

THE
European Magazine,
 For NOVEMBER 1791.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of FREDERICA CHARLOTTA ULRICA DUCHESS of YORK. 2. A VIEW of WARWICK-HOUSE, CLOTH-FAIR. And 3. A VIEW of PRINCE RUPERT'S PALACE.]

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The original Letter from Mr. *Pope* is postponed until next Month. In the mean time the transmitter of it is desired to send for a letter left for him at the Publisher's.

Our Correspondent who sent us a poetical epistle from *Gleophilus* by the post, should have recollected the expence attending such a conveyance; it is too long for the European Magazine.

The *Anecdotes of Lord Bacon* are under consideration.

Our Correspondent *J. F. S.* at *North Shields*, means well. The Letter on Impressing Seamen, which is received, and shall be inserted the first opportunity, we consider only as an introduction. Future ones may contain hints for remedy, which we shall also readily insert.

ERRATUM.—In the Song of "Elmina," in a former Magazine, for *blows* read *blooms*.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Nov. 14, to Nov. 19, 1791.

	Wheat				Rye				Barl.				Oats				Beans			
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	5	5	3	4	3	4	3	4	12	4	13	9								
COUNTRIES INLAND.																				
Middlesex	5	9	0	3	4	2	7	3	7											
Surry	5	4	3	8	3	4	2	4	4	2										
Hertford	5	4	0	3	6	2	5	4	2											
Bedford	4	11	3	6	3	5	2	3	3	6										
Cambridge	5	13	1	2	10	1	10	3	4											
Huntingdon	5	1	0	3	4	2	0	3	6											
Northampton	5	5	10	3	10	3	7	2	4	3	11									
Rutland	5	4	3	9	3	9	2	4	4	0										
Leicester	5	6	0	3	11	2	4	4	2											
Nottingham	5	8	4	1	4	0	2	5	4	2										
Derby	5	10	0	4	2	2	7	4	7											
Stafford	5	11	0	4	1	2	6	4	11											
Salop	5	4	2	3	9	2	4	4	6											
Hereford	5	2	4	0	3	10	2	2	4	1										
Worcester	5	6	4	5	4	2	9	4	1											
Warwick	5	4	0	4	0	2	7	3	10											
Gloucester	5	7	0	3	6	2	6	3	9											
Wilt	5	6	0	3	2	2	4	4	0											
Berks	5	7	0	3	3	2	5	3	10											
Oxford	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0											
Bucks	5	2	0	3	2	2	3	3	5											
COUNTIES upon the COAST.																				
Essex	5	2	3	9	3	4	2	5	3	9										
Suffolk	5	2	3	3	3	2	4	3	4											
Norfolk	5	2	3	0	3	1	2	2	3	5										
Lincoln	5	2	3	5	3	8	2	0	3	8										
York	5	0	3	9	3	3	2	1	3	10										
Durham	4	11	3	10	3	4	2	1	0	0										
Northumberl.	4	9	3	9	2	10	2	0	0	0										
Cumberland	5	11	4	0	3	3	2	1	0	0										
Westmorel.	6	1	4	4	3	5	2	2	0	0										
Lancashire	5	6	0	3	11	2	6	4	6											
Cheeshire	5	7	0	3	9	2	7	5	0											
Monmouth	5	5	0	3	9	2	1	0	0											
Somerfet	5	6	0	3	1	1	6	3	11											
Devon	4	11	0	2	10	1	9	4	4											
Cornwall	5	1	0	2	9	1	10	0	0											
Dorset	3	4	0	3	1	2	3	4	0											
Hants	4	11	0	3	1	2	2	3	10											
Suffex	5	0	0	3	5	2	4	0	0											
Kent	5	4	3	9	3	6	2	4	3	5										
WALES.																				
North Wales	5	7	0	0	3	3	1	11	4	6										
South Wales	5	3	0	0	3	1	1	5	10	0										

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

OCTOBER.									
BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.							
26—29	— 55 —	— 44 —	E.	16—28	— 87 —	— 46 —	S.		
27—30	— 04 —	— 45 —	N. N. E.	17—29	— 16 —	— 45 —	S.		
28—30	— 48 —	— 41 —	E.	18—28	— 70 —	— 44 —	W.		
29—30	— 43 —	— 39 —	N.	19—28	— 76 —	— 48 —	E.		
30—30	— 23 —	— 47 —	E.	20—29	— 38 —	— 47 —	N. N. E.		
31—30	— 02 —	— 43 —	N. E.	21—29	— 54 —	— 47 —	W.		
NOVEMBER.									
1—29	— 81 —	— 44 —	N. N. E.	22—29	— 91 —	— 41 —	S.		
2—29	— 70 —	— 39 —	N.	23—30	— 00 —	— 46 —	S.		
3—29	— 58 —	— 39 —	N.	24—29	— 80 —	— 50 —	S.		
4—29	— 60 —	— 40 —	N. N. W.	25—29	— 65 —	— 47 —	S.		
5—29	— 68 —	— 41 —	N.	PRICE of STOCKS,					
6—30	— 14 —	— 36 —	N.	Nov. 26, 1791.					
7—30	— 18 —	— 28 —	W.	Bank Stock, 196 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Stock, 185 a 86				
8—30	— 15 —	— 34 —	E.	5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 3 per Ct. Ind. Ann —	118 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	India Bonds, —			
9—30	— 04 —	— 44 —	S. S. W.	New 4 per Cent. 101	South Sea Stock, —				
10—30	— 15 —	— 42 —	S.	$\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	Old S. S. Ann. —				
11—29	— 95 —	— 48 —	S.	3 per Cent. red. 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	New S. S. Ann. —				
12—29	— 50 —	— 45 —	S.	3 per Cent. Conf. 88	3 per Cent. 1751, —				
13—29	— 51 —	— 46 —	S. S. W.	$\frac{1}{2}$ 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ 88	Exchequer Bills —				
14—29	— 03 —	— 48 —	E.	3 per Cent. 1726, —	N. Navy & Vid. Bills —				
15—29	— 37 —	— 40 —	S. S. W.	Long Ann. 25 $\frac{1}{4}$	par				
				Ditto Short, 1778, 12	Lot. Tick. —				
				7—16ths $\frac{1}{2}$	Irish Lottery Tick. —				

T H E

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

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

For N O V E M B E R 1791.

FREDERICA CHARLOTTA ULRICA DUCHESS OF YORK.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

AN accession to the Royal Family of Great Britain cannot but excite some degree of attention. When the influence of the great on the manners, the morals, and, by consequence, the welfare of the community at large is considered, anxiety and expectation must arise in the minds of reflecting people on such an event. They will hail the stranger with gratulations and wishes for health, longevity, and uninterrupted happiness; happiness arising from the exercise of virtues which will communicate blessings wherever their example can be pointed out for imitation.

The Lady who is destined to adorn the Court of Great Britain as Duchess of York, is the eldest daughter of the present King of Prussia, by his Majesty's first consort, Elizabeth Christina Ulrica Princess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, and the only offspring of that union. She was born May 7, 1767, and panegyric has been lavish in pointing out her virtues and accomplishments. She had been seen by her consort in his former excursions abroad, and this summer, with the consent of his Royal Parents, he visited the Court of Prussia to demand her in marriage. Preliminaries being settled, the Marriage took place on the 29th of September last, with the following ceremonial:

About six o'clock, all persons who were of a Princely Blood assembled in gala in the apartments of the Dowager Queen, where the Diamond Crown was put on the head of Princess Frederica. The Generals, Ministers, Ambassadors, and the high Nobility, assembled in the White Hall.

Immediately after it struck seven o'clock, the Duke of York led the Princess his spouse, whose train was carried by *four Dames de la Cour*, preceded by the Gen-

tlemen of the Chamber, and the Court-officers of State, through all the parade apartments into the White Hall.—After them went the King, with the Queen Dowager; Prince Lewis of Prussia, and the Reigning Queen (the Crown Prince was absent through indisposition); the Hereditary Prince of Orange, with Princess Wilhelmina; Prince Henry, third son to the King, with the Hereditary the Stadtholdress, his Aunt; Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, with Princess Augusta; the Duke of Weimar, with the Spouse of Prince Henry of Prussia; the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, with the Hereditary Princess of Brunswick.

In the White Hall a canopy was erected of crimson velvet, and also a crimson velvet sofa, for the marriage ceremony.

When the young couple had placed themselves under the canopy, before the sofa, and the Royal Family stood round them, the Upper Counsellor of the consistory, M. Sack, made a speech in German. This being over, rings were exchanged, and the illustrious couple, kneeling on the sofa, were married according to the rites of the Reformed Church. The whole ended with a prayer; and, twelve guns placed in the garden firing three rounds, the Benediction was given. After this the new-married couple received the congratulations of the Royal Family, and they returned in the same order to the apartments, where the Royal Family and all persons present sat down to card-tables; after which the whole court, the high nobility, and the ambassadors sat down to supper.

The supper was served at six tables—The first was placed under a canopy of crimson velvet, and the victuals served in
T t 2 gold

gold dishes and plates. Lieutenant General Bornstedt and Count Bruhl had the honour to carve, without being seated.

The other five tables, at which sat the Generals, Ministers, Ambassadors, all the Officers of the Court, and the high Nobility, were served in other apartments.

Those who did the *honueurs* at these tables were—At the first, Prince Sacker, Minister of State—At the second, General Mollendorf—At the third, Count Finckenstein, Minister of State—At the fourth, Count Schulemburg, Lieutenant General and Minister of State—At the fifth, Major General Bishoffswerder.

During supper music continued playing in the galleries of the first hall, which immediately began when the company entered the hall.

At the dessert, the Royal Table was served with a beautiful set of china made in the Berlin manufactory.

Supper being over, the whole assembly repaired to the White Hall, where trumpet, timbrel, and other music, was playing—the *Flambeau Dance* was begun, at which the Ministers of State carried the torches. With this ended the festivity.

The new couple were attended to their apartments by the Reigning Queen and the Queen Dowager.

The Duke of York wore on this day the English uniform, and the Princess Frederica was dressed in a suit of *Drap d'Argent*, ornamented with diamonds.

Their Royal Highnesses left Berlin the 17th of October, and arrived at Hanover the 25th, where they staid eight days; and proceeded to Osnaburgh, where they resided four days, each day holding a Court. They then went to Brussels, where they met with her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland. Here they staid one day. They were obliged to prolong the route one day at Lisle in the French Netherlands, in order to get their carriage repaired. From Lisle they proceeded to Calais, where they arrived on Monday the 14th of November at two o'clock. They embarked at three o'clock on Friday morning, and arrived on the beach at Dover soon after twelve at noon, where the Duke's attendants were ready to receive them. The regiment quartered there fired three volleys. They stopped at York Hotel. From thence they resumed their journey at eight o'clock on Saturday morning the 19th, breakfasted at Sittingbourne, and then set out for town. They were met on the Kentish-road by a party of life-guards, who escorted them to York-house.

As soon as they arrived, the Duke of Clarence carried the agreeable intelligence to their Majesties at Buckingham-house, and at nine o'clock the Duke of York was presented to their Majesties and the Princesses at the Queen's house, by the Prince of Wales.

On their arrival at York House they were received by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who came thither about twenty minutes before. The Prince received the Duchess in the Great Hall, with that elegance so peculiar to him; his Highness taking her by the hand, saluted his royal sister, and congratulated her on her arrival in the German language, which the Prince speaks with great precision. The Prince afterwards saluted in the same manner the German lady who accompanied the Duchess, and rode in the royal carriage.

The Duchess was somewhat indisposed, and, after seeing the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence, was attended by Dr. Warren, upon whose recommendation she soon after retired to rest.

On Sunday at noon, the Duke of York walked to Carleton-house, and returned with the Prince, who staid at York-house more than an hour. All the nobility and gentry in town continued, in the mean time, to leave their cards; but no persons were introduced to her Royal Highness.

At about a quarter before four, the Prince of Wales arrived again, and, within a few minutes afterwards, his Royal Highness handed the Duchess to his carriage, the Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence following. The Duchess, of course, had the right hand seat of the coach, and the Prince of Wales sat by her; the Duke of York sat opposite to the Duchess, and the Duke of Clarence to the Prince. There was no guard at the house; but an Officer of the guards, one of the Duke's household, attended uncovered at the door of the carriage several minutes before their appearance. The populace, when the Duchess came out, took off their hats and shouted.

Two officers followed in the Duke's carriage to Buckingham-house, where the Duchess had been invited to dine with the Queen. Upon the arrival of the Royal Party at Buckingham-house, the Duchess of York was conducted by the Prince of Wales on her right hand and the Duke on her left into the Grand Drawing-Room, where were the King, Queen, and six Princesses. Upon the appearance of her Royal Highness the Royal Party rose, and the Duchess, advancing a few steps into the room, dropped upon her knees. The

King

King and Queen immediately went towards her most affectionately, and she was raised by them, surrounded by the Princesses.

At five the whole party passed from the drawing to the dining-room, where their Majesties, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Duke and Duchefs of York, Duke of Clarence, and the six Princesses, dined together*.

The ceremony of a re-marriage in this kingdom between the Duke and Duchefs of York, according to the ritual of our church, was rendered necessary by the Royal Marriage Act, 12 Geo. III. cap. 11. sect. 1, which directs, "That his Majesty's consent shall not only pass the Great Seal, but shall also be set out in the Licence and Register of Marriage." His Majesty's consent did pass the Great Seal previous to the marriage at Berlin, but the latter direction of the Statute could be complied with in this country only; for our Archbishop could not have granted a license for the marriage at Berlin; nor can a marriage be registered but in the parish or place where it is solemnized.

This ceremony took place on Wednesday November 23 at the Queen's-House.

At seven o'clock in the evening the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Bishop of London, came to the Queen's-House.

At half past eight o'clock the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchefs of York, and the Duke of Clarence, entered the Queen's-House, and were immediately conducted to her Majesty's Drawing-room.

The Bishops and the Chancellor were in a separate room preparing the form of the register.

At nine o'clock the Bishops and the Lord Chancellor having intimated that they were ready, they were admitted into her Majesty's Drawing-room, upon which the procession, attended by the Officers of the Chapel Royal, proceeded to the Grand Saloon.

A table was provided, which had formerly been used at the ceremony of christening the Royal children; but at the request of the Archbishop another table was directed to be placed in the Saloon, which was formed as an altar, and was narrow enough for the Archbishop to reach across, and join the hands of the Royal pair.

At half past nine the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London; his Majesty standing at one end of the altar, and her Majesty at the other extremity; the Duke and Duchefs of York in the center; the Archbishop opposite to them, and the Lord Chancellor standing behind him; the Prince of Wales next to the Duchefs of York, and the Duke of Clarence next to the Duke of York. The Princesses were seated on chairs at a distance from the altar, in the Saloon.

The certificate of the marriage was then signed by their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and, lastly, by the Lord Chancellor.

Her Royal Highness's stature is somewhat below the common height, and her figure elegantly formed in proportionate delicacy and slightness. Her countenance has so far the best beauty, that it is made to win tenderness, esteem, and affection. Her complexion is exquisitely fair, and the bloom with which it is enlivened is rather a tint appearing through the skin, than that sort of colour which seems to exist in it. Her hair is light, and her eye-lashes are long and nearly white, resembling those of our Royal Family, to whom, indeed, she is not much unlike in features. Her eyes are blue, and of uncommon brilliancy.

Such is the appearance of the Duchefs of York, upon whose arrival we form a fervent wish, that she may witness only peaceful and happy days in this country.

* On Tuesday Evening following, their Majesties, accompanied by the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta, in one coach, and the Princesses Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia, attended by Lady Charlotte Finch, in another, paid a visit to York House, where they were received by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchefs of York, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Clarence, attended by the Duke of York's Household Officers. After reciprocal salutations in the Great Hall, their Majesties, &c. were led to the lower apartment fronting the Park, where tea and coffee, and other refreshments, were prepared.

The tea ceremony was thus observed:—tea and coffee introduced by the servants in waiting, received by gentlemen of the Duke's establishment, and handed primarily to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and presented by him to the King. Another received by the Duke, handed by him to the Duchefs, and presented by her to the Queen.

At a quarter after ten their Majesties and the Princesses returned to the Queen's House, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchefs of York, and the Duke of Clarence, attending their illustrious parents to their carriage.

WARWICK HOUSE, CLOTH FAIR,

[WITH A VIEW,]

BELONGED to the Earl of Warwick, whose ancestor, Sir Richard Rich, received a grant of the Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great and its appurtenances within St. Bartholomew's Clofe from King Henry the VIIIth. At the Diffolution, this Priory with its appendages was then valued, according to Dugdale, at 653l. 15s. per annum.

The antiquity of this Houfe is fuppofed to be of the Reign of Elizabeth, as the building is in that form, and on a window on the first floor is a stained pane of Glafs, with the Arms of England as quartered in the reign of the above Queen.

P E L E W I S L A N D S.

Some Particulars of the Vifits made by CAPTAIN M'CLUER to thofe Iflands, in the Eaft-India Company's armed Veffels the PANTHER and ENDEAVOUR, which were fitted out at Bombay, by Order of the Court of Directors, for the Purpofe of Surveying thofe Iflands, and to carry fuch ufeful Animals and other Prefents as would be ferviceable to the Inhabitants, and pleasing to KING ABBA THULLE.

THE two fhips anchored in a very snug harbour in one of the faid iflands called Arrakappafang, where the King Abba Thulle defired Capt. M'Cluer would land the live-ftock, which he feemed very fond of—they being fo very gentle and tame, particularly the bulls and cows. At day-light they were fent on fhore, all in good condition, four young cows fuppofed to be all in calf, two young bulls, ten ewes and a ram, feven fhe-goats and three rams, five fows with pig, and a boar, one pair of geefe, three ducks and a drake, alfo a tame cock and two hens to invite the wild ones; and they let fly from aloft four pair of turtle-doves and a pair of parrots. At the fame time a rich prefent of arms and European fwords, with fundry other packages, was made to Abba Thulle, who infantly diftributed the arms among the principal Rupacks, and recommended them to be kept clean and in order for fervice when wanted.

Two days after, the remaining prefents, confifting of grindftones, ironmongery, faws, fhovels, &c. from Europe, were fent on fhore, which when opened before the old King and his people, the whole multitude was fo ftruck with amazement, that they could not utter a word to each other, but gave frequent *ba's* of aftonifhment as the things were taken out of the boxes. About an hour after the things were opened to view, the old King came to his recollection, and called his Rupacks and principal men around him, and after a long harangue to them (wherein the word *Englees* was frequently mentioned) he diftributed the different articles with his own hand, proportionably to the rank and ability of the perfon. The

400 iron *Kyfeems* fent from Bombay greatly attracted their attention, being exactly the dimenfions of the tool ufed by them; little hand-hatchets were only given to the favourites and head men; the beads fent from Europe they did not like, as they were not transparent, but fome blue and green from Bombay were exactly what they liked; they were fond of the China ware, particularly tureens.

The next day the King came on board, with his retinue, to fee the vefTel when at anchor, which he examined very minutely in every part; and a gun being fired with rofid and grape fhot furprifed him a good deal, when the large fhot fell in the water at fo great a diftance. The working of the pumps he admired greatly. The Captain made him a prefent of a horfeman's fword and target, and fhewed him the ufe of the latter, by telling one of his men to throw a fpear at it with all his might, which, to their great aftonifhment, fnaped fhort, and fcarcely left a dent behind; this feemed very acceptable. Mr. Weftbrough produced a fmall joiner's tool-chef, which he prefented to the King, who admired it greatly, being very complete, with lock and key; he gave him alfo an embroidered cap of fcarlet cloth, which they are remarkably fond of wearing. Mr. Proctor had a fmall Alexander's figure head, done in Bombay Marine-Yard, which the old King was much pleafed with, and would not part with out of his hand to let any one fee it. The Captain made the fon of Arra Kooker a prefent of a Mahratta fword of a great length, and made one of the Sepoys flourifh it in the Mahratta manner, which much delighted the old King and his people, being

being something like their own fighting and jumping about with the spear. The presents were then finished with a piece of broad cloth to the King and one or two of the Chiefs, the texture of which puzzled their imagination; and for want of the Malay interpreter, who was on shore, it could not be explained to them.

On the following day one of the he-goats died by eating some poisonous herbs, but was not altogether lost, for the King ordered him to be skinned and roasted, and when about half-done, he and his nobles made a delicious meal of it; at least they seemed to enjoy it, by frequently licking their chops and fingers during the repast.

The next morning the King proposed a visit to Coroora (his principal island), where every Gentleman that could be spared from duty accompanied him, and made a very grand appearance. He made a small canoe lead a-head of the Panther's boat, and behind was the King's canoe, and every one according to their rank nearest him to the right and left, keeping an exact line abreast; the smaller canoes following in little order and distinction. On coming near the landing place of Coroora, they sounded the conch shell to announce his Majesty's approach; the first line began a song, and the old men gave out the first stave of every verse alone; when finished, they all answered, accompanied at the same instant by a great flourish of the paddle, which had a pleasing effect. When the boat touched the pier, the English gave three cheers, which was answered by Wheel! From the water-side they walked up a broad causeway to the village, which was without order or regularity, the houses being placed promiscuously among the trees.

The large Plais or Assembly Houses belong to the King, and are very astonishing fabrics, considering the tools and people who constructed them. Since the loss of the Antelope, they have built a new one near sixty feet in length, and by accident they have nearly fallen in with the proportion of ship-building, the breadth of the house being about a third of the length; the floor of this is a perfect level from end to end; many of the planks are from three to four feet in breadth, and fitted so nicely, that a pin cannot go between them; the windows exactly resemble the port-holes in a ship's side, six to eight opposite each other, and one of the same size at each end; the beams are laid about seven feet from the floor, very close and curiously carved; the joinings of the beams upon the supporters are so closely fitted, that it may be taken for the same piece of wood; the roof is very high, and has a great slope;

the thatching is very ingeniously done with the cocoa-nut leaf; the inside throughout is curiously carved in various figures and flowers; and the gabel ends have the appearance of the Gentoo temples, decorated with figures of men and women. Every Rapack or chief has a square piece of stone causeway before his house, and a small detached place like a pigeon-house, where they keep store of yams, &c. for present use. This little place was at first taken for a place of worship, but it was found they have no notion of a Deity, though they have many superstitious prejudices.

The party left Coroora and arrived at Arakappang at sun-set, and the next morning the two detachments of Sepoys, in number about forty, were reviewed on shore, which had a most extraordinary effect upon the natives; and the old King was enraptured with their appearance: they began with the manual exercise by word, then by tap of the drum, from that to forming, marching quick and slow time, firing by platoons, and street-firing; and although the men were chiefly recruits, they gave the natives a very different idea of them to what they had before. The King ordered them a large tub of sweet drink, and asked if they were Engles! He was told No; that they were people of Bombay, and taught the use of arms by the English; and that his people could do as well as them in a little time, which inspired the old man with such a fighting fit, that he wanted to go directly against the Artingalls; but was dissuaded from it, on being told that he need not give himself the trouble, for that the Artingalls will give any thing to be friends with him, now they find the English are come to be the friends of Abba Thulle.

By a signal from the shore, the two vessels between them now fired a royal salute, whereupon the English Union was hoisted upon a point of the island, and the foundation stone laid of Fort Abercrombie, so called in honour of the Governor of Bombay; and, by Abba Thulle's permission, possession of it was taken in the name of the English.

The Island is about four miles in circumference, and well watered by springs and rivulets. The soil is rich, and fit to produce any thing by cultivation. It was resolved by Captain M'Cluer to leave the Endeavour there (while he went in the Panther to Canton), in order to shew the natives the use of the tools sent them by the Company, and to forward the cultivation of the grounds, which had been sown with rice and garden-seeds by the English; and hopes were entertained, that by the vessel's making some stay among the Islands, the natives would become more habituated to the customs and manners of the Europeans,

Europeans, which might hereafter be of service. The Master of the Endeavour, who had a ship's company of about 50 men, was directed to secure the provisions and stores left with him by a bamboo stockade work, at Fort Abercrombie, but on no account to join with the natives in their wars, and to do his utmost to reconcile each party, only taking care to be in a state to resent any insult offered to him by the enemies of Abba Thulle. He was also directed to examine carefully the different channels, through the reefs, with the different soundings and leading marks, for a complete survey of the Island.

Before the Panther sailed, Abba Thulle went out himself on a fishing party, chiefly for the benefit of the English; he was accompanied by Mr. White, who was his favourite, and always attended him in his expeditions about the place, by which means Mr. White, from what he knew formerly of the language, is now very conversant in it. In the evening they returned with a good cargo, having collected a few from every boat that went out with him, and gave two-thirds of it to the English, who immediately put it in salt for sea store.

The next morning two Chiefs from the Island Medeg were introduced to the Captain, as friends of Abba Thulle. He took them on board, and shewed them the vessel, which they examined with a good deal of curiosity and attention; a large looking-glass in the cabin perfectly astonished them; they did, what monkies have been seen to do, put their hands to the back of the glass and feel it, which gave those who had been on board before an opportunity of laughing at them. They were presented with some beads and a few knives, which made them so happy, that they instantly came upon deck to shew to their companions in the boat what they had got. Those natives belonging to the place who saw the things given, told Abba Thulle of the circumstance, and he told the Captain, through the Malay interpreter, the character of the people of Medeg, "that while he

(Abbe Thulle) was alone, and had not the English for his friends, they did not come near him, nor give him any assistance in his wars against the Pellelews; but now that the English are come, they come and wish to be friends with him, to get what they can from him." The Captain comforted the old man by telling him, that while the English were his friends he had nobody to fear, and that even his greatest enemies (the Artingalls) would come and beg his friendship; this pleased him so much, that he made for answer, "that these Islands no longer belonged to him, but to the English; and if they would assist him to conquer the Artingalls, they should have those Islands also."

Before the Panther sailed, two canoes from Artingall arrived on an embassy to Abba Thulle, to crave his friendship, and brought him a large bead, as a present of reconciliation, which the old man received very coldly, and would not allow them to go on board the English vessels.

The Artingalls were apprehensive of the vessels going against them by their staying so long; and the King, wishing to frighten his foes, begged the Captain to fire two guns without shot, which he did, and no doubt it had its desired effect upon his Artingall visitants.

The foregoing are the principal occurrences which took place during Captain M'Cluer's stay in the Pelew Islands, from whence he sailed for Canton, intending to return to Arrakappasang in about three or four months, there to join the Endeavour, and proceed together on further surveys and discoveries, agreeable to their orders and instructions. Justice to Abba Thulle's character requires us to add, that since Captain Wilson's time another Malay proa had been cast away upon the Pelew Islands, the crew of which, shewing a spirit of resistance, were mostly cut off by the natives, excepting a few who were saved by the people of Co-roora, and by them conducted to Abba Thulle, who treated them with great hospitality.

PRINCE RUPERT'S PALACE.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS house formerly belonged to the Abbot of Ramsay, afterward to Sir Drew Drewrie, then to Prince Rupert. A record is made in the parish books of

Cripplegate, of paying a guinea to the ringers on account of King Charles I. paying a visit to Prince Rupert there.

THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[EXTRACTED FROM AN EDITION OF THIS AUTHOR'S WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.]

MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne in Kent, the 11th of April 1722.

His father was possessed of an estate of about 300l. a-year in that neighbourhood, and, having been originally intended for Holy Orders, had a better taste for literature than is commonly found in country gentlemen; a taste which he transmitted to his son.

In the beginning of his life our author was of a very delicate constitution, having been born earlier than the natural period; and his body being too feeble to permit his indulging freely in childish amusements, his mind had leisure to exercise and expand its powers. He discovered a very early taste for Poetry; and proved when he was only four years old, by an extempore effusion, that even then he had a relish for verse and an ear for numbers. He was educated at Maidstone till he was eleven years old. On the death of his father, which happened at that time, his mother, Mrs. Winifred Smart, determined to send him to Durham, where he would have the advantages of a good school, change of air to strengthen a weakly frame, and the notice and protection of his father's relations. The family had been long established in that country. An ancestor of his, Mr. Peter Smart, had been a Prebendary of Durham in the reign of Charles I. and for resisting innovations in the church worship suffered considerably both in person and in property; of this he published an interesting narrative in a pamphlet, of which few copies now remain. Mr. Smart's grandfather married a Miss Gilpin, of the family of the celebrated Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton le Spring. The enumeration of ancestors remarkable only for rank or fortune is idle ostentation; but to mention the brave and the good is a tribute due to merit, and a favour to mankind.

As our author's father had been steward of the estates in Kent of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington, the son was very cordially received at Raby Castle, when absent, during the holidays, from school. In this noble family he had the honour of making an acquaintance with the late Dukes of Cleveland, who discerned and patronized his talents. She

allowed him forty pounds a year till her death. In the Ode to Lord Barnard, he alludes beautifully to his literary habits, and to the splendor of his connections as this early period of his life.

Mr. Smart did not continue without distinction at Durham School; and a very learned and eminent Divine, now living, has expressed obligations to our author for his own first successful essays in Latin versification. The Master of the school at that time was the Rev. Mr. Dongworth, an Etonian, and so eminent a scholar, that, in the judgment of one who was himself in that station, he would have obtained the mastership of that celebrated seminary, had it been accessible to simple merit.

Mr. Smart was removed from this place to the University of Cambridge when he was seventeen; being admitted of Pembroke Hall Oct. 30, 1739.

Though the favourite studies of this seat of learning were not congenial with his mind, yet his classical attainments and poetical powers were so eminent, as to attract the notice of persons not very strongly prejudiced in favour of such accomplishments. Such was the force of his genius, and such the vivacity of his disposition, that his company was very earnestly solicited; and to suppress or withhold our talents, when the display of them is repaid by admiration, is commonly too great an effort for human prudence. He was therefore quickly involved in habits and expences, of which he felt the consequences during the rest of his life. His allowance from home was scanty: for as his father had died suddenly, and in embarrassed circumstances, his widowed mother had been compelled to sell the largest portion of the estate at considerable loss. Our author's chief dependence was the assistance he derived from his College, and from the Dukes of Cleveland's bounty. Many distinguished characters now living were, notwithstanding, of his intimate acquaintance; and it appears, by the Latin invitation of a friend to supper, preserved among his works, that he knew how to relish the Feast of Reason.

In the early part of his residence at Cambridge he wrote the *Tripes* * Poems

* The Verses so called are compositions published every year, when the Bachelors of Arts have completed their degrees. Young men of poetical talents are appointed to this employment; and on one side of their paper the names are printed of those students who at the public examination, on the occasion just mentioned, have succeeded the best.

in the collection of his works. These verses have more system and design than is generally found in the compositions of young Academics : and it is some argument of their being well approved, that they were all thought worthy of a translation into English. He was encouraged by the commendations of his friends to offer himself a candidate for a University Scholarship. The yearly value of these appointments is barely 20*l.* but the election is open to the whole University under the degree of Master of Arts ; and as the electors are of approved learning, and fix their choice after the strictest scrutiny, the honour of obtaining these Scholarships is considerable. It has been said, that upon this occasion he translated Mr. Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day ; but I do not find any sufficient authority for such a conjecture, which is rendered improbable by the length and labour of the composition. But that a scholar equal to such a work, in an impartial classical examination, should surpass his competitors, is no matter of surprize. His extraordinary success in this poem induced him to turn his mind to other Translations from that favourite Bard ; and he seems to have written to Mr. Pope for his approbation. He received from that gentleman the following Letter :

“ *Twickenham, Nov. 18th.*

“ SIR,

“ I THANK you for the favour of yours. I would not give you the trouble of translating the whole Essay you mention ; the two first Epistles are already well done, and, if you try, I could wish it were the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry and common-place. A few lines at the beginning and the conclusion, will be sufficient for a trial whether you yourself can like the task or not. I believe the Essay on Criticism will in general be the more agreeable, both

to a young writer, and to the majority of readers. What made me wish the other well done, was the want of a right understanding of the subject which appears in the foreign versions, in two Italian, two French, and one German. There is one indeed in Latin verse printed at Wertemberg, very faithful, but inelegant ; and another in French prose ; but in these the spirit of Poetry is as much lost, as the sense and system itself in the others. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin Translation of my Ode, which you sent me, and in which I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me, Sir, equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry.”

I am

Your most obliged

and sincere humble servant,

A. POPE.”

I do not find that he bestowed any farther notice on our Author, excepting that he received him once very civilly at his house ; and Mr. Smart seems to have been induced by his suggestion to undertake and finish the Latin translation of the Essay on Criticism, with much praise from the learned, but without either profit or popularity. He was admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1743, and was elected Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, July 3, 1745.

About this time he wrote a Comedy, of which no remains have yet been found, but a few of the Songs, and the Soliloquy of the Princess Perriwinkle, preserved in the Old Woman's Magazine, which is inserted below *. He took the Degree of Master of Arts in 1747, and became a candidate for Mr. Seaton's Prize, and for five years, four of which were in succession, obtained the laurel. Though these are confessedly, excepting the short poems,

* The Princess Perriwinkle, sola, attended by fourteen Maids of great honour.

Sure such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn ;
This bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love.
Pride, Love and *Reason* will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with *Fizgig, Pride, Pride, Pride* denies ; }
Put on a Spanish padlock, *Reason* cries : }
But tender gentle *Love* with every wish complies.
Pride, Love and *Reason* fight till they are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual wounds destroy'd.
Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beats the luckless Collier—white ;

the most finished of his works, yet even here confidence in genius, and aversion to the labour of correction, sometimes prevailed over better considerations. One of these Essays, that On the Divine Goodness, which was written in London, he so long delayed

The dusty Collier heaves his pend'rous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the Barber—black;
In comes the Brickdust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the Collier and the Barber—red.
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are tost,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost,

The following account of the Plot and *Dramatis Personæ*, in the words of an eminent person who was an actor in it, may not be unacceptable to our readers. "It was called, *A Trip to Cambridge; or, the Grateful Fair.*" The business of the Drama was laid in bringing up an old country Baronet to admit his nephew a Fellow Commoner at one of the Colleges; in which expedition a daughter or niece attended. In their approach to the seat of the Muses, the waters from a heavy rain happened to be out at Fenstanton, which gave a young student of Emmanuel an opportunity of showing his gallantry as he was riding out, by jumping from his horse and plunging into the flood to rescue the distressed damsel, who was near perishing in the stream into which she had fallen from her poney, as the party travelled on horseback. The swain being lucky enough to effect his purpose, of course gained an interest in the lady's heart, and an acquaintance with the rest of the family, which he did not fail to cultivate on their arrival at Cambridge with success, as far as the fair-one was concerned. To bring about the consent of the father (or guardian, for my memory is not accurate), it was contrived to have a play acted, of which entertainment he was highly fond, and the Norwich Company luckily came to Cambridge just at the time. Only one of the actors had been detained on the road, and they could not perform the play that night unless the Baronet would consent to take a part, which, rather than be disappointed of his favourite amusement, he was prevailed upon to do, especially as he was assured that it would amount to nothing more than sitting at a great table, and signing an instrument as a Justice of Peace might sign a warrant; and having been some years of the Quorum, he felt himself quite equal to the undertaking. The under play to be acted by the Norwich Company on this occasion, was the *Bloody War of the King of Diamonds with the King of Spades;* and the actors in it came on with their respective emblems on their shoulders, taken from the suits of the cards they represented. The Baronet was the King of one of the parties, and in signing a declaration of war signed his consent to the marriage of his niece or daughter, and a surrender of all her fortune.

"After many disappointments in attempting to get an old play-house at Hunnibun's the coach-maker's, and afterwards the Free-school in Free-School-Lane, it was acted in Pembroke College-Hall, the parlour of which made the Green-Room. The *Dramatis Personæ*, as far as I recollect them, were

Sir Taleful Todjous—Mr. Smart, the Author.

Stiff-Rump his Nephew—Mr. Grimston, of Trinity-Hall.

