibrium between the Receipt and the Expenditure, of accelerating the Assessment and Collection of Taxes, of introducing an invariable order into all parts of this vast Administration, and thus providing at once for the support of the State, and the relief of the People.

“ The Civil Laws will also demand your care, which you will have to render conformable to the principles of the Constitution. You will also have to simplify the mode of proceeding in Courts of Law, and render the attainment of justice more easy and more prompt.

“ You will perceive the necessity of establishing a system of National Education, and of giving a solid basis to public spirit. You will encourage Commerce and Industry, the progress of which has so great an influence on the agriculture and the wealth of the kingdom; and you will endeavour to make permanent dispositions for affording work and relief to the indigent.

“ I shall make known my firm desire for the re-establishment of order and discipline in the Army; and I shall neglect no means that may contribute to restore confidence among all who compose it, and to put it into a condition to secure the defence of the Realm. If the laws in this respect are insufficient, I shall make known to you the measures that seem to me to be proper, and you will decide upon them.

“ I shall in the same manner communicate my sentiments respecting the Navy, that important part of the public force, destined to protect Trade and the Colonies.

“ We shall not, I hope, be troubled with any attack from abroad. I have taken, from the moment that I accepted the Constitution, and I still continue to take, the steps that appear to me the most proper to fix the opinion of Foreign Powers in our favour, and to maintain with them the good intelligence and harmony that ought to secure to

us the continuance of peace. I expect the best effects from them; but this expectation does not prevent me from pursuing, with activity, those measures of precaution which prudence ought to dictate.—(*Loud applauses of Vive le Roi!*)

“ Gentlemen, in order that your important labours and your zeal may produce the effects expected from them, it is necessary that constant harmony and unalterable confidence should reign between the Legislative Body and the King (*renewed applause and acclamations*). The enemies of our repose are but too studious to disunite us; the love of our country must therefore rally us, and the public interest render us inseparable (*warm applauses*). Thus the public force will be exerted without obstruction, the Administration will not be harassed by vain alarms, the property and the religion of every man will be equally protected, and no pretext will be left for any person to live at a distance from a country where the laws are in vigour, and men's rights respected.

“ It is on this great basis of order that the stability of the Constitution, the success of your labours, the safety of the Empire, the source of all kinds of prosperity must depend. It is to this, Gentlemen, that we all ought to turn our thoughts in this moment with the utmost possible vigour; and this is the object that I recommend the most particularly to your zeal and to your patriotism.”—(*The most lively testimonies of applause were given to the King on this conclusion.*)

M. President spoke as follows:

“ SIRE,

“ Your presence in the midst of us is a new engagement which you take towards the country. It is right that we should forget the confounded Powers. A Constitution is established, and with it the Liberty of Frenchmen. You ought to cherish it as a Citizen—As King, you ought to maintain and to defend it. Instead of violating, it ascertains your power—it has given as your friends all those who formerly called themselves only your subjects (*here a burst of applause*)—You have reason to be beloved by Frenchmen—You said so, Sire, some days ago in this temple of the country, and we also have reason to love you (*the plaudits were reiterated*). The Constitution has made you the first Monarch in the world.—Your love for it places your Majesty in the rank of the most favoured Kings, and the welfare of the people will make you the most happy. May our mutual union make us speedily feel its happy influence—purify legislation, reconfirm public credit, overthrow anarchy.—Such is our duty—such are our wishes—such

are your's, Sire.—Such are our hopes, and the benedictions of Frenchmen will be our reward."

The King went out in the same manner that he entered, amidst the most vehement exclamations of *Vive le Roi*, and he was accompanied by the same Deputation.

Oct. 8.

This day, this King's Minister being called upon by the National Assembly to give an account of the intercourse which France maintained with foreign nations, and what was transacting in the neighbouring countries respecting her;—M. Montmorin rose, and said, "I will comply with the wish of the Assembly; but permit me to observe, that it is imprudent to require that a Minister for Foreign Affairs should speak upon all the objects intrusted to his administration, in an Assembly so public as the present.—Sweden

has not disarmed:—although Russia is no longer at war with the Porte, she still continues her armaments.—The Ambassadors of France have been unable to give me any real information. They very clearly saw, in the different Courts where they resided, movements, but they were constantly ignorant of the causes; because, during all the time of the suspension of the royal functions, no one would hold any intercourse with them. They will not begin to recover their character of Ambassadors till the royal acceptance shall be known to the different Powers. The King is, in the eyes of all the Courts of Europe, the sole, the unique Representative of the French nation. These are for the present the only details into which I can enter, and no one with propriety can require that I should say more."

P O E T R Y.

TO THE EDITOR,

SIR,

Observing in your Magazine for last month an *Ode on Cambrea*, written by Peter Pindar, I was not unpleasingly reminded of some circumstances relating to this composition. It was in the year 1776 that Dr. WOLCOT wrote his *Ode*, then resident at Truro. Mr. POLWHELE, however, who was at that time at Truro School, and about sixteen years of age, had discovered a fondness for the same *Druid* scenery, and frequenting the haunts of *Cambrea* had produced a similar composition, which the Doctor happening to see, complained bitterly to the master that Mr. Polwhele had "*rudely seized upon his Mountain.*" As I have Mr. Polwhele's production before me, I shall present to you a few stanzas from it, which, considering his juvenility, may do him, perhaps, no discredit. Mr. Polwhele's *Ode* is entitled,

THE GENIUS OF CAMBREA.

THE Moon, in radiance o'er the sky,
Soft'n'd the shadows of the night:
Sleep hush'd the world: to Fancy's eye
Cambrea, rais'd in awful height,
(Where many a cloud flow-rolling spread)
Shook his monumental head!
Shudder'd my deep-thrilling soul;
Through all my freezing veins the damps of
horror stole.

Sudden appear'd in azure vest

The guardian Genius of the rock:
While heav'd with sighs his torat'd breast,
"Spite of throbbing grief he spoke.

The pearly drops began to break,
And glitter down his dark-red cheek;
For *Cynibia*, sporting with his wee,
Bade the soft tears in sparkling lustre flow,

"Child of the dust (the Genius said),

"Listen with religious fear:

"Holy Druids here are laid—

"Bards of old lie buried here.

"Once alas! the sacred shade

"Round my raptur'd mountain grew:

"Once the hand of Nature spread

"Woods that deepen'd to the view.

"Oft, where meek and modest Eve

"Fresh'ning dews benignly shed;

"When the soft elves joy to leave,

"Sportive, their luxuriant bed;

"When faint Summer, feverish power I

"Blissful hails her twilight reign;

"While to taste the fragrant bower,

"Toil forsakes the sultry plain;

"When the sweetly-purling springs

"Soothe the stifness of the vale;

"When the breeze on fluttering wings

"Whispering fans the flowery dale;

"Oft the silver harps around,

"Awful notes high-echoing sung;

"Plas'd Religion heard the sound,

"While this ruin'd temple rung.

"Desolation now appears!

"Ruin holds these wild abodes:

"Now beneath the weight of years,

"Lo, the tottering mountain nods.

"Once where shadowy foliage rose—

"Once where roll'd the amber wave,

"There the deadly nightshade grows—

"Hemlock hides the Druid grave.

"Once

"Once where Wisdom rear'd her seat,
 "Hissing glides the speckled snake :
 "Now in Friendship's lone retreat
 "Venom swells amidst the brake."

October 7, 1791.

ANECDOTE.

TO THE EDITOR.

S I R,

The following Lines are written with a view of bringing a place once more to the remembrance of many who had resorted to it, but who have been led away to the more fashionable walks. This was in vogue and high repute about fifty years ago. As many Persons in this County read your MAGAZINE, it may strike them so as to recollect there was once such a truly romantic and healthy spot.

Chester, Sept. 20.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM LIEUT. G—D—, of the MARINES, to his FRIEND, describing HORSLEY-BATH; after the manner of SIMKIN.

"Nullus in orbe locus HORSLIIS præluet amœnis."
 HOR.

DEAR SIR,

YOU must have read some years ago
 Of Simkin the Welshman—of Taffy
 the beau

(I think that I can the time nearly fix,
 'Twas somewhere about the year sixty-six);
 Who went down to BATH, a ninny and
 booby,

Dress'd out like a clown or a country looby;
 In person resembling the fam'd Doctor Slop,
 Whom we very well know was ne'er
 reckon'd a sop—

Whose legs were as thick as his head—which
 I'll venture

To say, measur'd full as round as his center,
 In size to a puncheon (as I am a sinner),
 Or an Alderman's belly just after dinner;
 For being a COUSIN of his, you may swear
 I know his dimension and size to a hair:—
 Who, when he return'd, good lack, Sir,
 how killing,

Bedizen'd with gold just like a gilt shilling!
 The natives astonish'd, stared like congers
 Or factors when they are taken in by their
 mongers!

I say,—you well must remember the pother
 He us'd to kick up when he wrote to his
 mother

About *Tabitha Runt*, that slippery jade,
 Who long'd very much to die an *old maid*!

And the Peer, and the Nabob, and Heirefs
 so gay,
 With Bankrupts and Captains on Irish half-
 pay;
 How they went in to bathe, and made such
 a clutter,

And stutted about like crows in a gutter;
 Or (t' add one more sim'le to give my verse
 pow'r)

They waddled about like ducks in a show'r,
 Then drank of the water that *cleans'd their*
skins

(I wish I could add had wash'd off their sins) !
 And hied to the Rooms, where the pleasures
 at night

Reviv'd their poor hearts, and gave such de-
 light,

That reviv'd, they threw away bolus and pill,
 And scarcely remember'd they'd ever been ill;
 Or else 'twas the bath, like old Lethe, had
 the merit

To *down* all their cares, to *recover* their spirit,
 I say—You well must remember these things;
 So my preface is done—and my story begins :

That of late being ill (like my *cousin* of
 old)

I was order'd to bathe in a bath that was *cold*;
 To keep myself clear from confusion and riot,
 T' enjoy the pure air and serenity quiet,
 And instead of those routs, drums, concerts
 and gaming,

With others of fashion, which are n't worth
 naming,

To sit down where Peace and Harmony
 dwell;

To read Nature's book and study her well;
 To *recover my health*—which to me was as
 much [Dutch.

As *Ocz'koru* to the Empress, or wealth to the
 I discover'd a *bath*, whose romantic sweet
 (spot [hot,

Had a *spring* full as *cold* as old *Baix* was }
 And, like her, was *renown'd*—and, like }
 her, was *forgot*;

Where the picturesque view of lawns, woods,
 and hills,

Our mind with such pleasing variety fills,
 That while we contemplate each beauty it
 brings,

We taste, like the bee, each flower that springs;
 And on the grand landscape we feast with
 delight,

'Till the banquet's withdrawn by the shades
 of the night;

But to speak of the BATH our wonder
 would raise,

Whose virtues * would fill a whole volume
 with praise;

* Sanitati Sacrum :

Obstruatum referat durum teris humida faciat.

Debile fortificat ū tamen arte bibis.

Of those only once let a trial be made,
They'll pronounce for themselves their powerful aid,—

And now, that my Muse may not wander about,

But the scite of this fountain of health may point out,

There's a little thatch'd cot close by *Peffer-ton's-Hill*,

By the side of this spring, this bubbling rill,
Where the master with smiles and health in his face,

Greets the stranger who comes to his mansion of peace ;

Or, near to *Old Beeston* *—the Teneriff Peak,
You'll find *Horsley-Bath*—the object you seek.

And now, my dear Sir, being quite at a stand,
I remain your affectionate Friend to command.

SIMKIN.

S O N N E T.

THY tuneful strains, O Pope, with sovereign skill

On moral truth poetic charms bestow ;

At thy command, obedient tears distill,
Or all the beauties of the landscape glow.

Fictitious forms, by thee created, fill
The eye of Fancy with their glitt'ring show ;

Gleams of celestial glory at thy will
Break forth, and dim the dusky realms below.

Yet are there men who, blind to ev'ry grace,
Deaf to the melting music of thy lays,
Attempt to rob thee of the Poet's praise.

In vain they envy thy exalted place ;
Thy glories still with clear incessant blaze,
Bright and more bright shall shine from race to race,

H. O.

S O N N E T.

SEE the Moon, majestic riding,
O'er the cold heath sheds her rays ;
And in mildest splendour gliding,
Thus supplies the solar blaze.

So fond Hope my bosom cheering,
On her anchor I recline,
Till the day of Love appearing,
Bids the sun of Beauty shine.

S O N N E T.

IN vain we trace the barren soil,
And seek for flowers there ;
The fruitless rock derides our toil,
And mocks our useless care.

In fertile meads alone is found
Fair Flora's varied bloom ;
There gayest colours deck the ground,
And shed a sweet perfume.

Thus they who in the paths of vice
Seek pleasure and delight,
Pursue a shade that will entice,
Then flies the eager fight.

They only gain the wish'd-for bliss,
Who Virtue's paths explore ;
They gain the plant of Happiness,
Which blooms to fade no more.

O R I G I N A L E P I T A P H,

ENGRAVED ON A STONE IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF EGG-BUCKLAND, IN DEVONSHIRE.

YE few who here, by Contemplation led,
Inspect the story of the silent dead ;
Who o'er the early and the aged bier
Alike can drop the sympathetic tear ;
Survey this stone—and pay the tribute due
To those who once could think and feel like you.

Free from reproach, their course of life they ran,

Resign'd to God, benevolent to man,
Truth, Honesty, and Virtue fill'd each soul,
Glow'd in each breast, and rul'd without controul.

Tho' from those breasts the spark of life is fled,

Tho' now their bodies rest among the dead,
From their cold mansion freed, their souls will rise
To life that wakes for ever in the skies.

E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A

L I N G E R I N G I L L N E S S.

DIM fades the day, and o'er the dewy meads
Still Night her sable mantle gently spreads.
The fabled dance the little fairy leads,
And with light foot the velvet circle treads.

'Tis solemn darkness—let reflection pause—
How vast a change! yet in how short space!

How soon the Sun, by its unvarying laws,
Sunk with soft blushes in the Sea's embrace.

One short hour since all Nature wore a smile,

And sportive flocks gay frolick'd on her breast ;

But now no active scenes the hours beguile,
For all is stillness, solitude, and rest!

* Castle of Beeston in Cheshire.

The sons of Labour prefs the couch of ease ;
 E'en Care is hush'd, and Woe forgets to
 smart :

On Misery's face now dwells the look of
 Peace,
 Tho' ceaseless Grief may tear the waking
 heart.

Soft be their dreams, and while each eye be
 clos'd,
 Let human feeling claim from care a space ;
 For some few hours let ev'ry pang repose,
 Let Anguish melt away in Sleep's em-
 brace.

Ah ! sweet to all but me its poppy blooms ;
 Me fated now to prefs a thorny bed ;
 Me whom the fate of dire Disorder dooms
 To view in vain Night's soothing mantle
 spread.

Yet tho' depriv'd of Day's enamell'd glare,
 (Its vivid scenery fades in Fancy's eye !)
 And tho' deny'd the robe of Sleep to wear,
 Still let Reflection's moral aid be nigh.

But whilst pale Sickness (of clear thought the
 night),
 Spreads her dim curtain o'er the aching
 brain,

Canst thou, my soul, ev'n in Disease's spite,
 Attempt to moralize 'midst grief and pain ?
 Yet sure the immortal spark may seek the
 sky,
 Thro' the sweet paths by meek Religion
 trod ;

The sense of earthly sorrow casting by,
 May seek, may worship, may adore its God.

Oh ! let my ardent spirit grateful prove,
 That through these dreadful pangs 'twixt
 life and death,

I still do breathe, to bless that pitying love,
 Whose goodness lent awhile the quivering
 breath.

Yet how does Sickness, with cameleon
 power,
 From gloomy Nature catch a tainted hue ;
 Each object fashion'd to the sorrowing hour,
 Seems issued from Creation's hand anew.

For all was gay whilst Youth and Health
 were mine,
 Nor Grief nor Care could interpose be-
 tween ;

By Nature warm'd, the heart, without design,
 Caught Joy's warm thrill from ev'ry pas-
 sing scene.

Dear sweet remembrances of happy life,
 E'en now by Mem'ry's aid my soul is
 mov'd,

And spurning all the pangs of present strife,
 Dwells on the pleasures once so fondly
 lov'd.

But, oh ! you're gone ! and what is human
 joy,
 Stript of the tints by youthful Fancy
 spread ;
 The bosom loses every sweet employ,
 When eager Hope and rosy Health are
 fled.

For early Youth resists the shafts of woe,
 And springs to pleasure with elastic force ;
 With current quick the streams of life
 o'erflow,
 Whilst Age perceives them stagnate in
 their course.

Then farewell earthly bliss !—The glowing
 mind,
 With ardent zeal, a better path shall try ;
 And leaving meaner cares far—far behind,
 Pants for more happy scenes beyond the
 sky.

HORTENSIVS.

F—m—n, Gloucestershire, Oct. 8, 1791.

E L E G Y

ON THE WASTE NEAR THE CHARTER-
 HOUSE.

By W. HAMILTON REID.

A VAUNT Indifference ! with thy heed-
 less air,
 And Lovity ! who tip-toe stands behind ;
 This weedy waste, irregularly bare,
 Speaks other language to a feeling mind.

Within this scite, those crosser'd walls be-
 neath,
 O'er which yon limes their spreading
 branches wave,
 Six times ten thousand bore the train of
 death,
 Stamp'd in a moment for the noisome
 grave.

Some who, perhaps, when Henry led the
 way
 In Norman fields, could deathful deeds
 provoke ;
 Their faulchions flashing like a Comet's ray,
 While woods of spears descended at their
 stroke ;

Promiscuous here, lay mingled with the rest,
 In heaps who fell in plague's relentless
 hour ;

No dirge funereal their worth confess'd,
 No stone perpetuates their boast of pow'r :

But here convey'd by mutes in mournful
 guise,

Whose wants had soften'd horror to a
 trade,

No crouds pursued with idly-curious eyes,
 And, save astonishment, no tribute paid.

And

And yet how promising the morning rose,
That brought destruction with the wel-
come light!

What may a day or what an hour disclose?
Life's noon may sicken to the damps of
Night.

Unwarning hour! what projects then were
crush'd,

What hopeful schemes, that furnish'd years
of care!

Perhaps, in sad concern alike were hush'd
Two restless rivals and some fated fair!

No common numbers justly can express
The panic that Discovery must feel,
When the first victim of the dire distress
Prov'd what Credulity would fain conceal.

For, guilt-attractive, how the story flies!
The dark recess, the city to alarm;
Where gold no more could fix Avaro's eyes,
Unhing'd his happiness, unnerv'd his arm.

Nor could the court th' unyielding fact evade,
To supple arts and compliments unknown;
Fearless of all, from none the truth is staid,
Nor can the sycophants defend the Throne.

But privileg'd they fly—and arms severe,
The meanest, not the guiltiest surround;
Death in the front, and Terror in the rear!
Distress, Distraction, and Despair confound.

Nor art, nor industry, nor pray'rs prevail;
The silent Thames a sinking commerce
sees;

No brisk winds whistle in the bleaching sail,
Close furl'd, as fearful of the 'tainted
breeze!

Habitual misery the bosom steels,
For this no heart-felt charities can name,
And Sympathy in sufferance conceals
Her mild suavity, her cheering flame;
And faint's the feeling sense of distant woes,
The past and future still the least engage!
Let man anticipate each change he knows,
Aspire with Virtue, and exult with Age.

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. JAMES DE LANCEY MUIRSON,
LATE OF NEW-YORK.

THE full orb'd moon arose in solemn
state,

And tranquil Nature seem'd to court re-
pose;

'Twas at that moment when resistless Fate
Had measur'd up the sum of human woes;

Thy fainting spirits, MUIRSON, sunk in death;
Then meek-ey'd Patience fought a free
release,

Seraphic angels caught the fleeting breath,
And bore thee to the realms of endless
peace.