Damme-blood, Fellow Commoner of Clari-Hall—Mr. now Dr. Cooper, Precentor and Archdeacon of Darham.

Giles Fitz-Gorgon, B. A. of St. John's—Mr. now Dr. Gordon, Precentor of Lincoln.

Goodman of Emmanuel—Mr. now Dr. Madan, Precentor of Peterborough.

Jerry, Servant to Sir Taleful—Mr. now Dr. Randall, Organist of King's College.

Patch, a Cobler—Mr. Bailey of Emmanuel.

Twiss (I think), a Barber—Mr. late Dr. G. Naylor, of Offord.

F E M A L E S.

The gentle Fair—Mr. R. Forester, late Rector of Paffenham.

Jenny, her Maid—Mr. R. Halford, then B. A. of Pembroke.

Prompter—R. Stonhewer, Esq.

"The Characters of the Mock Play by those of the Drama; Music in the Orchestra by Gentlemen of the University; time of acting, 1747*.

* The Prologue is here subjoined:

In ancient days, as jovial Horace sings,
When laurell'd Bards were lawgivers and Kings,
Bold was the Comic Muse, without restraint
To name the vicious, and the vice to paint;

delayed to undertake, that there was barely opportunity to write it upon paper, and to send it to Cambridge by the most expeditious conveyance, within the time limited for receiving the Compositions. That he waited for the moments propitious to invention, I will not plead as his apology; though I cannot agree with our great Critic *, that such moments will by the wise be never expected. In works of mere mechanical exertion, or where only the understanding is employed, all seasons to the industrious will be favourable alike; but in those in which we must call on the Imagination for her assistance, she may not be always a willing help-mate. Submit she must, when resolutely summoned, to the lawful and resistless power of Reason, and obeys her superior with a good grace; but she must be sought with assiduity, and clothed with kindness, by such as would

obtain her most enchanting smiles. Long practice produces facility, and some poets have written well who have written for bread; but haste is commonly inconsistent with correctness, and praise may easily be overlooked by him whose chief pursuit is profit. By exercise and by rest, by leisure and by employment, from every object, in every pursuit, the poet and the painter supply themselves with materials; extracting sweets alike from the flowers of the parterre, and from the wild and simple plants of the field and forest. Such seem to have been the sentiments of Mr. Smart; who has been frequently known to rise suddenly from his bed, that he might fix by writing these delightful ideas which floated before his fancy in the visions of the night †.

[To be concluded in our next.]

Th' enliven'd picture from the canvas flew,
 And the strong likeness crowded on the view.
 Our Author practises more general rules,
 He is no niggard of his knaves and fools;
 Both small and great, both pert and dull, his Muse
 Displays, that every one may pick and chuse:
 The rules dramatic though he scarcely knows
 Of time and place, and all the piteous prose
 That pedant Frenchmen snuffe through the nose.
 Fools, who prescribe what Homer shou'd have done,
 Like tattling watches, they correct the sun.
 Critics, like posts, undoubtedly may show
 The way to Pindus, but they cannot go.
 Whene'er immortal *Shakespeare's* works are read,
 He wins the heart before he strikes the head;
 Swift to the soul the piercing image flies
 Swifter than *Harriot's* wit, or *Harriot's* eyes;
 Swifter than some romantic travellers thought,
 Swifter than British fire when William fought.
 Fancy precedes, and conquers all the mind,
 Deliberate Judgment slowly comes behind;
 Comes to the field with blunderbuss and gun,
 Like heavy *Fajstaff*, when the work is done;
 Fights when the battle's o'er, with wond'rous pain,
 By *Shrewsbury's* clock, and nobly slays the slain.
 The Critic's censures are beneath our care,
 We strive to please the generous and the fair:
 To their decision we submit our claim,
 We write not, speak not, breathe not, but for them.

* "He (Mr. Gray) had a notion, not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastick toperry to which my kindness for a man of learning and of virtue wishes him to have been superior." *Johnson's Life of Gray.*

† I am happy in confirming these sentiments by the opinion at one period of Dr. Johnson himself. "It does not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least."

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Epitaphs.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Reading in the last Number of your Magazine "A Sketch of the Life of M. VALENTINE JAMERAI DUVAL," I send you an Account of the Feelings of this self-taught and artificial Character, as described by himself, when he saw, for the first Time, the Representation of a Play at Paris, in the year 1718. It was the Opera of Isis.

WHILE I was occupied in the *Place des Victoires* in examining a trophy in the erection of which Humanity and Moderation had certainly no share, I observed a number of carriages all going the same way, which I found, upon enquiry, was to the Opera-house. I was reminded, by this circumstance, of a gentleman in the suite of the Princes having given me, at my departure from Luneville, money to purchase a ticket of introduction to this brilliant spectacle. With a view of fulfilling the intentions of the donor, I was repairing to the *Palais Royal*, when I met the old Marquis de Trichateau, whom I informed of my design. This Nobleman had the goodness to tell me that I should see the Opera free of expence; and, taking me by the arm, he conducted me to his box. It is necessary to observe, that I had never been present at the representation of any theatrical piece of any kind. At Luneville, indeed, the magnificence of the Sovereign supported a very excellent comic theatre, to which the Court and the public were admitted gratis; but from my timidity and love of retirement, I had never taken advantage of this circumstance.

The better to conceive the surprize which the Opera occasioned in me, imagine what would be the feelings of an American, who, the moment of his arrival in Europe, found himself placed in the spot best calculated for seeing to advantage this enchanting exhibition: his agitation would doubtless be extreme, but greatly short of what mine was, on account of his ignorance. I was susceptible of stronger and more lively sensations, as the surprize of my senses was increased by that of my mind.

The prologue was scarcely finished, when I had conceived a tolerably just idea of the subject of the piece. It is true, I had only supposed that it was to be recited, and had never dreamed of its being represented in action. In my solitude at St. Anne's I had applied myself closely to the study of mythology; and I confess with shame, that the reveries of paganism impressed themselves more readily on my

memory than the truths of religion. I was also so attached to poetical geography, that almost every place which had been the theatre of fabulous events was known to me. When I understood, therefore, that the scene of the opera of Isis was upon the borders of the river Inachus, which watered the domains of the great Agamemnon, the topography of Argos and Mycene presented themselves as distinctly to my imagination as the environs of Luneville.—The sound of a whistle having announced the commencement of the piece, a smiling landscape, ornamented with palaces and venerable ruins, appeared as suddenly as if it had been the effect of the power of the fairies; and my astonishment was complete when I perceived in the background of the Theatre a number of ships, in such natural motion, that I could have sworn they had been the sport of a real tempest. But when I saw the divinities of the earth and the waters hasten from all sides to pay their homage to Jupiter, who was seated on a splendid cloud, armed with his thunder and supported by his eagle, my surprize was converted into terror. I believed that I saw realized before me all that I had read in my desert, and that the polytheism of the pagans was less chimerical than I had imagined. The amorous lamentations of poor Hierax, the lover of Io, and the regret of the god Pan at the sight of his dear Syrinx changed into a bundle of reeds, made me shed tears. They were only interrupted by a charming concert of flutes, of pipes, and of hautboys, which was formed by the good-natured Mercury and a numerous troop of gallant shepherds, to put to sleep the too vigilant Argus.—This music was perfectly adapted to lull one to sleep, and it was with great difficulty I could resist its power. I conquered, however, this propensity, to contemplate the beautiful Io wandering upon the borders of the river which had given her birth. While I was lamenting her fate, a splendid cloud gradually descended from the theatrical sky, and this cloud, opening all at once, presented to my eyes the proud

Junio

Juno seated upon her throne, ornamented with a diadem, the sceptre in her hand, and with that air of majestic dignity which the poets ascribe to her. This haughty goddess inspired me with so much respect, that I had nearly fallen on my knees to adore her. But this sentiment quickly changed when, inclining her sceptre, she called from the shades of hell the implacable Erinnyes, who, by means of a cloud of flames, immediately presented herself, her head lashed with serpents, a torch in one hand, and the other armed with a bundle of snakes, whose folds I saw, and whose hisses I conceived that I heard.—The jealous goddess ordered this cruel monster to pursue and torment the amiable Io, the daughter of Inachus, whom the enticements of Jupiter had made her rival. She was so punctually obeyed, that in an instant this lovely nymph, always beset by her horrible Eumenides, was transported into the midst of the icy region of Scythia, where my imagination as quickly followed her. I was so struck, that when I saw the northern inhabitants come out of their grottos and wretched huts to sing, with their hoarse and trembling voices, the rigours of their climate, the cold seemed to benumb me, and I remember that, by an involuntary impulse, I blowed to my fingers, as if they had required to be warmed. When, by another change of scene, the fury had transferred the unfortunate Io to the country of the Chalybes, I trembled lest she should be consumed by the flames which issued from their stoves; and, like herself, I was terrified at the noise occasioned by the force with which the Cyclops struck the anvils with their sledges. But nothing can describe the agitation I felt, when I saw the three Fates issue from a dark cavern, and advance upon the stage, accompanied with war and its calamities, with diseases, famine, fire, inundations, and shipwrecks, who seemed by their dismal notes to signify that they did not mean to be idle. It was by the following verses that this formidable troop made known their generous intentions towards the unhappy human race:

Que le fer, que la faim, que le feu, que les
eaux,
Que tout serve à creuser mille & mille
tombeaux.
Qu'en s'empresse d'entrer dans les roy-
aumes sombres, &c.

I may say with truth that my whole body trembled at these dreadful words, and that I never experienced so strong sensations of terror. But my fears were quickly dispelled when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Theatre represented the banks of the Nile, and, at a distance, the steep precipices of lower Ethiopia; where the grand cataraet appeared so natural, that I was tempted to believe that by some magic a real stream had been brought upon the stage. While I was contemplating this wonder, I saw, at a distance from the seven mouths of the Nile, the poor Io, whom the barbarous Eumenides was dragging from the waves into which her despair had thrown her. Her steps, tottering through weakness, the paleness of her countenance, and her disordered looks, too plainly expressed her dejection; but to heighten the effect still more, I heard her in a dying voice, and which was interrupted by her sighs, thus implore of Jupiter that he would put an end to her:

Terminés mes tourmens, puissant maître
du monde, &c.

Then all the passions connected with tenderness and pity tumultuously took possession of my soul, and deranged all its faculties. My anger was so great, that I could willingly have strangled all the divinities, the persecutors of innocence and beauty, without excepting even Jupiter himself, against whom I uttered to myself a thousand imprecations. Fortunately I was not in the pit, or I believe I should actually have jumped upon the stage to knock down the fury; or drive her with my foot to her infernal abode. I was soon, however, appeased; for the fickle son of Saturn having promised to his dear half no longer to be sensible to the attractions of the daughter of Inachus, Juno not only ceased to persecute her, but consented that, under the name of Isis, she might be added to the multitude of divinities whom Egypt adored. Meanwhile, as experience had taught her how little trust was to be placed in the promises of his godship, she justly required, that he should bind himself by a promise that he could not break: to this Jupiter consented with a tolerable grace, in the following pathetic form:

Noires ondes du Styx! C'est par vous que
je jure,
Fléuve atroce, écoutez le serment que
je fais, &c.

How

How great is the pity that there has not been invented among men an oath as sacred and inviolable for lovers and kings, as the fable represents this to have been to the gods. I was so delighted with the complaisance of Madame Juno, that I wished her to possess every charm that could fix the inconstancy of her *caro sposo*. As to the new goddess, whom I saw translated to heaven, in company with a number of other divinities, all seated on the same cloud, I hoped that the pleasure, or rather the *ennui*, of immortality would recompense her for all the sufferings which had excited my compassion; and that the people of Egypt, in according her the honours of invocation, would distinguish her worship from that which they rendered to the leeks and onions of their gardens, and the fish and crocodiles of their rivers. With this apotheosis the opera ended.

I had been accustomed to laugh at the courtiers at Luneville, who frequently told me, that my intense application would some day derange the organs of reason. I confess, that on the present occasion their prediction was fully verified. The violent shocks and various commotions which the display of so many dazzling and astonishing objects had produced in my brain were felt through my

whole frame. So strong was the effect, that for the space of many days I totally lost my appetite and sleep. Distraction and languor were so perceptible in all my actions, that I appeared like an idiot, or a man stupified with drunkenness. I still conceived myself to be present at the opera, and applauding the prodigies I had seen, of the mechanism of which I was totally ignorant: like the man of Argos, mentioned by Horace*, who, alone in the Theatre, without either actor or spectator, imagined that he heard the most beautiful tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides.— This extreme agitation, joined to some antichristian maxims which I had noticed, led me to judge, that the opera was not the place for youth to learn to conquer the passions which govern them. I remember that I was extremely hurt when I learned that this seducing entertainment had been introduced into France by an Abbé, and that he derived it from a country which I considered as the seat of the strictest and purest morals. I have since wished that Italy had never made worse presents to the nations of Europe; its oppressive taxes, and its Machiavelism, have occasioned ravages of a very different description from the enchantments of its music and its operas.

L O R D B O L I N G B R O K E.

TO the Characters of this Nobleman already printed in the European Magazine (See Vol. xviii. p. 455. Vol. xix. p. 6.) we are desired to add another written by an opponent of his Lordship's, and extracted from a scarce pamphlet printed in the year 1716, entitled, "A Letter to the Right Honourable Robert Walpole, Esq. occasioned by his late Promotion to the Offices of First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c."

"The late Lord Bolingbroke was a man of excellent parts; but the great opinion he had of them exposed him to the grossest flattery, and, which is incident to vain men, made him relish the praises of those, whose understandings he could not but despise. He was naturally haughty and insolent, but had nothing of true grandeur in him; for, being very defective in point of courage, he was forced sometimes, in the height of his power, to make mean

and pitiful condescensions, which was to be called affability and good-humour. He was indeed of a gay, open address, and of a pleasant sparkling conversation, which rendered him very entertaining and agreeable in company, and made him love it so much, that the most constant companions of his idle hours were his chief favourites, and his friendships, therefore, could neither be useful nor honourable. When he was a Member of the House of Commons, and at the head of the Tories there, he knew exactly well how to speak to a Majority, and gave every thing so agreeable a turn, and expressed his thoughts so happily, that he always drew applauses from his own party, and often deceived ours. He had a lively imagination, a quick apprehension, a sound reflection, and a ready elocution, which are talents that cannot fail making a man shine in Parliament, and by which he made many of the scandalous demands of the late Ministry

* Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatrorum.

Hor. Epist. Lib. II. Epist. 2.

appear plausible to his tools and followers, and passed them with some sort of grace through the House. But he was far from making the same figure in his other stations. For, though he had capacity enough for business, he hated it; though he had learning, language, and address sufficient to have made him an accomplished Secretary of State, he wanted the main thing, application. He was so entirely a man of pleasure, and so immoderate a debauchee, that he would prefer an assignation of whoring or drinking to the most urgent affairs of the state, and was oftener to be found in a bawdy-house with his Pimp B—, or his chaplain and lampoon-writer Dr. J. S—t, than at his office with Foreign Ministers. He wasted so much of his time, and bent his thoughts so much this way, that it was impossible for him (if his parts had been ten times more extraordinary than they were) to have done the business of a Secretary of State any otherwise than in a precipitate, imperfect manner, which made him a very unfit match (if he had been inclined to serve his country) for Mons. de Torcy, who was all this while labouring night and day in the interest of France, and was a thoughtful, crafty, subtle negociator. The letters copied in your report from the Committee of Secrecy are an undeniable in-

stance of the truth of what I say; and surely the man must be mad or drunk, when he writ some of them. As his perpetual propensity to lewdness, and his indulging himself in pleasures of all kinds, and in all excesses, incapacitated him for the fatigues and necessary labours of public business, so the defect I have mentioned forced him to decline all the bold and enterprising parts of it, when he was in full authority and a Prime Minister; and, if I am rightly informed, he has written several submissive letters, wherein he discovers great cowardice and pusillanimity, since he was safe on the other side of the water. But what he is principally to be condemned for, and for which he is justly attainted by the Legislative Authority as a traitor, was his being the chief agent in betraying his country and our allies, by negotiating those vile Treaties of Peace and Commerce, and in being one of those hateful and detestable Counsellors that advised the stopping the career of the Duke of Marlborough's victories, which, under the management of any other Ministry, would have been a means of effectually humbling France, and of procuring all the advantages that could have been desired or asked by Great Britain for herself, or for any of her allies."

ON GAMING:—A FRAGMENT.

IT is somewhere recorded, that Cobilon the Lacedemonian, being sent to Corinth with a commission to conclude a Treaty of Friendship and Alliance, when he saw the Captains and Senators of that city playing at dice, returned home without doing any thing, saying, "That he would not to much sully the glory of the Spartans, as that it should be said they had made a league with gamblers." Hence it should seem that this honest heathen took every man addicted to gaming for a fool or a knave, and therefore resolved not to have any dealings with such, as neither of those characters could be depended on.

The perniciousness of gaming was so well understood by the grand Impostor Mahomet, that he thought it necessary to prohibit it expressly in the Alcoran, not as a thing in itself naturally evil, but only morally so, as it is a step to the greatest vices; for, whilst we captivate ourselves to chance, we lose our authority over our passions, being excited to immoderate de-

fire, excessive hope, joy, and grief; we stand or fall at the uncertain cast of the dice, or the turning up of a card; we are slaves to the feeblest wishes, which if they succeed not, we grow furious, profligate and impious; banishing all prudence, temperance, and justice, we become impudent, and fit for the blackest crimes.—Hence the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths, and blasphemies amongst the men:—and amongst the women, the neglect of household affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion, and lastly, the known inlet to all lewdness, when, after an ill run, the fair-one must answer the defects of the purse; the rule on such occasions holding true in play as it does in law,—*Qui non habet in crumena, luat in corpore.*

If Christians have not humility enough to conform to the rule of life laid down in Holy Writ, let them at least have pride enough to be shamed out of this detestable vice by the example of Pagans and Mahometans.

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

AN ANGLO-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'intefso Fregi al Vero.

GIER. LIB.

(Continued from Page 260.)

THE reader who has not had patience for my digressions, to which however I would accustom him in time, may perhaps be better amused with my Minstrel. This blind Bard, who possibly mistook himself for Alfred the Great, instead of that sort of music one would have expected after dinner, seems to have chaunted nothing but what was sublime and mysterious, and, through all the darkness of prophecy, to have glanced at some hope or danger that hung over the castle and family of Carburgh; a circumstance which detained the old Lord a stanza or two longer from his nap; which, however, was by no means, it will be found, the intention of the musician.

"What is the poem you sing?" said the Baron.

"I learned it of the Hermit of Carbury," said the blind man, "who commanded me to come to the Castle and sing it to your Puissance."

"I thank him," said the Baron; "he is a holy man."—The interruption was not till the song had grown interesting. Till then it does not appear that the Baron took any more notice of him than it is now usual to take of poets.—"Go on; he is an holy man, and friendly to our house." The harper continued.

I am loth to disappoint my reader of his legend, but shall offer in excuse, however new such an excuse may appear in a translator, that I do not really understand it myself; because to the natural difficulty of the language of my good Abbot, there is added in this place an oracular obscurity that makes it as unintelligible as an Act of Parliament: and it is probable the Baron was of my way of thinking, because we find him asleep at the end of it, notwithstanding his respect for the Hermit.

The Baron was fallen to sleep; and now, says de Brunbury, what is the situation of Eadburgha, alone with a stranger, the household drunk with joy for her return, her brother absent, and a thousand circumstances of equal import? But I hate the tedious style of this good Ecclesiastic, who would keep you an hour

guessing, if I would let him, what will become of this eternal fellow, with his harp and his Hermit: Why cannot he say honestly, at once, that it is Ethelfric?

I know a great many persons like him in this particular: if they have any good news to communicate, they hem and hawk, and garble and mutilate it like a General's letter in a Gazette; if any bad, they tell it you with glee and exultation, like another newspaper whose name I do not choose to mention till my book has gone through its fifteen editions. And it will presently be found that my Abbot, in the same circumstances, will resemble the latter as much as he has done the first in the present; for he would have kept you and Eadburgha an hour from learning the adventure of Ethelfric, which I have no doubt gave you both a great deal of pleasure; and you will presently see how bluntly he wakes the old Baron (and you too, perhaps) with the unfortunate tidings that his son is no-where to be found.

I hate any man's digressions but my own, and therefore shall not follow de Brunbury in his tedious panegyric on Eadburgha (who, perhaps, you think by this time was no better than she should be), nor in his elaborate argument to prove she had not given Ethelfric this meeting. "Judge," says he, "by your own heart of this young lady" (his book is addressed to the Abbess of a neighbouring Convent), "and tell me if you think she was capable of making an assignation, and with a man too that would have ravished her in the morning, had it not been for the guardian care of St. Edwy?"

The Abbess's answer would be worth the whole book, but I have miscarried in every attempt I have made to get at her sentiments. However, I will take it upon myself, from the good opinion I have of Eadburgha, that she was entirely innocent of any knowledge of his intention.

I find by contemporary writers this Abbot was remarkable for his eloquence. I should never have been led to guess at it from the long speech he has put into

Ethelric's mouth upon discovering himself to his mistress. I will lay the next edition of this History against my Printer's account for this, that from that period to the present no woman of quality has ever had love made to her in this manner; and that not above one or two, whom I take to be very acute in such matters, and probably need not name, would suspect there was any love to be made out of it at all. I shall give a specimen for curiosity's sake, and because I would not disturb the old Lord in his nap before it is absolutely necessary.

"Gentle Eadburgha," says Ethelric, "pardon me the violence I attempted, and bless with me our guardian Saint Edwy" (for there is no beating the Abbot out of his miracle), "who withheld me on the brink of that abyss of misery and despair which yawned for my soul! for sure I had shaken hands with joy and hope for ever, if in the lawless hurry of my blood I had injured the fairest work of creative Nature, and blotted this pure and spotless paper with the foul and inky scrawl of brutal lusts and unhallowed desires!" (As it was not till the next century that *paper was invented at all*, a less faithful Commentator might have suppressed this anachronism in his author; but I think not wisely: for, however improperly the Abbot has put such a metaphor into the mouth of Ethelric, it cannot at all affect the credibility of the History, and it could not have been omitted without great injustice to that young Gentleman; for as it is allowed the Nobility of his times were not better informed than they are at present, it may reasonably be concluded, that the Abbot intended it should be taken for a proof of the politeness and accomplishments of Ethelric, that he should know there was any such thing.) "Could I have borne the light," continues he, "if, besides the punctures of remorse and corroding conscience, which no toil deceives, no weariness can lull, which know no sleep, I had forfeited the hope, in which alone I live, of receiving at the altar, and from a parent's hand, the unstained native purity of the fairest and most virtuous of her sex"—alluding, I suppose, to the resistance he had experienced in the morning.

You see it is scarce intelligible, and therefore I shall leave out the rest of it; though I must add, that he has made Eadburgha reply—Ethelric rejoins—the demurs, and so on, till we may reasonably suppose the young Lord was tired of being on his knees, which is the only rea-

son I can discover why my wife Abbot ever put an end to his love orations, which in the original take up thirty-five pages in folio, and which, with a proper commentary to explain them, would take up more of my time than I think the Public has any right to expect.

Besides that, I hope you are all impatient to learn if Eadburgha forgave him or not!

No doubt she did. Had not he (or Saint Edwy) behaved with extreme civility to her in the morning? And was she not obliged to a young Lord, who over and above had laid down his rank (a thing always painful to young Lords), and put his life in danger (which it is said they are not more fond of) for her sake? and who had become an old Minstrel and sung her father to sleep, and told an extraordinary story that nobody could understand? No doubt she forgave him; but she would not consent that he should remain in the castle, both for the danger he must run, and because he could not be discovered without her honour and character receiving an attain which it would be difficult to wipe out, considering the scandalous propension of the times (says our Abbot), which is malicious and unchristian! Good man!

"Are not our families," says Eadburgha, when she grows a little intelligible, "in deadly hatred and enmity? Will our fathers relent from the stern decrees of honour for *our* sakes, and to make *us* happy? How much blood has been shed in our quarrels, and how many trophies hang in our halls and chapels? Are we not named from mutual misfortunes? Do we not compute from alternate calamities? Will the fierce and stubborn pride of the Barons, fostered by hereditary titles of enmity, melt before the soft breath of affection like ours? Never hope it, Ethelric! Let us part—I, before I am dishonoured by the loose and lewd suspicions of those who perhaps watch us in this instant—you, before you add to the deaths and losses of your house under my brother's hand, who will presently return! Alas! he is gone forth, in his wrath, to deliver and revenge me by your death! Fly, Ethelric! I hear the noise of horsemen—the bugle sounds—it is Ethelbert."

She knew nothing of the matter; it was Jaques, and Robert, and Peter, and John, and a parcel more of such vulgar names as I should be ashamed of repeating; they all came running into the hall, with their mouths open, and waking the Baron—(Now mind how blunt the pious Abbot bolts his bad news)—"An't please your Puissance,"

Puissance," says Peter, and all the rest, for no man likes to be behind another in the propagation of whatever it is painful to hear—"An't please your Puissance, my young Lord is neither to be found high nor low, nor here nor there, nor nowhere."

"By my Hallidame," said the Baron, "but he shall be found; prepare my horse, and call my company to arms. Oh! I have dreamed, my child, thy brother is oppressed with numbers; he dies by the hand of Ethelfric the proud. In God's name to horse, to horse! Gird me, Eadburgha, with the sword of Habba the Dane whom I slew."

"My Lord," said Ethelfric, "if your Puissance"—"Begone, fellow!" cried Kenelwolfe; "carry your rhymes to Idleness or Jollity, blind vagabond! do you think I will hearken to your Hermit when my fon calls for my arm?"

"The house of Siebert," said Ethelfric—"Curse on the house of Siebert! Curse on their coward numbers that oppress my hero! on him, on Ethelfric, who makes war like a thief, and with women!"

It is proper I should, according to my custom, comment a little upon this singular passage in the mouth of Kenelwolfe, and his apparent ingratitude for the civility of Ethelfric in restoring his daughter; for which I can only account by supposing his Lordship to have been of an opinion I have heard entertained by some noble Lords of somewhat a later creation, that women are a species of property like game, to which there is no other title than possession, and which, when it has once fairly been out of sight, it is impossible to reclaim with any certainty of its individuality.

"By the souls," said Ethelfric, when he caught the tearful eyes of Eadburgha, and was silent,—

"Ha, swear'st thou," cried Kenelwolfe, "by the souls!—By the souls of my ancestors, and by the head of my son, can'st thou not to prophesy the downfall of my house? Let him not forth my gates!—Who meddle with the fate of Princes should foresee their own."

"Proud Lord," said Ethelfric, "I am poor and blind: I fought the hospitality of your castle: from henceforth hope not the stranger's prayer. The Hermit knows"—

"Curse on his dreams," said the Baron; "I have listened to his dotage till my son is dead! Have I no friends?"

"My Lord," said one of his at-

tendants, "we hear their horn, the troops of your Knights are at hand!"

"Hang out the banners of my house, and let the beacon blaze. I tell thee, wretched wanderer, and mad! thy Hermit cannot give me back my son! Why then lives he in the rock? why kneels, why falls he? The wind's beat on his thrived case, and his white beard is as a sail in the storm, while he bays the Heaven with nightly orisons, and calls to Saints that sleep; else let him give me back my son. I tell thee, Minstrel, to-day I have found my daughter, and to-day I have lost my son; but he is the staff of my age, and the stock of my house! If thou can'st pray, pray for my son—if thou can'st curse, curse the enemies of my house: let not a stem of Siebert be green when Kenelwolfe is withered and cut down! Curse me mine enemy, thou Prophet!"

"We do not curse," said the Minstrel; "I hate not the house of Siebert!"

"Is Siffred come? Where is the company of Hugo?"—"They are caparioned and attend your Puissance," said the Captain in whom the Baron trusted.

"To horse, to horse!" cried Kenelwolfe; "pray for my son and me!"

The worst part of my book is the serious; and the Abbot mitook his *fort* if he thought it consisted in the pathetic. It is for this reason I do not think it proper to detain you with saying how many tears Eadburgha shed at the departure of her father, at the absence and danger of her brother.

By the time I have told you this, the old Lord and his company are out of sight and hearing, unless the cloud of dust that rises behind them, and the lessening sounds of their horses' hoofs as they receded, be taken into the account. I wish the Abbot had galloped as fast!

And now behold Eadburgha left alone and defenceless, exposed to all the enterprizes of a lover who (without St. Edwy) had ravished her in the morning! I say alone and defenceless, for what signifies a dozen of chamber-maids, who can no more defend their mistress's virtue all together, than they can separately their own?

And, indeed, there is no instance upon record, that I can find, of a chambermaid's preventing a rape, unless it be by seducing her lady, and by that means making it unnecessary.

Yet in all this danger would my unfeeling Priest abandon our fair heroine to follow the old man in his expedition,

where I defy any one not to be frightened for him, which is quite useless, as he will return by-and-by safe and sound (as other people do from other expeditions); but in the mean time Eadburgha will certainly be either ravished or not, which is a general concern to all sorts of readers, and comes home to every bosom by our sentiments or our senses.

This is his artificial manner of relating, by which, and the natural curiosity one must feel on such a subject, he hoped to interest and detain his reader. The little learning there was left in the world had taken refuge with the Priests; and if at any time it peeped out of their cloister, it was to be known, like themselves, by its habit and affectation, its embarrassment, and the great care it took to avoid being understood. My Abbot, who had more taste than probably was common in his time, could not however resist that darling spirit of obscurity and doubt so natural to his Order, which if he had been aware how exceeding bad Latin he wrote, he needed not to have given himself any other trouble to spread through his book. I am actually sometimes ashamed of myself for being able to translate him; but as he frequently succeeds so well as to set me and all the host of dictionaries at defiance, I take comfort, and go on with him in hopes of another lucid interval, if I may be permitted to distinguish the intelligible pages of his book. And as whenever I find him out at these sort of tricks, I have a kind of malignant pleasure in thwarting his design, I shall anticipate him by four hundred and eleven pages to inform my readers instantly, that Eadburgha was not ravished, though I know it will cost me all such of them as are prudes, devotees, or maids of honour, notwithstanding all the excuses I have to prefer, and the forgiveness I sincerely ask for their disappointment.

Eadburgha was not ravished, and it gives me a double pleasure that she was not; first, on her own account; and next, because as I think in every novel I have read there is a rape somehow or other to be found or understood, it furnishes a proof in favour of the historical veracity of my book, which I candidly own, however, would have been more complete had it been written by a lady; it being clear, that ladies who write any thing but real biography, chuse their victims from their own sex.

"Leave me," said Eadburgha, but not till the nine hundred and twentieth page of the manuscript—"leave me,

Ethelfric, to my sorrows and myself; leave me to mourn my devoted family, and the sad destiny of my house. Yet love me, Ethelfric! and for that love spare the bosom of my father! If your sword should meet it, let it glance by, for the love of Eadburgha! and if you cross my brother in the battle, abstain from the war of Ethelbert."

"Fair goddess of my soul," returned this lover of the tenth century, "speak not the language of despair! The soul of Ethelfric is as wax before the daughter of Kenelwolfe: the spear of the son of Sigebert is as a reed in the battle of the friends of Eadburgha."

"Fly then," said she, "to save a parent and a brother. Fly, while I implore, with pious tears, a blessing on thy purpose, and fatigue the holy Saints who watch over peace and innocence with vows for them and thee, my Ethelfric!"

"Doubt it not, fairest of the daughters of Northumberland; but give a pledge to the unhappy son of Sigebert."

"What pledge?" said the tearful virgin of Cariburgh; "I wish St. Edwy was here!"

"Give me that scarf," said Ethelfric.

"Alas!" said she, "it is Ethelbert's."

"He shall know it in the battle, and we shall be friends."

She gave him the pledge of her brother's love.

"Oh fated house of Kenelwolfe!" exclaims the Abbot in a spirited strain of prophetic eloquence, which shews he understood some of the rules of good writing, if he had been pleased more frequently to put them in use—"Oh fated house of Kenelwolfe! Oh name twin-born with misery!" But I hate even these; for what are they, these affected prefaces in an author, who undoubtedly foresees only what he is going to write.

Ethelbert had torn the scarf from the shoulder of Godwin in battle: it was the scarf of Bertha, the child of Etric the Great; and well might this divining Monk exclaim, for at that moment he beheld the catastrophe of his story; but it is an abuse of the reader, who can know nothing of the matter till the last page.

The parting of Ethelfric and Eadburgha was like the parting of any two lovers that ever were, or will be: it is for that reason I shall omit the Abbot's description of it.

"Remember me, my love," were the last words of Eadburgha, and one may guess every thing that went before.

Ethelfric, we are told, took leave with an oath,

oath, "by the soldiers of Christ," says the Abbot.

But as I have all along suspected, and shall more than once again have occasion to remark, that the monastic habits of this Ecclesiastic had inspired him with a prejudice towards temporal men, I beg leave to take this opportunity of establishing my opinion by an incontrovertible proof. — My good priest in his zeal has fallen into another anachronism, for the first Crusade did not take place till a very few years before the conclusion of the eleventh century; and how could Ethelric, who lived in the middle of the tenth, make use of an expression that has no other meaning or allusion?

I hope I shall not, after so clear a conviction of gross partiality and falshood, be thought adventurous, if I take upon me to say, that Ethelric took leave more like a gentleman—I mean of that age.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK,

PART THE SECOND.

AT the beginning of a fresh Book I might prescribe, as the lawyers call it, for a new digression; but as I have nothing very particular, and can easily leave out the superstitious Proëme of my author, I shall indulge my reader this time, in firm hope and persuasion that he will carry it to my credit, if I should happen to draw upon him, hereafter, for more patience than might otherwise balance our account.

I cannot doubt, that whoever has persevered to this period of my history, is grown extremely impatient to learn some intelligence of Ethelbert, the gallant brother of Eadburgha, and the object of all the distresses of Kenelwolfe and his company. To satisfy so reasonable a curiosity, I shall not scruple, once more, to invert the order of the Abbot's narration, who, according to custom, keeps him with great care out of our sight, till it is literally impossible to proceed without him. He then takes infinite pains in describing the person and endowments of this young nobleman, whom he commends for the mildness, the generosity, and the piety of his disposition: he speaks diffusely of his valour and achievements, of his singular activity and horsemanship, and other rude accomplishments of an unpolished and barbarous age, when, for want of dice, horse-races, boroughs, and all kinds of gaming, a young gentleman who took a fancy to ruin himself had no means to bring it about but by engaging in private feuds or rebellions. This may account, in some

measure, for the style of education which seems to have been liberally bestowed by Lord Kenelwolfe upon his heir; and it is not extraordinary that Ethelbert should have made no small progress in studies which, though they are justly despised by our nobility at this advanced period of elegance and refinement, it is probable were then as effectual a road to the favour of the Prince and the public, as that skill at the faro-table and perseverance at the bottle, that frequency and notoriety of amours and quarrels, that noble ignorance and contempt of religion and character, which so much distinguish our persons of quality at present.

I have taken the liberty of offering this reflection to my reader, because it has always appeared to me, that we may more easily, and more certainly too, deduce the manners of any age or country (which I apprehend to be the chief advantage of history) from its system of education, wherever we are able to discover it, than from any other circumstance whatever. If there be one principle in the science of human nature more unfailling and universal than the rest, it is the affection of parents to their children, whose success and advancement in the world, we may conclude, has always been their chief and last ambition to promote: from education, therefore, and the principles most carefully inculcated into the rising generation, we may learn with some degree of precision what were, at any time, the most favourite and beneficial qualities, and in what science or talent it was most useful to excel. I believe this rule will be found good, whether it be applied to Sparta or Rome; to London or Otaheite; to the child of the savage who must bring down his dinner with an arrow from the bough, or the page who must lie without fear, and pimp without blushing.