Farewell, dear shade!—Whilst memory re-
mains,

With fond regret this bosom still shall
heave;

For thee the Muse shall pour her softest
strains,

And mourn till Pity's self shall cease to
grieve.

MADÉLINÈ.

THE CATASTROPHE,
A TALE.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

'TIS a fix'd point in policy's belief,
That you should set a thief to catch
thief.

SUSAN and DICK, a rusticated pair,
Who 'ad long conceiv'd a mutual sneaking
kindness,

Resolv'd the unhallow'd rites of Love to share;
But the gay nymph, for reasons easy guess'd,
(Perhaps by decency or fear impress'd)
Wish'd to eclipse her mother's eyes by blind-
ness.

To perpetrate that aim, this eager twain
Into an oven's dark recess retreated;
But ere their extacies were in the wane,
The fly-projected business was defeated:
Lynx-eyed Discretion left 'em in the nick,
And Cunning play'd them both a scurvy
trick.

The Dame mis'd SUE; the Dame had her
suspicions;

For she had been a *good one* in her prime,
Tho' now her colt's tooth was decay'd by
time;

And Cupid visits but on fix'd conditions.—
She fought her from the cellar to the garret,
Out-house and pantry, but she fought in vain;
At length the oven rush'd into her brain:
And there lay SUE, high flush'd with shame,
like claret!

"Oh! you confounded, filthy, horrid jade;
Why, faith! you're driving on a pretty trade!"
Exclaim'd the matron in a raging fury,
Ungrac'd by pity like a faction's jury.

"Ah! mother, mother," quoth the trem-
bling SUE,

"Pardon this weakness—your good-will re-
store me;

Your sect had ne'er been led here by a clue,
Had you not play'd vagaries here before me."

What can be said—the force of Nature's
great,

Venus and SUE were both the sport of fate;
The fair of Ephesus—the Spartan's pride—
The Queen of Carthage—and Uriah's bride,

Let the harsh tongue of Apathy be still,
It ever has been thus—and ever will.

INSCRIPTION in an obscure Part of the GARDEN of the late Mrs. CLIVE at STRAWBERRY-HILL, on a PEDESTAL supporting a beautiful URN.

By the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE.

YE smiles and jests still hover round,
This is Mirth's consecrated ground!
Here liv'd the laughter-loving Dame,—
A matchless AGRESS, CLIVE her name,
The Comic Muse with her retir'd,
And shed a tear when she expir'd.

H. W.

TO Mr. HORACE WALPOLE,
On his INSCRIPTION on an URN dedicated to
Mrs. CLIVE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

HORACE! of STRAWBERRY-HILL—I
mean not ROME—
Lo! all thy geese are swans, I do presume—
Truth and thy trumpet seem not to agree;
Know Comedy is hearty—all alive—
The sprightly lass no more expir'd with
CLIVE,
Than Dame HUMILITY will die with thee,

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPT. 24.

POOR OLD DRURY! was represented a second time, and received with approbation.

This Piece is the production of Mr. Cobb, and is intended merely to express the difficulties and embarrassments in consequence of the removal of the Drury-lane Company. Palmer and Barrymore enter, and, after lamenting the distresses of poor Wrihten the Prompter, give a very ludicrous description of the removal of the scenery from one house to the other. The ocean is washed away by a shower of rain, and the clouds are obliged to be transported under an umbrella. Alexander's triumphal car is shattered to pieces by a hackney coach at the corner of St. Martin's-lane, and the coachman being blamed for the accident, insists that he was on the right side, and that Alexander, if he pleased, might take his number.

Wrihten next enters, bewailing his embarrassments, and regretting his departure from *Poor Old Drury*. He is called for by a dozen at a time, who want his instructions for what they are to do. A compliment is here introduced to Miss Farren. The Prompter's boy calls to him that Miss Farren wants the Prompter. "It can't be," exclaims Wrihten, "Miss Farren never wants the Prompter."

Partons enters in a rage, and swears that he will not appear in Comedy again. He wants to play in Tragedy, that he may be heard. He here roars aloud, and Mr. Phillimore, who is placed in the gallery, calls out to him that he need not strain his lungs so, as he can hear him perfectly well. The audience, not understanding that this was a part in the Piece, hissed poor Phillimore for what they thought an interruption.

Wewitzer, as a French critical dancing-

master, devoted to the forms of the ancient drama, proposes, that according to the rule of Monf. Demosthene, *action* should be chiefly regarded; and therefore, that while Partons delivers the speech, he (Wewitzer) should adopt a gesture conformable to the sentiments; and upon this principle he objects to the usual practice of *starting* at the sight of the *apparition*, and insists upon the propriety of *bowing with reverence and love*, as Hamlet knows it to be the ghost of his *papa*. This produces a very ludicrous effect.

Several of the actors appear, and throw the Prompter into a violent rage, by murmurs against the new scene of action. Bland appears as an Italian singer, declaring that nothing but *the Opera* should be performed at that place; and the French critic and he retire, observing that *dancing* and *the Opera* should always go together, in contempt of *sense* and *nature*.

Harlequin and his usual pantomimical associates next appear, but are told by Wrihten that there will be no employment for them, as the sterling merit of the British Drama will, for a season at least, be full sufficient for the entertainment of a British audience. Harlequin laments his dismissal, but kindly resolves to give the audience a parting proof of his magic power; and therefore strikes the scene, which rises, and forms a view of Mount Parnassus, with Apollo and other Mythological Deities. The Muses appear in succession; and the Prelude concludes with airs and a fine chorus.

OCT. 3.

Mrs. Fawcett appeared the first time in London at Covent Garden, in the character of Nottingham, in the Earl of Essex. As this lady is hardly intended for any higher than secondary characters, it will be sufficient

to say, that she acquitted herself neither with excellence much to commend, nor yet in a manner to deserve blame.

7. A gentleman of the name of *Snow* appeared for the first time on any stage, at Covent-Garden, in the character of *Osmán*, in the Tragedy of *Zara*. Of an attempt which was not heard by any one in the theatre, we shall say but little. To a voice inaudible the gentleman added a redundancy of action, which could not but have a ludicrous effect. He has a good person, and seemed to have a proper conception of the character, but from a want of powers is not likely to be again seen as a candidate for stage patronage.

20. After Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, a new Ballet Pantomime, taken from *Ossian*, called *Oscar and Malvina*, was performed, and deservedly received with much approbation.

CHARACTERS.

Fingal (a Highland Chief, grandfire to Oscar),	}	Mr. Blurton.
Oscar (his descendant, on the point of marriage with Malvina),		
Dermoth (Attendant 'Squire to Oscar),	}	Mr. King.
Carrol (a neighbouring Chief, in love with Malvina),		
Draco and Morven } (his Attendant 'Squires)	}	Mr. Cranfield.
Pedlar (going to harvest-home),		
Farmer, — — —	}	Mr. Munden. Mr. Cubitt.
Malvina (daughter of Tof-car, betrothed to Oscar),		
Bards, Peasants, &c. by Messrs. Darley, Williamson, Gray, Cubitt, Marshall, &c. &c.	}	Mad. St. Amand.
Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Mountain, Miss Broadhurst, Miss Stuart, &c. &c.		
Attendants, Soldiers, Servants, Dancers, &c.		

THE FABLE.

OSCAR, the descendant of Fingal, a renowned Highland Chief, being betrothed to Malvina, the daughter of Tofcar, their Clans, accompanied by the Bards (according to the ancient customs of the country), assemble in the Hall of Fingal, with is fancifully decorated, to celebrate the approaching nuptials of the happy pair, and record the glories of their ancestry: their festivity is interrupted by a vassal, announcing the arrival of Carrol, a powerful Chieftain of a neighbouring isle, who, accompanied by his troops, descends the rocky mountain of Ben Lomond, to demand the hand of Malvina in marriage.

Carrol, on being informed she is betrothed to Oscar, assumes the garb of friendship, and accepts an invitation to Fingal Castle, where, as circumstances offer, he artfully prefers his

suit, and obtains from Malvina, reluctantly, a ring (by desire of Oscar) as a pledge of amity. Carrol adjures his 'Squires (Morven and Draco) to secrecy, and commands their assistance in procuring Malvina at all hazards; the former appears averse, but the latter readily acquiesces. During this period, Fingal, Oscar, and Malvina, unconscious of Carrol's treachery, indulge themselves in participating the rustic sports of their dependants, who, in the stubble fields, which terminate with a distant view of Fingal Castle, present them with a trial of strength and skill (after the manner of Highland peasantry).

Carrol, disguised as a pedlar, avails himself of their hilarity, and offers a poisoned beverage to Oscar, which he refusing, Carrol discovers himself, and, displaying the ring, avows his determination to make Malvina his by force. Draco, &c. at that instant, with troops, rush forward, and bear off Malvina. Carrol is pursued by Oscar, on whose approach he entrusts Malvina with Morven, strictly enjoining him to put her to death rather than suffer her to escape. She supplicates the aid of Morven, who, overpowered by pity, forwards her escape from the cave wherein she is confined, by a secret avenue.

In this interim Oscar is made prisoner, and chained on the summit of a lofty tower; this is scarcely accomplished before Malvina and Morven are re-taken. Carrol endeavours to convey her on board a vessel riding at anchor, but is prevented by a storm arising, which destroys the vessel. He, however, forces her from her lover, leaving Oscar still chained, who is at length relieved by Fingal, whose men receive him in their arms, on his disengaging himself from his chains and leaping from the turret. Having regained his liberty, they determine on destroying by fire Carrol's camp, situate on a mountain, and to which a bridge is the pass: this he accomplishes by his troops concealing lighted torches under their helmets, shrouded by their gabardines. Carrol's men, alarmed, fall victims to the bravery of Oscar's troops. Malvina is dragged over the bridge by Carrol, who, enraged and despairing, prepares with his sword to dispatch her, which is wrested from him by Morven: at the same instant Malvina plunges a dagger in his breast, and he expires. Oscar affectionately embraces Malvina, and the Bards, &c. joyfully celebrate their union.

This Entertainment is at once superb and interesting, and exhibits the united powers of painting and music. The scenery is picturesque and splendid; the music pleasing;

ing; and the art of the inventor of the Ballet, Mr. Byrne, shews itself in a manner much to his reputation. The performers did justice to their characters, particularly Byrne and Follet; and Mad. St. Armand, from Paris, was light, easy, and graceful, and was received with a great degree of applause.

PROLOGUE

TO THE
AULULARIA,

WHEN PERFORMED ON THURSDAY,
OCTOBER 13, BY THE GENTLEMEN
OF READING SCHOOL.

YE Friends and Patrons! whose enlivening
sight
Inspires the anxious bosom with delight,
I come your wonted favour to implore
To subjects new, and themes untried before.
No tale of modern life, by nicer laws,
Now claims the tribute of your kind ap-
plause;
No actors here with rival wit engage
To lash the living follies of the age:
Our scene, more learned grown, this night
displays
The manners, dress, and speech, of ancient
days—
Of time remote the fading sight renews,
And wakes to life the long-neglected Muse;
As erst, in warlike ages less refin'd,
She charm'd with ruder wit th' unpolish'd
mind,
What time long wasted by invading foes,
In prouder triumph Rome majestic rose—
From Punic legions freed her captive plain,
And view'd her walls in safety back again.
Then, 'mid the public joy, the Poet strove,
With tales of mirth, each kindred breast to
move—
Employ'd each effort of his newer art,
And won with readiest force the obedient
heart.
From fruitful Greece the borrow'd theme he
chose,
And shew'd the manners living as they rose;
And, with the treasures of her plunder'd
store,
Enrich'd his Latian Drama's infant lore.
Well-pleas'd, the Roman saw, with wonder-
ing eyes,
In splendid view, the scenes of Athens rise!
There, oft assembled at the crowded Stage,
The hardy Vet'ran sooth'd his weary age,
Who once, with dauntless breast, in firm
array,
Stood the dread shock of *Cannæ's* fatal day,
On *Afric's* plains who nobly scorn'd to yield,
And won the spoils of *Zema's* glorious field.

Such was the mirthful Bard, whose comic
lay

Oft won applause in *Latium's* elder day,
Ere yet the Muse, by sage experience
taught,

Her mimic art to full perfection brought:
His is the tale, that, now restor'd to light,
Here courts your favour on this festal night.
With purer verse tho' courtly *Terence* shine,
And rival chaste *Menander's* classic line,
With force superior *PLAUTUS* wins the
heart,

And wakes our laughter with resistless art.
When *Euclio's* watchful terrors you behold,
Alarm'd, who trembles for his buried gold,
Sees, in each face he meets, a thief, and
fears

Detection's whisper in each word he hears;
When now, in frantic mood, with angry
eyes,

All wild he rages for his ravish'd prize;
When the fond youth before the father
bends,

And, as he fees for pardon, more offends;
Mistakes the charge, by inward fears be-
tray'd,

The plunder'd treasure for the stolen maid;
And while one crime infests his aching view,
That guilt confesses which he never knew;
Admire his skill the wond'rous scene who
writ,

His passion, humour, genius, strength, and
wit;

With candid voice decide in merit's cause,
And crown the favour'd piece with just
applause.

And you, ye Fair! whose smiles before
have charm'd
Our youthful bosoms, and whose praise has
warm'd!

When *HAMLET* here, at duty's awful call,
Gave up his joys, his love, his life, and all,
And, with his father's wrongs alone possess'd,
Nurs'd his dire vengeance in his lab'ring
breast,

Expos'd a mother's crime in odious view,
And died the base usurper to subdue—
When poor *Ophelia* bade her sorrows flow,
Sunk with the burden of oppressive woe,
And piteous wept, in wild disorder'd strain,
A frantic lover and a parent slain—
With kind indulgence hear our ancient plays,
Whose verse salutes you with unwonted
lay.

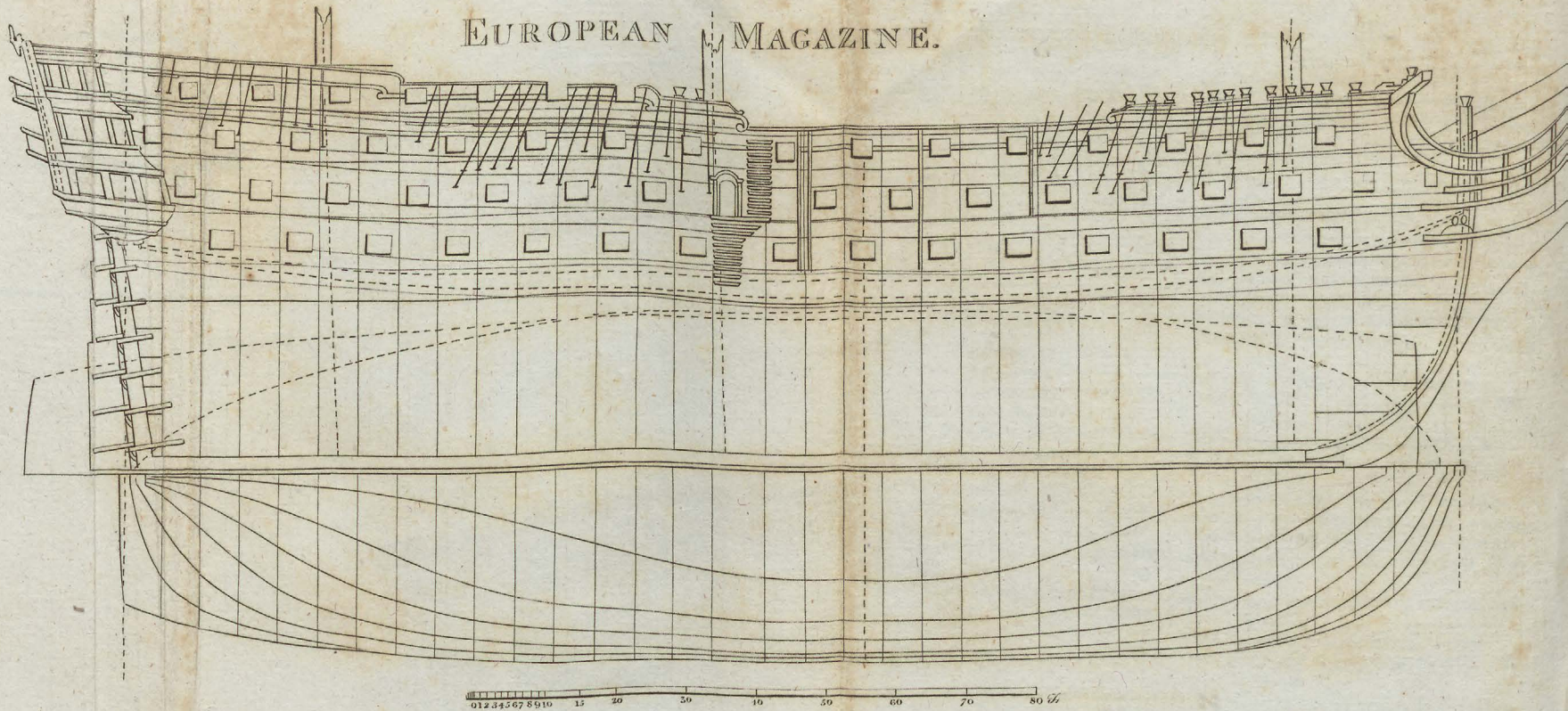
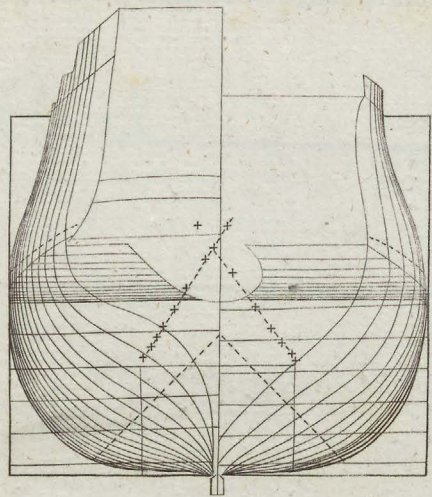
Tho' strange the inharmonious speech appears,
Form'd to delight alone the classic ear;
Tho' vain th' untasted dialogue be found,
And cheat the baffled sense with useless
sound;

Haply, the action of our busy scene,
The Actor's gesture, habit, voice, and mien,

May



EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.



DRAUGHT of a FIRST RATE.

Length Lower deck.....190 . 4
Breadth Extreme.....53 . 0
Depth Hold.....22 . 4
Burthen in Tons.....2332

Published by J. Sewell 32. Cornhill Nov. 21. 1790

May please the heart to candour much inclin'd,
And win a plaudit from the partial mind.
Mean time, with anxious hope and fearful breast,

To nicer judgments we submit the rest—
Happy, if now our Poet's Doric strain
With grateful charm the Scholar can detain,
Can Learning's studious thought with mirth beguile, [smile—
And force from Science one approving
Happy, if they whom prompt affection calls *
Awhile to linger from the Muse's walls,
With patient ear the Drama shall attend,
And deign our well-meant efforts to commend,
With fav'ring look the Actor's toil regard,
And with fresh wreaths adorn the ancient Bard.

PROLOGUE,

Written for the Re-opening of Mr. BOWLES'S
THEATRE,
And to have been spoken by Sir GEORGE
BEAUMONT.

"SEVERE the task!"—our Manager exclaim'd

With a deep sigh—when first the Play was nam'd—

"To raise the drooping honours of my stage,
And teach my heroes all anew to rage.

"—Besides, they fly the plain—all hope is
"banish'd—

"My Gods play truant, and my Ghosts are
"vanish'd—

"My sleeping Thunders now forget to roll,
"The Spider spins within the poison'd bowl;

"My useless helmets garrison the bats—
"And all my Wigs are eaten by the rats.

"The grand Cascade which flash'd upon the
"drop †,

"Is now a floor-cloth in the barber's shop;

"The Rain is burnt—and ROBERT sadly
"saith,

"My noble storm of Wind is scant of breath.