When I consider the length of some of my digressions, I fear I am infected by my Abbot's contagious verbosity; but I own my spleen rises, when I find him commending this young Lord to the extravagant degree of which he was guilty, and authoring, by so early and so respectable an example, that coarse and awkward adulation, that vulgar clumsy compliment, with which it is still usual for his Order to bedaub the nobility; but which is totally inexcusable in him, who lived at a time, I will undertake to prove it, when it was more easy to frighten than to flatter a Lord out of a donative.

Ethelbert, we may remember, had taken horse, upon learning the misfortune that had befallen Eadburgha, and with the combined

combined impetuosity and piety of his temper he had sworn by the shroud of his mother, who appears to have been canonized, that he would never return till he had found and revenged his sister!

To acquit this pious vow, the first step he seems to have taken was, to gallop to the cell of the Hermit of Carbury, whose name Etheifric had been obliged to make use of before, to procure his admission into the Castle of Carisburgh, and who was, I think, as much respected by that whole family as he deserved.

The passion for ascetic solitude, I imagine, had already something decayed in the Abbot's time, or at least in his neighbourhood, by the manner in which he speaks of this Hermit, as a personage necessary to be explained and described to the lady to whom he addresses himself.—His beard, says he, whiter than snow, fell to his girdle, and his placid countenance expressed the melancholy and the resignation of his soul; his piety was sincere, but his devotion was animated; and scarred more by the hand of affliction than of time, he had seemed, if you excepted his beard and his habit, as well placed in the front of battle, as in the cell of the rock of Carbury! In truth, he tells us in another place, though I think it might as well have come here—he had learned in the great school of adversity, the world, how vain were its dearest ambitions, its first and fairest forms!—He had learned to mistrust the strength of the battle; and the favour of Princes, he would say, was false as woman's tears!—The country, revered him far around, the peasant shared his loaf of rye and his milk with Father Francis, and the puissant Lords of Mercia walked barefoot to the cell of the Rock of Carbury!

I am going to trouble my reader with more of the conversation between Ethelbert and this venerable personage than I should have done, had I not thought it absolutely necessary to account for Ethelbert's breaking his vow, and returning, as we shall presently see, in violation of an oath he had so solemnly sworn; which I think it incumbent on me to do, because I find that at that period, and even considerably later, the superstition prevalent among all orders of men, and which remains to this day in the middle classes of society, would have regarded the breach of his engagement, or even of a solemn promise, as a great impiety, and an act of so much dishonour as no rank nor office could have palliated or concealed.

The difference of our manners, and the great change which the revolution of

eight hundred years has caused in the opinions of men, force me often to detain my reader with remarks like this, and to pause and defend Lord Ethelbert from imputations of scrupulousness and niceness of honour, which, at present, would be thought to betray a low mind and a mean birth.

It is far from clear, nor is it very material, whether Ethelbert had confessed himself to the Hermit or not. I shall take up their dialogue, where, apparently upon his knees, and with great piety, he demands a blessing upon himself and his house.—

“I will not bless thy house nor thee,” says the Anchorer, “till the sins of Erkenwald thy father, and of Wilheldric, the root of Siegebert the Saxon, be done away!”

“Heaven's will be done,” said that young soldier, “but bless my purpose, holy Father, for it is holy!”

“If it be holy, God will bless it.—Seekest thou thy sister in the Castle of Siegebert?”

“In God's name, I will traverse the earth,” cried Ethelbert, “till I have found Eadburgha!”

“She is not in the Castle of Siegebert.” “I charge thee by the Tombs of the Apostles, shew me which way she is taken, that I may pursue!”

“Return,” said the Hermit, “to the Castle of Carisburgh.”

“Never,” said Etheibert;—“I have sworn never more to behold the flaunting banners of Carisburgh till I have found and revenged my sister.”

“Is vengeance thine?” said the Anchorer, jealous, no doubt, of an infringement upon his monopoly. “Presumptuous youth! thou hast greatly sinned, Return to the bosom of thy parent! return, I tell thee—that the eyes of Kenelwolfe may yet once again behold his son!”

“My father is well, and his homage is in his hall; his company is bold and strong; but my sister, I tell thee, holy Father, is as the rose the peasant plucks and casts away.”

“I am not here to reason but command,” said the Hermit (who should have been a Bishop at least); “return, that the eyes of Kenelwolfe may yet once again behold his son!”

“God's will be done,” cried Ethelbert. “If I am forsworn, thy soul for mine.” So saying, he embraced his knees, and implored him, with a piety that in our age would seem strange in a young officer of the guards, to shew him the
Divine

Divine will, and reveal to him the dangers that threatened his house, and the situation of Earlsburgh."

"Your enemy is in your house—the proud Ethelfric is heard in the halls of Carisburgh!"

It must strike every feeling mind, that as the intentions of that Lord were extremely honourable, and as his behaviour in the Castle of Carisburgh had not been that of an enemy, it is the height of wanton cruelty in the Hermit to give the young Baron such intelligence as will effectually produce a tragical event; when if he had not been pleased to display, so voluntarily, his miraculous information, all danger must have been missed in the very pursuit of it. Besides, who can have failed to observe, that these two young men were exceedingly amiable, and every way worthy of the names and honours they bore, which may, I think, be pardoned them, in favour of their youth, their innocence, and their valour, without much danger, if no pardon be given but under this restriction to persons who have the same flaw in their descent. For my own part I had almost forgot it, and pitied them as much as if they had had the good fortune to be the children of shoemakers or attorneys. I remember, when I first read the manuscript of my Author, I could scarce contain myself, for the resentment I felt at his Anchoret; and I do firmly believe, that some of that patriotic zeal which I flatter myself distinguishes me against all merit and distinction whatever (which I religiously believe to be inconsistent with the natural rights and equality of man), and a part of that noble spirit of persecution of the Clergy

(though it is but a retribution) which I earnestly recommend to all men of enlightened minds and liberal understandings, are owing to the impression I received against him and his unpardonable interference.

Yet remember, says the Abbot, that Kenelwolfe had cursed the dreams of the Hermit; that Ethelfric had lied to the Lord of Carisburgh, and profaned the sanctity of St. Francis of Carbury by pretending a mission, and upon an errand that was not holy (it does not appear to have been the mode for the clergy to pimp in those days)—Yet remember, says he, that these two noble houses, as they seem to temporal men, had offended Heaven, and wearied out the prayers of the Saints with the blood they had shed in their quarrels, and the hatred they had carried with them to the altars. Shall man offend for ever, says he, and God forbear?—For three hundred years there had not been peace between them; but now their enmity shall be quenched in their blood, and their castles shall be the cradles of other names!

"By the hand of Athelstan," said Ethelbert, "whom I glory to serve,"—observe the devout loyalty of the guards in those times,—"the blood of Ethelfric shall smoke on the pavement of Carisburgh.—Wilt thou not bless me, Holy Father?"

"To ears of vanity," said the Saint, "a temporal blessing bears the semblance of mercy, but do thou find a saving health in affliction."

With these words, says the Abbot, he sunk into the earth, and disappeared, like the gray mist that dissolves in the sun.

(To be concluded in our next.)

REMARKS on the ISLAND of HINZUAN or JOHANNA.

By SIR WILLIAM JONES.

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

[Continued from Page 284.]

SO bad an account had been given me of the road over the mountains, that I dissuaded my companions from thinking of the journey, to which the captain became rather disinclined; but as I wished to be fully acquainted with a country which I might never see again, I wrote the next day to Salim, requesting him to lend me one palanquin, and to order a sufficient number of men: he sent me no written answer, which I ascribed rather to his incapacity than to rudeness; but the Governor, with Alwi and two of his sons, came on board in the evening, and

said, that they had seen my letters; that all should be ready; but that I could not pay less for the men than ten dollars. I said, I would pay more, but it should be to the men themselves, according to their behaviour. They returned somewhat dissatisfied, after I had played at chess with Alwi's younger son, in whose manner and address there was something remarkably pleasing.

Before sun-rise on the 2d of August, I went alone on shore, with a small basket of such provisions as I might want in the course of the day, and with some cushions,

cushions to make the prince's palanquin at least a tolerable vehicle; but the prince was resolved to receive the dollars to which his men were entitled; and he knew that, as I was eager for the journey, he could prescribe his own terms. Old Alwí met me on the beach, and brought excuses from Sálím, who, he said, was indisposed. He conducted me to his house; and seemed rather desirous of persuading me to abandon my design of visiting the King; but I assured him, that if the Prince would not supply me with proper attendants, I would walk to Domóni with my own servants and a guide.

"Shaikh Sálím," he said, "was miserably avaritious; that he was ashamed of a kinsman with such a disposition; but that he was no less obstinate than covetous, and that without ten dollars paid in hand it would be impossible to procure bearers." I then gave him three guineas, which he carried or pretended to carry to Sálím, but returned without the change, alledging that he had no silver, and promising to give me on my return the few dollars that remained. In about an hour the ridiculous vehicle was brought by nine sturdy blacks, who could not speak a word of Arabick; so that I expected no information concerning the country through which I was to travel; but Alwí assisted me in a point of the utmost consequence. "You cannot go," said he, "without an interpreter; for the King speaks only the language of this island; but I have a servant whose name is Tumúni, a sensible and worthy man, who understands English, and is much esteemed by the King: he is known and valued all over Hinzuàn. This man shall attend you; and you will soon be sensible of his worth."

Tumúni desired to carry my basket, and we set out with a prospect of fine weather, but some hours later than I had intended. I walked by the gardens of the two Princes to the skirts of the town, and came to a little village consisting of several very neat huts made chiefly with the leaves of the cocoa-tree; but the road a little farther was so stony, that I sat in the palanquin, and was borne with perfect safety over some rocks. I then desired my guide to assure the men, that I would pay them liberally; but the poor peasants, who had been brought from their farms on the hills, were not perfectly acquainted with the use of money, and treated my promise with indifference.

About five miles from Matsamúdo lies the town of Wáni, where Shaikh Abdullah, who has already been mentioned,

usually resides. I saw it at a distance; and it seemed to be agreeably situated. When I had passed the rocky part of the road I came to a stony beach, where the sea appeared to have lost some ground, since there was a fine sand to the left, and beyond it a beautiful bay, which resembled that of Weymouth, and seemed equally convenient for bathing; but it did not appear to me, that the stones over which I was carried had been recently covered with water. Here I saw the frigate, and taking leave of it for two days, turned from the coast into a fine country very neatly cultivated, and consisting partly of hillocks exquisitely green, partly of plains which were then in a gaudy dress of rich yellow blossoms: my guide informed me that they were plantations of a kind of vetch which was eaten by the natives. Cottages and farms were interspersed all over this gay champaign, and the whole scene was delightful; but it was soon changed for beauties of a different sort. We descended into a cool valley, through which ran a rivulet of perfectly clear water; and there finding my vehicle uneasy, though from the laughter and merriment of my bearers I concluded them to be quite at their ease, I bade them set me down, and walked before them all the rest of the way. Mountains clothed with fine trees and flowering shrubs presented themselves on our ascent from the vale, and we proceeded for half an hour through pleasant wood-walks, where I regretted the impossibility of loitering a while to examine the variety of new blossoms, which succeeded one another at every step, and the virtues as well as names of which seemed familiar to Tumúni. At length we descended into a valley of greater extent than the former; a river or large wintry torrent ran through it, and fell down a steep declivity at the end of it, where it seemed to be lost among rocks. Cattle were grazing on the banks of the river, and the huts of the owners appeared on the hills: a more agreeable spot I had not before seen even in Switzerland, or Merionethshire; but it was followed by an assemblage of natural beauties, which I hardly expected to find in a little island twelve degrees to the south of the Line. I was not sufficiently pleased with my solitary journey to discover charms which had not actual existence, and the first effect of the contrast between St. Jago and Hinzuàn had ceased. But, without any disposition to give the landscape a high colouring, I may truly say what I thought at the time, that the whole coun-

try which next presented itself as far surpassed Ermenonville or Blenheim, or any other imitations of nature which I had seen in France or England, as the finest bay surpasses an artificial piece of water.

Two very high mountains covered to the summit with the richest verdure, were at some distance on my right hand, and separated from me by meadows diversified with cottages and herds, or by vallies re-sounding with torrents and water-falls: on my left was the sea, to which there were beautiful openings from the hills and woods; and the road was a smooth path naturally winding through a forest of spicy shrubs, fruit-trees, and palms. Some high trees were spangled with white blossoms equal in fragrance to orange flowers: my guide called them Monongo's, but the day was declining so fast that it was impossible to examine them. The variety of fruits, flowers, and birds, of which I had a transient view in this magnificent garden, would have supplied a naturalist with amusement for a month; but I saw no remarkable insect, and no reptile of any kind. The woodland was diversified by a few pleasant glades, and new prospects were continually opened; at length a noble view of the sea burst upon me unexpectedly, and having passed a hill or two we came to the beach, beyond which were several hills and cottages. We turned from the shore, and on the next eminence I saw the town of Domoni at a little distance below us: I was met by a number of natives, a few of whom spoke Arabick, and thinking it a convenient place for repose, I sent my guide to apprise the King of my intended visit. He returned in half an hour with a polite message; and I walked into the town, which seemed large and populous. A great crowd accompanied me, and I was conducted to a house built on the same plan with the best houses at Matfamúdo: in the middle of the court yard stood a large Monongo tree, which perfumed the air; the apartment on the left was empty; and in that on the right, sat the King on a sofa or bench covered with an ordinary carpet. He rose when I entered, and, grasping my hands, placed me near him on the right; but as he could speak only the language of Hinzuân, I had recourse to my friend Tumâni, than whom a reader or more accurate interpreter could not have been found. I presented the King with a very handsome Indian dress of blue silk with golden flowers, which had been worn only at one masquerade, and with a beautiful copy of the Koran, from which I read a few verses to him: he

took them with great complacency, and said, "he wished I had come by sea, that he might have loaded one of my boats with fruit and some of his finest cattle. He had seen me, he said, on board the frigate, where he had been according to his custom in disguise, and had heard of me from his son Shaik Hamdullah." I gave him an account of my journey, and extolled the beauties of his country: he put many questions concerning mine, and professed great regard for my nation. "But I hear," said he, "that you are a magistrate, and consequently profess peace; why are you armed with a broad sword?" "I was a man," I said, "before I was a magistrate; and if it should ever happen that law could not protect me, I must protect myself." He seemed about sixty years old, had a very cheerful countenance, and a great appearance of good-nature mixed with a certain dignity which distinguished him from the crowd of ministers and officers who attended him. Our conversation was interrupted by notice, that it was the time for evening prayer; and when he rose he said, "This house is yours, and I will visit you in it after you have taken some refreshment." Soon after his servants brought a roast fowl, a rice-pudding, and some other dishes, with paypayas and very good pomegranates: my own basket supplied the rest of the supper. The room was hung with old red cloth, and decorated with pieces of porcelain and festoons of English bottles; the lamps were placed on the ground in large sea shells; and the bed-place was a recess, concealed by a chintz hanging, opposite to the sofa on which he had been sitting. Though it was not a place that invited repose, and the gnats were incessantly troublesome, yet the fatigues of the day procured me a comfortable slumber. I was waked by the return of the King and his train; some of whom were Arabs, for I heard one say, "Huwa râhid," or, He is sleeping: there was an immediate silence, and I passed the night with little disturbance except from the unwelcome songs of the musquitos. In the morning I was equally silent and solitary; the house appeared to be deserted, and I began to wonder what was become of Tumâni: he came at length with a concern on his countenance, and told me that the bearers had run away in the night; but that the King, who wished to see me in another of his houses, would supply me with bearers, if he could not prevail on me to stay till a boat could be sent for. I went immediately to the King, who I found sitting on a raised sofa in a large room, the walls

of which were adorned with sentences from the Koran in very legible characters: about fifty of his subjects were seated on the ground in a femicircle before him, and my interpreter took his place in the midst of them. The good old King laughed heartily when he heard the adventure of the night, and said, "You will now be my guest for a week, I hope; but seriously, if you must return soon, I will send into the country for some peasants to carry you." He then apologized for the behaviour of Shaik Sálím, which he had heard from Tumúni, who told me afterwards he was much displeased with it, and would not fail to express his displeasure: he concluded with a long harangue on the advantages which the English might derive from sending a ship every year from Bombay to trade with his subjects, and on the wonderful cheapness of their commodities, especially of their cowries. Ridiculous as the idea may seem, it shewed an enlargement of the mind, a desire to promote the interest of his people, and a sense of the benefits arising from trade, which could only have been expected from a petty African chief, and which if he had been sovereign of Yemen might have been expanded into rational projects, proportioned to the extent of his dominions. I answered, that I was imperfectly acquainted with the commerce of India; but that I would report the substance of his conversation, and would ever bear testimony of his noble zeal for the good of his country, and to the mildness with which he governed it. As I had no inclination to pass a second night in the island, I requested leave to return without waiting for bearers: he seemed very sincere in pressing me to lengthen my visit, but had too much Arabian politeness to be importunate. We therefore parted; and at the request of Tumúni, who assured me that little time would be lost in showing attention to one of the worthiest men in Hinzuan, I made a visit to the governor of the town, whose name was Mutckka: his manners were very pleasing, and he showed me some letters from the officers of the Brilliant, which appeared to flow warm from the heart, and contained the strongest eulogé of his courtesy and liberality. He insisted on filling my baskets with some of the finest pomegranates I had ever seen; and I left the town impressed with a very favourable opinion of the King and his governor. When I ascended the hill attended by many of the natives, one of them told me in Arabick, that I was going to receive the highest mark of distinction that

it was in the King's power to shew me; and he had scarce ended, when I heard the report of a single gun: Shaikh Ahmed had saluted me with the whole of his ordinance. I waved my hat, and said, "Allah Acbar." The people shouted, and I continued my journey, not without fear of inconvenience from excessive heat and the fatigue of climbing rocks. The walk, however, was not on the whole unpleasant. I sometimes rested in the valleys, and forded all the rivulets, which refreshed me with their coolness, and supplied me with exquisite water to mix with the juice of my pomegranates, and occasionally with brandy. We were overtaken by some peasants, who came from the hills by a nearer way, and brought the King's present of a cow with her calf, and a she-goat with two kids: they had apparently been selected for their beauty, and were brought safe to Bengal. The prospects which had so greatly delighted me the preceding day had not yet lost their charms, though they wanted the recommendation of novelty; but I must confess, that the most delightful object in that day's walk of near ten miles was the black frigate, which I discerned at sun-set from a rock near the Prince's gardens. Close to the town I was met by a native, who, perceiving me to be weary, opened a fine cocoa-nut, which afforded me a delicious draught: he informed me, that one of his countrymen had been punished that afternoon for a theft on board the Crocodile; and added, that in his opinion the punishment was no less just, than the offence was disgraceful to his country. The offender, as I afterwards learned, was a youth of a good family who had married a daughter of old Alwí; but being left alone for a moment in the cabin, and seeing a pair of blue morocco slippers, could not resist the temptation, and concealed them so ill under his gown that he was detected with the manner. This proves that no principle of honour is instilled by education into the gentry of this island: even Alwí, when he had observed, that "in the month of Ramadán it was not lawful to paint with *binna* or to *tell lies*," and when I asked, whether both were lawful all the rest of the year, answered, that "lies were innocent, if no man was injured by them." Tumúni took his leave, as well satisfied as myself with our excursion: I told him before his matter, that I transferred also to him the dollars which were due to me out of the three guineas; and that if ever they should part, I should be very glad to receive him into my service in India.

[To be concluded in our next.]

D R O S S I A N A.

NUMBER XXVI.

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

[Continued from Page 264.]

PIETRO GIANNONE.

THIS Author's "Istoria Civile de Napoli" is perhaps one of the best histories that was ever written. It comprehends every thing; the civil, the political, and the literary history of the country of which it treats. It has been faithfully translated into French, in four volumes 4to. by M. Desmonceaux, which may perhaps be read with equal profit, as of the graces of style the original can make no boast. This History gave such great offence to the Court of Rome, that the Author was banished from Naples at the instigation of the Pope, and wandered about Italy for many years, until the King of Sardinia afforded him a retreat in Piedmont, where he died in the year 1748. A friend of Giannone's predicted to him what would happen when he shewed him his History in MS. telling him, "Vous allez vous mettre sur la tête une couronne d'épines tres piquantes." The Author's Posthumous Works were published after his death; in which, amongst other things, there is his confession of faith, and the defence of his History. Giannone's History was a very favourite book with Lord Mansfield, as well as Duclos's "History of Louis XI." and Vattel's "Law of Nations." An extract has been made from Giannone's work of what relates to the usurpations and the origin of the Papal power. It is entitled, "Anecdotes Ecclesiastiques, 12mo. à la Haye."

VARILLAS.

This very elegant writer of his language published many histories, to which the present age does not seem inclined to give the proper degree of credit due to them. Huet, however, looked upon him as a very truth-telling historian. Varillas used to say, that out of ten things he knew, nine he had picked up in conversation. "That is my case," replied Menage, to whom he told this. This power, however, of profiting by the conversation of learned and of sensible men, must always imply some *præcognita*, some general *substratum* of knowledge. Varillas used

to boast, that he had not eaten a meal out of his own house for thirty-four years. Varillas published only thirty books of his "History of Religious Revolutions in Europe." He intended to have comprised them all in ninety-five books. The "Pratique de l'Education des Princes," written by this Author, is a very curious and entertaining performance. It gives an account of the education of Charles the Fifth by Guillaume de Croy, his tutor.

BOILEAU,

who was not a little *caustique*, thought like the late excellent Dr. Johnson on two points, the profession of a player, and the introduction of old phraseology into modern compositions. He was very anxious that Moliere should quit the profession of a player. Moliere however told him, he was engaged in it by a point of honour. "Et quel point d'honneur?" replied Boileau; "quoi vous barbouiller la visage d'une moustache pour venir sur la theatre recevoir des coups de bâton? Voilà un beau point d'honneur pour un philosophe comme vous!" Boileau was dissatisfied with one of La Fontaine's Fables, and re-wrote it himself, without inserting any of the old marotic words of which La Fontaine is so fond; and when some one objected to this, Boileau replied, "Pourquoi emprunter une autre langue que celle de son siècle?"

LOUIS XII.

used to say, "L'Amour est le tyran des vieillards, et le roi des jeunes gens." This indeed the poor Monarch found verified in his own case. After the death of Anne of Bretagne, at an advanced age, he married the sister of our Henry the Eighth. "Ce Prince," says Brantome, "s'efforçant par trop apres cette beauté, plus que son age se le portoit, il mourût." Louis de Trimoille took Louis prisoner when he was only Duke of Orleans; and when Louis first became King of France he was afraid to go to Court. Louis however told one of his friends to tell him

from himself, "Ce n'est point au Roi de France à venger les querelles du Duc d'Orléans." One of his favourite maxims, a maxim which should be written in letters of gold over the cabinet-door of every Prince of Europe, "La justice d'un Prince l'oblige à ne rien *devoir*, plutôt que sa grandeur a beaucoup donner." "J'aime beaucoup mieux," said he one day, when some one reproached him with his economy, "voir les courtisans rire de mon avarice, que de voir mon peuple pleurer de mes dépenses." One of his directions to his Judges was, "Suivre toujours la loi, malgré des ordres contraires que l'importunité pourroit arracher au Monarque." What wonder then, that with these principles, and with constant practice founded upon them, the bellmen of Paris, on the evening of his death, announced that fatal event in these terms: "Le bon Roi Louis, *Pere* des Peuples, est mort."

CARDINAL DE RETZ.

Racine, in one of his letters to M. le Vasseur, in the year 1660, says, "Je ne sçais si vous avez connoissance de quelques Lettres qui font un grand bruit. Elles sont de M. de Cardinal de Retz, Je les ai vues, mais en des mains dont je ne pourrois les tirer." These letters are not mentioned by any of his Biographers, not even in his own Memoirs; they probably relate to the disputes between the Port Royalists and their adversaries. Jeneſcaï the Poet wrote some Memoirs of this very extraordinary man, in which he has been said to differ in many points from Joli his Secretary. They are not easily procured; and from the known elegance of style of the Author, would perhaps very well deserve some pains to procure them.

PASSERAT,

who wrote the famous epitaph on Henry the Third of France, and who had probably written those of many other persons, was perhaps so afraid of being improperly praised, that a few days before his death he made this for himself:

- "Hic situs in parvâ Janus Passertius urnâ
 "Ausonii Doctor Regius eloquii.
 "Discipuli memores, tumulo date sarta,
 "Magistri
 "Ut vario florum munere vernet hu-
 "mus.
 "Hoc culta officio mea molliter ossa
 "quiescant,
 "Sint modo carminibus non querata
 "malis."

and under this Epitaph is written on his tomb:

"Veni abii. Sic vos venistis, abibitis
 "omnes."

BISHOP GARDINER.

This Prelate's love of power was so great, that he even exercised it upon the founts of the Greek letters, when the dispute about them took place in the University of Cambridge. In his decree of June 1542 he says, "In *sonis* omnino ne philosophator sed utitor præsentibus. In his si quid emendatum sit id omne *authenticum* permittito." If an Under-Graduate stood for a degree, who made use of the new pronunciation suggested by that excellent restorer of Greek learning Sir John Cheke, he was not to be admitted to it; if he was a Scholar upon any foundation, he was to lose his scholarship; and if he were a young independent Member of any College, he was to be *chastised* for it. The proscribed pronunciation has been since adopted by all the great scholars of Europe.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

There is somewhere extant a large folio volume of the Exercises of this learned and amiable Prince in MSS. in the Latin and Greek languages. He sometimes inscribes them, "Edwardus, Rex;" sometimes, "*Odeædos, Basilæus.*" It is a pity that they were not purchased for that excellent repository of books and MSS. the British Museum. Of his Preceptor, the celebrated Sir John Cheke, Greek Professor at Cambridge, this British Marcellus was so fond, that on Sir John's being dangerously ill, and the Physicians despairing of his life, he replied, "Cheke will not die this time; for this morning I begged his life in my prayer, and obtained it." Cheke recovered soon afterwards, and lived to be made a Privy Councillor and Secretary of State by his grateful pupil, who gave him several grants of land, imitating in this the gratitude of Charles the Fifth, who conferred the Papal dignity on his Preceptor Adrian the Sixth.

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

according to St. Real, was applied to to settle a dispute of precedence between two noble Ladies of Brussels, who had very near come to blows about it upon the portal of the great Church of St. Gedale in that city. His judgment was, that "la plus sotte iroit la premiere."

premiere ;” that “the greatest fool of the two should have precedence.”

Varillas’s account of the education of this great Prince, in his “Pratique de l’Education des Princes ; ou, l’Histoire du Guillaume de Croy, Seigneur de Chievres,” is very curious and entertaining ; and if the learned Huet is to be credited, this elegant writer is more to be relied upon for the truth of his facts than he has in general been. Like many of his countrymen, he is no great quoter, so that the sources of his information do not appear. M. de Chievres, Charles the Fifth’s Governor, was called “le sage,” and was supposed to be one of the ablest politicians of his time. His pupil was naturally very petulant and impatient. Chievres, however, from his earliest youth accustomed him not only to attend the Council of State, but even called upon him in it for his opinion at length upon the subjects that were brought before it. Charles’s grandfather, Maximilian the Emperor, was very anxious to have his picture to place in the Gallery of Vienna, to accustom his subjects to the sight of the Prince who was one day to reign over them. Several portraits were sent to Vienna, but none of them resembled Charles. The painters laid the fault upon the Prince, who would not sit still whilst they were taking his picture. Chievres at last found out a cure for this restlessness of the Prince. He ordered four men with naked swords to surround him whilst his portrait was taking, so that he could not stir without being wounded by one of them. Charles kept up his knowledge of the Latin language till his death. Sleidan’s History he used to read to divert himself with the lies that he told ; and when he asked for it, he used to say, “Apportez-moi mon Mentem,” conscious, from his own experience, of the little credit that was in general to be given to writers of history. In his retreat to the Convent of St. Juste, in Estramadura, he used to read the works of St. Bernard, which were not then translated from the Latin. Of the modern languages with which he was acquainted, he used to give this character : German should be spoken to horses, English to birds, Italian to a mistress, French to a friend, and Spanish to the Almighty. Charles, according to Brantome, wrote Commentaries on his Military Actions,

in French. They have never been printed.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS,
FIRST WIFE TO HENRY THE FOURTH
OF FRANCE.

The following Latin verses make part of a poem in that language addressed to this beautiful and elegant Princess by Fracastorius, on his presenting her with a small antique bronze of Minerva :

“ Ecce mihi celata auro gemmaque ni-
“ tenti
“ Armipotens, galeaque ferox et Gergone
“ Pallas
“ Oblata est, seu fors dederit, seu Fata
“ dedere.
“ Continuo visa ante oculos effulgere
“ imago
“ Magna tui, inque ipsa micuerunt
“ Pallade, vultus,
“ Virtutesque tuæ, moreque et facta
“ decusque
“ Quippe illam a cunctis, sic tu Mortali-
“ bus una
“ Assimilas, sic una refers, in Pallada,
“ ut et Tu
“ Noscere et Pallas in te. Sive Illa
“ Minerva
“ Seu dici Bellona velit. Consensus
“ utrimque
“ Est idem, ira, animi, genius cognataque
“ virtus.”

One indeed never heard of Marguerite’s commanding an army. She danced so gracefully, that the celebrated Don John of Austria rode one hundred miles to Spa, merely to see her dance one night.

ERRATUM.

STANZA of Mr. GRAY’S ODE on the GRANDE CHARTREUSE, omitted in the Magazine for April : 791 *.

“ Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
“ Horas senectæ ducere liberas ;
“ Tutumque vulgari tumultu
“ Surrupias, hominumque curis.”

“ And O, when life’s approaching close
“ Demands some hours of calm repose,
“ Kind Father, to thy suppliant give
“ In some sequester’d spot to live,
“ Safe from the world, oppression, noise,
“ Its trifling cares, its senseless joys ;
“ And, his whole mind absorb’d in thee,
“ Anticipate eternity.”

(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 N O V E M B E R 1791.

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

An Historical Report on Ramsgate Harbour : Written by Order of and addressed to the Trustees. By John Smeaton, Civil Engineer, F. R. S. and Engineer to Ramsgate Harbour. Second Edition, Royal 8vo. 86 Pages, with a Map of the Downs, and a Plan of the Harbour. Price 1s. Sewell.

THE expediency of an harbour for the reception of ships in distress in the Downs, has been acknowledged as far back as the increase of our trade and shipping rendered it important. The first attempts were at Sandwich, in the time of King Edward VI. Commissioners were appointed by Queen Elizabeth for this purpose. A plan, report, and estimate, were in 1706 delivered in. Petitions were presented to the House of Commons in 1736. In 1744 the House presented an Address to the King, that he would give orders to have the haven of Sandwich examined; and in consequence of this address an order was issued from the Admiralty, appointing several persons to this business; who reported, that a better and more commodious harbour than the present haven of Sandwich may be made from the town of Sandwich into the Downs near Sandown-Castle. The report being made to a Committee of the whole House, they came to a resolution Feb. 26, 1744-5, that a safe and commodious harbour may be made near Sandown-Castle. Nothing, however, was done in this business, but it laid dormant till the public was roused by a violent storm on Dec. 16, 1748, wherein many ships were lost, but several found safety in the little harbour of Ramsgate.

This seems at once to have turned the eyes of the public upon Ramsgate, as the proper place for the reception of ships when in distress from bad weather in the Downs; and on the eighth of February following a petition was presented to the House of Commons, by several merchants of London and owners of ships, for enlarging and improving the harbour of Ramsgate.

A counter petition was presented from Sandwich; but, on hearing the evidence, an Act was passed that session, for making an harbour at Ramsgate for the reception of ships of and under 300 tons burthen; and the first meeting of the Trustees was appointed at Guildhall, London, the first Tuesday in July 1749. From this period to the year 1755, the works were carried on; but application being then made to Parliament, setting forth that the Trustees were contracting the harbour, so as to render it in a great measure useless, Sir Piercy Brett and Captain Desmaretz were ordered to make a survey of the works. They delivered in a plan, report, and estimate, at the end of the same year. A Bill was brought in the following session; but not passing into an Act, a total stop was put to the works at Ramsgate till the year 1761, when the contracting walls were ordered to be taken up. From this time to the year 1773 the building of the piers was continued; but now the Trustees found that the harbour was likely to be choked up, by sand and sillage driving into it. To remedy this, Mr. Smeaton, the ingenious and skilful author of this treatise, was consulted; and as there was no river or natural back-water to clear out the silt, he recommended a method of procuring an artificial back-water by means of a basin and sluices, which, after several trials were made, was ordered to be put in execution, and answered effectually for cleansing the harbour, and rescuing it from that forlorn state in which it was found in the year 1774, with thirteen feet depth of silt, continually increasing to the year 1779, when the sluices were opened.— It appeared, in the course of a few years, that

that the means which had been employed for cleansing the harbour, had subjected it to much agitation.

After the death of John Barker, Esq. the late Chairman, in 1787, the Board of Trustees being sensible that the improvement of the harbour required the constant care and attention of a person of abilities and respectability, requested Alexander Aubert, Esq. F. R. S. a gentleman well known for his knowledge in mechanics, to take the lead in the management and direction of the business and affairs of the harbour; to which he assented, in hopes the Trustees would approve of his having the continual assistance of Mr. Smeaton, whom he recommended to be appointed engineer to the harbour; not doubting but through Mr. Smeaton's inclination to serve the public, and on account of the habits of intimate friendship subsisting between him and Mr. Smeaton, he should be able to persuade him to accept of the appointment, although he had for some years past declined any public undertaking. — The first object of his attention was to render the harbour perfectly quiet. This has in great measure been happily effected, by constructing an advanced pier, from the east pier head. It was begun in the summer of 1788, and at Christmas 1789 was run out the length of 120 feet, or nearly one-third of its proposed length; which so sensibly quieted the harbour, that in January and part of February 1790 there were in it no less than 160 vessels at one time. Almost an equal number were in it together during the tempestuous weather of last January; amongst which were four West-Indiamen, from 350 to 500 tons.

Nor have the means taken to quiet the harbour rendered it less accessible, as might at first be supposed; for the mouth is, in effect, considering the angle of entrance, as wide as it was before the advanced pier was begun. When the harbour was formed, it was found that during all the time of full sea, a strong current sets almost right across the harbour's mouth; that is, from west to east. If, therefore, a vessel coming from the south, that is, from the Downs, was to attempt to run into the harbour right across the current, it would carry her eastward thereof, so as to miss the entrance. It has, therefore, always been given out as a direction, for vessels to come in obliquely from the westward, and to keep as close as properly may be to the west pier head; and this course will carry a vessel right

through the present intended opening, betwixt the west head and the head of the advanced pier, which is full 200 feet in width; and she will always come in with the tide in her favour.

When the harbour was effectually cleared of the silt and fuggage, the Committee found that it might not only be a place of shelter for ships in distress, but also for the repair of their damages; it was necessary, therefore, that there should be a storehouse for the reception of goods, and a dock for taking in a vessel occasionally to be there repaired. Accordingly a piece of ground for a storehouse was let to private adventurers, and the building was immediately erected. The first stone, also, of a new dry dock was laid on the 31st of July 1784; the whole was finished in August 1786; but natural springs rising in the bed of it, the floor, which was laid with stone, was twice forced up, and they were obliged to lay a timber floor of a new and peculiar construction. This, as we learn from the second edition of the Report, has answered completely; for on the 17th of July last, at a high spring-tide, it was tried, in the presence of the Chairman, and it remained perfectly dry till low water, when the sluices of the basin were opened for scouring the harbour; so that this very desirable object, which has been so much despaired of, is now fully obtained, and must prove of great utility to the public.

Thus, at length, has every defect of this harbour been remedied, by the superior skill of Mr. Smeaton, and the indefatigable attention of the Trustees; and a work which for many years was reproached by the public, as never likely to answer any purpose but to sink enormous sums of money, has already been the means of saving property to a prodigious amount, besides a great number of valuable lives.

It must needs give great pleasure to the humane and sensible mind to read this part of Mr. Smeaton's Report; the whole of it, indeed, is drawn up with great plainness, accuracy, and precision; and being accompanied with a map of the Downs, and a plan of the harbour, cannot but give entire satisfaction to every sensible and inquisitive reader.

The whole concludes with the present state of Ramsgate Harbour; a list of ships that have taken shelter therein; and an account of the new dry dock; with which we shall conclude our analysis of this ingenious Report.

The present State of Ramsgate Harbour.

“ The operation of the Sluices, as there described, has gradually cleared out a broad space or channel, through the middle of the Outward Harbour from the Gates to the Pier Heads, and the bottom lying upon a gentle slope, there is above six feet more water in that material part now, than in the year 1774; so that vessels drawing from 10 to 11 feet water, can go into the Basin in neap tides, and in spring tides those drawing from 14 to 15 feet.

“ Under the curve of the East Pier, the Sluices have now cleared a channel capable of taking two ships abreast, with clearance for passage; where, at neap tides, there is from 15 to 16 feet water, and at spring tides, from about 20 feet, and often 22; so that not only vessels of 300 tons, the primary object of this Harbour, may come into it in all tides, but at spring tides larger ships than are generally employed in the Merchant Service.—It is here in reality no material objection, that a vessel cannot come in from the Downs at low water, because she is not in distress there till the tide is risen to that point of height, when it begins to run northward; and then, it has been shewn, that there is always water to go into Ramsgate; and that, with every wind whereby she can be annoyed in the Downs, she will run right before it into Ramsgate; and every wind that will be fair for ships to proceed upon their voyages from the Downs, will be also fair for their sailing from Ramsgate.

“ If, therefore, it is really eligible to have an Harbour for the reception of ships in distress, from the Downs, it must be upon the flat shore of the Isle of Thanet, and no place has yet been pointed out so proper as Ramsgate.

“ It probably will be thought by many who cursorily view the place, and are not fully apprized of the requisites of an artificial Harbour, to be a defect, that this Harbour is not entirely covered with water, all over its area, at low water; but the Bank is really of the greatest utility, as will appear when the Pilot's representation, p. 57, is fully considered. However, notwithstanding that for the reasons already mentioned, none of the Sluices have been brought to play upon the Bank, yet it has in reality so much wasted, that the highest part of what now remains, is lower by five feet than the middle of the Harbour was in 1774: and indeed it is so far wasted and waiting, that probably

it will not be many years before expedients will be found necessary to preserve it. There have already been complaints, that it is grown so low, that at neap tides the vessels (on account of its being overflowed) cannot get their ballast therefrom; and the expedient of filling Barges in readiness, has lately been ordered by the Trustees, for a remedy of that defect. At a spring tide there is now 13 feet water over it, so that a number of the smaller vessels may occasionally lie upon it.

“ Besides the completion of the advanced Pier, and works now in hand, there is obviously a number of articles of considerable expence, that would greatly tend to improve, strengthen, and confirm the whole work, and which may very well be expected must be the case when the various counsels, turns of fortune, and changes, this work has undergone, are considered: and, after all, an Harbour that must subsist by the artificial power of Sluices, must be subject to a continual expence, and will require great care, to keep every thing in repair and in order: but if every thing is duly, properly, and attentively performed, I doubt not but to see the time when it will be said, notwithstanding its misfortunes, and the obloquy that has been occasionally cast upon it, to be a work worthy of the expence it has incurred. I will conclude with saying, that according to my information, 130 sail of ships and vessels were at one time in the Harbour in January 1791, driven in by stress of weather; amongst which were four West Indianmen, richly laden, from 350 to 500 tons: and if we are to suppose that the whole, or the greatest part of these 130 ships and vessels would have been riding in the Downs during the stormy weather, we need not be at a loss to judge what a number of additional dangers and difficulties must have been in the way of those which actually did ride there. I understand the number of vessels in the Downs at one time, has rarely ever exceeded 300 sail; but in the bad weather in the beginning of the year 1790, and the present year, the Downs were in a great degree cleared, there being in reality few ships left riding in them.”

“ A LIST of the Number of SHIPS and VESSELS that have taken shelter in *Ramsgate Harbour* in stormy weather :

In 1780	-	29
1781	-	56
1782	-	140
1783	-	149

1784	-	159
1785	-	213
1786	-	238
1787	-	247
1788	-	172
1789	-	320
1790	-	387

“ Among the above were several from 300 to 500 tons burthen and upwards.

“ Within the last seventeen months upwards of Six Hundred sail of ships and vessels have taken shelter in the Harbour, of which, above Three Hundred were bound to and from the port of London.

“ Evidence can be produced, that the Harbour has been this winter the means of saving a great many ships and vessels; and property to the amount of between two and three hundred thousand pounds, with a great number of valuable lives, which otherwise would have been driven upon the flats and rocks, and in all probability lost.

“ As an addition to this Second Edition of my Report, I have the pleasure

Saggio Politico sopra le Vicissitudini inevitabili delle Società Civili. Di M. Antonio de Giuliani. Printed at Vienna; reprinted at Paris for Claudio Molini, Bookseller, Rue Mignon Quartier Saint André des Arcs. 1791. Small Octavo.

THIS Essay has been read with great interest upon the Continent, and indeed it cannot be wondered at, that in the present state of anxious suspense in which all the Monarchies of Europe seem to await their doom, or at least to take timid omens of their fate from the events of the French Revolution, the subject which M. de Giuliani has employed himself to investigate should awaken the curiosity and the sensibility of mankind. Its being printed at Vienna, and in some measure under the auspices of that Court, in whose service the Author had been employed during the late reign, made it be thought possible to divine the sentiments of the Emperor himself from this treatise, and accordingly added considerably to the eagerness and attention with which it has been read. It is not possible for us to say how far the expectations of political circles, generally more intent upon the action and progress of events than upon their remote causes and intermediate relations, may have been satisfied. They may indeed have learned the sentiments of the Author, and probably those of his Master, upon the changes that have taken place; but they are the cold and combined reflections of a melancholy philosophy, and

of informing the public, that on the 17th July 1791, at a high spring tide, the New Dry Dock, built in the Basin for repairing ships, was tried in the presence of the Chairman, for the first time since it was found necessary to build it with a timber floor, which is of a new and peculiar construction, on account of the springs rising from the chalk so powerfully under it, that the stone floor with which it had been twice tried formerly, was forced up*. The experiment answered in the completest manner; the Dock remaining perfectly dry till low water, when the Sluices of the Basin were opened for scouring the Harbour: so that this very desirable object, that has been so much desired of, is now fully obtained, and must prove of great utility to the public.”

We understand, the success of this Dock has induced Government to take the opinion of Mr. Smeaton at Portsmouth, where the springs have hitherto eluded all the efforts of art to prevent blowing up.

must, we should imagine, in some degree have disappointed all those whom its title had induced to expect any thing like a political enquiry into the peculiar causes of this extraordinary event.

This book, however, is not without considerable merit of another kind: it is written with great feeling, candour, and modesty; and though the Author takes occasion to declare that it is the book of Nature alone from which all his studies have been drawn, it is easy to perceive, that he is well acquainted with the writings of those speculative politicians, called Economists in France, who, within a few years, have thrown infinite light upon all subjects of commerce and agriculture, and are the creators of a system which, though erroneous in many of its principles, has, without dispute, contributed in a great degree to the information and benefit of that country. He is also, we should imagine, no stranger to the excellent work upon the Causes of the Wealth of Nations; and his Treatise will be read with pleasure and with utility by all persons who have inclination for this kind of Study, particularly by those who have not leisure for the more profound and voluminous systems, of which, however, he is no servile imitator.

* See the note in the Report, p. 62.

We cannot give an idea of M. Giulliani's system better than in his own words. "The prosperity of all Societies," says he, "must depend upon a just equilibrium between the class that produces and the class which consumes. Societies are no longer capable of advancement than while they preserve this proportion.

"Man, in his natural state, is a being abandoned to himself, full of wants, and unable to gratify them. The earth itself, that nourishes spontaneously all animals beside, refuses him the scantiest food, till it has been cultivated with his hands and watered with his sweat.

"All that exist besides in the air, the water, or upon the earth, find their banquet ready spread by the hands of Nature, and live and die without one thought of death or life; but man is condemned to perish if he will not till the ground, or if the ungrateful soil, or the perversity of the seasons, refuse the returns of his labour. If he will not plough the earth, he must be a shepherd; if not this, a hunter or a fisherman: toil and peril attend him at every step, and he has no choice but of difficulties and dangers.

"These are the conditions under which life is acquired. By what enchantment is it then that men assembled in cities lead an easy and luxurious life, and that to many various classes find a comfortable subsistence without one idea of the hard conditions attached to human existence? This is the enigma whose solution must explain the mysterious formation of civil society. If we see some men dispersed from this universal law, it is only at the charge of others, who must bear a double portion of hardship that these may be excused. Every man who ceases from work must consume a part of the produce of his labour who continues at it.

"If we analyse this principle, we shall find, that the ground cultivated by one man producing more than sufficient for his consumption, a second who has none offers to sown or weave for him, upon condition of receiving part of his superfluous grain; and this is a mutual advantage. Thus two persons live upon the ground cultivated by one: a third comes, and says, 'I exercise such a trade, or art, which can minister to your necessities or your enjoyments; if you will give me corn, I will work for you:' thus three live upon the earth tilled by one. But there must be an end. If a fourth come and say, 'Let me partake of your corn, and I will guard you—I will watch for you,' the sower is reduced to say, 'My field will

support no more than three—I am not able to maintain a fourth;' or if vanity or luxury induce him to employ this fourth person, it is clear that he must diminish the subsistence of the first three who lived upon the ground, without being able to take from their fatigue. This is the situation of all societies. Whoever does not till the ground makes tacitly this bargain with the Husbandman—the Prince, the Noble, the Ministers of the Altars, the Merchant, the Monk, the Comedian, the Man of Letters, the Artist, all who by their talents and their art give various forms to matter, even the animals that serve the necessity or luxury of man, all derive their nourishment from the Husbandman.

"As long as the members of a society lend one another mutual support, and render in their turn reciprocal services, all is harmony and good order; every countenance shews the signs of prosperity and happiness, and men enjoy the true advantages of the social union. Moderate labour assures to every one an easy subsistence—a day of repose is a day of pleasure, and society, not yet depraved, discovers all the beauty of its origin. But this is but a passing and momentary epoch; it is quickly succeeded by a new and worse order of things: the equilibrium between the classes begins to vary, and population increases without any regulations to equalize propagation with the means of subsistence. On the contrary, our politicians talk only of increase and population: they do not perceive, that in the plan of Nature every species of animals adjusts its equilibrium by mutual destruction; and that man alone, who has no animal beside to contend with, is condemned to adjust the balance himself, and to be the author of his own destruction. Man is the only animal that breathes, that goes voluntarily, and even with pleasure, to encounter death. Nature has provided for this by the illusions of his passions—Now the vain phantom Glory tempts him—now the pain of Martyrdom—now he is seduced by the love of his Country—now by the desire of Riches—now by the enthusiasm of Liberty or of Religion; for the point of Honour he accepts a duel, is proud of his wounds, and makes it his ambition to die in battle. Man is, in short, the victim of a thousand seductions, and vainly thinks himself the master of his actions, while he obeys a host of blind impulses that conceal his fate from him. Military conscriptions, the establishment of numerous armies, indispensable to civil

societies,

societies, produce an effect which must enter into the œconomy of Nature, and retard the succession of generations. A conqueror, a general, is impelled only by his own ambition; but his ambition has another effect in the order of things—war is always destructive, and destruction is always found, in the harmony of Nature, to give place to re-production. Hence a state of warfare, which began with the world, will remain for ever natural to mankind; his passions regulate one another, and the impulse of ambition is given by Nature to balance that which carries him so forcibly to the propagation of his species, and to adjust, from time to time, the proportion between the class which produces and that which consumes.

“ To perceive the invariable effects of this alteration in the due balance between them, it is sufficient to cast our eyes over ancient and modern nations. The Romans felt often the necessity of having recourse to a new division of lands to appease their mutinous people, the Greeks and Phenicians, to found colonies, and to find other fields for their redundant population, which their own lands could no longer sustain. The irruptions of the Barbarians had no other cause, and proceeded only from the excess of their numbers, which forced them to break through their frontiers, and seek subsistence in the plains of the South. In China the exposition of infants is so far from a crime, that it is a necessary relief and indulgence to indigence. The Swiss, defended by locality, and dispensed from military conscriptions, let out for hire the hord of their children to foreign States. The piracy that is exercised on the Coasts of Africa is a refuge for those people to whom the soil, or the constitution, deny any other means of subsistence. The Slave Trade becomes natural in countries where they propagate but do not labour, and where their necessities keep pace with their indolence.

“ Whoever casts his eye over the actual situation of all the countries of Europe, must observe, that society is in a forced and unnatural state; enormous cities full of people who do not contribute to production, who consume but do not till; standing armies, navies, commerce; the numbers who live by the interest of their money, who, without feeling the burdens of life, double those of the industrious; a Clergy infinitely more numerous than the service of the altars requires; in short, a thousand employments of luxury and refinement, the sciences them-

selves, literature and public spectacles, mendicity and prostitution, all these combined must necessarily lead to a point, when the production of necessaries will be unequal to the demand of the consumers: then is a fatal crisis for society; the classes, instead of supporting, lean upon one another, and oppress with their weight; poverty springs up by the side of enormous wealth; the hours of rest and the days of repose must be shortened to lengthen the period of labour, which hardly supplies the necessaries of life; the people lose their gaiety, their temper; you will see no cheerful faces; you will hear no songs, which are the expression of contentment even in barbarous nations—Yes, they sing who are paid to amuse and divert the *ennui* of the rich, but the husbandman and the labourer are sullen and silent.

“ The people begin to feel their misery when the price of provisions is no longer in proportion to that of labour, and the pretensions of those who would always fix the price of them as absurd, because the labourer himself is frequently obliged to lower his demand, from the competition he meets with, when there is not sufficient employment for all who demand it.— Their number encreases the price of provisions as consumers, and lowers that of labour from their natural competition for work.

“ This is what distinguishes civilized nations, this is the great object of all advancement and reform. Surely, says the author, if Joseph the Second had contemplated these objects with a philosophic eye, he would not have desired to make of his kingdom a second France, nor have beheld, as he did, the state of that kingdom with a secret anger and humiliation, at finding the countries he governed so far behind it in this destructive path.”

From the oppression of the labourer, and the decay of particular branches of employment, M. Giuliani very truly infers the depopulation of towns; and he instances the deserted manufactures of Florence, Genoa, Padua, and Venice. He tells us, that the magazines of England and France contain more than sufficient for all the consumption of ten years in the four quarters of the world put together, and thence lays down the necessity of soon putting a stop to their manufactures; and shews the danger of it, whenever it shall happen, and the insufficiency of all ministerial calculations, or political measures, to prevent this inevitable revolution of society.

With regard to France in particular, he does not scruple to assert, that that kingdom is condemned for a series of years to undergo continual revolutions. He says, their phrenzy for the New Constitution blinds them for the moment, and their enthusiasm makes them expect every thing from their new model of Government; but that it is easy to see, that their reforms are superficial and vain: he perceives no design to meliorate the morals of the people, no attempt to correct their high-vice cities, the manners, the incontinence of their women: "These," says he, "are the signs which have fore-run the downfall of every state; the corruption, the licentiousness of the sex, the depravity of manners, is what their new legislature can never cure. Their reforms are purely political, and indeed it is impossible to regenerate the heart and disposition of a corrupted people. Virtue, since the world has existed, was never the work of legislation; it belongs to the primitive, the natural simplicity of nations; it is a sentiment, and not a command; it is the ignorance of vice: when a people is virtuous, it is virtuous without knowing it; when corrupted, it abounds with philosophers and moralists. The contrast between the enormity of public vices and the virtues of abstracted individuals, gives birth to the most beautiful moral reflections, and

Europe, accordingly, is delirious with visions of philanthropy, and perceives not that universal deprivation of manners, which is the faithful precursor of the most terrible revolutions." He remarks, in the decline of the Roman Empire, the reign of M. Aurelius, that Greece perished in the zenith of philosophy, and that Carthage was destroyed in the midst of all that apparent prosperity which commerce can bestow. He affirms, that it requires no courage to prophecy, in the most decisive terms, that France is devoted to suffer progressive revolutions, till her lazy, turbulent, and famished tribes, disappearing by insensible dispersions, shall have left her enormous cities naked and deserted, and restored, imperceptibly, the ancient and natural equality between consumption and produce!

This is the system of M. Giuliani, which he has corroborated with many collateral arguments, and propped with many historical proofs. It will now be our task to enquire, in a cursory manner, how far it is founded in strict truth, and how far he may have been biased by the peculiar melancholy cast of his own mind, and that attachment to system, from which no speculative author, that we know of, is free.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Charge of the Lord Bishop of St. David's to the Clergy of his Diocese, delivered at his primary Visitation, in the Year 1790. Robson, 4to. 1s. 6d.

WHEN literary works of extraordinary merit make their appearance, it is unjust both to them and to the public for the conductors of a Review not to take an early notice of them; but it is absolutely unpardonable not to take any notice of them at all. That we have not before particularly noticed the excellent performance under our present consideration, can only be atoned for, by our entering now into a fuller view of it than is usual for works of this description, but not fuller than its merits deserve.

The subject which our learned prelate here considers and ably animadverts upon, has long struck us as an evil of very pernicious influence to the interests of religion at large, and more particularly threatening dangerous consequences to the established church of this country, namely, the manner of preaching commonly used by the regular clergy. It cannot possibly be doubted, that the religion and manners of any country take a very considerable colour from the character and conduct of

its priests, or ministers of popular instruction. History records the most stupendous revolutions in empires, and the most extensive political frenzies, owing their origin to the oratorical labours of men set apart for the religious instruction of the people. Every where, therefore, it is of very material consequence to the community, what this body of men make the subject matter of their discourses. Time was (a little more than a century since) that the pulpit, in this country, was literally what a humourous poet calls it, "the drum ecclesiastic," by means of which, more than by any thing else, the people were inspired with a spirit of rebellious insubordination, which did not end but with the destruction of the church and state; and we have seen, even in our day, the ill effects of an improper use of the pulpit, political and inflammatory harangues from which having rekindled the flames of party-discord and religious bigotry. But the introduction of politics is not the only abuse of the pulpit which deserves

deserves deprecation: if the ministers of the gospel do not preach agreeable to the tenour of their mission, and choose for the subjects of their discourses the peculiar doctrines of that religion which is, confessedly, the only salutary provision for the wants and imbecility of mankind, then, most certainly, the preacher's province in a Christian church might full as well be occupied by the pagan or deistical moralist. Setting those peculiar doctrines aside, and both heathens and deists, yea, both Jews and Mahometans would find no objection to the christian morality, as it stands in the letter of it, abstracted from the gospel spirit which alone gives it life and motion.

The least bad consequence that results from this perversion of the preacher's office, is the hearer's indifference to the christian revelation as a system of doctrines, in the knowledge of which restoration to the favour of the Deity is alone to be found. This indifference leads to heresy and infidelity; words which, however lightly esteemed in our day, on account of the rapid spread of the evils implied by them, yet are they notwithstanding of very serious import, and ought to be well considered by those persons, who are accustomed to pay a superficial regard to the doctrinal part of christianity.

Sensible of the greatness of the evil complained of, and of the necessity of its being remedied, we cheerfully acquiesce with the following observation of our learned author: "I am of opinion, that to stop the progress of that new species of infidelity which is propagated by certain of the sectaries of the present day, as well as to cure the fanaticism of some weak, but, I trust, well-intentioned members of our own communion, much might be done by the labours of the country parish priest; much more, indeed, than by the learned disquisitions of professed polemics; were it not that erroneous maxims are gone abroad, which, for several years past, if my observation deceive me not, have very much governed the conduct of the parochial clergy in the ministrations of the Word."

The first of these maxims, "that the laity, the more illiterate of them, have little concern with the mysteries of revealed religion, provided they be attentive to its duties," is justly attributed by our Author to an earnest desire, at first, in well-meaning protestants of different denominations to reconcile their mutual differences, and to procure peace and unity. The other, "that practical reli-

gion and morality are one and the same thing; that moral duties constitute the whole, or by far the better part of practical christianity," arose from the just abhorrence of those heretics who would emancipate the believer from the authority of all moral law. Against these certainly erroneous maxims, the Right Rev. Author of this Charge labours with earnestness and ability. "If the first be true," says he, "then the condition of mankind would indeed be miserable, and the profuser of mercy, in the gospel, little better than a mockery of their woe. For the consequence would be, that the common people could never be carried beyond the first principles of what is called Natural Religion; consequently our preaching is vain, Christ died in vain, and man must still perish." This, however, is happily not the case, since "in the success which attended the first preachers of christianity, we have experimental proof, that there is nothing in the great mystery of godliness which the vulgar, more than the learned, want capacity to apprehend." Nor is there any thing peculiarly strange in this; for "religion and science are very different things, and the objects of different faculties. Science is the object of natural reason; religious truth, of faith." This distinction is an excellent one, but it hath been too little regarded by theoretical and practical writers on christianity in modern times; the consequence of which hath been, that the common people have entertained confused notions of faith, and from the high powers which they have found ascribed to natural reason, have considered faith as nothing more than the exercise of that principle. This has afforded a fine handle (of which they have not failed to make use) to those sectaries who find no mysteries in the gospel, but what they can bring down to the comprehension of man's reasoning powers.

We have frequently thought, that the pretence of the simplicity of the proofs of the existence and attributes of the Deity, and the immortality of the human soul, has no real foundation in fact; and that the mind of a man left entirely to itself, supposing such a thing possible, without being biassed by the prejudices of parents or friends, would not so readily determine upon those important matters, as hath been generally asserted and believed. An appeal to natural religion, therefore, seems to be making a judge of that which cannot well be proved to have an existence. What the determinations of natural reason would be upon these things, have been

laid down by men, who could not be divested of certain prejudices in favour of which they took up the consideration of their subject. If by natural religion, however, be only meant that religion which hath not the pretence of a revelation from heaven; this, though it brings the case to a very different point, yet equally shews the absurdity of the appeal, because the professors of every such religion cannot say, that they took up any part of it from any naked conviction to their unbiassed reasons.

We were exceedingly pleased, therefore, with finding our opinion strengthened, and irresistibly defended, by such an able reasoner as Bishop Horsley. If religious faith and natural reason were the same things, "then," says he, "the common people would be just as incapable of receiving those principles of natural religion, which are thought so simple, and so much within the reach of popular apprehension, as the higher mysteries of the gospel; for I scruple not to assert, that no proof can be more subtle in its process, or in its principles more abstruse, however just in its conclusions, than the arguments which philosophy furnishes of the being and attributes of God, and the immortality of the human soul."

Nothing can surpass the strength of the reasoning with which the learned prelate counteracts the second maxim which called for his animadversion. His definitions of religion and morality shew very clearly that they are different things. "Religion in the practical part," says he, "is a studious conformity of our actions, our wills, and our appetites, to the revealed will of God, in pure regard to the divine authority, and to the relation in which we stand to God, as discovered to us by revelation. Morality is a conformity of our actions to the relation in which we stand to each other in civil society." He illustrates this reasoning, and enforces the exhortation which he draws from it, by an experimental supposition of a man living in the neglect of religious duties, and an indifference to the Christian doctrines, and yet pleading sufficient merit to serve for his participation of the Divine favour hereafter, by having heard the Christian preacher assert "Morality to be all in all." But "Religion and Morality differ, not only in the extent of the duty they prescribe, they also differ in the motive. Morality finds all her motives here below; Religion fetches all her motives from above."

Our learned author having fully shewn the error of making Religion and Morality to be one and the same thing, proceeds very naturally, but not very fashionably, to enforce and illustrate the good old doctrine of justification by faith. He quotes the 13th of our Church Articles, concerning the finfulness of good works done without the grace of God, and explains it thus: "that they are not in such sort sins, that in the mere overt act, without consideration had of the obliquity of the motive, they add to the guilt of the doer of them; but being done without any thought of God, though not in defiance and despite of him, they have nothing in them that should make them pass for marks of the regenerate character. On the contrary, in all these works merely moral, the Atheist may be as perfect as the Christian."

A very just warning is added against believing error to be indifferent from the good conduct of its advocates: but the mentioning living names coupled with such infidels as Servetus, Spinoza, and Hobbes, will not be very pleasing to men of certain description, and has, we know, been loudly complained of by them as a breach of good-manners in the Bishop; though they should have recollected, that nothing is more common than the placing living names of respectability in a very disagreeable point of view by the most eminent of their own writers. Of this we shall have occasion to take more particular notice in the review of a volume just published.

The learned prelate attributes the prevalence of the moral strain of preaching among the Clergy of the Established Church to an over-abundant zeal to check the phrenzy of the Methodists: "but," as he properly observes, "the propagation of Methodism hath been less owing to its own powers than to the injudicious manner in which it hath been resisted." If the Clergy would but exert their diligence, by inculcating the true doctrines of Christianity, the necessity of all controversy would soon be superseded. "What these doctrines are," the Bishop says, "the homilies of our church deliver with admirable perspicuity and precision;" the frequent study of which he earnestly recommends, together with the Confession of Faith of the Church of Saxony, the *Harmonia Apostolica* of Bishop Bull, and some other excellent works. "The common people," says he, "by being nourished with the sincere milk of the Word

Word by their proper pastors, would refuse a drink of a doubtful quality, mingled by a stranger."

The Clergy are next cautioned not to be frightened from the due exercise of their duty, by the artfully misapplied term of being high-church-men. To be an high-church-man, in the English acceptance of the word, he disclaims, "because an high-church-man, in that sense, is one that is a bigot to the secular interests of the priesthood." The true distinction between its secular and sacerdotal rights is properly and clearly laid down. According to the modern sectaries, however, "every one is a high-church-man who is not unwilling to recognize so much the secular as the spiritual authority of the priesthood; every one, who, denying what we ourselves disclaim, any thing of a divine right to temporalities, acknowledges, however, in the sacred character, somewhat more of divine than may belong to the mere hired servants of the state, or of the laity, and regards the service, which we are thought to perform for our pay, as something more than a part to be gravely played in the drama of human politics."—The learned Bishop directs his clergy to make a candid allowance for the errors of dissenters in these matters, from the narrowness of education, and the effects of prejudices early instilled in their minds. He exhorts to a diligent fulfilment of the pastoral duties, and to a careful improvement of their minds in such studies as have an immediate connection with the sacerdotal office.

The language is strong and perspicuous, the reasoning close and convincing, and the exhortatory parts solemn and pathetic. It deserves the perusal of every

person who is a well-wisher to the interests of true religion, and more particularly of those who are members of the established church. To every clergyman we strongly recommend it, as affording the best directions on one of the most important parts of his ministerial character.

We are happy in asserting, that the excellent author is not only strict in his episcopal function, but that he is kind and compassionate to his clergy. When his Lordship came to the diocese of St. David's, he found the condition of the curates wretched indeed, the salaries of some being so low as five pounds per annum. After having obtained a complete view of the ecclesiastical condition of his diocese, he obliged all the curates to take a proper licence, and every beneficed clergyman to allow his curate fifteen pounds per annum, or to reside. He has also contrived it, that every curate shall have two churches as near each other as possible, by which means their condition is become very respectable. And to remedy the evil of an unlettered clergy, he accepts no person for orders, but such, at least, as bring testimonial letters from one of the properly endowed grammar schools in the diocese; nor does he ordain any without their being examined both by his chaplain and himself.

We could dwell longer, with pleasure, upon the excellencies of this distinguished character, but our limits here are too confined to do anything like an adequate justice to the subject. May he long live an ornament to letters, a champion for the faith once delivered to the saints, and a venerable supporter of the Ecclesiastical Constitution of this kingdom!

W.

Poems. By the Author of "The Village Curate" and "Adriano." 8vo. 4s. 1790.

Johnion.

THE pleasure we received from the former works of this Author, and particularly from *The Village Curate*, led us to expect more satisfaction than we have found in the present Volume. The Poems now published contain all the faults, without a due share of the beauties of our Author's former compositions. It appears they have been already reviewed by the Author's friends. "The Poems contained," says he, "in the following Volume, the Author has been advised not to publish. It was feared they might detract from the character he has already acquired by two former publications, *The Village Curate* and *Adriano*. But to this good advice he has been too

rash as not to listen. The indulgence with which his former productions were received (indulgence he little dreamed of, and can scarcely yet persuade himself was justly due), has determined him not to withhold even them." We shall only add, this is not the first time that an Author has rejected salutary advice.

The first Poem, *Etner and Ophelia*, is, as the Author styles it, a simple story, with little of probability, but nearer allied to his former productions than any other piece in the present collection. Ophelia, the heroine, in a fit of obstinacy and resentment, quits her uncle's protection, and falls into the hands of a sharper, who robs her of her property, and attempts

tempts to violate her honour. After suffering much distress she returns to her uncle, is cordially received by him—

And much was he rejoic'd to hold again
The jewel he had lost. He led her home,
Bade all his house be glad, restor'd her all,
And she was happy as her heart could wish.
With tears the welcom'd her forsaken room,
Her joyful servant, her delighted dog,
Her bird, her work, her instrument, her
books.

She feels the value of a friend at home;
She inwardly resolves to love him well,
And shun the friendship of the world for
ever.

The following description of Morning cannot fail to please every admirer of the paintings of Nature.

At length a breeze
Blew from the east, and rent the sable clouds
That all night long had veil'd the starry
Heavens.

From many a cheerful loophole, thro' the
gloom,

Peeps the clear azure with its living gems.
Fast flies the fog; and now the glowing
dawn

Stands unobscur'd upon the mountain's top,
Her lovely forehead with a waning moon
And her own brilliant day-star grac'd. The
clouds,

Still floating overhead, touch'd by the beam
Of the slow sun emerging from the deep
(But to Ophelia's eye not yet reveal'd),
Are fleeces dipt in silver, dappled pearl,
And feathers smoother than the cygnet's
down;

Here red and fiery as the ferret's eye,
Here dun and wavy as the turtle's breast.
The fainting stars withdraw, the moon
grows pale,

And the clear planet, messenger of Light,
Hides in the splendor of returning day.
The mountains are on fire. The forest burns
With glory not to be beheld. The Heavens
Are streak'd with rays from the retumind
East,

As from the center of a flaming wheel,
Shot round. The sun appears. The jovial
hills

Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece, during the Middle of the Fourth Century before the Christian Æra. By the Abbé Barthelemi, Keeper of the Medals in the Cabinet of the King of France, and Member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. In Seven Volumes Octavo, and an Eighth in Quarto, containing Maps, Plans, Views, and Coins, illustrative of the Geography and Antiquities of Ancient Greece. Price 2l. 12s. 6d. in boards. Robinsons. 1791.

ANCIENT Greece was the country from which the collected rays of dawning science first irradiated the rest of

Rejoice and sing, the cheerful vallies laugh,
All Nature utters from her thankful heart
Audible gratitude. The voice of man
Returning to his labour fills the land.

The shepherd whistles, and the cow-boy sings.
The team with clinking harness seeks the
field.

The plough begins to move. The tinkling
flock

Streams from the fold, and spots the dewy
dawn.

The mounting bell upon his axle swings,
And fills the country with his cheerful note.

Wak'd at the sound the daw has taken wing,
And skins about the steeples. Lo! the smoke
Ascending from a thousand chimney tops,
And by its upright course presaging calm.
Hark! how the sawyer labours with his saw,
The joiner with his hammer and his plane.

The farmer's wife comes jogging to the town,
Timing her ditty to old Dobbin's foot,
The raising fish-dame follows with her pan-
niers.

The chimney-sweeper bawls. The milk-
maid cries.

The blacksmith beats his anvil, and the dray,
Stage-coach, and waggon, lumber thro' the
streets.

The Hue and Cry which follows is a pleasing imitation of the first Idyllium of Moschus, and will be read with pleasure.

The third piece, in point of length, is the principal. It is entitled *Panthea*, and is taken from the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon. In reading this performance we have experienced the same weariness which we have felt in reading *Leonidas*, by Mr. Glover; or, rather, *The Athenaid* of the same Author. By this Poem our anonymous Author will hardly add any thing to his reputation.

The last performance is a simple domestic story, which the Author has told in a manner which leaves us nothing to find fault with, and enables us to part with him in good-humour, recommending him in future not to hazard his reputation by publishing too hastily what he may have written.

the world; the philosophy, history, and antiquities of Greece have, therefore, ever been considered as an essential part, if not the

the foundation of all literature. A commendable and grateful curiosity likewise naturally excites us to enquire after the manners, customs, habits, and way of life, of a people to whom we are so deeply indebted, and whose memory will, perhaps, never be obliterated while the race of mankind shall exist. A work, therefore, in which we have a faithful and amusing picture of these, cannot but be peculiarly acceptable, and such a work we have now the satisfaction to announce to the public; not one fabricated by a professional compiler, but indifferently acquainted with his subject, and eager to complete his task, that he may be entitled to his reward; but the production of a man of solid learning, whose whole life has been devoted to the study of antiquities, and even the greater part of it to the composition of this very work; which, as he himself has assured us, has been the labour of upwards of thirty years. Indeed, whoever merely glances his eye over the prodigious number of quotations with which the author has been, very properly, careful to support every single circumstance, and every observation which he puts into the mouth of the characters he introduces, cannot but be immediately convinced of the immense reading and labour that must have been requisite to collect and arrange such an astonishing mass of materials. There is, perhaps, no ancient author, and scarcely any modern one, who has treated on the Grecian literature, history, and antiquities, that the Abbe Barthelemi has not examined, carefully appropriating whatever he found agreeable to his plan.

This plan is as follows:—A Scythian youth, named Anacharis, a descendant of the famous sage of the same name, excited by the accounts he had heard of the virtues and undeserved death of his great ancestor, who had travelled into and remained a considerable time in Greece, resolves to visit that celebrated country, which he justly considers as the birth-place and abode of science and the arts. In this determination he is still more confirmed by the conversation of Timagenes, a Greek slave, whom he had purchased, and who frequently at once entertained and astonished him with a description of the wonders of Greece, and narratives of the heroism, the virtues, and the intelligence of his countrymen.

Having, therefore, given to Timagenes his liberty, they set out together for Greece; and, after traversing the spacious deserts of Scythia, embark on the Palus Mœotis, and proceed through that sea, the Pontus

Euxinus, and the Bosphorus of Thrace to Byzantium, and thence by Lesbos, Mytilene, and Eubœa, to the continent of Greece; where Anacharis visits Thebes, Athens, Lacedæmon, and having traversed the country in various directions, made an excursion to Crete, Rhodes, Samos, the Cyclades, and the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia Minor, returns to Athens, and finally departs for Scythia, after the battle of Chæronea.

In the course of these travels he gives a minute and accurate description of the places he passes through, and the persons he meets with in them; and as the time in which this journey is supposed to be made, is the period in which several of the greatest philosophers, orators, generals, and statesmen that Greece has produced, flourished together, our traveller is introduced into the company of, and converses familiarly with, Epaminondas, Isocrates, Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Phocion, Demosthenes, and other extraordinary men, of some of whom we have a sketch of the life, and of others the most characteristic and entertaining anecdotes are interwoven in the narrative with the greatest ingenuity.

The first volume of the work is an introduction, containing a compendium of the history of Greece previous to the arrival of Anacharis. In this we are presented with a view of the fabulous and heroic times, a succinct account of the laws of Draco and Solon, and of the constitution of Athens, as settled by the later legislator. We have also an interesting history of the invasions of Greece by the Persians, and the Peloponnesian war. The volume concludes with observations on the progress made by the Athenians in arts and science, and the character of that celebrated people at the period when the narrative of the travels commences.