* The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, the Heads of All Souls and St. John's Colleges, the Visitors of the School.

† A scene let down by means of a roller is called a Drop.

‡ Properties, in the dramatic language, are such articles as bowls, daggers, &c. &c.

§ Alluding to a prologue written by Mr. Whitehead, and spoken at the opening of the Theatre by Sir G. Beaumont.

|| Mrs. Bowles, who formerly performed those characters, declined acting at this intended revival.

"My Properties † are in confusion hurl'd,
"And dissolution threatens my little WORLD.
"Dan WHITEHEAD'S § prophecy is out,
" 'tis plain,
"And my barn's now almost a barn again."

"Alas!" said I,— "Why that despond-
"ing air?

"And why that brow o'erwhelm'd with
"black despair?

"Tho' rocks and mountains crumble from
"the scene—

"Tho' trees turn blue, and all the skies turn
"green—

"Thy skilful hand shall o'er the canvas play,
"And call the faded landscape back to day;

"As swift as thought the fall'n tow'rs em-
"battle,

"Then teach new storms to rage, new thun-
"ders rattle."

For me, my dauntless ardour nought shall
damp,

I'll tear a passion—or I'll trim a lamp;
Lay waste a kingdom, and dethrone a King,
Stab—fiddle—poison—thunder—any thing.
One hopeless loss, indeed, we must deplore,
For where is BELVIDERA? Where is
SHORE? ||

Here too—the poor OPHELIA rav'd and
fung,

While kindred feelings hail'd the tuneful
tongue;

Each glitt'ning eye evinc'd the perfect art,
And the sad note fung welcome to each heart.

Since pleasing woe is past, prepare your
smiles—

With cheerful looks reward our willing toils;
For sure no critics crowd this friendly pit,

Secreting venom, as they snarling sit;
Who, if they chance to smile, are strangely

frighted,
And curse their stars whenever they're de-
lighted;

But partial friends, indulgent beyond measure,
To such—our wish to please will be a

pleasure.

SHIP-BUILDING.

AT the desire of several of our Corre-
spondents, we have inserted the
DRAUGHT of a FIRST-RATE MAN OF
WAR, which we conceive will be accepta-

ble to such of our readers as are inclined
to the pursuit of this useful and rising
branch of science.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitchall, October 5, 1791.

THE Letters from the East Indies of which the following are Copies, were this day received by the Warren Hastings, one of the Company's ships.

To the Honourable Court of Directors for Affairs of the Honourable the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies.

HONOURABLE SIRS,

I SHALL not trouble your Honourable Court with an explanation of the nature of the incessant exertions both of body and mind which are required by the various duties of my present situation; nor should I now have alluded to them, but that I am under the indispensable necessity of stating them, as the cause of my being obliged, on this occasion, instead of entering into a detail of particulars, to limit myself to a concise and general account of our late operations, and of my future intentions.

Our preparations for the campaign having been completed at Madras, the army marched from Vellore on the 5th of February; and, having reached Vellore on the 11th, we halted there two days, for the purpose of drawing from thence a supply to my stock of provisions, and an addition that had been prepared to the battering train, and of receiving some stores and recovered men from Arnee.

I had, previous to my arrival at Vellore, employed every means in my power to obtain accurate descriptions of the different passes that lead into the Mysore Country; and having seen sufficient grounds to be confident that the Moogly Pass could easily be rendered practicable, I turned off to the right at Vellore, and not only ascended the pass without much difficulty, but, by having taken a route that Tippoo does not seem to have expected, I was also lucky enough to be able to advance a considerable distance into his country before it was possible for him to give us the least obstruction.

The Forts of Colar and Ouscottah lay in our route to Bangalore, and surrendered to us without resistance; but as neither of them were in a tenable condition, nor at that time of any value to us, I left them unoccupied, after disarming and dismissing their small garrisons.

I arrived before Bangalore on the afternoon of the 5th of March, and on the 6th the Engineers were employed in reconnoitring

the place in the morning and evening: On their latter excursion Lieutenant-Colonel Floyd, who escorted them with the whole cavalry, discovered the rear of Tippoo's line of march, apparently in great confusion, and unfortunately suffered himself to be tempted by the flattering prospect of striking an important blow, to deviate from the orders he had received from me, and to attack the enemy. His success at first was great, but the length and ardor of the pursuit threw his squadrons into great confusion. In this state they were charged by Tippoo's cavalry, and being out of the reach of all support, they were obliged to retire with great precipitation, and with the loss of above 200 men, and near 300 horses. Lieutenant-Colonel Floyd received a very severe wound in the face, from which, however, I have the pleasure to add, that he is now perfectly recovered.

The ill success of our examination, the fear of losing time, and many other circumstances, of which the hopes of obtaining a supply of forage was not the least, induced me to determine immediately to attack the fort from the Pettah side. The Pettah was accordingly assaulted and carried on the morning of the 1st; and the siege of the fort, which was rendered singularly arduous, not only by the scarcity of forage, and strength of its works and garrison, but also by the presence of Tippoo and his whole army, was happily terminated by an assault on the night of the 21st, in which the Kellidar, and a great number of his garrison, were put to the sword, and our loss, in proportion to the nature of the enterprise, was extremely inconsiderable. I cannot, however, help expressing on this occasion, my sincere regret for the death of that brave and valuable Officer Lieutenant-Colonel Moorhouse, who was killed at the assault of the Pettah on the 7th of March.

I have not yet been able to obtain correct Lists of the Ordnance, or of the different articles that were found in the magazines of the place; and I can therefore only say in general, that there were upwards of one hundred serviceable pieces of ordnance, near fifty of which were brass, a large quantity of grain, and an immense depot of military stores.

Although Tippoo approached our position, and even cannonaded the camp, both on the 7th and 17th, yet on these occasions, and on all others during the siege, he took his measures

treasures with so much caution as to put it effectually out of my power to force him to risk an action; and on the night of the assault he retired, in great haste, from the south side of the fortrefs, where he was then posted, immediately upon his being acquainted with its fall. After giving some repairs to the breaches, making a number of necessary arrangements, and leaving the train of heavy artillery to be refitted during my absence, I moved from Bangalore on the 28th, with a design of securing a safe and speedy junction with a large body of cavalry that the Nizam had promised to send to me, and of receiving a reinforcement of troops and a supply of provisions and stores, which I had some time before ordered to be in readiness to join me, by the way of Amboor, from the Carnatic, considering those as necessary preliminary measures for enabling me to proceed to the attack of Seringapatam; and I at the same time communicated my intentions to General Abercromby, and directed him to use every exertion in his power, that might be consistent with the safety of the corps under his command, to prepare himself in the manner that I prescribed, to give me effectual assistance when I should reach the enemy's capital.

Tippoo having made a movement to the westward on the same day that I marched from the neighbourhood of Bangalore, I fell in with his rear at the distance of about eight or nine miles from that place; but, from the want of a sufficient body of cavalry, it was found impracticable, after a pursuit of considerable length, either to bring him to action, or to gain any advantage over him, except that of taking one brass gun, which, owing to its carriage breaking down, he was obliged to leave upon the road.

My first object being to form a junction with the Nizam's cavalry, I made such movements, or took such positions, as I knew would effectually prevent Tippoo from intercepting them, or even from disturbing their march; but, although I was at great pains to point out the safety of the march to Rajah Teigewunt, and to encourage him to proceed, the effects of my recommendations and requests were but slow; and, after waste of time, which, at this late season of the year, was invaluable, and which almost exhausted my patience, the junction was not made till the 13th inst.

It is not easy to ascertain the number of the corps with precision, but I suppose it to amount to fifteen or sixteen thousand horse; and though they are extremely defective in almost every point of military discipline, yet, as the men are in general well mounted, and the Chiefs have given me the

strongest assurances of their disposition to do every thing in their power to promote the success of our operations, I am in great hopes that we shall derive material advantage from their assistance.

This junction being accomplished, I marched on to effect my next object without loss of time; and having arrived at my present camp on the 18th, and ordered the most expeditious measures to be taken for transporting the stores from the head of the pass, I shall commence my march again to the westward on the 22d, and, after calling at Bangalore for the heavy artillery, I trust that I shall find it practicable to reach Seringapatam before the 12th of next month.

No useful purpose could be promoted by my enumerating the difficulties which I have already encountered in carrying on the operations of this campaign, and it would be equally unprofitable to enlarge at present upon the obstacles which I foresee to our future progress; they are, however, of so weighty a nature, that under different circumstances I should undoubtedly act with more caution, and defer the attempt upon the enemy's capital till after the ensuing rains; but, acquainted as I am with the unsettled situation of political affairs in Europe, and knowing that a procrastinated war would occasion almost certain ruin to your Finances, I consider it as a duty which I owe to my station and to my country to disregard the hazard to which my own military reputation may be exposed, and to prosecute, with every species of precaution that my judgement or experience can suggest, the plan which is most likely to bring the war to an early decision.

I have, at the same time, been the more encouraged to persevere in the execution of my original intentions, as both the Nizam and the Mahrattas have of late shewn an uncommon alacrity in fulfilling their engagements, which, by the smallest appearance of backwardness on our part, would be immediately cooled; and which, I trust, will, in addition to our own efforts, essentially contribute to counteract many of the disadvantages which the difficulty of the march, the risk of scarcity of provisions and forage, and the approach of the rainy season, present against the undertaking; and if those obstacles can be overcome, the capture of Seringapatam will probably, in its consequences, furnish an ample reward for our labours.

A few days after our success at Bangalore, Tippoo repeated his propositions to open a Negotiation for terminating our differences; but whether with a sincere desire to obtain peace, or with the insidious hopes of exciting jealousies in our Allies, by inducing

me to listen to his advances, is not certain. The line of my conduct, however, was clear; and, conformable to our Treaties, I declined, in civil and moderate terms, to receive a person of confidence on his part, to discuss the separate interests of the Company; but informed him, that if he should think proper to make propositions in writing, for a general accommodation with all the Members of the Confederacy, I should, after communicating with the other Powers, transmit our joint sentiments upon them.