As a specimen of the manner of this part of the work, we shall here subjoin the description of the famous battle of Salamis; only omitting, as we shall in our other quotations, the numerous authorities which the learned Abbe has added at the bottom of each page.

“By the reinforcements which had been received by both fleets, that of the Persians amounted to twelve hundred and seven vessels, and that of the Greeks to three hundred and eighty. At break of day Themistocles embarked his soldiers. The Grecian fleet formed in the eastern strait: the Athenians were on the right, and opposite to the Phœnicians; the left composed of Lacedæmonians, Æginetæ

and Megareans, was opposed to the Ionians.

“ Xerxes wishing to animate his army by his presence, placed himself upon a neighbouring eminence, surrounded by secretaries, who were to describe all the circumstances of the engagement. As soon as he appeared, the two wings of the Persians began to move, and advanced as far as beyond the island of Plyttalia. They preserved their lines as long as they were able to extend them; but were compelled to break their order, as they approached the island and the continent. Besides this disadvantage, they had to contend with a contrary wind, and the heaviness of their vessels, which were extremely unwieldy in manœuvring, and which, so far from being able mutually to support, were perpetually embarrassing and striking against each other.

“ The fate of the battle depended on the operations of the right wing of the Greeks, and of the Persian left. There were placed the choicest forces of both fleets. The Phœnicians and Athenians alternately pressed and repulsed each other in the frant. Ariabignes, one of the brothers of Xerxes, conducted the former to the combat, as if he had been leading them to victory. Themistocles was present every where, and braved every danger. Whilst he was reanimating or moderating the ardour of his troops, Ariabignes advanced, and showered on him, as from the summit of a rampart, a cloud of darts and arrows. At the very instant an Athenian galley rushed with impetuosity on the Phœnician admiral; and the indignant young prince, leaping on board the galley, fell immediately, covered with wounds.

“ The death of their leader spread consternation among the Phœnicians, and the multiplicity of chiefs created a confusion that accelerated their destruction: their huge vessels, driven on the rocks of the adjacent coasts, dashed against each other, and their sides laid open by the beaks of the Athenian galleys, covered the sea with wrecks: even the succours that were sent them served only to encrease their confusion. In vain did the Cypriots and the other nations of the East attempt to renew the battle: after a long resistance they dispersed, and followed the example of the Phœnicians.

“ Not content with this advantage, Themistocles led his victorious wing to the succour of the Lacedæmonians and the other allies, who were defending themselves against the Ionians. As the latter

had read the inscriptions left by Themistocles on the coasts of Eubœa, exhorting them to forsake the party of the Persians, it is alledged that some of them joined the Greeks during the engagement, or were only attentive to spare them. It is certain, however, that they in general fought with valour, nor thought of a retreat till they were attacked by the whole of the Grecian fleet. At this juncture Artemisia, surrounded by enemies, and on the point of falling into the hands of an Athenian in close pursuit of her, had recourse to the expedient of sinking a vessel of the Persian fleet. The Athenians, persuaded by this manœuvre that the Queen had deserted the cause of the Persians, desisted from the pursuit; and Xerxes supposing that the vessel he saw sink belonged to the Greeks, could not refrain from remarking, that on this day the men had behaved like women, and the women like men.

“ The Persian fleet retired to the port of Phalerum. Two hundred of their vessels had been destroyed, and a great number taken: the Greeks lost only forty galleys. The battle was fought on the twentieth of Boedromion, in the first year of the seventy-fifth Olympiad*.”

In the second volume, as we have before said, the travels of Anacharsis begin.— The first celebrated city on the continent which he visits is Thebes, as it is on that side that he enters Greece, and as Timagenes, his companion, was a Theban by birth. He does not now, however, stay to give a description of the city, which we have in another part of the work; he here only presents us with the character of Epaminondas, and an account of the manner in which he was introduced to, and received by, that great man. We shall give some extracts from his portrait of this illustrious Theban (indeed, we should willingly give the whole, but that it would be too long for our limits), as it will be a specimen of the manner in which the great characters of antiquity are introduced in action in this entertaining work.

“ In the relation of a second journey I made into Bœotia, I shall speak of the city of Thebes, and of the manners of the Thebans. In my first my whole attention was bestowed on Epaminondas.

“ I was presented to him by Timagenes; and he was too well acquainted with the sage Anacharsis not to be struck with my name. He was affected with the motives that brought me into Greece, and asked

* The 20th of October of the year 480 before Christ.

me many questions concerning the Scythians; but I was so impressed with admiration and respect, that I answered with hesitation. Perceiving my embarrassment, he turned the conversation on the expedition of the younger Cyrus, and the retreat of the ten thousand. He desired to see us often, and we visited him every day. We were present at several conversations which he held with the most enlightened Thebans, and with the ablest officers. Though he had enriched his mind with every kind of knowledge, he chose rather to hear than to speak. His reflections were always just and profound. On occasions of controversy when it was necessary to defend himself, his answers were prompt, energetic, and precise. Nothing could be more interesting than the conversation when it turned on philosophical or political topics.

"I call to mind with a mixture of pride and pleasure, the familiar terms on which I lived with perhaps the greatest man that Greece ever has produced; for why should we not grant this title to the general who perfected the art of war, who eclipsed the glory of the most renowned commanders, and was never vanquished but by fortune; to the negotiator who, in the general assemblies and congresses of Greece, always maintained a superiority over the other Grecian deputies, and found means to retain in the alliance of Thebes, his country, even the States which were jealous of the growth of this new power; to the man who equalled in eloquence the greater part of the Athenian orators, was no less devoted to his country than Leonidas, and perhaps more just even than Aristides.

"We found him one day with several of his friends assembled at his house, to whom he said, "Sphodrias has a daughter who is marriageable, but as he is too poor to give her a portion, I have taxed each of you according to your abilities. I am obliged to stay at home for a few days, but the first time I go out I will present to you this worthy citizen; for it is but right that he should receive your bounty from yourselves, and be acquainted with his benefactors." They all consented to the proposal, and left him with thanks for this mark of confidence. Timagenes, to whom this project of retirement had given some uneasiness, enquired of him the

motive; to which he simply answered, I am obliged to have my mantle cleaned. And the truth is, he had not a second.

"A moment after Mycithus, a young man to whom he was greatly attached, entered and said, "Diomedon of Cyzicus is arrived, and has addressed himself to me to be introduced to you. He has some propositions to make on the part of the King of Persia, with orders to deliver to you a considerable sum, and has even forced me to accept five talents." "Let him enter," answered Epaminondas.—"Hear me, Diomedon," said he; "if the views of Artaxerxes be consistent with the interests of my country, I stand in no need of his presents: if not, all the gold in his empire would not induce me to betray my duty. You have judged of my heart by your own; I forgive you this mistake; but depart instantly from the city, lest you should corrupt the inhabitants. And as for you, Mycithus, if you do not this very moment return the money you have received, I shall deliver you up to the magistracy." We had stepped out during this conversation, but Mycithus repeated it to us directly after.

This lesson Epaminondas had more than once given to those about him. When at the head of the army, having learnt that his shield bearer had sold a captive his liberty, "Give me back my buckler," said he to him; "since your hands are soiled with money, you are no longer worthy to follow me in dangers."

From Thebes Anacharis proceeds to Athens, where he goes to the Academy, and sees Plato, Isocrates, Aristotle, and other celebrated men of that time. We are here presented with a minute description of the city of Athens; with an account of a review of the troops, and of the government, magistrates, courts of justice, legal proceedings, manners, customs, and religion of the Athenians. Anacharis is invited to an entertainment at the house of a wealthy Athenian, during which the guests converse on the merits and manner of dressing of the several dishes served up to them, and on the state of the culinary art, as then practised in Athens. Would our limits permit, we could here again willingly make some extracts. In our next, however, we propose to resume this entertaining and instructive work.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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.

(Continued from Page 278.)

THE first trip this extraordinary impostor made to London was in the year 1776, and it seems to have been calculated to reconnoitre and to sound the disposition of the people for credulity, and an attachment to the marvellous, rather than any settled plan for remaining long in England; indeed, his precipitate flight from Portugal did not give him time to digest a regular system of delusion for a number of persons with whose manners and customs he was totally ignorant, and who were not to be so easily captivated by external appearances as the French and Italians. The anecdotes, therefore, of this period are not to be relied on for authenticity; they have been either taken up on report, selected from newspapers, or ingeniously composed by the English translator, who probably is likewise the writer of the notes marked T. Be this as it may, the story of the quaker is too absurd a fabrication, whether the offspring of an Inquisitor at Rome, or of an English annotator at London, to pass for matter of fact. It is, besides, intended as a reflection on part of the laws of England, by shewing how easily a man and his wife, by collusive agreement, may gain a considerable sum of money by way of damages to the husband from the concerted prostitution of the wife. The Marquis de Vivonia, a Sicilian, who has just been hanged at Venice, and his body exposed to public view, for practising Egyptian masonry, is made a principal character in the plot upon the poor quaker, the circumstances of which are very indecently related. Balsamo lodged obscurely in Whitcomb-street, adjoining to Hedge-lane, and pretended to apply very closely to chemistry; but we have so many excellent professors of that art, who would soon have discovered his frauds, that it was in vain for him to attempt those tricks at London, which he played off successfully afterwards in many parts of the Continent. He was therefore reduced to live on the produce of some jewels and trinkets, sold or pawned for their subsistence; and this was not sufficient, so that he contracted debts, and became a prisoner in the King's Bench, being surrendered there by his bail. An

English Gentleman, through the entreaties of his wife, released him from imprisonment, took him into his house, and employed him to decorate some apartments at his country residence, as he pretended to have a genius for painting. But in return for his hospitality, it is related, that he seduced his daughter, and was turned out of doors, together with his *chaste* wife, and soon after they took the road to France. At Dover they got acquainted with M. Duplclair, who made them an offer to take them to Paris: this was readily accepted, and Madame Cagliostro commenced mistress to Duplclair, in which capacity she continued for a considerable time after their arrival at Paris, till the keeper grew weary of the repeated extravagant demands of the Count for money, when he advised the lady either to carry on the infamous trade of a courtesan on her own separate account, or to return to her parents at Rome. Madame Cagliostro chose the first course, abandoned from her husband, and carried off with her all her clothes, jewels, and other valuable effects. Enraged at this elopement, he applied to the Police, and caused his wife to be arrested and sent to St. Pelage, a house of correction for loose women, where she was confined several months. In the mean time, he lived openly with a woman of bad character, and subsisted partly by selling a certain wash for improving the complexion, and partly on the bounty of his mistress. About this period, he likewise got acquainted with two credulous persons of rank and fortune, who were ridiculously fond of chemistry, and attributed to it the most extraordinary powers; so that he found no difficulty in persuading one of them, an old man, that he could teach him the art of preserving human life; and the other, who believed in alchemy, that he possessed the grand secret of converting base metals into gold. In proof of his skill, he took from this gentleman a few Spanish pistoles, which he melted in a crucible with some ponderous composition, and produced a lump of apparent gold, of more value than the pieces used for the operation, and thereby induced his friend to let him have upwards of fifty louis-d'or. But aware of the danger of his situation

situation should he be discovered, and knowing well how much it was in the power of his wife to ruin him, he had taken her home again; and the day advancing when he had promised to reveal the two grand secrets to his dupes, he procured a passport for himself and Madame Cagliostro, fled precipitately to Brussels, and from thence took the road to Germany and Italy. A confusion of events, errors in some dates, and a total want of others, in this part of his memoirs, oblige us to pass in the most concise manner from his first quitting England to his return to London.

For instance, a note signed T. page 24, dates his first arrival at London in July 1776, and the same authority, page 31, makes him leave it to pass over to France in 1772. The difficulty will not be removed by substituting any other date, for it is certain he did not remain in England the first time above one year, yet the number of adventures related of him from the time of his flying to Brussels to that of his return to London, require a long space of time for transacting them: for we are informed, that after he quitted Brussels, he traversed Germany and Italy, visited his native city Palermo, from whence he was soon driven by Marano, the jeweller, whom he had formerly defrauded, and for having been concerned in forging a will in favour of a Marquis Maurigi, for which he narrowly escaped being condemned to the galleys for life. From Palermo it is asserted that he and his wife repaired to Malta, where he remained only three months, subsisting upon the sale of his pomade for the complexion, and the presents made to his wife. From Malta they passed over to Naples, and availed themselves of the superstition and ignorance of the Neapolitans, by boasting an extraordinary knowledge in the science of chemistry, and the mysteries of the *Cabala*. With a rich merchant, who was governed by a priest, he was so successful as to supplant the holy father, and get the entire direction of his new pupil. In short, his fortune was so much bettered, that by the desire of his wife he invited her father and brother to visit them; and finding that the young man was handsome, and had a polite address, he laid a deep design to marry him to some beautiful woman, whom he proposed to turn afterwards to the same account as his wife, and by means of two such female seductresses to support himself in an elegant style.— But a new situation was judged fitter for

his purpose than Naples, and the gay city of Marseilles, to which a mixed multitude of strangers resort both for pleasure and business, seemed the most eligible. Arrived at Marseilles, he resolved to take up his abode there for some time, and he soon found an opportunity of gaining the confidence of an old lady who had not given up gallantry: he pretended an attachment to her, and as a former lover, who had grown grey-headed, still preserved a friendship for her, which made him jealous of Cagliostro, he soon quieted him, by promising to restore him to youthful vigour by chemical operations, and to enrich him by communicating to him the art of making gold. He was now at the height of prosperity, for while he drained the purse of the decrepit gallant to buy the ingredients necessary for his operations, he received a great number of presents in money, and other valuable effects, from the old lady. He constantly appeared in the Prussian uniform, and nothing was wanting to complete his present scheme, but to marry his brother-in-law to one of the daughters of his patroness, a young lady of about eighteen years of age. The mother was charmed with the proposed alliance; but Madame Cagliostro and her brother obstinately refused to comply with his wishes, and the old beau grew impatient for the renovation of his youth; it was therefore high time to decamp; and under a pretext that his father-in-law, who had returned to Rome, was suddenly taken ill, and required his immediate attendance upon him, he so effectually duped the old lady and her *cicisbeo*, that in order to hasten his journey and expedite his return, they presented him an excellent travelling carriage, and a considerable sum of money.

Barcelona, not Rome, was their destination; and there the expediting carriage was exchanged for hard dollars. From Barcelona they proceeded through Valencia to Alicante. Throughout this journey our adventurer took the name of Don Thiscio, and wore the uniform of a Lieutenant in the Spanish marine service. At Alicante, we are told, he met with the most humiliating reception, which obliged him to repair to Cadiz, where he was more successful; for he tricked a merchant who was in search of the philosopher's stone, out of a bill of exchange for a thousand crowns, in order to purchase the ingredients for the wonder-working composition, and two very valuable gold repeating watches. During his residence in this city he quarrelled with his brother-in-law,

falsely

falsely accusing him of having stolen some of his property; and dreading a discovery of his imposture from this family rupture, he and his wife soon after departed for London.

The precise time of his second arrival in England is not mentioned; but it is well known, that in consequence of his having pretended to greater skill than the celebrated Moletworth in numerical calculations, during his first residence at London, by the aid of which he was able to ascertain certain numbers that would turn up in the course of each day's drawing of the Lottery, he had left behind him a questionable reputation; for he had actually foretold the drawing of two numbers on a day named by him. An opinion of his extraordinary skill being thus in some degree entertained, grew into a firm belief in the minds of insatuated gamblers, and turned out very profitable to him upon his return: many reports from France and Italy having likewise been circulated of him as a most wonderful man.

In a very short time, he commenced a grand career, living in the most elegant and expensive style, in Sloane-street, Knightsbridge; a train of servants, dressed in rich liveries made at Paris, costly furniture, a table magnificently decorated and plentifully supplied, with easy access for numerous guests, most of them persons of distinction, announced the consequence of Count Cagliostro and his lady. In fine, his ostentatious generosity made a great noise; for he often attended the poor as a physician *gratis*, and to some gave money, so that the common people looked upon him as a second Dr. Ward. The lawsuit, however, in which he was involved for defrauding a gentleman and lady, whose names will be found in a note to page 44, will serve as a guide to the time of his prosperity at London; and as the reader may readily compare the account given in this publication, with the anecdotes to be found in the periodical papers and magazines from 1783 to 1786, we shall leave this part of his life to the judgment of the many purchasers of this book, whom curiosity will excite to an attentive perusal of it, assuring them, that they will find much information as well as entertainment in it. With respect to the former, we must be permitted to communicate a material part, as it may be serviceable to guard our countrymen against the weak and wicked delusions of the numerous disciples he has left behind him, whose names we dare not mention,

but of whose tenets and practices we shall give such broad hints, that many of their acquaintance will know them by the outlines we shall draw of their finished characters.

In the first place then, the foundation of all the nonsensical pretensions to curing of diseases by animal magnetism; all the mystic dogmas of a deceased German Baron, a voluminous polemic writer, and the founder of a new religion, if it deserves that title; all the absurd system of sympathies and aversions at first sight; and the more ridiculous presumption of medical conjurers, by the inspection of urine---are more or less related to the mysteries professed and practised by Joseph Balsamo, alias Count Cagliostro.

It was by means of masonry, seconded by some other lucky incidents, that this adventurer was enabled to procure a celebrity, of which a parallel has not occurred in the history of impostors. Who could imagine that a man of this description should have been received with respect in some of the most enlightened cities of Europe?—that he should have been regarded as a star propitious to the human race, as a new prophet, and as a type and representation of the Divinity?—that he should have approached thrones?—that haughty grandees should have become his humble suitors, and nobles pay him the most profound veneration?

These facts, however, cannot be denied. Such was the popular delusion, that in France, and indeed in most countries, his portrait and that of his wife were to be seen everywhere on fans, on rings, on snuff-boxes, and on medallions. His bust was cut in marble, cast in bronze, and placed in the palaces of the nobility. Even this was not sufficient; for under these appeared an inscription in letters of gold, denoting them to represent the *Divine Cagliostro!*

Having instituted his new sect of masonry, called Egyptian Masonry, at London, he passed over to the Hague, and from thence to Italy, assuming at Venice, the title of Marquis de Pellegrini; and afterwards to Germany, committing gainful frauds in every place, so similar to those already related, that we shall not tire the reader with repetitions; but if he is inclined to laugh heartily at the credulity of the most enlightened nations of Europe, he will find ample matter for entertainment, in the tricks he put upon Dutchmen, Venetians, Germans, Spaniards, French and Englishmen, in the course of his life. Our duty now leads to the

closing

closing scene, his final sentence of perpetual imprisonment at Rome.

That kind of infatuation which usually conducts guilty men to run headlong, as it were, into the pit of destruction, that has been gradually and secretly prepared for them, accompanied Cagliostro in his last fatal journey to Italy; for such accounts had been transmitted to the Pope of his frauds in divers cities as were sufficient to alarm him, and call forth the exertion of his authority and policy to prevent their pernicious effects in the seat of his government. Accordingly, it appears from the memoirs before us, that from the time of his arrival at Rome, viz. the end of May 1789, to that of his being arrestit-ed on the 27th of December following,

all his motions had been strictly watched by *state spies*, and that his wife had been bought over to act in concert with them.

An abridgement of the history of free-masons, with a particular account of the Egyptian masonry; of the means by which Cagliostro established it; and of his lodge at Rome, take up 105 pages annexed to the Life, and includes the different examinations, interrogatories, and other proceedings of his judges, from which we shall select, in a future paper, such particulars as regard the ceremonies and tenets of Egyptian masonry, so far as they differ from common free-masonry.

M.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Tour from Gibraltar to Tangier, Salée, 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.

(Continued from Page 269.)

IN our last Review of this very entertaining Tour, we left Mr. Lempriere enjoying the pleasing hope of the speedy re-establishment of the Prince's health, as far as depended upon him: as he grew daily better, the attendance of his surgeon was not required so frequently, nor so long as before; and Mr. Lempriere had, therefore, more leisure to make those judicious observations, which he has communicated to the public, upon the city of Tarudant and its inhabitants.

His description of the person of Prince Muley Abfulem will not afford much pleasure to either gentlemen or ladies; and as his Highness has not the smallest pretensions, in the opinion of our Author, "to the character of handsome," we shall leave him in his hands, and pass on to more interesting subjects.

As the Prince's recovery became daily observable, Mr. Lempriere thought he might venture to try him with a large watch, to see whether he could point out the time of the day. In this he succeeded very well, and had discernment enough to observe, that it was an old watch, and in part broken. He therefore begged his acceptance of a very elegant gold one, requesting him to wear it instead of the other; and this watch, with an indifferent horse, and a few hard dollars, forced into his hand contrary to his inclination, "were the princely and magnificent reward which I received for taking a journey of five hundred miles, and an assiduous attendance on an ungrateful Despot!"

An expre's order being sent to Tarudant from the Emperor, commanding the immediate appearance of the English surgeon at Morocco, our Author, not thinking it safe to refuse compliance, took leave of the Prince on the 30th of November, and set out on his journey over Mount Atlas to Morocco, under the convoy of an Alcaide and two soldiers of the Negro cavalry, who carried up the annual present from the Prince to the Emperor, of six horses and three boxes of money: these guards, with his Interpreter, a Jew, who served both as cook and groom, and a Muletter, who had the charge of the baggage, formed the whole party.

"Between twelve and one at noon," says our Author, "we arrived at the foot of Mount Atlas, about twenty miles from Tarudant, where we pitched a very elegant tent, which the Prince had procured for me, adjoining to some Moorish huts. On the following day, at six in the morning, we struck the tent, and immediately began to ascend Mount Atlas. For near four hours we had one continued difficult and fatiguing ascent, owing to the road being narrow, rocky, and steep. From its abrupt and angular turnings, the Moors distinguish it by an Arabic name, which signifies the Camel's Neck. In many places, and particularly in the higher parts of the Mountains, besides the inconvenience of a rocky road, which was only broad enough to allow one mule with difficulty to pass, we had a tremendous perpendicular precipice on one side, and

even

even in some places, where the mountain consisted of only a narrow ridge of rock, on both. It was astonishing to see with what ease and safety our mules ascended and descended the rough and uneven paths over the Mountains, without putting us under the necessity of dismounting. By two in the afternoon we began to descend, and arrived at a small village, in the centre of which we pitched the tent.

"On the following morning, at a little before six, we proceeded on our journey, and at five in the evening arrived at the termination of the Mountains, where we slept that night. The first part of this day's journey was a descent on a most dreadfully steep and rocky road, which at last brought us into a beautiful vale, between two very high mountains, which immediately opens into the Plains of Morocco, in a manner that is truly picturesque and sublime.

"The Atlas are a chain of high mountains, intersected with deep vallies, which extend from the *eastern* to the western parts of Barbary, dividing it into two parts or sections. Those to the *westward*, from their height, are named the Greater Atlas, and those to the *eastward*, the Lesser. So immense is the height of these Mountains, and particularly of those in the neighbourhood of Morocco, that, though so far to the *southward*, their summits are perpetually covered with snow. When the Prince, the following January, passed over the same track which I had passed in December, it snowed the whole way; and from Morocco, at that time, we could not discover any part of the Mountains which was not completely white. The atmosphere near their summits is intensely cold, to a degree, indeed, which is frequently found to be destructive to animal life."

The Natural History of this part of the Empire of Morocco is concisely given in a very satisfactory manner, from which we shall select one striking passage. In the vallies "we observed numerous villages, gardens, and inclosures, which, though in December, were beautifully covered with verdure, and filled with fruit-trees of every description. Corn grew at this season in the greatest abundance, intermixed with plantations of olives and oranges, and served as the resort of a variety of singing-birds of every description. In some places, small cascades of water issued from the rocks and mountains above, uniting and forming one continued stream, which plentifully watered the plain. In fact, this scene afforded the most pleasing relief to the

mind, after the fatigues and dangers we had experienced in the higher parts of the Mountains."

On the 4th of December, about noon, Mr. Lempriere arrived safe at Morocco, after a journey of about one hundred and twenty-five miles; and as soon as he had provided himself with a convenient habitation, he waited in hourly expectation of being summoned to appear before the Emperor; yet a whole month elapsed without his being able either to obtain an audience, or to know the cause of his sudden removal from Tarudant; in addition to this tedious suspense, he was continually mortified by hearing from his interpreter that various reports to his prejudice were circulated through the city, concerning his treatment of the Prince: it was asserted by some, that if he had attended his royal patient much longer, his constitution would have been ruined for ever; and others went so far as to say, that the Emperor suspected him of having been employed by his countrymen to poison the Prince. The space between his arrival, and the account of his first attendance at Court, is judiciously filled up with a description of the accommodations he found at Morocco, which were comfortable; of the prices and plenty of provisions, the manners of the inhabitants, and other particulars most worthy of notice, for he is methodical and exact throughout the whole performance.

At length, after his patience had been quite exhausted, and his health impaired by the unavoidable anxiety of his mind, the long-expected day of audience arrived, and the account he gives of it is so curious, that we have taken the liberty to transcribe it, as another evidence of the great satisfaction which the perusal of this Tour must afford to every curious reader, who has a taste for exploring countries but little frequented by Europeans, without the fatigues, the dangers, or the expense of travelling. The pleasures of imagination can never be more fully gratified than in works of this kind; and their influence in civil societies, by exciting men of noble and generous principles to be grateful to Providence for having placed them in happier situations, makes them the more valuable.

"On the day appointed for my reception at Court, about twelve at noon, three negro soldiers, with large clubs in their hands, came to my apartment to escort me to the palace, telling me that they had directions to return with me instantaneously, and that they must answer it with

With their heads, if they delayed a moment in the execution of their orders. Not suspecting that my Jewish friend could have effected my wishes so immediately, I was by no means prepared for the audience, and I requested them to wait a few moments, till I could enable myself to appear in a decent dress before the Emperor. Far, however, from acceding to my request, the soldiers became quite impatient, and acquainted me that I must either proceed with them immediately, or they would return and inform the Sultan that I refused to comply with his orders. I now found myself under the necessity of setting off, and we all actually ran together to the palace with the utmost expedition. When we arrived there, I was introduced to one of the Masters of the Audience, who desired me to wait on the outside of the palace till I was called for. From the abrupt and sudden manner in which I was forced away by the soldiers, I expected to be ushered immediately into the Imperial presence; but so far was I still from the consummation of this expectation, that I remained on the spot where they first placed me, from twelve o'clock at noon till five in the evening, revolving in my mind what kind of a person I should find the Emperor, what reception I should meet with, and the answers I ought to make to any questions he might propose. Situated as I was with respect to the Prince whom I had been attending, and considering the malicious reports respecting my conduct which had been circulated about Morocco, the reader may well suppose that I was led to form a variety of conjectures concerning what was likely to be the result of the audience. I, however, placed my whole confidence in the Prince's recovery, which was a circumstance, when clearly known to the Emperor, that must operate in my favour. This idea at last entirely removed a number of uneasy and anxious reflections, which had occurred to me when I first entered the palace, and by the time the messenger came to introduce me to the Emperor, I had brought myself to be as calm and recollected as if my mind had been perfectly at ease, and had no reason to be otherwise. From the court-yard, into which I was first introduced, I was hurried, with the greatest precipitancy, through two or three others, till I arrived at the gate which opened to the court where the Emperor was waiting to receive me. I was there detained for some time by the Master of the Audience, owing to my refusal of the present which

Europeans are accustomed to make to the Emperor upon being honoured with an audience. I had been previously acquainted that no person was ever permitted to appear in his Majesty's presence, unless accompanied by a handsome present; but I conceived my situation to be in every respect so totally different from that of other strangers who visited the Court, that I told the Master of the Ceremonies, if he persisted in refusing me entrance, I would immediately return home again. The Moor, finding that I was determined not to comply with his request, and knowing that the Emperor was purposely waiting to see me, was afraid to defer my introduction any longer; I was therefore ushered into his Majesty's presence very expeditiously, and directed to place myself and my interpreter in such a situation as to be seen without approaching too near his person.

"The Moor who introduced me, upon appearing in sight of the Emperor, prostrated himself on the earth, kissed it, and in a very humble manner exclaimed in Arabic, "May God preserve the King!" The Emperor then ordered him to approach, and deliver what he had to say. He informed his Majesty, that in compliance with his order, he had brought before him the English doctor; after which, having made a very low bow, he retired, and the Emperor immediately desired me and my interpreter to advance towards him; but as soon as we had got within ten yards of the Emperor, two soldiers came up, pulled us by the coat, and acquainted us, that we must not presume to approach any further. I found the sovereign seated in an European post-chaise, placed in one of his open courts, and drawn by one mule in shafts, having a man on each side to guide it. Behind the carriage were foot soldiers, some Negroes, and others Moors, in two divisions, forming together a half-moon. Some of these soldiers were only armed with large clubs, while others had muskets, which they held close to their bodies, and pointed perpendicularly. The Emperor, after surveying me minutely, and with the greatest attention, accompanied with no small share of *hateur*, demanded from my interpreter, in a very stern manner, "If I was the Christian doctor who had been attending Muley Abislem?" I desired him to answer that I was. "How came you into the country, and were you sent by order of your own king, or by whom?" To render my visit of more importance, I answered, "By order of Government."—

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“Where did you learn your profession, and what is the name of the person who taught it you?” I informed his Majesty. “What is the reason that the French surgeons are better than the English; and which do you think are the best?” I answered, the French surgeons are very good; but it must certainly be allowed that the English are in general superior, being more scientifically educated. The Emperor then observed, “that a French surgeon had come into the country, and in the course of his practice had killed several persons.”

“His Majesty next asked, in a very austere manner, “What was the reason I had forbidden Muley Abfulem the use of tea?”—My reply was, “Muley Abfulem has very weak nerves, and tea is injurious to the nervous system.”—“If tea is so unwholesome, why do the English drink so much?” I answered, “It is true, they drink it twice a day, but then they do not make it so strong as the Moors, and they generally use milk with it, which lessens its pernicious effects. But the Moors, when once they begin to use it, make it very strong, drink a great deal, and very frequently without milk.” “You are right,” said the Emperor, “and I know it sometimes makes their hands shake.” After this conversation, about a dozen distilled waters were brought for me to taste, and inform him what they were; which were hot, and which were cold, &c.

“Observing that the Emperor was now in a good humour, I embraced the opportunity of mentioning to him, how much my feelings had been hurt by the malicious reports which had been for some time past circulating to my prejudice; that they were of such a nature as to make me very desirous to have my character cleared up, by a proper examination into the present state of the Prince's health, as well as into the nature of the medicines I had been administering to him. His Majesty, in reply, said, “that he had already ordered his Moorish physician to examine

very particularly the medicines, who had declared, that he could find nothing improper in them.” It is very clear, however, that some suspicion had taken place in the breast of the Emperor, which had induced him to send privately for the medicines, for the purpose of having them so nicely examined; from which circumstance I could not help feeling it as a very fortunate event for myself, that the Prince's health was in so favourable a state.”

At the close of a long conversation, the evening being far advanced, the Emperor commanded one of his attendants to conduct Mr. Lempriere to his Jew, and desire him to take great care of him; adding, that he was a good man, and Muley Abfulem's physician; and that he would send him home to his entire satisfaction. Elated with these assurances and promises, he now waited patiently for the arrival of the Prince, whose personal appearance might confirm the favourable opinion the Emperor began to entertain of his skill; and as his Highness was daily expected, he looked for a speedy deliverance from a most precarious situation, in a land of barbarians. A delineation of the person of the Emperor (the late Sidi Mahomet), an old man near eighty years of age, with interesting anecdotes of his family, and observations on his public administration, are introduced after this first audience, and contribute to the amusement of the reader, till Muley Abfulem makes his appearance at Morocco, and his pompous entry into that city fixes the attention upon a new subject, equally entertaining as the former; but the narrative then takes a more unfavourable turn, and excites alternately, as in a well-wrought tragedy, compassion and detestation; compassion for our distressed countryman, who, after the most flattering reception from the Prince, is cruelly and ungratefully deserted by him, and left at Morocco, at the mercy of a capricious and unfeeling tyrant.

[To be concluded in our next.]

An Address to every Briton on the Slave Trade: Being an effectual Plan to abolish this Disgrace to our Country. 4to. 2s. Robinsons.

THE Author of this Address is a very vehement declaimer against the Slave Trade.—

As hoots the nightly bird amid the woods
Unheard, or heard despised, ev'n so sing I—
I sing, I call, I clamour.—

And in this clamorous style he proceeds to condemn, with great justice, the hor-

rible enormities attendant on this detestable trade. We cannot but receive with complacency any effort to assist the humane endeavours of those who wish to put an end to practices disgraceful to humanity; though we cannot, as in the present case, commend the poetry or manner in which the exertion is made.

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

[*Continued from Page 193.*]

THE most important periods of an Author's life are, perhaps, best distinguished by the publications of his works. In our last Review therefore of the life of this Monarch of English literature, we traced his eventful progress from the first eminences raised by his youthful pen until we reached that stupendous pile of learning, which, at the age of forty-five, the publication of his DICTIONARY presented to the inspection of the world. Previous, however, to the issuing of this work from the press, the Author of it made an excursion to Oxford to procure the degree of Master of Arts, "in order to grace the title-page;" and this honour was conferred upon him without a dissentient voice. Of this excursion, and of many interesting circumstances in the life of Johnson during an interval when he conversed but little with the world, Mr. Boswell has given a particular account from the liberal communications of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Warton, and the literary correspondence which has by this means been reserved, places the abilities of Dr. Johnson, as an epistolary writer, in a new and elevated point of view. Two years after the publication of his Dictionary, Johnson engaged to superintend and contribute largely to a periodical publication entitled "The Literary Magazine; or, Universal Review," and the particular papers which he wrote in the service of this work, are pointed out by Mr. Boswell, upon authority so unquestionable, that they will, doubtless, be added to the new edition of his Works; but it is not in these subordinate employments that we are to look for the exertion of those talents which distinguished the character of this great man, and rendered him, in the language of Mr. Malone, "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century." On the 15th April 1758, he began a new periodical paper, entitled "The Idler," which was continued in weekly numbers until 5th April 1760. This work is evidently of the same mind which produced the "Rambler," but has less body and more spirit. Of the facility with which the Author wrote it, Mr. Boswell produces the following instance: "Mr. Langton remembers Johnson, when on a visit at Oxford,

asking him one evening how long it was till the post went out, and on being told half an hour, he exclaimed, 'then we shall do very well.' He upon this instantly sat down and finished an Idler, which it was necessary should be in London the next day. Mr. Langton having signified a wish to read it, "Sir," said he, "you shall not do more than I have done myself." He then folded it up and sent it off. In the month of January 1759, Johnson's mother died at the advanced age of ninety, and the affliction with which this event tinged his mind, seems to have occasioned, in a great measure, that dark and discontented temper which pervades his "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia;" a work which he wrote in the evenings of one week, immediately on her decease, and sent it to the press in portions as it was written, in order that with the profits of it he might defray the expence of her funeral, and pay some little debts which she had contracted. This act of filial attention he was enabled to perform by selling the copy of this highly celebrated and eloquent work for one hundred pounds; the rapidity of its sale, indeed, afterwards extorted from the purchasers a further donation of twenty-five pounds when it came to a second edition. Of the utility of this performance opinions have certainly differed. Mr. Boswell's observations on this subject appear so candid and just, that we shall take the liberty to insert them.

"Considering the large sums which have been received for compilations, and works requiring not much more genius than compilations, we cannot but wonder at the very low price which he was content to receive for this admirable performance, which, though he had written nothing else, would have rendered his name immortal in the world of literature. None of his writings has been so extensively diffused over Europe; for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. This Tale, with all the charms of oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shews us that this stage of our being is full of 'vanity and vexation of spirit.' To

those who look no further than the present life, or who maintain that human nature has not fallen from the state in which it was created, the instruction of this sublime story will be of no avail. But they who think justly, and feel with strong sensibility, will listen with eagerness and admiration to its truth and wisdom. Voltaire's *CANDIDE*, written to refute the system of Optimism, which it has accomplished with brilliant success, is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's *RASSÉLAS*; inasmuch that I have heard Johnson say, that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was not time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other. Though the proposition illustrated by both these works was the same, namely, that in our present state there is more evil than good, the intention of the writers was very different. Voltaire, I am afraid, meant only by wanton profaneness to obtain a sportive victory over religion, and to discredit the belief of a superintending Providence: Johnson meant, by shewing the unsatisfactory nature of things temporal, to direct the hopes of man to things eternal. *Rasselas*, as was observed to me by a very accomplished lady, may be considered as a more enlarged and more deeply philosophical discourse in prose upon the interesting truth which, in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," he had so successfully enforced in verse.

"The fund of thinking which this work contains is such, that almost every sentence of it may furnish a subject of long meditation. I am not satisfied if a year passes without my having read it through; and at every perusal, my admiration of the mind which produced it is so highly raised, that I can scarcely believe that I had the honour of enjoying the intimacy of such a man.

"I restrain myself from quoting passages from this excellent work, or even referring to them, because I should not know what to select, or, rather, what to omit. I shall, however, transcribe one, as it shews how well he could state the arguments of those who believe in the appearance of departed spirits, a doctrine which it is a mistake to suppose that he himself ever positively held.

"If all your fear be of apparitions (said the Prince), I will promise you safety: there is no danger from the dead; he that is once buried will be seen no more.

"That the dead are seen no more (said

Imlac), I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears."

"Notwithstanding my high admiration of *Rasselas*, I will not maintain that the "morbid melancholy" in Johnson's constitution may not, perhaps, have made life appear to him more insipid and unhappy than it generally is; for I am sure that he had less enjoyment from it than I have. Yet, whatever additional shade his own particular sensations may have thrown on his representation of life, attentive observation and close inquiry have convinced me, that there is too much of reality in the gloomy picture. The truth, however, is, that we judge of the happiness and misery of life differently at different times, according to the state of our changeable frame. I always remember a remark made to me by a Turkish lady, educated in France, "*Ma foi, Monsieur, notre bonheur depend du façon que notre sang circule.*" This have I learnt from a pretty hard course of experience, and would, from sincere benevolence, impress upon all who honour this book with a perusal, that until a steady conviction is obtained, that the present life is an imperfect state, and only a passage to a better, if we comply with the divine scheme of progressive improvement; and, also that it is a part of the mysterious plan of Providence, that intellectual beings must "be made perfect through suffering;" there will be a continual recurrence of disappointment and uneasiness. But if we walk with hope in "the mid-day sun" of revelation, our temper and disposition will be such, that the comforts and enjoyments in our way will be relished, while we patiently support the inconveniences and pains. After much speculation and various reasonings, I acknowledge myself convinced of the truth of Voltaire's conclusion, "*Après tout, c'est un monde passable.*"

During the remainder of the reign of George the Second, the pen of Johnson appears to have been principally employed in corresponding with his friends, and particularly

particularly with the late Mr. Baretti, who was then at Milan; but on the accession of his present Majesty to the throne of these kingdoms, "a new and brighter prospect," says Mr. Boswell, "opened to men of literary merit." This Johnson very soon experienced, for, having been represented to the King as a very pious and learned man without any certain provision, his Majesty was pleased to grant him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. In the year 1763, soon after this event, the first acquaintance between Mr. Boswell and Dr. Johnson commenced; and the particular circumstances by which it happened, and was continued, are detailed with great vivacity and force. Among the many highly entertaining relations which we meet with in this part of the Work, is the following character of GOLDSMITH, with an extract of which we shall close our present Review.

"He was a native of Ireland, and a contemporary with Mr. Burke, at Trinity College, Dublin, but did not then give much promise of future celebrity. He, however, observed to Mr. Malone, that "though he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a study in much repute there, he could turn an Ode of Horace better than any of them." He afterwards studied physic at Edinburgh, and upon the Continent; and, I have been informed, was enabled to pursue his travels on foot, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as a disputant, by which, according to the custom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when luckily for him his challenge was not accepted; so that, as I once observed to Dr. Johnson, he *disputed* his passage through Europe. He then came to England, and was employed successively in the capacities of an usher to an academy, a corrector of the press, a reviewer, and a writer for a newspaper. He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his fa-

culties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of such a model. To me and many others it appeared that he studiously copied the manner of Johnson, though, indeed, upon a smaller scale.

"At this time I think he had published nothing with his name, though it was pretty generally known that *one Dr. Goldsmith* was the author of *An Essay on the present State of Polite Literature*," and of "The Citizen of the World," a series of letters supposed to be written from London by a Chinese. No man had the art of displaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquisitions he made. "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit* *." His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil. There was a quick, but not a strong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation †; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes produces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*, and from vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly without knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the easy gentleman. Those who were in any way distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. When accompanying two beautiful young ladies with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him; and once at the exhibition of the *Fantoccini*, in London, when those

* See his Epitaph in Westminster Abbey, written by Dr. Johnson.

† In allusion to this, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, said, he was "an inspired idiot;" and Garrick described him as one

"_____ for shortness call'd Noll,

"Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll."

Sir Joshua Reynolds has mentioned to me, that he frequently heard Goldsmith talk warmly of the pleasure of being liked, and observe how hard it would be if literary excellence should preclude a man from that satisfaction, which he perceived it often did, from the envy which attended it; and therefore Sir Joshua was convinced that he was intentionally more absurd, in order to lessen himself in social intercourse, trusting that his character would be sufficiently supported by his works. If it indeed was his intention to appear absurd in company, he was often very successful. But with due deference to Sir Joshua's ingenuity, I think the conjecture too refined.

who sat next him observed with what dexterity a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear that it should have such praise, and exclaimed with some warmth, "Phaw! I can do it better myself."

"He, I am afraid, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be strictly scrutinised; but his affections were social and generous, and when he had money he gave it away very liberally. His desire of imaginary consequence predominated over his attention to truth. When he began to rise into notice, he said he had a brother who was Dean of Durham; a fiction so easily detected, that it is wonderful how he should have been so inconsiderate as to hazard it. He boasted to me at this time of the power of his pen in commanding money, which I believe was true in a certain degree, though in the instance he gave he was by no means correct. He told me that he had sold a novel for four hundred pounds. This was his "Vicar of Wakefield." But Johnson informed me, that he had made the bargain for Goldsmith, and the price was sixty pounds. "And, Sir (said he), a sufficient price too, when it was sold; for then the fame of Goldsmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was, by his 'Traveller;' and the bookseller had such faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuscript by him a long time, and did not publish it till after The Tra-

veller had appeared. Then, to be sure, it was accidentally worth more money."

"Mrs. Piozzi* and Sir John Hawkins † have strangely mis-stated the history of Goldsmith's situation and Johnson's friendly interference, when this novel was sold. I shall give it authentically from Johnson's own exact narration:

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me, that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill ‡."

(To be continued.)

The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Tottenham-High-Cross, in the County of Middlesex. Collected from authentic Records. With an Appendix, containing the Account of the said Town, drawn up by the Right Hon. Henry last Lord Coleraine. Printed from the original MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. By H. G. Oldfield, and R. R. Dyson. 12mo. 4s. 1790. Payne.

TOPOGRAPHY is now become so universal a study, that the smallest tribute to this species of history must needs be acceptable. The little work now before us (which we understand was published at the request of several respectable inhabitants of the parish) is compiled and written with the true spirit of an antiquary

and topographer; and we must acknowledge that the Authors have done ample justice to the undertaking. The village of Tottenham has great claim to antiquity. Bedwell in the beginning of the 17th century says (which is quoted in the preface to this work), that "Tottenham, although it be neither City, Towne, nor

* Anecdotes of Johnson, p. 119.

† Life of Johnson, p. 420.

‡ It may not be improper to annex here Mrs. Piozzi's account of this transaction, in her own words, as a specimen of the extreme inaccuracy with which all her anecdotes of Dr. Johnson are related, or rather discoloured and distorted. "I have forgotten the year, but it could scarcely, I think, be later than 1765 or 1766, that he was called abruptly from our house after dinner, and returning in about three hours, said he had been with an enraged author, whose landlady pressed him for payment within doors, while the bailiffs beset him without; that he was drinking himself drunk with Madeira, to drown care, and fretting over a novel, which, when finished, was to be his whole fortune, but he could not get it done for distraction, nor could he step out of doors to offer it for sale. Mr. Johnson, therefore, set away the bottle, and went to the bookseller, recommending the performance, and desiring some immediate relief; which when he brought back to the writer, he called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment." Anecdotes of Johnson, p. 119.

Corporation, yet it is doubtless as ancient and hath bene as famous as any other place of that nature thereabout whatsoever." Messrs. Oldfield and Dyson proceed to state, that "the residence of the family of Bruce for many years, and the property of one of the most illustrious Kings of Scotland, so near the Capital of England, cannot be an object unworthy notice in this age, inquisitive after every circumstance that can throw light on local or general history.

The manors which consequently have had both royal and noble possessors are treated of very elaborately, together with biographical accounts of the owners, illustrating the several branches of their families. To the Hare family a pedigree is annexed, taken from Blomefield's Norfolk, carefully brought down with additions and corrections to the present representative. Among the subjects treated of, the church holds no inconsiderable share; all the monumental inscriptions are correctly copied, and three drawings from brasses are given. Neither have the Authors scrupled to introduce the inscriptions from all the tombs in the Church-yard, for the gratification of those who may have their friends or relations buried here, and desire their names to outlive their monuments. For

Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; his cankering
hand,
With calm deliberate malice, wafeth them;
Worn on the edge of days, the brass con-
sumes, [ble,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut mar-
Unsteady to the tool, gives up it's charge.

BLAIR.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registered upon our printed books,
And so grace us in the disgrace of death,
When, spight of cormorant devouring
Time,

Captain's Newte's Prospects and Observations, on a Tour in England and Scotland.

[Concluded from Page 274.]

OUR travellers (for Captain Newte in his tour was accompanied by Captain Scott of the East India Company, Captain J. Nutt, and other gentlemen) on their approach to the water of Leith were greatly struck with the rocks and shaggy woods that fringe that river; Heriot's hospital, the castle with the houses and spires that stretch eastward on the southern banks of the North Loch, and Arthur's seat rising in the back ground: all these objects seen at once, and illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, presented an assemblage

The endeavour of this present breath may
buy

That honour, which shall 'bate the scythe's
keen edge,

And make us heirs to all eternity.

SHAKESPEARE.

Here are to be found some very well-written epitaphs, and many of them to considerable persons.

Some curious particulars are here found concerning parish registers. Of the charitable foundations, those of Balthazar Sanchez and Sir Abraham Reynardson are worthy notice. In the Article of Schools we find, that Mr. William Baxter, that eminent scholar and antiquary, held the grammar school of this parish; a biographical account of him is added.

Antiquities. The Cross, The Hermitage, St. Loy's Well, The Black House, Sir Abraham Reynardson's House, and an Iron Pot found in the garden adjoining it.

The Tournament of Tottenham is a curious relique of ancient poetry of the burlesque kind.

In addition to the foregoing Articles, the Authors have presented the public with the first printed copy from the original MS. of The History and Antiquities of Tottenham by Henry Lord Coleraine, taken from the Bodleian Library. This tract contains principally an account of and enquiry into the use and abuse of the charitable institutions. Other parts of the Appendix consist of the original records in Latin referred to in the account of the manors.

Upon the whole, we have perused this work (which cannot but be peculiarly entertaining to the inhabitants of Tottenham) with pleasure, and should be glad to see many other places in the neighbourhood of London, which would afford materials, treated in the same manner.

scarcely to be exceeded by the imagination of the painter or poet.

Captain Newte, having described the situation of the Old City of Edinburgh, gives an account of the origin of this and of Burghs in general; the new town; public buildings; the character of the Lowland Scots in general, and of the Edinburghers in particular; the progress of commerce and the arts in Scotland; the University of Edinburgh, and particularly the medical classes, of which he traces the history; places of amusement; state of religion;

ligion; Salisbury Craggs and Arthur's feat, with the view from thence; Leith the seaport of Edinburgh; advantages of lowering the duties on ale and beer, and a commutation tax for this purpose; the murder of Captain Porteus, and fate of his assassins.

The following particulars relating to the education, genius, and pursuits of the Scottish youth, are equally curious and satisfactory:

"Learning had been planted in Great Britain by Apostolical Missionaries; and Roman colonies and legions, for several centuries before the Roman empire, yielded to inundations of Barbarians; and, retiring before the rude Saxons into Wales, Scotland, and the adjacent islands, maintained, even in such sequestered corners as Icolmkil, her sacred fire along with political independence, during the darkness of the middle ages. As far as written memorials carry back our views, we find a lettered education very general in Scotland. In every parish, the clerk, who was also precentor and schoolmaster, was instructed not only in arithmetic and the elements of geometry and mensuration, but in the Latin, and sometimes the Greek tongue; nay, and in some instances, in that logic and casuistry which maintained their ground in the Universities, and gave the *fasbion* or *tone* in the polite circles of Europe for ages. It is sufficient to allude to the history of Abelard and the famous Crichton, to prove that there was a time when it was accounted as gentleman-like an accomplishment to be a subtle reasoner, as it is at present to excel in every thing that is connected with elegance or military glory. A tincture, at least, of erudition was often possessed even by rustics and mechanics, in rude and turbulent periods; and it must have been a very singular spectacle to a native of Constantinople or Rome, to behold a race of learned and religious Barbarians.

"The sons of mechanics and small farmers, after spending the summer and autumn in various rural occupations, go to the parish school in winter to learn writing, arithmetic, and sometimes the Latin language; for as to English, the boys and girls of the poorer sort of people in Scotland, are taught for the most part to read in the Bible even before they set their foot in a school. And a more delightful picture cannot be conceived by human imagination, than that of a young woman in all the bloom of health and of virtue, spinning flax with her little wheel, with a child leaning on her knee, with his catechism, or some collection or portion of the scriptures, laid on her lap; while the child

reads the work is not interrupted, for the pious mother knows what he reads by heart. It will doubtless appear very strange and scarcely credible to other nations, that the Scottish children of all ranks, from the time that they are five or six years of age, are initiated in the sublimest of moral enquiries, namely, that *de finibus bonorum et malorum*; or, "What is the chief end of man?"

This last assertion of our Author having struck the Editors of the London Review as somewhat exceedingly singular, they applied for explanation to some of those learned ingenious Scotchmen to whom Captain Newte is supposed to allude in his advertisement, from whom they received, in illustration of what is related with the most perfect veracity, the following account: The moment that the Scottish children have learnt their alphabet, they are taught first to read, and then to repeat and understand the Kirk-catechism or system of metaphysical theology, drawn up by the famous Assembly of Divines at Westminster in the Reign of the Long Parliament, in the way of question and answer. The first question in that brief but comprehensive body of divinity is, "What is the chief end of man?" the sublimest undoubtedly and most important to be found in the whole circle of moral science. The answer is, "To glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever." This fundamental principle is branched forth, with great order and comprehension, into a variety of questions relating both to faith and practice.

In this Tour in England and Scotland we meet with many animated and bold descriptions both physical and moral, which we regret that our scanty limits will not permit us to lay before our readers, particularly the description of the falls on the river Clyde, which is generally and justly admired, as well as the account he has given of the assassins of Captain Porteus, and which he concludes as follows: "Such are the observations that have been made on the character and fate of those men who were most actively concerned in the murder of Captain Porteus; whose story, though less interesting than that of those who have assassinated Princes and Kings, is yet in a moral view equally instructive; since it shews, that there is no change of situation or place, that not the *civium ardor prava jubentium*, nor all the opiates of either sceptical or convivial society, can secure the man who has unfortunately been guilty of blood, from the stings of conscience, that IMPARTIAL REVIEWER of human thoughts, words, and actions."

OBSER-

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

[Continued from Page 292.]

LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR, *Ulverstone, Aug. 18.*

WE now leave Low Wood, and along the verge of the Lake have a pleasant couple of miles to Ambleside.

This is a straggling little market-town, made up of rough-cast white houses, but charmingly situated in the centre of three radiant vallies, *i. e.* all issuing from the town as from a center. This shews the propriety of the Roman Station situated near the west end of this place; called Amboglanā, commanding one of the most difficult passes in England, for an enemy could not possibly get through this part of the country without passing this station. Roman bricks, pots, broken altars, and coins, are frequently found near its site, which is now an undefined heap of earth. A few weeks ago some neighbouring gentlemen had the paved road laid bare that leads from it over Kirkstone; it is about eleven feet wide, very perfect, near a foot below the present surface, and is very traceable over the aforesaid mountain towards the Picts Wall. This formed the communication, and a detachment of the Nervii were said to be stationed here.

Beautiful woods rise half way up the sides of the mountains from Ambleside, and seem wishful to cover the naked asperities of the country, but the iron works calling for them in the character of charcoal, every fourteen or fifteen years, exposes the nakedness of the country. Among these woods and mountains are many frightful precipices and roaring cascades. In a still evening several are heard at once, in various keys, forming a kind of savage music. One half a mile above the town, in a wood, seems upwards of an hundred feet fall.—About as much water as is in the New River precipitates itself over a perpendicular rock into a natural basin, where it seems to recover from its fall, before it takes a second and a third tumble over huge stones that break it into a number of streams. It suffers not this outrage quietly, for it grumbles through hollow glens and stone cavities all the way, till it meets the Rothay, when it quietly enters the Lake.

These mountains produce a hardy breed of small sheep, of sweet mutton, and coarse wool. This wool is spun by the women, and woven into linsley-woolsey by the men; and this is the principal manufacture through the whole of this part of Westmoreland and Lancashire.

The thin blue slate, so much esteemed in London, is got in perpendicular strata in se-

veral of these mountains; and though its lamella divides perpendicularly, the limestone stratum lies nearly horizontal, though both may be in the same mountain. This blue rag is the general stone of the country—called *lava* by some, and *whinstone* by others; but for my own part I conceive it to be a kind of *basalt*, though it does not crystalize, like the Giants Causeway in Ireland, or Fingal's Cave in the Hebrides, in five, six, or eight sides; but it lies in a kind of cubical or rhomboidal blocks, and splits like island crystal, running in a kind of vein through several mountains in the same direction. This slate is ferried down Windermere, and embarks a few miles below on Ulverstone Bay for different countries.

Ascending up Kirkstone along the above Roman Road, with much difficulty and fatigue, though a carriage may travel over it, we turn often round to feast our eyes with the green and wooded vales below, and are struck with several tumuli near the summit, one near as large as that at Marlborough. From the summit, the view of Patterdale down a steep glen of eight or nine miles in depth, is (to form a Lilliputian idea) like viewing a landscape through a frame of rock-work—but such rock work! Conceive, O reader! yourself hemmed in a road between rocks twice the height of St. Paul's, rugged, over-hanging, precipice above precipice! seeming ready to tumble upon you! Eagles flying over your head, and a brawling brook dashing over great stones at your feet! Except Mount Cenis, I never saw such a passage.

A small Lake called Broadwater affords some striking views to relieve the horror and tædium occasioned by this frightful glen; and soon we arrive among flat meadows that beautify the borders of Ulwater.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR SIR, *Ulverstone, Aug. 18.*

ULSWATER Lake is surrounded by lofty mountains like Windermere, but is very inferior in picturesque beauty; the style is, however, so familiar, that description is almost needless.

Dunmullard, seen over the Lake, is a round planted hill that contrasts well with the naked mountains about it; and from Hartop high-field is a grand view, enlivened by the singular manner in which the inhabitants bring slate down a precipice.

C c c

Saddle.]

Saddleback seems to brave Heaven with its many-pointed top, and in some views seems the king of the mountains with a crown upon its head.

Greystock Castle, a seat of the Duke of Norfolk, is a good house in the border style, and the country about it romantic, and in parts rich.

Dalemain, belonging to — Hazle, Esq. also diversifies, with a good house and gardens, the road to Penrith. This town is built of red freestone, but has a neat appearance, and affords every comfort after the fatigue of such a journey. In the church-yard are two single stone pillars, about four yards high, and five yards distant, said to stand at the head and feet of a huge giant, and thence called The Giant's Grave.

King Arthur's Round Table is but a little distance from Penrith, but is now only a circular mound of earth, little bigger than a country cock-pit.

A very perfect beacon yet stands on a hill as a monument of feudal barbarism.

Taking Ulfwater in our route to Keswick, we call at Water Milleck, where the house of John Robinson, Esq. affords different views from every window, and a gun fired here produces the loud reiterated noise of thunder, and two French horns the effect of the sweetest concert: nothing the ear can convey to the mind approaches so near to enchantment! The distant mountains returning the report one after another, will continue the sound of a gun for twenty seconds, inasmuch that when it seems to have ceased, in a few seconds you hear it again. This effect is still more striking on the Lake, near Hallen Mountain, when the astonished ear would believe the whole chaos of rocks tumbling to the center!

Wild as the scenes are, they are too wild, and diversified for the painter—the whole is sublime and astonishing, but the parts in general are too ragged and broken for a picture. This is particularly the tribute of the views from Lylph's Tower, except the famous cascade called Airey Force. Here a considerable body of water falls near forty yards perpendicular, with a tremendous noise, over craggy rocks, and if seen from the dark glen below, exhibits by its spray a vivid rainbow. Above this water-fall (up which no fish could ascend), and in many other brooks full of cascades, we meet with great plenty of trout. Louthembourg has rather given the character of the country than a portrait of its parts: his blue tints assimilate ill with the black complexion of these mountains: but as the painter said to an homely lady, "Madam, I must not spoil my picture by a likeness," so this ingenious artist has

adopted the same address, and made excellent pictures out of many bad subjects.—Farrington has been more faithful, with less art: his views make good prints, but do not give the character of the country. It is difficult to select where nature surrounds you with profusion. Gilpin, without a portrait, has given the character of the country; and his water-tints very happily express its bold features, without minutiae.

These are remarks from memory—I have neither books nor pictures with me; nor will I look at one or the other, if they fall in my way, while on this tour; being resolved to write on the spot the dictates of the moment, uninfluenced by any opinion, and to make these remarks a true copy of my own feelings.

Gowbarrow is an extensive but open park, and was some years ago covered with tall oak wood. At its upper end is Glencoyne, a hollow wooded valley, into which the sun never shines the whole months of November, December, and January. At the head of this glen, Helveylen is seen with its snow-covered head often above the clouds. This is certainly the highest mountain in England, and appears to me higher than Ben Lomond, in Scotland.

Patterdale, at the head of the Lake, seems an exclusion from all the world. Shut in by mountains on one side, and by water on the other, the traveller is ready to turn his horse round, and conclude he can get no farther.—Yet this was once the seat of mirth, innocence, and hospitality. Alas! since a banditti of profligate miners introduced vice and disease into their happy valley, they may sing with old Heggart, of Troutbeck,

These joyful days are now forgot

That once we had in Patterdale,
When for sixpence we could have had a pot,
That held a gallon of good ale, &c.
Then curds and cream we plenty had,
And many a syllabub was made, &c.

An instance of longevity and family transactions are told of the clergyman of this vale that seems a paradox, though undoubtedly true. He married and buried both his father and his mother; he christened his wife, and when he married her published the banns himself.

I am, &c.

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR,

Keswick, Aug. 19.

FROM Patterdale we return by the Penrith road through Gowbarrow Park into the Keswick road near Threlkeld. Near the

both hills—there is a beautiful view of the environs of Kewick. The mountains bound it on each side, and the woody vale between them is intersected by white hills, which look like so many chains of silver. On every side the scene is chequered with elegant variety—corn fields—verdant meadows—peaceful cottages—silent gloomy thickets, with great masses of majestic shade formed by a retiring fan. Solitude and peace reign here undisturbed, except by the rattling Tourist, who excites envy and false ideas of happiness among the peaceful inhabitants; for now it ceases to excite laughter or contempt when the ruddy lass forgets her dialect, and appears at church in a tall bonnet, fluttering with ribbands. Turnpike roads have destroyed provincial manners and provincial dialects.—For, as Goldsmith says, “Fashions now not only travel to the exteriors of the kingdom in stage coaches, but in the very basket.” Every place in this island is now only London out of town. I could once have traced the exact extent of the various dialects of England: I traced the limits of the Saxon burr (or what is called the Newcastle burr) from Haddington in Scotland to Chester-le-Street in the county of Durham, and made its western boundary the mountains that divide Northumberland from Cumberland. This angular crook is produced by pronouncing the *r* with the middle of the tongue instead of the tip. In Westmoreland there were whole vallies of Deans, all relations, and their known when they could get out of their native hollows by their red heads, and their language being like the baaing of sheep.—The Scots having possessed, and mixed with the people of this country, have left the broad *noo* and *hoo* instead of *now* and *how*, which effectually distinguishes them from their neighbours in Lancashire, whose *how* and *now* is more liquid than in the south. I would call this the Mercian dialect, as it reached, without much variation, from the north of Lancashire through Cheshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire; or, if you will, the whole extent of the kingdom of Mercia: Dialects more south and east have run too much into one another to admit of definition; and ere long that will be the case with the whole kingdom.

In respect to manners and customs, they were for centuries transmitted from father to son, and much remains to be obliterated yet, before the people here will be like the rest of the kingdom. Though all are protestants, many Roman Catholic customs remain, without the people of the country being at all conscious of it: in their marriages, funerals, festivals, and superstitions; in their economy, domestic manners, and common employments; nay, their country music, of

the serious kind, partakes still of the Romish chaunt. The mountain spirit of independence and liberty lingers yet among them, as well as the hardy, daring, warlike, and manly firmness of mind by which their forefathers repelled the Scots, and preserved the Border from their incursions. Sorry am I to see this generous spirit prostituted, in wagering over a market-day pot, or misled into violence by aristocratic influence. When this baneful prostitution cannot be kept out of almost inaccessible mountains, no wonder it has overrun the rest of the kingdom.

But to return to Threlkeld, and leave a hateful disease that only reason and honesty can cure, let us again turn our eyes on the grand and sublime of nature, and despise the littleness of human systems and petty competitions. This village is in the Barony of Greystock—the inhabitants freeholders (except a few, like the many under border-t tenure in other parts of this country, which are arbitrary, and under the Earl of Lonsdale—*more the pity!*). Near this is the Vale of St. John's. I shudder when I enter this Vale! Two days after a water-spout fell here I saw its devastations, and have the clearest idea of it to this hour, though then a child. It was in August of the year 1749, when in two hours the whole Vale was filled with water, many feet deep—not a bridge, wall, or house was left in it. A mill was so effectually raised, that one of its stones has not been found to this day! and a little above it, the side of the mountain was excavated into a gully that would hold St. Paul's! This rich Vale has been, in part, rendered inarable ever since; and in some parts of it stones of twenty tons weight (washed from the mountain) are piled up in heaps by the inundation, to a dozen yards in height, and bid defiance to all attempts at removal.

I am, &c.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR,

Keswick, Aug. 20.

SADDLEBACK figures in the scenery of this vale, a frightfully-broken mountain on one side, and pretty smooth on the other. On its top are hideous chafms of near a thousand yards deep; and near it a Lake or Tarn (as the country people call a small Lake) that seems the mouth of an extinguished volcano. Many vitrified substances found on this mountain make this conjecture not improbable; though I must confess, I think *water* rather than *fire* has been the agent concerned in the formation of these mountains.

The road to Castrig is romantic, though rich and cultivated; and on the hill is a

Druidical monument, consisting of about fifty stones (placed in a circle) of such size as would almost bid defiance to the machinery and friction-balls used to remove the huge stone into the Square of Peterburgh; and what is very extraordinary, these stones are of a kind not to be found within many miles of this place.

But the mind is called from reflections on the use or antiquity of this temple, by the fine view these mountains afford, viz. the Vale and Lake of Kefwick!—Yet, ah! how fallen since I saw it in the year 1749 before mentioned, when the Crow Park, Fryer Cragg, Lord's Island, and indeed all the shores and islands of this beautiful Lake were covered with tall oaks. The view must have been striking, when a child of ten years old had such an impression made by it, as not to be erased by forty years; nay, I think I could draw it from memory at this hour, if I had time. The wood was so even at top (each tree being about eighteen yards high, and very thick) that it looked like a field, and the branches to interwoven that boys would have gone from tree to tree like squirrels. The Crow Park is now a plowed field, and a fine station for the Landscapist. Most of the lands which surround the Lake were forfeited by the Earl of Derwentwater, and appropriated by Government to the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital, so that it was with difficulty that Lord William Gordon, Mr. Pocklington, Mr. Stevenson, &c. could procure land to build their villas upon. These villas, however, have polished the rugged shores of the Lake, and make up in some degree for the loss of its fine woods.

I am told that the Lake contains near thirteen hundred acres, in which is included St. Herbert's Island, Vicar's Island, Lord's Island, Ramps-holm, Ling-holm, Trippet-holm, Otter Island, and the Floating Island. This last is a singular curiosity, something of the nature of Solway Moss, that some years ago floated apparently on dry land. This Floating Island is about twenty yards in diameter, nearly circular, and slopes from its center: it seems an assemblage of matted moss-roots, under which a brook (swelled by great rains) insinuates itself, and swells it above the surface of the Lake; hence it only appears in rainy weather, and sinks to the bottom in dry.

The other Islands once broke the level equality of the Lake into striking interruptions. They do so yet in some degree; but when Art joins Rapine to deface a country, the eye must turn to immoveables for relief; and nowhere will the eye see objects to more advantage than on the Lake. Look at Wal-

low Cragg from the vicinity of Lord's Island, an enormous mass of rock 1500 feet high, and you might suppose you could take a lover's leap from its top into the Lake! Get under this huge promontory if you dare, and then every beauty of the Lake, and all that is grand and sublime around it, lie stretched out before you! Beauty, Horror, and Magnificence, contend like the Three Goddesses for the Apple of Approbation!—The imagination demands a Claude for the cultivated Vales, the white scattered Cottages, the glassy Lake, and its wooded Islands. But a Salvator alone could dash out the frowning Steep, the broken Cliff, the hauging Wood, the foaming Waterfall, and the majesty of cloud-capt impending Mountains! A Cockney would suppose an Air-Balloon the only vehicle by which these could be visited: get into your carriage, and you will find a good road round the whole Lake. But do not sleep in it: alight on every eminence, and every eminence will afford you a new and interesting prospect; nay, if you look only through the windows, you will see Woods, Rocks, Cliffs, Mountains, vanishing or rising into view, assuming new and romantic shapes at every turn, or losing themselves behind rolling clouds. Stop at Lodore, and above the Little Inn there is a wonderful view of the Lake, and Skiddaw as a back ground. This place seems a door into Borrowdale, and almost shut up by a huge overhanging rock, that seems to threaten destruction to the wight who dares to invade a place which nothing but eagles had visited till within these last thirty years.

A little above this, among and over wood-clad Rocks, foams the tremendous Cascade of Lodore! dashing from rock to rock with a hideous roar, that may be heard many miles. But in the time of a flood it seems to despise the gradation by which it usually descends, and flies over rocks and shrubs in one vast sheet, upwards of 200 feet high! It requires no small resolution to persevere in a visit to Borrowdale, when the entrance so powerfully assaults both the eyes and ears; but your courage will be rewarded by a scene of the wildest sequestration that perhaps ever excited human curiosity. The road is by High Lodore to Grange, a pretty village, with a ruin on a spiral rock, from whence this Stone Vale is seen to great advantage. Imagination would say, that after the world was finished the rubbish was thrown here! One wonders how the inhabitants could scratch a little bread from among the stones! for the whole Vale seems made of Rocks and Stones, and it may be called the World's End, without a metaphor! Nature, however, has not left it without its riches: the best, and

and almost the only black lead in the world is got here in such abundance, that I have many years ago bought a pound for sixpence, though now it is sold as high as thirty shillings! The mines are shut up by strong doors, and only opened at intervals.

The Slate Quarries may also be reckoned among the natural riches of this Vale, as well as a Salt Spring near Mansley, that cures cutaneous disorders by washing; and the Morasses here are covered with wild myrtle (called Gale), that sends forth fragrant effluvia.

If prospects be your passion, climb a rock at the water-head near Hardendale Knott, and the Lake with its Islands spreads out beneath your feet. Dr. Brownrigg's white House at the foot of Skiddaw—the white Church of Croftwaite, and the white Town of Keswick, beautifully spot the middle ground; and Skiddaw (like Mount

Ida), with its double top, forms a majestic back-ground. This is not a station for a painter—the objects are too many, and occupy too great a portion of the horizon. Behind, the view is made up of mighty rocks, piled up on one another in every fantastic form—Pine-apples—Artichokes; nay, conceive a piece of fugarcandy magnified to an hundred times the size of St. Paul's, and that may assist the imagination. The sail from Hardeadale Knott, in an afternoon when the sun shines on Skiddaw, is charming; the several bays and creeks on the side of Branley Park succeed one another in varied beauty; so do the Islands. But you must now wish for your dinner; so we take leave of you once more at Keswick, and to-morrow we mount old father Skiddaw—

So farewell.

[To be concluded in our next.]

EULOGY OF THOMSON THE POET,

Delivered by the EARL OF BUCHAN ON EDNAM HILL, when he crowned the FIRST EDITION of the SEASONS with a Wreath of Bays, on the 22d of SEPTEMBER 1791.

GENTLEMEN,

“IT has been the custom of that great and respectable nation the French to pronounce, at the meetings of men of genius, learning, and taste, the praises of the illustrious dead; and this custom has been adopted by other countries, as, emerging from barbarity, they became gradually sensible of the great superiority of men eminent in science, and endowed with learning and taste, over the ignorant and illiterate, however high in power, or dignified by titles.

“They saw and deplored the rude institutions of their savage ancestors—institutions which covered men with honours according to the whim or prejudice of illiterate Princes, and left the real benefactors and ornaments of society to languish in obscurity. Fortunately, born as we have been in the age of a Frederick the Great and of a Washington, all men possessed of any feeling or taste have rejoiced, and do now rejoice, to behold the dignity of human nature beginning to appear amidst the ruins of superstition and tyranny, and the immortal Prussian standing like a herald in the procession of ages to mark the beginning of that order of men who are to banish from the earth the delusions of priesthood, and the monstrous prerogatives of despotic authority.

“I think myself happy to have this day the honour of endeavouring to do honour to the memory of THOMSON, which has been prophanely touched by the rude hand of Samuel Johnson, whose fame and reputation

indicates the decline of taste in a country, that after having produced an Alfred, a Wallace, a Bacon, a Napier, a Newton, a Buchanan, a Milton, a Hampden, a Fletcher, and a Thomson, can submit to be lulled by an overbearing pedant.

“Scotland, Gentlemen, though now full of men who are above servile compliance with the power of the day, was, in the days of Thomson, a nation of proud and poor nobles, and dispirited vassals. Except Belhaven and Fletcher, whom he hardly saw, and Argyle, Stair, Marchmont, and other free spirits, whom delicacy forbids me to mention, there were few in the kingdom who could encourage the poet to rise above the mediocrity of a fettered student of divinity, or to inspire his mind with that noble sentiment of independence by which his life and his writings are characterised and distinguished. In the family of Jerviswood, to which he was introduced by the kindred of his mother, he received the earliest attentions; and some verses of his, addressed to one of that family, for the use of some books, are, I believe, still preserved as an early specimen of his genius.

“That the lady indiscreetly alluded to in the Life of Thomson, should have encouraged him to try his fortune in London is highly probable; but that she should have deserted him afterwards agrees not with the nature of spontaneous patronage; for nothing is more natural to patrons than the desire of seeing due attention paid to their recommendations,

and

and following out the objects of their protection to the attainment of honour that shall reflect upon themselves.