I shall refer you entirely at present to the accounts that you will receive from the different Governments of the details of their respective business, and shall only add, that the personal attention that I have experienced from the Members of the Supreme Board, and the zeal which they have manifested, since I left Calcutta, in promoting the public good, have given me very particular satisfaction.

The Swallow Packet will remain in readiness to be dispatched in August, or sooner, if it should be thought expedient; and I shall, by that opportunity, have the honour of writing fully to you on several of those subjects, on which you must, no doubt, be anxious to receive minute information. I cannot, however, conclude this Letter without bearing the most ample testimony to the zeal and alacrity which have been uniformly manifested by his Majesty's and the Company's troops, in the performance of the various duties of fatigue and danger in the course of this campaign; and assuring you, that they are entitled to the most distinguished marks of your approbation.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect,
Honourable Sirs,
Your most obedient and most humble Servant,
CORNWALLIS.

Camp at Venkettigerry, April 21, 1791.

[The Letter that next follows in this EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE is addressed to the Right Hon. W. W. GRENVILLE, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, in which his Lordship says:

"You will have the satisfaction to observe, not only that our success has already been considerable, but that we have a reasonable prospect of being able to humble still further a Prince of very uncommon ability, and of boundless ambition, who had acquired a degree of power, in extent of territory, in wealth, and in forces, that threatened the Company's possessions in the Carnatic, and those of all his other neighbours, with imminent danger.

"Our success at Bangalore has tended to establish, in the general opinion of the natives, the superiority of the British arms;

and it has in particular made an impression upon the minds of our allies, which, I am persuaded, will contribute to induce them to use vigorous exertions in prosecuting the war to an honourable conclusion.

"At present we can only look for the speedy accomplishment of that desirable object by proceeding to attack the enemy's capital, which I clearly foresee will, from the near approach of the season of the periodical rains, and the danger of a scarcity of provisions and forage for the large bodies of troops that are to be employed, be attended with so many difficulties, that upon any other occasion, I should have thought it advisable to have deferred the attempt till the end of the ensuing moonsoon.

"Having, however, been informed of the critical situation of political affairs in Europe, and being sensible that the finances of the Company require the adoption of those measures that are most likely to bring the contest to an early decision, I have thought it my duty to hazard the undertaking; and having received the strongest assurances of exertions from the Chiefs of the Nizam's cavalry that are now with me, and the Marattas having also promised an hearty co-operation against the common enemy, I am encouraged to entertain sanguine hopes that all obstacles will give way to our efforts, and that the enterprize will succeed.

"I have, on all occasions, had the greatest reason to be satisfied with the behaviour of his Majesty's troops serving with this army; but the effects of their courage and discipline were eminently conspicuous in the assault of the fortrefs of Bangalore, and will ever reflect the highest honour upon themselves and upon his Majesty's service.

"I am persuaded that the zeal which generally prevails in this army to promote the honour and interests of Britain, has never been exceeded: but amongst those officers who have had an opportunity to render distinguished services, I must particularly mention Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell and Major Skelly, the first having conducted the assault which was entrusted to his direction with great spirit and ability, and the latter having, on that occasion, led the European grenadiers and light-infantry of the army, and highly contributed, by his own animated example, to their success.

"I likewise feel myself much indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart for the able assistance which I constantly derive from his great military experience, and his anxiety to promote, by every means in his power, the good of the service: and the friendly support which I receive from General Medows must command my lasting esteem and gratitude."

Extract

Extract of a Letter from the Governor and Council of Madras, in their political Department, to the Court of Directors of the East India Company, dated April 29, 1791.

"On the 23d we received advice from the Resident at Poona, that the fort at Darwar had surrendered to Major Sartorius on the 3d of April; and by letters from the Resident at Hydrabad we learn, that the Kelledar of Copul was in treaty for the delivery of that fort to the Nizam's General.

"Lord Cornwallis, having effected his junction with Lieutenant-Colonel Oldham's detachment, moved on the 22d inst. from Venketegherry in the direction of Bangalore."

The same Gazette also contains dispatches from Messrs. Taylor, Shaw, and Ince, dated Tellicherry, April 22, brought by the Eliza, a Danish ship, to the Court of India Directors, in which are the following particulars:

"The storming party at Bangalore consisted of the 36th, 72d, 76th, King's regiments, two battalions of sepoys, together with the European grenadiers and light infantry of the army; and the whole commanded by Major General Medows.— They were obliged to descend and ascend the ditch with scaling ladders; and in two hours from the commencement of the assault the British colours were seen flying on the rampart. The garrison consisted of about 3000 men; 1500 of whom were almost instantly and inevitably put to the bayonet. Among the killed was the Kelledar, an old man, and nearly related to the Sultan. Great quantities of grain, we understand, were found in

the fort and Pettah; and we are happy to add, that this glorious enterprize was effected with the loss only of about twenty men killed and wounded on our side. Bangalore is reckoned among Tippoo's strongest holds in the Myfore country, and consequently its loss must be severely felt by him.

"The fort of Darwar, after an unexpected long siege, capitulated to the English, in conjunction with the Mahratta arms, on the 5th inst. We have not yet received particulars of the surrender; and can only acquaint you that Colonel Frederick, of the Bombay establishment, died before the place after a short illness, when in command of the detachment; from which period it devolved on Major Sartorius, of your engineer corps.

"As the rainy season on this side of India is now near at hand, General Abercromby will be under the necessity of cantoning the troops, so as to form a chain of communication between this place and the Coorja Ghaut, which leads into the Myfore dominions."

Berlin, Sept. 30. The marriage ceremony of his Royal Highness the Duke of York with the Princess Royal of Prussia took place here yesterday, with the greatest magnificence, and every mark of satisfaction was testified by the Court and all present on the occasion.

Berlin, Oct. 1. This evening the marriage was celebrated here between her Royal Highness the Princess Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, second daughter of his Prussian Majesty, and his Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Orange.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 27.

THE Coronation of his Majesty the King of Bohemia was performed on the 6th instant, with the usual grand ceremony.

Twelve sail of ships from St. Domingo are safe arrived in France, laden with sugar, rum, and cotton, which are remarkably fine.

The island of Cuba has lately experienced a most dreadful loss, occasioned by showers, or rather storms of rain, that have never hitherto been equalled in those latitudes. At break of day on the 21st of June it began to rain, and continued to pour with unremitting fury until the 22d, at half past ten o'clock. The royal magazines of tobacco, situate about a mile from the Havannah, were swept away by the torrent, as was also a neighbouring village, containing about 257 persons. At three miles distant the

country house belonging to Count Baretto was entirely swallowed up. The loss to the island is inestimable; upwards of 3000 inhabitants, 3700 horses, and 8000 other animals, have perished. Some of the chasms made by the torrents are 60 feet deep; and alarming indications of a volcano have been perceived.

A cause was brought on at York assizes some time ago by a physician for the recovery of his fees. He had a verdict in his favour; but at the last assizes the verdict was set aside, and Lord Kenyon gave it as his opinion, that a physician's fees are not demandable of *right*. This is making fees to be *debts of honour*.

29. A Common Hall was held for the election of a Lord Mayor, when Mr. Alderman Hopkins, who has now completed his

75th year, was appointed to that elevated station. The new Sheriffs are, J. W. Anderson, and H. Coombe, Esqrs.

Oct. 6. The house of Sir James Saunderson, Roxby, and Co. hop-merchants, at the bottom of Fish-street-hill, was broke open and robbed of bills of exchange, cash, &c. to the amount of 1800l.

A most unhappy affair has lately occurred on board the Fitzwilliam East-Indiaman, just arrived: Mr. R. Dawson and his niece were passengers in the ship from Bengal, having part of the Captain's cabin, or round-house, assigned to themselves for accommodation, and lived at the Captain's table; the gentleman was a widower, and appeared to be about 45 years of age, and his niece about 30; the former had been in the profession of the law, and was reputed to have some fortune, as had the lady, and both were from Yorkshire. On Wednesday morning the 28th ult. it was currently reported in the ship, that Mr. D. (a cuddy passenger) had, by looking through the keyhole of the door of their apartment on Tuesday afternoon, discovered them in an improper situation; that he had called another person to be witnesses of the same; that they alarmed the parties by knocking at the door, and retired. The affair being universally made known, a reserve took place at table during dinner between the gentlemen and the parties, and an explanation was so far gone into as to convince the latter that their guilt was public. They accordingly soon retired from table, and remained that day and Thursday in their apartment. On Friday morning the 30th, upon a servant's knocking at the door, and not being able to obtain admittance or attention, a suspicion arose, and the gunner was desired to go over the ship's quarter, and look into their apartment, on which he discovered that they had destroyed themselves. The gentleman was found sitting in the quarter gallery, with a fuscus and a pistol, with the latter of which he had shot himself through the head; the lady was lying in the balcony, and a discharged pistol near her, with which she had shattered her head in a shocking manner. They had been dead for some time, and it was about seven in the morning when this part of the melancholy business was publicly known in the ship. Their bodies were committed to the deep at mid-day.

Some letters were found written by the lady, addressed to several friends and relations; one to the Captain, thanking him for his kindness; one to the person whose fatal curiosity had occasioned the discovery, upbraiding him for cruel officiousness; and one to a gentleman who was in the same ship, and who paid his addresses to the lady, assuring

him, that she esteemed him highly; but declaring, that it never was her intention to impose on him a woman whose conduct he could not approve, and whose affections were devoted to another.