"The trifling story about his losing his bundle on his way from Wapping to Mallet's house in London, and the want of his shoes, is in the peculiar style of malevolence which characterises the work of Johnson as a biographer.

"The only occasion I had the mischance to meet Johnson was at old Strahan's, the translator of the first six books of the *Æneid*, in Suffolk-street, where I found him and Mallet preparing these books for publication; and there I remember to have heard them repeating this story with glee, after having cut down Dryden, Gavin Douglas, Trapp, and the other predecessors of poor Strahan, in the translation of the *Æneid*.

"We are much indebted to Aaron Hill for his kindness to Thomson, and his handsome line in compliment to Scotland, now in every mouth; no more poetry and prophecy, but matter of fact! How different an Aaron Hill and a Pennant from a Samuel Johnson!

"Why," says Johnson, "are the dedications to Winter and the other Seasons, contrary to custom, left out in Thomson's collected works?" I will tell you, shade of Johnson, *Because little men disappear when great men take their station.*

"Lord Chatham, Lord Temple, Lord Lyttelton, Sir Andrew Mitchell, Dr. Armstrong, Mr. Gray of Richmond-Hill, and Mr. Murdoch, I have often had the pleasure to hear on the subject of Thomson. All of them agreed in the testimony of his being a gentleman, as well as a poet, far above the degree of most of our modern poets.

"Of Johnson's criticism on the poem of Thomson entitled *Liberty*, I shall say nothing; but am sorry to be obliged to own that Britain, especially Scotland, knows but too little of the liberty that Thomson celebrates!

"Of the elegance of Thomson's manners and taste, I shall give you a specimen in a letter of his to Lord Lyttelton, and of his heart in two to Mr. Ross; and with these I will trust the effect of my encomium to your own reflections.

THOMSON TO MR. LYTTELTON.

"DEAR SIR, *London, July 14, 1743.*

"I HAD the pleasure of your's some posts ago, and have delayed answering it hitherto, that I might be able to determine when I could have the happiness of waiting upon you.

"Hagley is the place in England I most desire to see; I imagine it to be greatly delightful in itself, and I know it to be so to the highest degree by the company it is animated with. Some reasons prevent my waiting upon you immediately; but if you will be so good as to let me know how long you design to stay in the country, nothing shall hinder me from passing three weeks or a month with you before you leave it.

"As this will fall in Autumn I shall like it the better; for I think that season of the year the most pleasing, and the most poetical; the spirits are not then dissipated with the gaiety of spring, and the glaring light of summer, but composed into a serious and tempered joy.

"The year is perfect. In the mean time I will go on with correcting the Seasons, and hope to carry down more than one of them with me.

"The Muses, whom you obligingly say I shall bring along with me, I shall send with you;—the Muses of the great simple country, not the little fine-lady Muses of Richmond-Hill. I have lived so long in the noise, or at least the distant din of the town, that I begin to forget what retirement is; with you I shall enjoy it in its highest elegance and purest simplicity.

"The mind will not only be soothed into peace, but enlivened into harmony. My compliments attend all at Hagley, and particularly her* who gives it charms to you it never had before.

"Believe me to be ever, with the greatest respect, most affectionately your's,

"JAMES THOMSON."

THOMSON TO MR. ROSS.

"DEAR ROSS, *London, Nov. 6, 1736.*

"I OWN I have a good deal of assurance, after asking one favour of you, never to answer your letter till I ask another. But not to mince the matter more to a friend, and all apologies apart, hearken to my request. My sisters have been advised by their friends to set up at Edinburgh a little milliner's shop, and if you can conveniently advance to them twelve pounds on my account, it will be a particular favour.

"That will set them agoing, and I design from time to time to send them goods from hence; my whole account I will pay you when you come up here, not in poetical paper credit, but in the solid money of this dirty world. I will not draw upon you in case you be not prepared to defend yourself; but if your purse be valiant, please to enquire for Jean or Elizabeth Thomson, at the Rev.

* Lucy Fortescue, Lord Lyttelton's first wife.

Mr. Guffhart's *; and if this letter be not sufficient testimony of the debt, I will send you whatever you shall desire. It is late, and I would not lose this post. Like a laconic man of business, therefore, I must here stop short; though I have several things to impart to you, and, through your canal, to the dearest, truest, heartiest youth that treads on Scottish ground.

"The next letter I write you shall be washed clean from business in the Castalian Fountain.

"I am whipping and spurring to finish a tragedy for you this winter, but am still at some distance from the goal, which makes me fear being distanced. Remember me to all friends, and above them all, heartily, heartily to Mr. Forbes; though my affection to him is not fanned by letters, yet it is as high as when I was his brother in the Virtù, and played at chess with him in a post-chaise. To Mr. George Ross, I am, dear Ross, at the Hon. Duncan most sincerely Forbes his house and affectionately yours, in Edinburgh. "JAMES THOMSON."

THOMSON TO MR. ROSS.

"DEAR SIR, London, Jan. 12, 1737-

"HAVING been entirely in the country of late, finishing my play, I did not receive your's till some days ago. It was kind in you not to draw rashly upon me, which at present had put me into danger; but very soon, that is to say, about two months hence, I shall have a golden buckler, and you may draw boldly. My play is received at Drury-lane Playhouse, and will be put into my Lord Chamberlain's or his deputy's hands to-morrow. May we hope to see you this winter, and to have the assistance of your hands, in case it is acted? What will become of you if you don't come up? I am afraid the *Croco*py and you will become acquainted.

"Forbes, I hope, is cheerful and in good health—shall we never see him? or shall I go to him before he comes to us? I long to see him, in order to play out that game of chess which we left unfinished. Remember me kindly to him, with all the zealous truth of old friendship. Petite † came here two or three days ago: I have not yet seen the round man of God to be. He is to be pardoned a few days hence.—How a gown and cassock will become him! and with what a *boly leer* he will edify the devout females!

"There is no doubt of his having a call, for he is immediately to enter upon a tolera-

ble living. God grant him more, and as fast as himself.

"It rejoices me to see one worthy, honest, excellent man raised at least to an independency. Pray make my compliments to my Lord President ‡, and all friends. I shall be glad to hear more at large from you. Just now I am with the Alderman, who wishes you all happiness, and desires his service to Joe. Believe me to be ever

"Most affectionately yours,

"JAMES THOMSON."

When the Earl of Buchan had read these letters, he said,

"In these letters you see exhibited the gentleman, the man of elegant taste, the kind relation, and the affectionate friend.

"In his poems, those who are happy enough to be able to taste and relish that divine art which raises the man of clay from the dirty soil on which he vegetates to the heaven of sentiment, where he can roam at pleasure in the regions of fancy, will delight in seeing the beautiful pictures of nature presented to their eyes as spectators, and not readers: and after these delightful impressions are over, they will find themselves happier and better than they were before.

"They will behold none of the enervating beauties of the Sacontala of the Hindoos, or of the dry meditations of our modern poets; but they will everywhere find what comes home to the heart, and to the enlightened understanding of the admirers of Nature, and the lovers of Virtue. I have in my hands a copy of the Seasons, which my father received from the author, and on it, since I have not the bust of the poet to invest, I lay this garland of bays.

"Hail Nature's Poet! whom she taught alone
To sing her works in numbers like her own;
Sweet as the thrush that warbles in the dale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale.
She lent her pencil too, of wondrous power,
To catch the rainbow, or to form the flower
Of many mingling hues; then—smiling—

—said,
(But first with laurel crown'd her Favourite's
head)

"These beauteous Children, though so fair

"they shine,

"Fade in my SEASONS, let them live in
shine."

And live they shall, the charm of every eye,
Till Nature sicken, and the Seasons die."

* One of the Ministers of Edinburgh, father to Dr. Guffhart of Bath. By that worthy Clergyman I was baptized on the 8th of June, O. S. 1700, and he was always so kind to me, that I wish I could perpetuate the memory of his virtues,

† The Rev. Patrick Murdoch, the Oily-man, characterised *con amore*, in the Castle of Indolence.

‡ Duncan Forbes.

On the above occasion, Mr. Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, now settled in the honourable and useful occupation of his ancestors, in the neighbourhood of Dumries, composed the following address to the shade of the Bard of Ednam.

WHILE Virgin SPRING, by EDEN's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While SUMMER, with a matron grace,
Retreats to DRYBURGH's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While AUTUMN, benefactor kind,
By TWEED erects his aged head,
And fees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While Maniac WINTER rages o'er
The hills whence classic YARROW flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows :
So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast
won ;

While SCOTIA with exulting tear
Proclaims that THOMSON was her
Son.

The following PAPER has been circulated at PARIS, and stands precisely on the same Authority as the other Publications of the same Nature.

THE PROTEST of the PRINCES of the HOUSE of BOURBON against the KING's ACCEPTANCE of the CONSTITUTION.

IT is in vain that an unfortunate Monarch, always captive, though free in appearance, has consented to the ruin of his faithful subjects—to the ruin of the Monarchy—by accepting a pretended Constitution of the Empire ; it is in vain that he has signed his own degradation ; this sanction, which the King has given in fact to a monstrous code, is really no sanction in right. And who can be persuaded of the legality of such an assent, while every thing proclaims the contrary ?

Can a Prince left alone amidst usurpers, surrounded with the wrecks of his own Throne, encompassed by fears and menaces, beset by intrigue, have freedom of choice ? And without freedom of choice, is not every consent null ?

Freedom consists in being able to chuse without danger, and without fear ; it cannot exist without this condition, and consent is null, when refusal would hazard the safety and property of him who gives it. If the King had refused to accept the Constitution, he would have been deprived of the Crown ; so had the usurping Assembly decreed. And in rejecting with disdain a degraded Crown, and presented by a seditious Assembly, was the King master of the choice of his asylum ? and would he not have exposed his person, and all that was still more dear to him, to outrage, and his faithful subjects to proscription, to murder, and to conflagration ?

Without doubt, had Louis XVI. entertained the hope of dying at least with glory, if his blood could have saved France, the inheritor of the virtues of Henry IV. would have displayed his courage. Forced to obtain his inheritance by conquest, he would, like him, have been the victor and the father

of his subjects ; and, like him, would have compelled them to become happy. But what can courage do without support ! Henry had an army, while Louis, alone, betrayed, abandoned, captive in the hands of his enemies, without troops, without auxiliaries, forced even to regret the happy obscurity of the meanest of his subjects in the midst of an importunate crowd, who served rather to besiege than defend him, found not even one friend to share his sorrows and wipe away his tears.

The King then could form no other determination than that which he adopted, without hazarding the loss of his Crown, and perhaps of his life. His degradation, and even his death, would have been an useless sacrifice to honour ; it would have cost France long and fruitless remorſe, but could not have saved it.

The King then was not free, his sanction is therefore null ; and in this case to disobey illusory orders is to give the strongest and most courageous proof of obedience and fidelity ; it is to serve the real Monarch, it is to serve God and our country.

Scarcely could this pretended assent be credited if the King had proclaimed it amidst his family, surrounded with his ancient and faithful servants, with all his Military Household ; in fine, with all the splendour of his former power. Then the Royal assent, though the occasion of so much ruin, would nevertheless have been recognized as just, at least reputed free ; then we might have condemned the error of the Prince, but should not have wept over his chains ; then the fact would have been incontestible, we could only have disputed the right.

In fact, even if the King had enjoyed full possession

possession of his liberty, would he have had the right to sanction laws contrary to the fundamental laws of the kingdom? Could he, from a mistaken generosity, and in the expectation of a deceitful calm, have sacrificed along with himself his family, his successors, the true happiness of the people, generations present and to come? Could he give a valid approbation to the pretended Constitution, which has occasioned for many misfortunes? Possessor for life of the throne which he received from his ancestors, could the King, in alienating his primordial rights, destroy the constitutive basis on which it is founded? Born defender of the religion of the State, could he consent to what tends to its ruin, and abandon its Ministers to wretchedness and disgrace? Bound to administer justice to his subjects, could he renounce the function, essentially royal, of causing it to be administered by Tribunals legally constituted, and of superintending himself the administration? Protector of the Rights of all the Orders, and of the possessions of individuals, could he sanction the invasion of the one, and the violation of the other? Father of his people, could he abandon them to disorder and anarchy? In fine, could he highly approve what reason and justice condemn, and eternize the misfortunes of France?

And what is this Constitution, which they pretend to give us, but a monster destructive of laws human and divine; a work of offence and iniquity; null from the vice of the convocation of the Members of the Assembly styling themselves Constituting; null from the combination of the Deliberating Body, a combination subversive of the first basis of the State, the distinction of orders; null from the principles which it establishes, since they overturn the Throne and the Altar, and tend to replunge men in barbarism by appearing to bring them back to nature: null from its consequences, dreadful consequences, of which experience already presents a too faithful catalogue in the disorder of the finances, in the scarcity of money, in the stagnation of commerce, in the want of discipline among the troops, in the inactivity of the Tribunals, the silence of the laws, the tyranny of the factions, and the oppression of the rich; in one word, the triumph of licentiousness over true liberty?

It would be useless to accumulate reasoning: truth is too striking; and facts already speak so loudly, that the consequence cannot be denied, without a species of self-deception. The King then had no right to sanction such a Constitution, of which his sanction, already null by the defect of freedom, is null likewise by the defect of right.

Ah! when, victorious over the Gauls, the first Franks assembled in the Champ-de-Mars raised Pharamond on the shield; when their warlike voices exclaimed—"Reign over us, and let your descendants reign over our children"—they were far from foreseeing, that at the end of fourteen ages a generation would come, whose madness would destroy the work of wisdom and of valour! When Philip the Fair, reviving the rights of the people, that had been disregarded under indolent Monarchs, summoned to the States General the Deputies of the Third Estate, and placed them along with the Peers of his realm, he did not suspect that one day this ungrateful order would overturn the two others, would deck ambitious Tribunes with the spoils of the Supreme Power, and leave only the phantom of a King on the Throne of Charlemagne.

No, it shall not be so:—No, the French Monarchy shall not perish; and since motives which it is impossible for us to perceive, but which can originate only from the violence and constraint which, by being disguised, are only more cruel, force Louis XVI. to subscribe an acceptance which his heart rejects—which his own interest and that of his people condemn, and which his duty as King expressly prohibits;

We 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 have shewn 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 tenour of instructions to their Representatives; and we disavow, on behalf of the nation, those treacherous mandates, who, in violating their orders, and departing from the mission entrusted to them, 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.

We protest for the King, and in his name, against what can only bear its false impression. His voice being stifled by oppression, we will be its necessary organs; and we express his real sentiments, as they exist in the oath of his accession to the Throne, as they have appeared in the actions of his whole life, as they have been displayed in the Declaration which he made at the first moment when he believed himself free. He neither can nor ought to have any other, and his will

exists only in those acts where it breathes freely.

We protest for the 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 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 the Monarch's want of power at present to discharge in his own person his duties as eldest son of the Church, we assume in his name the defence of its rights; we oppose those invasions of its property which tend to degrade it; we 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, the observance of which he has sworn to maintain.

We protest for the fundamental maxims of the Monarchy, from which the King is not permitted to depart; which the nation itself has declared to be inviolable; and which would be totally reversed by the Decrees which abolish Royalty itself, by suppressing all the intermediate ranks; by those which deprive Monarchy of the functions most essential to Monarchical Government.

In fine, we protest in the presence of the Supreme Being, and in the name of Eternal Justice, for all Orders of the State, and for all Frenchmen.

This Protest, signed along with us by all the Princes of the Blood who are connected with us, is common to all the House of Bourbon, on whom their eventual rights to the Crown impose the duty of defending the august deposit.

(Signed) LOUIS-STANISLAS-XAVIER,
CHARLES-PHILLIPPE,
L. JOSEPH DE BOURBON,
LOUIS-HENRI JOS. DE BOURBON,
L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

Coblentz, October 8, 1791.

PROCEEDINGS of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY of FRANCE.

[Continued from Page 303.]

OCTOBER 13.

THE office of Commandant General of the National Guard of Paris being abolished, M. de la Fayette sent his resignation to the Council General of the Community.

Upon his resignation he addressed a letter to the troops he had commanded, from which these words are extracted:

"Beware of thinking, Gentlemen, that every species of despotism is destroyed; and that liberty, because it is now constituted and cherished among us, is already sufficiently established. It will never be so, if from one end of the empire to the other any thing be permitted which the law prohibits; if the free conveyance of persons, of provisions, or of money, experience any interruption; if those who are amenable to justice be protected contrary to law; if the people, neglecting their most precious duty, and their most sacred debt, be not exact in the payment of public contributions; if, in fine, all Frenchmen no longer regard themselves as guarantees for the support of their civil liberty, as well as their political liberty, and for the religious execution of law; and if the

voice of the Magistrate has not a force always superior to that of millions of armed men."

He then concludes: "Receive the wishes of your most tender friend for the common prosperity, for the individual happiness of every one of you; and may his remembrance be always present to your minds, and particularly mingle itself with that oath which unites us all *to live free or to die.*"

M. la Fayette retires to his estate in imitation of Washington. He has imported two English families, the father of one to superintend his farming, and the father of the other his gardening. The daughters of the gardener are well educated, and are engaged in the family to teach his children English.

Since the revocation of the Decree against Emigrants, all who felt themselves restrained by that Decree have left the kingdom in multitudes. Many officers of the army have also gone off, but the privates of the regiments to which they belonged have to a man continued firm.

OCT. 15.

Monf. Andrien complained that the Span-
nish

nish Ambassador fomented the factions in the kingdom, and encouraged the enemies of the Constitution.—“The Kings of Europe know,” says M. Andrien, “that before the expiration of three years, their power will be entirely annihilated, if they themselves do not entirely annihilate the liberty of the French.”

Eighty thousand people have already left the kingdom.—Within the last eight and forty hours 500 people have quitted this capital.—The King has issued proclamations, but hitherto in vain, although they are expressed in the most persuasive terms. In the last of these proclamations are these words:—“When the King accepted the Constitution, he wished to terminate civil discord, to re-establish the authority of the laws, and likewise to secure all the rights of liberty

and property. He ought to flatter himself, that all Frenchmen would second his designs; yet, at this very period, emigrations seem to multiply; a number of citizens abandon their country and their King, and are going to carry to neighbouring nations those riches which the wants of their fellow-citizens demand.”

NOVEMBER 4.

The proceedings of the Assembly for some days have been uninteresting, except the report of M. Montmorin, respecting the answer of the Foreign Princes*.

THE ANSWER OF THE SEVERAL COURTS TO THE KING'S NOTIFICATION OF HIS HAVING ACCEPTED THE CONSTITUTION†.

Rome.—As there is no official person at Rome, the Constitution and Letter of the King

* In the Letter from Mons^r. Montmorin, Secretary of State, to the Ministers of France at the different Courts of Europe, announcing the King's acceptance of the Constitution, appear these noble sentiments:

“His Majesty, as he has himself said, is convinced that the new order of things, which is just established, is conformable to the will of the greater part of the Nation; and this will he has not hesitated to adopt as the rule of his conduct. He desires to reign only for the happiness of France; his personal happiness is inseparable from it; and he rejoices in the delightful consciousness of contributing to it, by sacrificing a portion of his authority, and by exercising in future no other government than that of the law.

“There is one Article of the Constitution,” continues M. Montmorin, “which should particularly engage the attention of all the Powers of Europe—the renunciation made by the French Nation to All Kinds of Conquest. The consequences resulting from this disposition are so evident, that I shall forbear to make any observations; they will be perceived by all the friends of general tranquillity, which will in future be the principal object of our political system.”

† COUNT DE HERTZBERG'S OPINION OF THE FRENCH and POLISH REVOLUTIONS.

Clerici, Oct. 29.

THE Memorial which the Count de Hertzberg read on the 6th of the month, in the public Meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, on the Revolutions of States, external, internal, and religious, is just published. After having reviewed the different Revolutions of all sorts, the remembrance of which has been preserved by history, in order to serve as a lesson to contemporaries, and to posterity, he concludes his discourse with some hasty considerations on the Revolution of France. It may be curious to see in what point of view one of the most consummate Politicians of Europe regards this grand event.

“We are now spectators (says the Count de Hertzberg) of the famous French Revolution, the most extraordinary which has ever occurred in History, and by which the French Nation, roused and enlightened by the Philosophers of the time, attempt to give themselves the best possible Constitution, and even surpass that of England, by uniting or intermixing Monarchy with Republicanism, and by securing the Legislative Power to the Nation, and the Executive Power to the King, subordinate, however, to the Representatives of the Nation.

“It does not belong to me to anticipate the value and the future fate of this Revolution; but I think it will be granted me, that if it shall serve to correct and mitigate the abuses of the former French Monarchy, perhaps more Aristocratic than Despotic; to diminish the burdens of the nation by a better economy, and the extinction of immense debts; and to render also the Government, become by its form more republican, more moderate with respect to foreign countries, less ambitious of conquest, and more inclined, in conjunction with England and Prussia, to maintain the balance of power, and the general tranquillity of Europe, by the great resources which France possesses; it were, however, to be wished that this Revolution

King to the Assembly were simply sent to the Agent who resides there, without any public character, that he might make them public.

Vienna.—The Letter of Notification was delivered on the 16th of October to the Emperor, by M. de Noailles, in a particular audience. His Imperial Majesty answered, “That he was desirous of the satisfaction of the King and of the Queen; that all the ties which united him to the King induced him to wish to maintain a good understanding with France; and that he supposed the other Courts would take the same part, after being legally informed of the King’s intentions.” The Letter of the Emperor, in answer to that of the King, has not yet arrived, but there is reason to suppose that it will soon be received, and contain nearly the same expressions which his Imperial Majesty made use of to M. de Noailles.

Constantinople.—The distance has not allowed any intelligence to be received from that Empire.

Spain.—According to a dispatch addressed

to the *Charge des Affaires*, a copy of which has been transmitted to me, the Count de Florida Blanca has had orders to declare to the Sieur D’Urtubize, *Charge des Affaires* of France, “That his Catholic Majesty cannot be persuaded that the Letters of Notification of his Most Christian Majesty have been written with full liberty, physical and moral, of thinking and acting; and till his Majesty, as he most sincerely desires, can be persuaded that the King his cousin really enjoys such liberty, he will neither return an answer to these Letters, nor upon any other occasion, when the royal name of the said Sovereign shall be employed.

“They endeavoured,” adds he, “to insinuate several times, that the Catholic King was desirous to convince himself of the liberty of the King his cousin by seeing him remove from Paris, and from the persons suspected of doing him violence. The intention of his Majesty,” pursues M. de Florida Blanca, “is, that you explain yourself to the same purport to M. de Montmorin, in order to prevent all ambiguity with respect to the manner of understanding

had been effected with less violence and commotion of the people; without degrading too much the dignity and the person of the Sovereign, who represents the nation at home and abroad; without abolishing all distinctions of birth and rank, useful and necessary in all forms of Government to produce emulation, and prepare men for the service of their country, as I proved in my preceding Discourse in the Academy, especially from the example of the Turkish Empire; without carrying too far the Rights of Man, and without rendering them arbitrary, and subject to Democratic Despotism, more dangerous than that of Monarchy.

“The Polish Nation, excited no doubt by the desire of imitating France, have afforded an instance of a Revolution effected with more order and moderation, and which may render this nation as happy as its local situation will admit, if it can conduct and follow it up with the same moderation and wisdom at home and abroad, which it has displayed in its first establishment.

“There is no reason to fear, that other nations of Europe will quickly follow the example and model of the French Revolution. All have witnessed its precipitation, and great inconveniences. There is none of a character so impetuous and violent as the French Nation; there is none at present subjected to a Government and burdens so oppressive. All the Governments of Europe, especially the Monarchical, are become moderate; they are distinguished by order and by vigour, and approach by degrees to the mildness of the Republican Government, which, in several respects, is more severe than that of Monarchy.

“But the Prussian Government, which, from prejudice, and from want of form, and of being sufficiently known, passes among foreign powers as despotic, is by no means so in fact; but is perhaps one of the most mild and the most just, as I have proved in a particular Dissertation in the year 1789, and in the whole course of my Academic Dissertations, from the example of the last years of the reign of Frederic II. and the first years of Frederic William III. I might produce a new proof, by giving an exact account of his administration in the course of the past year, but time would at present fail me; and besides, the King has been prevented from devoting this year entirely to the internal administration of his provinces, and extending to them the same advantages which they enjoyed in the last preceding years of the two reigns; because he has been too much distracted, and too much occupied, to give the necessary sequel to the Treaty of Reichenbach, by the mediation of that of Szigtove, and to put the last hand to the great work of the General Pacification. I have likewise exerted all the endeavours of which a man and a patriot could be capable. It is not from want of zeal, if I have not fully succeeded, and if I am compelled to abandon my diplomatic career of forty-six years, in order to devote myself entirely to the service of my society, and the task of finishing a complete history of our incomparable Frederic II.”

what shall be reported by M. D'Urtubize."

N. B. The account given by the *Charge des Affaires* corresponds with that which has now been detailed. He adds, that M. de Florida Blanca had assured him, that his Catholic Majesty was very far from having any intentions to disturb the tranquillity of France.

The King has taken the measures which he judged most proper to re-establish a communication with the King of Spain; his Majesty is personally engaged in the business, and waits with confidence the effect of the means which he has taken.

Naples.—We have yet no intelligence.

England.—The answer of the King of England is of the 6th October, to the following purport: "We have received the letter which you have addressed to us the 19th September: We have there seen, with the greatest pleasure, the assurances of the continuance of your desire to render more and more unalterable the connections which exist between us, as well as the justice which you do to our sentiments, and to the lively interest which we shall never cease to take in every thing that respects you personally, and the happiness of your family and your subjects."

Turin.—The *Charge des Affaires* was several days before he could deliver the dispatch to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was sick. It appears by his letter, of the 5th of the month, that by means of an explanation respecting an error of the *Protocole*, which was immediately corrected, the answer of his Sardinian Majesty may soon be expected.

Sweden.—The *Charge des Affaires* of France, being indisposed, addressed to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of Sweden the letter of notification, and the papers which were connected with it. The packet was sent back under a pretext that, the King not being free, they did not acknowledge a mission from France: this intelligence arrived yesterday.

The King has ordered me to write to the *Charge des Affaires*, and instruct him to insist anew on the letter of notification being received, in hopes that the King of Sweden, become better informed of the real state of things, may have changed his resolution; in the contrary case, his Majesty orders him to quit Stockholm without taking leave.

Portugal.—We have yet no intelligence.

Venice.—No intelligence.

United Provinces.—Their High Migh-
tinesses thank the King for the notification

which he has made to them; they declare to his Majesty the lively interest which they take in every thing that respects his person, as well as the welfare and prosperity of the French Monarchy: they are sensible of the desire of the King to render unalterable the connection which subsists between France and the Republic; they give an assurance that they will apply all their care to cultivate that connection, and cement more and more those happy ties which unite the French to the Batavian Nation.

Switzerland.—The *Charge des Affaires* of France in Switzerland went in person to Zurich, to deliver to the Directory of the Canton the Letter of the King, by which his Majesty notifies to the Helvetic Body his acceptance of the Constitutional Act. He intimates, that it was received with equal pleasure and ardour, and that the Directory are going, according to established usage, to make the communication to all the States of Switzerland.

Geneva.—The Republic of Geneva testified, in its answer to the King, the most lively interest in the event which his Majesty announced to them, protesting, that it should always rank among its own advantages whatever could procure to the King the greatest pleasure, and to the French Nation the greatest prosperity.

It may here be proper to remark, that we have to commend the zeal of this Republic in the course of the Revolution, in fulfilling all the offices of good neighbourhood, and on every occasion in which it could render us any species of service.

Grisons, Valais.—It is usual, that the Republic of Grisons and that of Valais form part of the Helvetic Body on important occasions, and which interest all the Confederation, before replying to Foreign Powers. There is no answer then from these two States.

Prussia.—After the reception of the King's letter, the King of Prussia adds: "The part which I take in every thing that interests your Majesty, authorises me to express for you the most sincere friendship: such sentiments afford a complete security of the perfect return which I shall always make to those, of which your Majesty has been pleased to renew the assurance on this occasion."

Denmark.—The letter to the King of Denmark arrived at Copenhagen the 4th of the month. M. de la Houze, having a paralytic attack, sent it by his Secretary of Legation to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was in the country. The Minister promised to present the letter to his Danish Majesty, and confined himself simply to answer,
that

that he hoped, from our new Constitution, that order and tranquillity would immediately be renewed in France, and that the ancient attachment of the French to their King would be displayed more than ever, for the happiness of his Majesty, and that of the nation.

Russia.—There is yet no intelligence; nor can any be expected within less than eight or ten days, even supposing that couriers should use the greatest expedition.

Electeur of Mayence.—The letter of notification was delivered to that Prince, by M. O'Kelly. The Elector received the letter, but declined all explanation on the subject.

Electeur of Treves.—The answer is, that the Elector has received the letter by which the King has notified his acceptance of the Constitution; and that he will always take the most lively and most sincere interest in whatever may happen to his Majesty, and his Royal Family: and for the rest, he finds himself, from the present situation of his Majesty, reduced to the necessity of silence.

Electeur of Cologne.—No answer.

Electeur of Saxony.—The answer is: "Accept my thanks for the letter by which you have communicated to me your determination to accept the Constitution presented you by the Nation. The ties of blood which unite us, as well as my sentiments for your Majesty, afford me sufficient security for the part which I take in whatever respects you, and the wishes which I form on every occasion for your constant felicity, and that of your kingdom."

Electeur Palatine.—No answer.

Deux Ponts.—It arrived this morning. The answer is: "I have received, as a mark of confidence, and as a new mark of the distinguished benevolence with which your Majesty honours me, the letter by which you communicate to me the steps you have taken. Deign, Sire, to accept the sincere wishes which I form for your prosperity and that of your Royal Household; and be assured, that nothing will ever alter the sentiments of the most profound respect and attachment," &c.

Duke of Brunfwick.—His answer is: "Sire, I have received the letter which your Majesty did me the honour to write me, dated 19th September last, by which you inform me of the acceptance of the Constitutional Act presented to you in the name of the French Nation. I intreat your Majesty to receive my most respectful thanks for having the goodness to communicate to me your determination on this subject; and I eagerly

seize this occasion to offer you the homage of my wishes for every thing which can effect the happiness of your Majesty, that of your august Family, and of the whole nation."

Parma.—The letter has been delivered; an answer is expected.

Brussels.—Their Royal Highnesses the Governor and Governesses of the Low Countries declared, that they had a proper sense of this communication, accompanied with an assurance, that all their wishes were for the general tranquillity, and for the happiness of his Majesty.

Poland.—The letter of notification has been delivered in the accustomed forms: the answer is immediately expected.

M. de Montmorin then added, that the King's acceptance of the Constitution appeared to have removed every pretext for the interference of Foreign Powers in the internal affairs of France; that the emigrations, numerous as they were, were more to be lamented than feared; that the emigrants were prohibited from assembling in large bodies in all the Imperial, and most of the German States; that at Coblentz, where they were most numerous, they were without arms, and that there was no reason to apprehend any attack from abroad.

Nov. 9.

The following Decree against the Emigrants was passed:

"The National Assembly, considering that the tranquillity and safety of the kingdom call for prompt and efficacious measures against Frenchmen who, notwithstanding the Amnesty, persist in plotting against the French Constitution, and that it is time at length to punish severely those whom indulgence has not been able to recal to the duties and the sentiments of free citizens, has declared that there is urgency for the following Decree, and the Decree of Urgency being previously passed, has decreed as follows:

ARTICLE I. Frenchmen assembled beyond the frontiers of the kingdom are, from this moment, declared suspected of conspiracy against their country.

II. If on the 1st of January 1792, they still continue assembled, they shall be declared guilty of conspiracy; they shall be prosecuted as such, and punished with death.

III. With respect to the French Princes and public Officers, civil and military, who were such at the time of their leaving the kingdom, their absence at the period aforesaid, of 1st of January 1792, shall constitute them guilty of the same crime of conspiracy against their country, and subject them to the punishment decreed in the preceding article.

IV. Within

IV. Within the first fifteen days of the same month, the High National Court shall be assembled, if there be occasion.

V. The revenues of those condemned for contumacy shall, during their lives, be appropriated to the service of the nation, without prejudice to the claims of their wives, children, and lawful creditors.

VI. From this date the revenues of the French Princes absent from the kingdom are sequestrated. No payment of stipend, pension, or revenue whatsoever, can be made directly or indirectly to the said Princes, their Agents, or Delegates, under pain of responsibility and two years confinement to the Directors and Payers.

No payment of their stipends or pensions can in like manner be made, under the penalties aforesaid, to the public officers civil and military, pensioners of state, emigrated, without prejudice to the execution of the Decree of 4th January 1790.

VII. All the steps necessary for the sequestrations ordered in the preceding articles shall be taken at the request of the Procurators-General-Syndic of the Department, and on the prosecution of the Procurators-Syndic of the District; and the sums produced shall be deposited in the hands of the Receivers of the District, who shall be in consequence accountable for them.

The Procurators-General-Syndic shall transmit monthly to the Minister for the Home Department, who shall make a monthly return to the National Assembly, an account of the proceedings in execution of the Articles aforesaid.

VIII. All public officers absent from the kingdom without a lawful cause, before the Amnesty pronounced by the law of 15th September 1791, are deprived of their places and salaries, without prejudice to the Decree of September 18, 1790; all public officers who have abandoned their posts, without lawful cause, before the Amnesty, are deprived of their places for ever.

IX. All public officers absent from the kingdom, without lawful cause, since the Amnesty, are likewise deprived of their places and appointments, and also of the quality of active citizens.

X. No public officer can go out of the kingdom without the leave of the Minister in whose Department he is, under the penalty decreed in the Article aforesaid. The Ministers shall be bound to deliver to the Assembly lists of those to whom they have granted such leave.

And with respect to the General Officers,

Officers, Non-commissioned Officers and Soldiers, either of the Line or the National Guards, in garrison on the Frontiers, they cannot go beyond them on any pretext whatever, on pain of incurring the punishment mentioned in the preceding Article.

XI. Every Military Officer, of whatever rank, who shall abandon his post, without leave, or resignation accepted, shall be held guilty of desertion, and punished as a common soldier.

XII. Agreeable to the Law of ——— a Court Martial shall be formed in each military division, to try military offences committed since the Amnesty. The Public Accusers shall prosecute, as guilty of theft, those who have carried off effects or money belonging to the French regiments. The Minister shall be bound to send to the Courts Martial a list of the Officers who, since the Amnesty, have quitted their colours without leave.

XIII. All Frenchmen who, out of the kingdom, shall enlist or enrol individuals to repair to the Assemblages announced in Articles I. and II. shall be punished with death. The same punishment shall be inflicted on all persons who commit the same crime within the kingdom.

XIV. The National Assembly charges its Diplomatic Committee to propose the measures which the King shall be requested to take in the name of the Nation, with respect to the neighbouring Foreign Powers who suffer assemblages of French fugitives on their territories.

XV. The National Assembly expressly repeals all laws, as far as they are contrary to the present Decree.

Commissioners were immediately nominated to present the Decree for sanction.

Nov. 12.

The Minister of Justice waited on the National Assembly, and acquainted them, in the name of the King, that his Majesty had sent his sanction to several Decrees of the Assembly, but could not give his sanction to that relative to the Emigrants, but had taken such measures as would have the same effect as that law, without employing such rigorous methods.

The measure alluded to by his Majesty was a Proclamation issued the 12th inst. relative to the Emigrants, in which he declares his disapprobation of their conduct, and points out to them the folly of it; he assures them of his free acceptance of the Constitution, informs them that he has made

known

known his intentions to the Princes his Brothers*, and to those Powers on whose territories the Emigrants had assembled, and

earnestly requests them to return to reason, to their duty, and to their homes.