At the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr. Wilde, a sporting gentleman, made a bet to ride against time, viz. 127 English miles in nine hours. He rode in a valley to avoid too great a current of air, where two English miles were measured in a circular direction. Bets to a considerable amount were laid, and Mr. Wilde himself had near two thousand guineas depending. The *knowing ones*, and the *calculators*, all declared it impossible to be done in the time, and laid the odds accordingly; but to much were they out, and so wonderfully fleet was Mr. Wilde, that he accomplished the 127 miles in six hours and twenty one minutes; of course he had two hours and thirty-nine minutes to spare. Mr. Wilde had ten different horses. After he had completed the 127 miles, left there should arise any difference about the measurement, he trotted round the course twice,

15. The Cambridge mail was robbed in June last, but no discovery was made till this week.

On Monday evening a man genteelly dressed, with a woman, called at Mr. Metham's the silversmith's, Cheap-side, bought a half guinea ring, and required change for a ten guinea Stamford bank bill. Not desirous of accommodating a stranger in a way that might possibly subject him to inconvenience, Mr. M. declined it, pleading want of cash. They then recollected that they wanted a cream jug; and fixing upon one of a guinea and a half, Mr. M. looked carefully at the bill, and, seeing nothing suspicious about it, he gave the change, and they went away. It presently transpired, that the same man had bought a trifling article in the silk way next door, and changed a bill there also; and some grocery at Mr. Moseley's on the other side of the way, where he changed a third; all of which, upon enquiry at the bankers, proved to have been stolen out of the Cambridge mail, which was robbed in June last. Two days after, as a boy 18 or 19 years of age, who lives in the capacity of shop-boy with Mr. Metham, was carrying a load on Blackfriars-road, he was struck with the resemblance which a man passing on horseback bore to the person who put off the note to his master; he threw down his load, unbuttoned his cloaths, and ran as fast as he could after him over Blackfriars-bridge, and along Fleet-market; at Snow-hill he would certainly have lost him, but for some obstructions which detained the person suspected so long, as to enable the boy to turn the corner in
time

time to see that he took the way leading to Smithfield; with fresh vigour he sustained the chase till he saw him dismount, and enter a public-house in Clerkenwell; opposite to which he planted himself for a long while before he could get any assistance; at last, however, an officer was procured, whom the boy led on; and upon a near view of the gentleman in the little room behind the bar, where he was seated at dinner with the landlord and landlady, the boy charged him with the fact, and he was led away. He took to his heels in an instant, with a view, it is supposed, to alarm others of the gang, or to get any suspicious articles moved out of the way at the prisoner's lodgings.

When brought before Sir Sampson Wright, he said his name was Oxley, and that he had the bills of a Mr. Shaw, who desired him to get them converted into cash; which being done, he gave the cash and the articles he had bought to Mr. Shaw, at his house near Blackfriars-road.

The moment Shaw's residence was described, Townsend and Jealous slipt out in search of him; and had not arrived there three minutes before a rap was given at the door. One of the thief-takers, on opening it, was asked by an uncommonly stout, tall, athletic man, if Mr. Shaw was at home; he said, Yes, and desired him to walk in; but instead of that, he turned short round, took to his heels as fast as he could, and led them a

purfeit all the way to the Obelisk, and nearly to the Dog and Duck, in St. George's fields, before they could have him stop.

They instantly searched his pockets, and found a handful of bank-notes. With their prisoner and prize they hastened back to Bow-street, where the examination of Oxley had made but little progress while they had been gone, and it had not transpired two minutes that one Broughton was concerned, and a principal in the business, when Townsend, with the bank-notes in his hand, exultingly entered, and exclaimed, "We have him!"—"What Shaw?" said the Justice. "No, indeed, a fellow worth a hundred Shaws;" and so it turned out; for, according to the appearance of things at the close of Wednesday's examination, Shaw was merely a town-agent, whose business it was to receive and put off the booty; whereas the others, and especially Broughton, took up the more active and important part of the depredating plan, which is suspected to have been conducted on a very large scale, and to have embraced more objects of a like kind than the mere robbery of the Cambridge Mail.

19. His Majesty in Council was this day pleased to order, That the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Thursday the 3d day of November next, should be further prorogued to Tuesday the 20th day of December next.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Right Hon. the Viscountess Sydney to be one of the Ladies of the Bed-chamber to her Majesty, vice the Dowager Countess of Effingham, dec.

Thomas Auldjo, esq. to be Vice Consul for the United States of America at the Port of Pool and the places adjacent.

Thomas Andrews, esq. to be an Alderman of Dublin.

Dr. Thomas Gilborne to be President of the college of Physicians.

Major William Wemyss, to be Deputy Adjutant-General to the forces in North Britain, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army.

Lieutenant-General Smith, to be Lieutenant-General of Marines, vice Lieut.-Gen. Mackenzie.

Major-General Leland, to command the army in Ireland in the absence of General Ward.

Samuel Franklyn, esq. to be Recorder of the borough of Axbridge, vice George Lovell, esq.

The Rev. John Cooke, D. D. President of Corpus Christi College, to be a fourth time Vice Chancellor of Oxford.

Dr. Pye to the Archdeaconry of Durham.

MARRIAGES.

AT Jersey, Joseph Haskins, esq. to Miss Haydon, of Honiton, Devon.

Colonel Greville, of the Guards, to Miss Graham, sister of Sir Bellingham Graham, bart.

At Lancaster, Mr. Rogers, Attorney at Liverpool, to Miss Ellen Barrow, second daughter of the late Dr. Barrow, of Lancaster.

Hugh Barlow, esq. Member for Pembroke,

to Miss Crespigny, eldest daughter of Philip Champion Crespigny, esq.

Capt. Paget Bayley, of the Royal Navy, brother to the Earl of Uxbridge, to Miss Colepeper, of Old Palace Yard.

The Hon. John Campbell, one of the Senators of the College of Justice in Scotland, to Miss Lloyd, daughter of the late Hugh Lloyd, esq. of Berth, Denbigh.

The Hon. George Leonard, of the Island of Antigua, Judge of the Court of Vice Admiralty, and Member of Council in his Majesty's Virgin Islands, to Miss Martin, of Grosvenor-place, daughter of the Hon. Henry Martin, deceased, late President of the Council in the Virgin Islands.

Josiah Dornford, esq. of Deptford-road, to Mrs. Esther Thomason, of the City-road.

At Hull, ——— Tucker, esq. M. D. to Miss Wood, second daughter of Mr. Wood, tar-merchant.

The Rev. John Thomas, of Bristol, to Mrs. Phillips, widow of the Rev. Henry Phillips, late of Salisbury.

Charles Pilgrim, esq. of Bow-lane, to Miss Tegetmeyer, of Hampstead.

Capt. Thomas Nixon, to Miss Isabella Capper, daughter of Richard Capper, esq. of Bushey, Hertfordshire.

Sigmund Trafford, esq. son of the late Sir Clement Trafford, to Miss Crowe, daughter of James Crowe, esq. of Tuck's Wood, near Norwich.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Darnley, to Miss Eliz. Brownlow, daughter of the Right Hon. William Brownlow.

Arthur Leith, esq. Captain in the 69th regiment, to Miss Charlotte Seton, daughter of his Excellency Governor Seton, of the Island of St. Vincent's.

Sir William Hamilton, K. B. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Naples, to Miss Harte.

Jukes Coulson, esq. of Westburn-house, to Miss Kinleside, of Wigmore, in Kent.

John Ph. De Gruchy, esq. of Fenchurch-street, to Miss C. Grant, of Portsmouth.

John Bate, esq. of Bedford-row, to Miss Freeman, of Bartholomew-clofe.

At Alnwick, Northumberland, Thomas Donaldson, esq. of Chifwick, in Durham, to Miss Selby, sister of H. C. Selby, esq. of Swansfield, Northumberland.

The Rev. Samuel Hoole, M. A. son of Mr. John Hoole, late of the East-India-house, to Miss Eliza Young, daughter of Arthur Young, esq. of Bradfield-hall, Suffolk.

Henry Chivers Vince, esq. eldest son of H. C. Vince, esq. of Clift-hall, Wilts, to Miss Bishopp, eldest daughter of Harry Bishopp, esq. and grand-daughter to the late Sir Cecil Bishopp, bart.

William Brander, esq. of Morden-hall, Surry, to Miss Burnett, daughter of Robert Burnett, esq. of Vauxhall.

George Poore, esq. of Portsmouth, to Miss Naomi Collins, daughter of Daniel Collins, esq. of Egypt, near Cowes.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Corke, to Miss Mapletost, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Mapletost.

The Rev. Joseph Thomas, late Chaplain

of his Majesty's ship Vanguard, to Miss Parkhurst, daughter of the Rev. John Parkhurst, of Epfom.

Mr. George Ellison, Attorney, of Crane-court, Fleet-street, to Miss Mary Nares, of James-street, Westminster.

John Hooper, esq. of Yeovill, Somersetshire, to Miss Parsons, eldest daughter of the Rev. F. C. Parsons, of that place.

Sir John Peter, his Majesty's Consul in the Austrian Netherlands, to Miss Parker, eldest daughter of John Parker, esq. of Muswell-hill, Banker in London.

The Rev. John Robinson, M. A. Minister of Stayley Bridge Chapel, Lancashire, to Miss D. Buck, of Knareborough.

The Right Hon. Lord Grantley, to Miss Midgley, eldest daughter of the late Jonathan Midgley, esq. of Beverley, in Yorkshire, and niece to the late Lady Denison.

— Devetre, esq. of Crosby near Carlisle, to Miss Fawcett, of Scaleby Castle, niece to Rowland Stephenson, esq.

Geo. Harrison, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Bunting, of Middleton Lodge, Richmond, Yorkshire.

Meredith Price, esq. of Lincoln's-inn-Fields, to Miss Harriet Hughes, daughter of the late Jos. Hughes, esq. of Hatton-street.

The Hon. Henry Cecil (nephew to the Earl of Exeter) to Miss Higgins.

The lately divorced Mrs. Cecil, to the Rev. W. Sneyd, her favourite divine.

Charles Chester, esq. of Curzon-street, May-fair, to Miss Roberts, eldest daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Roberts.

At Kidderminster, the Rev. J. Barrett, Minister of the Old Meeting-house, to Miss Lea, daughter of Mr. Francis Lea.

At Shiffnal, the Rev. John Heptinstall, to Miss Sambrooke.

John Bourke Ryan, esq. of London, to Mrs. Goslip, relict of the late Wilmer Goslip, esq. of Thorpe-Arch, Yorkshire.

Mr. Thomas Jordan Hookham, of Old Bond-street, to Miss Holland, of Greek-street, Soho.

James Stanger, esq. of Cheapside, to Miss Stanger, of Whitehaven.

Charles Lisle, esq. one of the Representatives for the County of Monaghan, Ireland, to Miss Ryder, of Merion-square, Dublin.

Thomas Andrew Knight, of Mary Knowle in the county of Hereford, esq. to Miss Felton, daughter of the late Humphrey Felton, of Woodhall, Salop, esq.

Timothy Shelly, esq. Member for Horsham, to Miss Piffold, of West-Grinstead.

John Masters, esq. of Petty France, Westminster, to Miss Ann Wood, daughter of John Wood, esq. of Rochester.

The Rev. James Allen, of Eaton Bishop, Herefordshire, to Miss Margaret Lathropp, of Clifton.

Griffith Williams, esq. of Wormwood Grove, Carmarthenshire, to Miss Evans, of Highmeal, Cardiganshire.

The Rev. John Francis Brown Bohun, of Magdalen college, Oxford, to Miss Mannoeh, of Horsham.

The Rev. William Hughes, A. M. rector of Pitchcott, Bucks, to Miss Wykham, daughter of the Rev. Richard Wykham, of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY for OCTOBER 1791.

JULY 18.

AT Spanish Town, Jamaica, the Rev. Alexander Cumine, D. D. rector of the parish of St. Catharine.

Lately, in Spanish Town, Jamaica, the Hon. Rose Hering May, esq. one of the Members of his Majesty's Council.

AUG. 1. Geo. Abbott Hall, esq. Collector of the Customs at Charles Town, South Carolina.

SEPT. 3. At Saddleworth, near Manchester, Miss Mary Buckley, of London.

15. At Paris, Charles Orby Hunter, esq. of Crowland, Lincolnshire.

Lady Elizabeth Hay, sister of the late Earl of Kinnoul.

18. Mr. Brett, of New King-street, Bath.

20. At Tunbridge Wells, John Sargent, esq. of Hallstead-place, in Kent.

At Whitehaven, Mr. John Ware, sen. proprietor and publisher of the Cumberland Packet.

William Mitchell, esq. late of Kingston, in the island of Jamaica.

21. Mr. John Hakewell, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

Mr. Josiah Peartree, compass-maker, of Yarmouth, aged 73.

Lately, William Dunn, esq. Alderman of Dublin.

22. Mr. Cumberlege, formerly a linen-draper, in Newgate-street, and latterly collector for the New River Company, in his 88th year.

Mr. Robert Baldwin, jun. bookseller, in Paternoster-row.

At Southwick-house, Northamptonshire, the Rev. Francis Broade, D. D. rector of Benefield.

23. Mr. Michael Lafcelles, late of Salisbury-street, wine-merchant.

24. Mrs. Braithwaite, at Croydon, relict of the late Rev. T. Braithwaite.

Lately, the Rev. John Knowles, curate of Thorganby, in Yorkshire.

25. Mr. Joseph Curry, formerly an auctioneer, at Newcastle.

Thomas Hoo, esq. at Barr, near Birmingham.

Mr. Edward Hall, of Manchester, 38 years one of the surgeons of the Infirmary there.

Mr. Archibald Stewart, clerk at True-man's brewhouse.

Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart. at his seat in Glamorganshire; his death was occa-

sioned by a thorn in his finger, which produced a mortification.

Charles Heath, esq. at Moulsey.

At Glasgow, John Dunn, of Tannochside, esq.

27. John Hart, esq. principal coal-meter, and late an Alderman of London.

The Right Hon. Lord Craven. He was born in 1737, and in 1767 married Elizabeth daughter of the late Earl of Berkeley.

At Bourn, in Lincolnshire, Mr. William Young, preacher at the Baptist Meeting there.

28. At Tottenham, Mr. Glascock, shop-keeper, who had acquired a fortune by letting out single-horse chaises.

James Bennett, esq. of Walthamstow Essex.

James Bullock, esq. Justice of Peace for the county of Surry, and Treasurer of the Surry Dispensary.

29. Mr. John Sealy, formerly a grocer in Threadneedle-street.

William Mason, esq. in Bermondsey-square, Justice of Peace for the county of Surry.

At Inverness, George Skene, esq. of Rubishaw, lieutenant of the 46th reg.

Samuel Hoare, esq. many years Jerquer at the Custom-house at Cork.

30. Mr. John Munn, of the Crown at Bar-net.

Richard Sterne, esq. of Beverley, in Yorkshire, aged 52.

OCT. 1. Mrs. Frances Foster, wife of Francis Foster, esq. of Trinity-hall, Cambridge.

Mr. John Payne, of Cheap-side, aged 75, one of the Common Council of Bread-street Ward.

2. Mr. John Hodges, surgeon, Frith-street, Ohio.

The Right Hon. Lord Haddo. He was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot.

3. James Fisher, esq. of Lincoln's-inn.

Robert Herries, esq. of Halldykes, aged 82.

Lady Caroline Hunter, Crailing-house, Scotland.

Lately, at Ramsgate, aged 53, the Rev. Peter James, M. A. rector of Ightham in Kent, and Master of Greenwich Academy.

4. John Lawson, esq. of Barton in Bedfordshire.

Lately, John Richardson, esq. Mile-end, aged 81.

5. Mr. James Suttle, wine merchant, in York.

Sir Richard Tawney, Knt. senior Alderman, and father of the city of Oxford, in his 71st year. He was knighted in 1786.

Mr. John Rawlinson, of Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell.

6. James Butler, esq; formerly of Pall-Mall.

Mrs. Ducarel, widow of Dr. Ducarel.

At Birmingham, in his 79th year, Peter Oliver, Esq. late Chief Justice of Massachusetts Bay, New England.

At Stoke near Exeter, Mrs. Fulford, relict of John Fulford, esq. of Great Fulford-house, Devonshire.

Lieut. Gen. J. Mackenzie, Col. Commandant and Adjutant Gen. of the Marine Forces, aged 82. He commanded the marines at Belleisle, in 1761.

7. Mr. Benjamin Kirk, of Acomb, in Yorkshire.

Mr. John Walter, Woolstapler, Bermondsey-street.

William Langley, esq. Driffield, Yorkshire.

Lately Jeremiah Waring, esq. at Mr. Finch's, Thorpe Lee-house, Surry, aged 76.

8. The Rev. Charles Batley, rector of Wetherden, and perpetual curate of Hunston, both in Suffolk, aged 72.

Mr. Montague, one of the City Surveyors.

Mr. Henry Birch of the Minorities, late Inspector and Appraiser of china ware to the East India Company.

At Matlock, Henry Hamer, esq. of Halifax.

Mr. Jenkinson, of Bolton, near Lancaster.

Lately, at Dublin, Mrs. Foster, mother of the Speaker of the House of Commons there.

9. The Countess Dowager of Glasgow. She was daughter of George Lord Ross, and married to the late Earl in 1755.

Mr. Henry Boutefeu, of Bulliter-square. Bateman Robison, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn.

Lately, Robert Barlow, esq. Boston, Lincolnshire.

10. Mr. William Crace, stationer, Long-acre.

Mr. John Royal, glove-maker, Pantons-street, Hay-market.

At Sunnyside, Scotland, Rear Admiral Inglis.

At Edinburgh, Sir Robert Dalyell, Bart. of Binns.

Lately, in consequence of a fall from a two pair of stairs window, at Fakenham, Norfolk, Mr. Evans, the celebrated performer on the harp.

11. At Firie, near Lewes, the Right Hon. William Hall Gage, Viscount Gage, of Castle Island, and Baron of Castlebar, in Ireland, Baron Gage of Firie, in Sussex, and Bart.

Mr. Male jun. of Edmund Hall, Oxford. 12. At Bath, Miss Sarah Torrington, related to the Earl of Harborough.

Charles Frewen, esq. of Clewer, near Windsor.

Mr. Landfbury, ship-chandler, Deptford. At Plymouth Dock, J. A. Pownall, esq. storekeeper of that yard, formerly a naval officer at Gibraltar.

13. At Chelsea College, the Countess Dowager of Effingham, wife of Sir George Howard, K. B.

Knipe Gobbett, esq. lieut. col. of the Western battalion of the Norfolk militia, and an Alderman of Norwich, of which city he served the office of Mayor in 1771.

Mr. Edward Roberts, master of Llanfyllin school.

Capt. Wildy French, formerly commander of Xebecque packet, and the oldest lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy.

Thomas Hoggarth, esq. of Lambeth Terrace.

14. Mr. Smith, hosier and hatter, near the Mews-gate.

15. Mr. Thomas Fielding, master of the Carolina Coffee-house, Cornhill.

At Snarebrook, Epping Forest, Rear-Admiral John Harrison, who was first captain under Sir Geo. Pocock, in all the engagements with Monf. D'Ache, and at the taking of the Havannah.

Richard Dundas, esq. of Blair.

16. Mr. Wellbank, broker, at Croydon. Mrs. Morley, wife of Mr. Morley, Doctor's Commons.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, chaplain of the East regiment of Essex militia.

17. Robert Foxcroft, esq. collector of the Customs, at the port of Lancaster.

The Rev. Robert Burt, vicar of Twickenham, and chaplain to the Prince of Wales.

Mr. John Walker, one of the four patent messengers of the Exchequer.

Lately, in Ireland, Edmund Eyre, esq. son of the late Archdeacon Eyre, of Lynn in Norfolk, and nephew of the late Bishop Keene, Lieut. Col. of the 64th reg. of foot, and Col. in the army.

Lately, John Butterfield, esq. of Lancaster.

Lately, Mr. Tapp, wholesale linen-dra-per, Friday-street.

20. Lady Georgina Beauclerk, youngest daughter of the Duke of St. Alban's.

Lately, at Moseley, in Yorkshire, Mr. James Neild, schoolmaster. He was the first instructor in musick of Miss Harrop, now Mrs. Bates.

Lately, the Rev. Marwood Place, A. B. vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale.

21. Mr. Thomas Eames, of Staple-Inn.

22. Mr. John Sandford, lately arrived from India, and fourth officer of the Henry Dundas.