[To be continued.]

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, Nov. 5.

A NEW Comedy, called NOTORIETY, was represented for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre. It comes from the pen of Mr. Reynolds, author of the *Dramatists*, *Eloisa*, and *Werter*. The characters were thus represented:

Nominal	-	Mr. Lewis.
Colonel Hubbub		Mr. Quick.
Sir Andrew Acid		Mr. Wilton.
Lord Jargon		Mr. Munden.
Blunder O'Whack		Mr. Johnstone.
Clairville	-	Mr. Farren.
Saunter	-	Mr. Davies.
Servant	-	Mr. Farley.
Lady Acid	-	Mrs. Webb.
Sophia	-	Mrs. Wells.
Honorina	-	Mrs. Esten.

The plot may be said to consist of some striking incidents and ludicrous situations, rather than to have been constructed according to the rules laid down for conducting the fable of a Five Act Comic Piece.

The following is, however, the outline:

Colonel Hubbub, guardian to Honorina and Nominal, has brought up the latter in a man-

ner so as to make him a gay dashing fellow, with a view also of uniting him to Honorina upon his return from his travels, which he is supposed to have done at the time the play commences—He is drawn as a character so much bent upon being a public topic, that he is ready to undertake any thing for *Notoriety*; in a word, he depicts himself in the first scene, by declaring he is resolved, before night, to establish his fame, by fighting a *duel* without knowing about what, to have an *intrigue* he cannot tell where, and to *elope* with some spirited girl, he don't know who. With all this flow of spirit he is, nevertheless, determined to disappoint his guardian, by pretending he has taken a serious turn, and is resolved to follow the Law. This he puts in practice upon the Colonel's paying him a visit at his apartments; at which the old gentleman is so much enraged, that he resolves to discard him for ever; and also consents, that Honorina shall be married to Lord Jargon, agreeable to the wishes of Sir Andrew and Lady Acid, with whom she resides; but Honorina is attached to Clairville, his Lordship's brother, who had been left dependent

* The King's letter to the French Princes, his brothers, is as follows:

"I SHOULD have thought that the acceptance which I have given to the Constitution would have sufficed, without any farther act on my part, to determine you to return into the kingdom, or, at least, to abandon the projects which you seem to be occupied in. Your conduct since that time making me believe that my real intentions are not well-known to you, I owe it to myself and to you, to assure you of them with my own hand.

"When I accepted without any modification this new Constitution of the kingdom, the wishes of the people, and a desire for peace, principally determined me. I felt it time that the troubles of France should have an end; and seeing that it was in my power to concur in this desired blessing by my acceptance of the new Constitution, I did not hesitate to give it freely and voluntarily. My resolution is unalterable. If the new laws require changes, I will wait till time and reflection bring them about. I am resolved not to provoke them, nor to suffer any changes to be brought about by means contrary to the public tranquillity and the law which I have accepted.

"I think that the motives which have determined me, ought to have the same force with you. I invite you then to follow my example. If, as I doubt not, the happiness and tranquillity of France are dear to you, hesitate not to restore them by the concurrence of your wills with mine. By causing the disquiets to cease which agitate men's minds, you will contribute to the re-establishment of order; and you will efficaciously serve the public weal, which your absence cannot but counteract.

"I shall take care that all the French who return into the kingdom shall peaceably enjoy their rights. Those who would prove to me their attachment will not balance. I shall look upon the serious attention which you will give to this letter, as a great proof of your attachment to your brother, and of fidelity to your king; and I shall, through life, feel myself obliged to you for having spared me the necessity of acting in opposition to you, in consequence of my unalterable resolution to maintain what I have announced.

(Signed)

"LOUIS."

upo*

upon him. To get rid of this brother, Lord Jargon has him arrested, and afterwards concert a plan with Lady Acid, that he shall be conveyed into her apartment, which is adjoining to Honoria's, in a hackney chair, in the stead of a wax figure, which has been purchased by Sophia: as he is about to put this in practice, he meets with Nominal, and by broad hints lets him into the design; then leaving him to give some orders to his servants, Nominal gets into the chair, and bribing the chairmen, is conveyed in his Lordship's stead. Being arrived at Lady Acid's apartment, she is naturally alarmed, but before an explanation can take place Sir Andrew's voice is heard, and Nominal is quite in raptures at the idea of being detected, which must certainly get into the newspapers, and so occasion him to make a noise. Lord Jargon afterwards challenges him, and they fight a duel, without, however, any intention on either side to do any harm. He next meets with Sophia at the moment her uncle is preparing to take her into custody, and, being struck with her person, elopes with her, and thus accomplishes the whole of his preceding resolutions. To give Lord Jargon an opportunity of having some claim upon Honoria, Lady Acid forces her to accept a diamond necklace, the which, as soon as she hears of Clairville's imprisonment, she disposes of to procure his liberty; and being charged with accepting the present to the

Colonel, she acknowledges it, and avows the use to which she has put it. The Colonel approves her conduct, and Nominal returning with Sophia, and declaring he was determined to marry her, their content is also given for the union of Honoria and Clairville, with which the Comedy concludes.

This piece is certainly not inferior to *The Dramatist*, though the principal characters are so strikingly similar. that, with Michael in the Siege of Belgrade, we might ask the author if he had not been "stealing his own wife;" Nominal, Colonel Hubbub, Lord Jargon, Clairville, Lady Acid, Sophia, and Honoria, being counterparts of Vapid, Lord Scratch, Floriville, Neville, Lady Waitfort, Marianne, and Miss Courtney.

Though the reader may perceive that this Comedy has not to boast of much novelty of character, yet the dialogue is throughout sprightly, in which the Author has sprinkled some witty and pointed remarks, that were highly relished by the audience. Colonel Hubbub's declaration, that he had given a large sum for a seat in a House in which he could not but sleep, was received with loud and reiterated plaudits.

The scenes in general were well managed, and produced some good situations. In a word, it is a Comedy that will please, and cannot offend.

It was preceded by a neat Prologue.

P O E T R Y.

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. ROBINSON,

ON READING HER ODE TO THE NIGHT-
INGALE,

By S. J. PRATT, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF SYMPATHY, &c.

O, if thy pensive Muse can tell
The story of her woes so well;
If thus the anguish of thy lyre
Can more than Mirth's gay notes inspire;
If more of gentle pleasure lies
In the soft magic of thy sighs;
If, as thy plaintive tale we hear,
More wisdom flows with ev'ry tear,
Than ever Joy's extatic power
To Folly brought in Rapture's hour;
If thus thy tuneful griefs impart
A charm that melts and mends the
heart;
And if, as found the trembling strings,
Thy PHILOMEL more softly sings

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In LAURA's verse than in the grove,
E'en on the night she lost her love;
Ah! who can wish that BIRD or THEE
From such sweet sorrow wholly free?
Or who, that heard you once complain,
But listens for the sounds again?

Yet who that sees that gentle breast
In Life's fair prime depriv'd of rest,
That hears thee tell in truth-taught lays
"How full of grief has been thy days,"
But would that magic verse forego,
Could silence ease thy weight of woe!

Yet to the Muse since powers belong,
For such the force of sacred song,
To calm Misfortune's troubled mien,
And give the "patient smile serene,
"Till by its blest and cheering ray
"The clouds of sorrow fade away,"
O! may thy *nightingale* and THEE
Still share our tender SYMPATHY;
Which, join'd to thy responsive strain,
May steal from both "the thorn of pain."

E e e

SONNET.

S O N N E T.

WHILE the pale Moon, meek empress of
the night,

In the mild robes of liquid light array'd,
Paints on the trembling wave her image
bright,

I love to wander thro' the greenwood shade.

Then tranquil Reason reassumes her throne,
Peace smiles benignant on th' immortal
soul,

That on the plumes of mild Devotion bor'n,
Aspires to bliss which Care can ne'er
controul.

And while I melt in reverential fear,
The voice of Truth thus whispers in my ear,
"Whether you stem Affliction's stormy tide,
"Or smoothly sail on Pleasure's wanton
"wave,
"If heaven-born Virtue be your constant
"guide,
"Twill be the same when in the silent
"grave."

E. GILL, *York.*

T O D E L I A.

WRITTEN IN A SHADE.

WHILE thus we rest beneath these bend-
ing boughs,

Strangers to grandeur and the cares of
Kings,

We taste the purest blessings of repose,
And banquet in the joys Contentment brings.

Oh! may no sad, no painful thought destroy
These golden hours, decreed to Love and
Peace—

Hark, how the vocal groves resound with joy,
And but with day the tuneful songsters
cease.

From love like our's what happiness succeeds,
Blest with my Delia's smiles I ask no more;
And while we praise these gay enamell'd
meads,

The Great First Cause we silently adore.

Never, my Delia, ought we to repine,
A grateful heart God's mercy best repays;
Let's pass in cheerful innocence our time,
Forget past fears, and hope for happy days.

E. GILL, *York.*

T O M I S S A N N B L O T T.

YOU bid me, Fair, conceal my love,
Ah! think how hard the task;

Think of the mighty pains I prove,
Then think of what you ask.

Go bid the sev'rish wretch forbear
'Midst burnings to complain;
Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are
Forget the galling chain.

Shou'd they obey, yet greater far
The torments which I feel;
Love's fires than fevers fiercer are,
Love pierces more than steel.
Pain but the body can controul,
The thoughts no cord can bind;
Love is a fever in the soul,
A chain which holds the mind.

MILLARD.

C H L O E A N D D A M O N.

In Imitation of Dr. TROTTER'S SONG of
"Damon and Chloe," in our Magazine
for September.

By G. ROLLOS.

SAYS Chloe to Damon, in Love's fondest
hour

(For as fond as her Swain she could be),
"Come, lead me, sweet youth, to your fa-
"vourite bower,

"As you boast you have rear'd it for me,
"Where is that neat little cot, which you say
"From the brow of yon hill I may see?"

"Methinks I'm in mighty good-humour to-
"day,

"O quickly then shew it to me.

"Perhaps in its shade we may happen to find,
"On the spray of some friendly green tree,
"A pair of young Linnets, as constant and
"kind

"And as happy as Damon and me."

With mutual endearments delighted they
rove,

More enraptur'd no Lovers could be!
While the Charmer exclaim'd, as she came
to the grove,

"And are all these enjoyments for me?"

"O yes," says the Swain, with a tender
embrace,

"Dear Chloe, they smile but for thee;"

"Be this our abode then!" she said, "for
"this place

"Shall be more than a palace to me."
Then they seal'd their fond vows with a kiss
of consent,

For no passion sincerer could be;
And Chloe now sings—"Surely Damon was
"meant,

"As well as his cottage, for me!"
HammerSmith, Oct. 3, 1791.

O D E T O M I N E R V A.

MINERVA, Queen of every art
That charms or that improves the heart,

Lift to thy suppliant's pray'r;
While at thy shrine I humbly bend,

O, Goddess, to my wish attend,
Protect me with thy care!

Rich

Rich India's gems, Dame Fortune's smiles,
Which, now all sunshine, in a while
With clouds is overspread:
The vain retinue of the proud,
Or loud applauses of the crowd,
That please th' ambitious head—

Are not the objects that I court,
The vain, the empty, idle sport,
Of Fortune's fickle gale;
But thy far better gifts impart,
Gifts which both please and mend the heart,
And with life only fail.

T. R.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE,

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Warsaw, Oct. 24.

YESTERDAY evening intelligence was received here, by M. de Bulgakow, of the death of Prince Potemkin, which happened at Jassy on the 16th inst.*

Copenhagen, Oct. 25. In the month of June last it was made known, that a dangerous shoal had been discovered in the Cattegat, between the Island of Anholt and the town of Warberg in Sweden.—The Court of Admiralty has now given orders to the keeper of the Royal Records of Sea Charts that the said shoal (upon which is found only nineteen feet of water, with a large stony or rocky bottom) shall be immediately engraved

upon the plate of the survey of the Cattegat for 1790, and there laid down exactly agreeable to the report of his Danish Majesty's Officers appointed this summer to survey these grounds.

It is further found, by the exact surveys lately made, that the island of Anholt and Anholt Reef are situated near one and one-third of an English league more to the Eastward, in the same latitude, than they are laid down in the aforesaid Charts of 1790. This error will be corrected in the new Charts.

It is also said, that the shoal in question lies E. N. E. from Anholt light-house, and at about twenty English miles distance from it.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

OCTOBER 26.

ACCOUNTS were received at the Admiralty, by the Daphne man of war, from Jamaica, which place the 10th of September, that a dreadful insurrection had taken place at St. Domingo †, among the negroes and free people, and that they were in arms to the number of from 35,000 to 40,000 men, and were supposed to have

in their possession about 5000 stand of arms; that they had ravaged all the country of Leogane, had killed all the white people that fell in their way, and burnt 218 plantations; and were within seven miles of Cape Town when the accounts came away. The white inhabitants were all flying to that town, which is fortified, for protection.

The Commander in Chief, and the Presi-

* It appears that Prince Potemkin had been attacked by a fever soon after his return from Petersburg, which was brought on by the unwholesome climate, particularly in the neighbourhood of Jassy; he had therefore resolved to be moved in a litter to a village thirty wersts distance from thence, but his disorder increased on the road, and he was obliged to be carried back. His Highness died in the arms of the Countess of Branitzka, his niece, who had attended him during his illness. Few lives have been marked by such brilliant successes as Prince Potemkin's, and he died while they were in the highest blossom.

† St. Domingo, or Hispaniola, is one of the richest of the Caribbee Islands, being about 450 miles long, and 75 broad. It is inhabited partly by the French, and partly by the Spaniards. Its most ancient town and capital is St. Domingo, a large and well-built city, situated on a spacious harbour, and inhabited (like the other Spanish towns) by Europeans, Creoles, Mulattoes, and Negroes.

The French towns in the island are, Cape St. Francois, which contains about 8000 inhabitants; Leogane, which has a good fort and considerable trade, and is the seat of the French government in the island; and two other towns of considerable trade, Petit-Guaves, and Port-Louis.

It is computed that the French exports from these places are not less in value than 1,200,000l. per annum, and that the island contains between 2 and 300,000 Negroes, valued at 50l. a head, a great proportion of whom will probably be destroyed.

dent of the Colonial Assembly, dispatched M. Bagnet to Jamaica to solicit assistance from the General Assembly, to whom they addressed the following letter:

August 24, 1791.

“Honourable Gentlemen,

“The ruin of St. Domingo seems inevitable. In a short time this beautiful country will be a heap of ashes; already the planters have bathed with their blood that land which has been fertilized by the sweat of their brows. At this moment the flames are consuming those productions which contribute to the splendor of the French empire. The desolators of our property have spread around us the flames of war: our slaves are arming for our destruction: the philosophy which gives consolation to man, is, with us, converted into despair.

“Without succour, and reaching the extremity of calamity, St. Domingo seeks for friends and protectors among the States that surround it. We say nothing of your own particular interest, endangered as it is by the same spirit of delusive philanthropy, which, equally repugnant to your system of regulation as to ours, may occasion the same calamities among you as among us, if the evil is suffered to proceed to its utmost excess: we content ourselves only with appealing to that generosity which is the characteristic of your nation: we ask for assistance freely, and with confidence.”

Lord Effingham had in consequence sent them what arms he could spare; and, being of course very apprehensive of weakening our own settlement in such a critical case, has sent the *Daphne* express for directions how he is to proceed; and to desire further supplies from hence, for the security of our own islands.

Disturbances are reported also to have arisen in others of the French West India Islands, particularly in Guadeloupe and St. Lucia. The former is in a state of open rebellion. The military have been generally worsted, and have lost 250 men, with the greatest part of their stores. The inhabitants, although victorious, have suffered much; upwards of 100 of them have been slain, and property to a great amount has been destroyed. St. Lucia is also a scene of anarchy and confusion. The Mulattoes have taken arms, and they have effected a complete revolution in the Government. The soldiers made a feeble opposition, and, after a few skirmishes, surrendered their arms; they were, for the major part, obliged to join the insurgents. The white inhabitants, unable to cope with the rebels, had either fled to St. Vincent's, Barbadoes, or Marti-

nico, or taken refuge in St. Lucia, there to wait assistance.

The National Assembly of France have since decreed thanks to the King of Great Britain, to the English Nation, and to Lord Effingham, Governor of Jamaica, for his generous conduct in relieving the Planters of St. Domingo from the horrors of famine, and furnishing them with arms and military stores against their rebel Negroes.

27. This evening, about seven o'clock, Count de Verteillac made his escape from the Fleet prison, in a manner so unsuspected by the keepers, that the first intelligence leading to a discovery was given by the master of the *Bell-Savage Inn*, through which he was found to have passed. He is the person who some time since was imprisoned in the King's Bench, and endeavoured to make his escape from thence. The debt for which he was detained is said to amount to 5000*l*.

31. The sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when judgment of death was passed upon 13 capital convicts; one was sentenced to be transported for 14 years, 28 for seven years, four to be imprisoned in Newgate, nine in Clerkenwell Bridewell; 11 were publicly, and two privately whipped; one judgment respited, on condition of his enlisting as an East India soldier; one (*viz.* Spence Broughton) for robbing the Mail, ordered to be sent to Cambridge, five to be sent to Surrey, and 34 were discharged by proclamation.

This evening, about seven o'clock, it was discovered that — Oxley, one of the men imprisoned upon a charge of being concerned in some of the mail robberies (see p. 317), had made his escape from Clerkenwell prison. Some bricklayers had been employed during the day in repairing the outhouses in the yard, and their ladder, by a strange neglect, was left there after it was dark. This man was a prisoner in a place called the Lodge, where the confinement is less strict than in some other parts of the prison, and had been indulged with very light irons. He ascended the ladder without discovery or suspicion, and was presently beyond the walls of the prison. In passing over some leads belonging to an adjoining house, he threw down an earthen pan placed there for the reception of birds, which circumstance first discovered his escape by the noise of the falling pieces. Information was given to the prison-keepers that some person had been passing over those leads, and he was immediately pursued, but has not yet been taken.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, the Lord Mayor Elect, the Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Council of the City of London, waited upon his Majesty with an Hum-

ble Address on the marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of York. They were very graciously received, and his Majesty was pleased to 'thank them for their loyal and dutiful Address.'

Nov. 2. The following melancholy accident occurred in the house of Mrs. Clitherow, firework-maker, near Halfmoon-alley, Bishopsgate-street :

Mrs. Clitherow, with two journeymen, her son, and eldest daughter, being at work in her shop, to complete some orders against Friday, about half past one o'clock in the morning some tea was proposed as a refreshment ; while this was drinking, some of the materials upon which they had been at work, by unknown means, took fire, when Mrs. Clitherow's eldest daughter ran up stairs to alarm her three sisters, who were in bed. Her sisters pressing her as to the safety of her mother, she came down again, but not till the flames had got to such an height, that every attempt to get out of the front door proving abortive, she, with one of the men, got into the yard. She there first perceived that her clothes were on fire, which the man had scarcely extinguished, by assisting her to get into the water-tub, before a beam fell, with the explosion of the roof, and broke his arm. At the same time, both the roof and the gable end of the next house, Mr. Gibbs's, was forced into the street, by which a person, who lodged in the garret, was thrown out of his bed upon the ground at several yards distance ; this man's thighs were broke, and he is otherwise much hurt. It was not till some time after the principal explosion, that the two unhappy people in Mrs. Clitherow's yard were found by the populace almost intomb'd in the smoking ruins : The young woman was conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the two men to St. Thomas's—two of whom are since dead. It is supposed that her mother and the other journeyman fell a sacrifice to an attempt to extinguish the flames in the shop below, as the principal part of the powder, which was deposited in the garret, was a considerable time before it took fire. Happily only six lives were lost, viz. those of Mrs. Clitherow, one journeyman, her son, and three daughters ; nor were any other persons hurt than those above-mentioned. Mrs. Clitherow's house is entirely consumed, but the two adjacent are only considerably damaged, as were the windows and tiling of almost all the houses as far off the spot as Broad-street Buildings.

It is remarkable, that the late husband of Mrs. Clitherow had a similar accident on the same spot about thirty years since, when several lives were lost.

Birmingham, Nov. 3.

Yesterday a very genteel well-made man, about twenty-seven, was apprehended at Vauxhall, near this town, on suspicion of being the pretended Duke of Ormond who lately swindled Mr. Hammond, the Newmarket banker, out of 200*l.* He arrived at the hotel in this place on Sunday last, accompanied by a young lady, whom he called his sister. On Monday he removed with the same female to Vauxhall, as Capt. Monson, of the 4th dragoons. Yesterday evening, however, the father of the young woman, who is the master of the Bell inn in Leicester, reached this place in pursuit of his daughter, and applied to Mr. Wallis, one of our constables, who, accompanied by his eldest son, went to apprehend the Captain. They had no sooner entered the room than he fired at young Wallis ; the ball struck his front teeth, and, knocking out several of them, lodged in a part of his cheek. With a second pistol he attempted to shoot the elder Mr. Wallis :—it mistle fire ; and he was then knocked down and secured by one of the assistants, who has beaten him very much indeed.—He says, he resided upon the lady's account, who wished not to go back with her father, and that he meant to marry her. The father, however, has carried her back to Leicester.

He has been before the Magistrates this morning, but refuses to answer the question, whether or not he was the person who took Mr. Hammond in. He was committed to prison under the name of Griffin.

Mr. Hammond, the Newmarket Banker, has since recognized in the above man the person of his friend the pretended Duke of Ormond ; and it is said he is also the man who some time since, in London, assuming the character of Lord Massiey, defrauded Mess. Green and Co. jewellers in Bond-street.

He still remains in prison by the name of Henry Griffin, Mr. Wallis having been as yet incapable of undergoing an examination. Jealous, one of Sir Sampson Wright's men, has been to see him. He says the prisoner's real name is James Hubbard ; that he is a native of, and has been an officer in America ; and that in the year 1790 he was convicted of an offence in Ireland, for which he was ordered to be transported ; but that he then found means of escaping from his gaolers. He also declares him to be the person who some time since was guilty of the imposition upon the Duke of York, which his Highness forgave ; and that he once assumed the character of the Duke of Manchester, with a view of taking in a watch-maker.

10. John Portsmouth, for stealing a bay gelding, of the price of 10*l.* the property of Patrick Smeeth, and a black gelding, of the price of 10*l.* the property of Thomas Wood; William Tristram and John Berry, for stealing a gelding of the price of 5*l.* the property of John Cull; Thomas Eastop, for stealing and driving away eight sheep, of the price of 8*l.* the property of Joseph Sellon; and Robert Clark, for assaulting William Dawson in a field near the highway, and robbing him of a metal watch, nine guineas, and a black leather pocket-book, value 11*l.* 4*s.* 5*d.* and a bank note, value 10*l.* his property, were executed before Newgate.

15. The Court of King's Bench delivered their opinion on a special verdict returned to them in the Sittings after the last Term on an action against the Printer of a Morning Paper, for having published therein illegal schemes for the Lottery; when their Lordships unanimously determined that he had incurred the penalty.

16. The Printer of a Morning Paper was brought up in the Court of King's Bench, to receive judgment for a libel upon the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Fitzgibbon. Mr. Justice Ashurst passed sentence on the defendant, that he should be imprisoned in Newgate for 12 months, and at the end of that period enter into a recognizance for his good behaviour for three years.

24. Her Majesty held an Extra-Drawing-Room at St. James's for the purpose of publicly receiving the Duchesses of York.

At three o'clock her Royal Highness the Duchess of York went to St. James's in her State Coach, accompanied by his Highness of York, and attended in her coach by Lady Ann Fitzroy, escorted by a party of Life Guards.

Upon her Royal Highness's arrival, she went first to her Majesty's apartments, who was waiting to receive her. After paying her obedience to her Majesty, her Royal Highness returned through the Queen's Guard Chamber, and went into the Drawing Room, where, after paying her respects to his Majesty, and graciously condescending to satisfy the curiosity of the company present, by gracefully exhibiting her person, in

the course of half an hour withdrew from the Drawing Room, and, attended by Lady Anne Fitzroy, returned in her Berlin to York House.

We never saw a more becoming dress than that worn by her Royal Highness on this occasion.—The shape and train were composed of a white tissue, spotted very richly with silver, and trimmed with broad silver fringes, a fall of the same half way down the arm, trimmed with silver fringe; the sleeves of white satin, decorated with silver foil, and the bottom terminated by an edging of diamonds; the stomacher white satin; at the top a very large bow of brilliants, and a remarkably splendid lacing of brilliants, which nearly covered the stomacher. The petticoat was of white satin, covered with crape, richly spotted and sprigged with silver, tied in festoons, with silver flowers, and trimmed and decorated with infinite taste with silver fringes, &c. &c. The Duchess's hair was dressed high, and ornamented in a very rich style; it was decorated with white feathers and gauze, crape and blond; on the left side she wore a very large double sprig of brilliants, of uncommon lustre; a bandeau of brilliants encircled the right part of her head dress, to which were added the three diamond pins set to resemble stars, which were presented to her Royal Highness by the King; she also wore the diamond earrings presented to her by his Majesty, and the necklace which was a present from the Queen, and a number of trinkets richly ornamented with brilliants of uncommon size and lustre; the whole forming one of the most costly dresses we have ever seen.

The Duke of York was in his regimentals, and wore a great number of diamonds. But what appeared to be the most costly, was a sabbre, which was a present to his Royal Highness from the King of Prussia, and is of great value.

The whole of the Royal Family, except the Royal Bride and Bridegroom, wore elegant silver favours.

The same day Princess Sophia, their Majesties' fifth daughter, was at the Drawing Room at St. James's for the first time.

MONTHLY OBITUARY for NOVEMBER 1791.

SEPTEMBER 24.

AT Gibraltar, Mr. Charles Green, clerk of the Victualling Office of that place.

OCT. 9. Near Jamac in France, Monf. Drouilly, who was preparing for the press a political work on the present state of

France. He was at one time of his life a strolling player, and wrote a witty tract entitled "The Curate of St. Victor."

12. In his 83d year, the Right Rev. and Serene Prince Erogenius Forster Abbott, of the Free Imperial Chapter of St. Emmeran.

16. At Petersburg, Baron Sutherland, banker to the Empress of Russia.

18. At Dunlop, in Scotland, the Dowager Lady Wallace, relict of the late Sir Thomas Wallace.

19. John Macpherson, esq. of Benchar, Invernesshire, formerly a captain in the late Duke of Hamilton's reg. of foot.

20. At Billericay, Essex, Mr. Chaplyn, aged 74.

The Rev. F. Willington, rector of Walton-upon-Trent, and of Rosliston, in Derbyshire.

Lately, at Margate, the Rev. Mr. Fermor, of Bath, brother-in-law to the Earl of Conyngham.

21. Henry Lyte, esq. Secretary and Treasurer to the Prince of Wales.

Edmund Cole, esq. Alderman of Northampton.

Arthur Gregory, esq. one of his Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers to the Privy Chamber, late Lieut. Col. of the Warwickshire militia, and Justice of Peace for the county of Warwick, at his seat at Spiwick-hall, near Coventry, aged 77.

John Blandy, esq. at Kingston Bagpore, Berks, in the 74th year of his age. He was formerly a Gentleman Commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, and soon after he left the University was High Sheriff for the County of Bucks.

Mr. Plummer, of Shipton Mallet.

Mr. Mackenzie, of Ardross, in Scotland.

22. In the Marine barracks Chatham, General Caruthers, Commanding officer of the Chatham division of marines.

Robert Dixon, esq. of Rochester.

Mr. James Oram, late of the Theatre Royal York, aged 72.

Lately, in the Marshalsea-prison, Dublin, Miss Vangable, a dancer in Mr. Atley's Company.

23. The Rev. Mr. Davis, vicar of Send, in Surrey, and Minister of Ripley Chapel.

Joseph Cleaver, esq. of Red-Lion-square.

Mr. Buller, Hanwell, Oxfordshire.

The Rev. William Henry Davidson, at Bramcote, near Nottingham.

Lately, Thomas Figgins, esq. many years Captain of the 67th reg. of foot.

24. William Ward, esq. late Commissioner of Artillery at Barbadoes.

Mrs. Wheble, wife of Mr. John Wheble.

Mr. William Knapp, sen. Alderman of Winchester.

25. Mr. Joseph Moline, Broadway, Westminster, one of the people called Quakers. At Marlock, Somersethire, John Butler, esq. Justice of Peace for that county.

27. The Rev. William Hole, B. D. aged 82, vicar of Menhinnion, and for upwards of 46 years Archdeacon of Barnstaple.

Lucius O'Brien, esq. of Texover, in Rutlandshire.

28. The Rev. George Metcalf, rector of Crofton, near Wakefield, and Minister of Armley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

Captain John Lesley, sen. of Paradise-row, Rotherhithe, aged 85.

At Richmond, in Surrey, aged 83, Mr. William Robertson, surgeon, of that place.

At Bath, the Rev. Mr. Crowther, vicar of Shillingforth.

Mr. George Vincent, one of the Cashiers of the Bank.

James Coldham, esq. of Amner, in Norfolk.

29. Lewis Mestayer, esq. late Lieut. Col. and Chief Engineer in the East India Company's service.

Nicholas Marshall, esq. at Enstone, Oxfordshire.

Mr. Edward Roberts, Wine Merchant, Fenchurch-street.

At Pontefract, Yorkshire, Fairfax Fearnley, esq. Barrister at Law.

30. Miss Percy, a daughter of the late Duke of Northumberland.

The Rev. Joseph Cookson, Curate of Shoreditch, aged upwards of 80.

Lately, the Rev. Henry Parminter, Rector of Stoke, in the county of Devon.

31. Mr. Tobias Maynard, of the South Sea House, many years one of the Common Councilmen of Bishopgate Ward.

Alexander Duff, esq. of Hatton, in Basshire.

John Harpur, esq. at Cotton, Warwickshire.

Mr. Garratt, Tinman, Windsor.

At Sir Roger Newdigate's, Signior Motta Music-master.

The Rev. Charles Isaac Yorke, eldest son of the Bishop of Ely.

Nov. 1. Mrs. Evelyn, wife of J. Evelyn, esq. of Follwood-park, Surrey: She was sister of the late Sir John Cust, and aunt of Lord Brownlow.

John Pidcock, esq. at the Plats, near Stourbridge.

William Wall, esq. L. L. D. at Putney, aged 86.

Bamber Gascoigne, esq. Receiver General of the Customs.

2. At Elsworth, in Cambridgeshire, in his 84th year, the Rev. Mr. Lunn, 46 years Rector of that parish, in which he succeeded his father, who held the living 52 years.

At Norwich, the Rev. John Offey, Rector of Cratfield and Laxfield, and Vicar of Earham, in that diocese.

At Ufk, in Monmouthshire, Mrs. Browne, wife of John Browne, esq. and only daughter of Vice Admiral Sir Richard Hughes.

Mr. Exam, Coppersmith, Upper Thames-street.

Mr. Richard Williams, Mercer, at Dursley, Gloucestershire.

3. Charles Codd, esq. of Norwich, an eminent Manufacturer, and Governor of Bethel. He served the office of Sheriff in 1768, and had been twice elected Alderman, but died.

The Rev. Daniel Chandler, at Hampton, Middlesex.

At Bath, aged 74, the Rev. Mr. Burton. Lately, at Dunfandle, in Galway, Dennis Daly, esq. M. P. for the county of Galway, and Muster Master-General of the forces in Ireland.

Lately, at Peckham, Mr. John Brown, of Worcester-street, in the Borough.

4. John Broadley, esq. at Bexley, in Kent, formerly Commander of the True Briton, in the East India Company's service. Mr. Thomas Harrison, late Printer of the London Gazette.

At Bath, Major Grant.

William Dalrymple, esq. second son of David Dalrymple, esq.

5. Mr. George Hayton, at York, Common Councilman for Micklegate Ward.

Lately, Thomas Midgley, esq. of Cocke-ridge-hall, near Leeds, aged 78.

6. Henry Bonham, esq. of Orsett-house, Essex, aged 74.

William Mercer, esq. Mayor of Hithe, in Kent.

7. Mr. Benjamin Whittal, at York.

At Chichester, Mrs. Middleton, wife of the Rev. B. Middleton.

At Glasgow, Mrs. Cleghorn, wife of Dr. Robert Cleghorn, Physician.

Dorning Ramsbotham, esq. near Bolton, Lancashire.

8. Thomas Bathurst, esq. of Lydney-park, nephew to the late Earl Bathurst.

At Doctors Commons, Dr. Thomas Bever, Advocate of the Admiralty, Judge of the Cinque Ports, Chancellor of Lincoln and Bangor, and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

The Rev. Mr. Allan Macauley, Minister of Greenock.

Lieut. Gen. Francis Smith, Upper Grosvenor-street.

Mr. William Gifford, of Homerton.

Lately, at Chester-le-street, Sir Blaxton Conyers, late Collector of the Customs of the port of Newcastle.

9. John Brown, esq. many years Collector of the Salt Duties at Droitwich.

Robert Budden, esq. of Damerham, Wilts.

Lately, Sir William Ogilvie, at Barras.

10. John Barton, esq. in the Temple.

Mr. William Thompson, at Liverpool.

Sir Thomas Rumbold, Bart.

Mr. Gibbs, of North Bradley, Wilts.

11. Robert Waltham, esq. of March, in the Isle of Ely.

Miss Jenkinson, sister of Lord Hawkebury.

Mrs. Roquet, relict of the Rev. Mr. Roquet, of Bristol.

The Dowager Lady Craven.

Mr. Christopher Channon, Purveyor of Wines, and Clerk of the Cellar to the Lord Mayo and Sheriffs of London.

Mr. Bill, Haberdasher, Grocer's-Hall Alley, Poultry.

Lately, at Weymouth, the Rev. Mr. Simpson, late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

12. At St. Albvins, Essex, the Lady of Lieut. Gen. Sir Robert Boyd, K. B.

13. Samuel Spencer, esq. late of Brentford.

Lady Stapylton, Wimpole-street.

Mrs. Boehm, relict of the late T. Boehm, esq. of London.

Mr. John Reid, of Norfolk, in Virginia.

14. Rev. Robert Beaumont, Vicar of Framden, and Rector of Helmingham, in Suffolk.

Sir William Fagg, Bart. at Mystole, Kent.

At Lancaster, in his 76th year, James Fenton, esq. Recorder of that Corporation.

Mrs. Bonfoy, relict of Thomas Bonfoy, esq. housekeeper of Newmarket-palace.

Lately, at Stow, near Litchfield, aged 81, Mrs. Gastrell, relict of Francis Gastrell, Vicar of Frodsham, and daughter of Sir Thomas Aston.

15. Mr. Edmund Goodbehere, master of the Union Tavern, Birmingham.

Mrs. White, relict of George White, esq. of Newington-house, Oxfordshire.

16. John Ferguson, esq. lately returned from Bengal.

Edward Penny, esq. at Chiswick.

Mr. Charles Pinto, Musician, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

17. Francis Watkins, esq. formerly an Optician at Charing-cross.

Mr. James Hales, Brewer, at Deptford.

Lately, John Ives, esq. of Titchfield, at Cambridge.

20. At Parson's-Green, the Rev. Jeffery Ekins, D. D. Dean of Carlisle, and Rector of Sedgfield and Morpeth, in Durham. Dr. Ekins was educated at Eton, from whence he went to King's College, Cambridge, of which he became Fellow, and Tutor to Lord Carlisle. In 1771 he published "The Loves of Medea and Jason," a Poem in 3 books, translated from the Greek of Apollonius Rhodius Argonauticus, 4to. He was then Rector of Quanton, Bucks.

Lately, at Donnybrook, near Dublin, the Right Hon. Lord Cretwynd.

Lately, at Plymouth, Mr. Northcote, aged 83, for 50 years past an eminent Optician and Watchmaker, and father of John Northcote, esq. of London, Historical Painter.

