

# European Magazine,

For A U G U S T 1792.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of JOSEPH BLACK, M. D. 2. A VIEW of WOODMANSTONE, near CROYDON, SURREY. And 3. A SOUTH VIEW of OUTRADROOG.

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L O N D O N :

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**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

The *Verses* by *Dean Swift* are received, and shall be soon inserted.

The *Memoirs* mentioned by *Decius* will be acceptable, and we shall be very glad to have them accompanied by the Original Letters.

Many Letters are received and shall be duly attended to.

*A. L.'s Printed Case* by no means falls within any department of our Magazine, and appears to be cognizable by a Court of Justice only.

**AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Aug. 11, to Aug. 18, 1792.**

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

**COUNTIES upon the COAST.**

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

**WALES.**

North Wales	5	6	4	3	3	2	0	0	0	0
South Wales	5	9	0	0	3	7	1	9	0	0

**STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.**

BAROMETER.	THERMOM.	WIND.
<b>JULY.</b>		
27-29	56	64
28-29	67	63
29-29	66	64
30-29	84	62
31-30	07	60
<b>AUGUST.</b>		
1-30	25	68
2-30	09	70
3-29	93	71
4-29	97	70
5-30	00	66
6-30	05	65
7-30	01	64
8-30	16	62
9-30	15	68
10-30	13	73
11-30	07	71
12-30	00	72
13-29	91	72
14-29	94	68
15-29	97	67
16-29	78	70

17-29	78	69	W.
18-29	46	57	N. N. E.
19-29	70	60	W.
20-29	87	61	W.
21-29	50	62	S.
22-29	36	64	S.
23-29	35	65	W.
24-29	85	65	W.
25-29	85	69	S.
26-29	69	65	S. S. W.
27-29	71	63	W.

**PRICE of STOCKS,**

August 25, 1792.

Bank Stock, —	Do. St. 1778, 12 1-16th
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785,	India Stock, —
116 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	3 per Ct. Ind. Ann. —
New 4 per Cent. 101	India Bonds, 112s. $\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	113s. prem.
3 per Cent. red. 91	South Sea Stock, —
90 $\frac{1}{2}$	Old S. S. Ann. —
3 per Cent. Conf. 90 $\frac{1}{2}$	New S. S. Ann. —
$\frac{1}{2}$ a 90 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 per Cent. 1751, —
3 per Cent. 1726, —	Lot. Tick. 16l. 10s. 6d.
Long Ann. 26 1-16th	Irish ditto —
a 26	



T H E  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
A N D  
L O N D O N R E V I E W,  
For A U G U S T 1792.

SOME ACCOUNT OF DR. JOSEPH BLACK\*.

[ WITH A PORTRAIT. ]

CHEMISTRY is a branch of natural science which has been rapidly advancing for these last twenty years. One of the principal causes of this advancement is the discoveries of JOSEPH BLACK, M. D.

This celebrated person, who fills the chemical chair at Edinburgh, we have been informed, is the son of an Irish Gentleman by a French Lady. One of his brothers lives in London. He is now about 65 years of age, and has been Professor of Chemistry at Edinburgh twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, in which situation he succeeded the late Dr. Cullen, on his appointment to be Professor of Medicine.

He was Professor of Chemistry at Glasgow at the time of his election to the University of Edinburgh. He took his degree of Doctor in Phisic in the University of Edinburgh, and his thesis was on the subject of Digestion; which work may be considered as the germ of his subsequent important discoveries relative to magnesia and other alkaline bodies.

On the 5th of June of the year 1755, his first paper upon magnesia, quicklime, and some other alkaline bodies was read before the Literary Society in Edinburgh. This is the memoir which has immortalized the name of BLACK, and the discoveries it contains have given birth to the many beautiful facts in the new system of chemistry. The experiments in this paper are simple, but ingeniously devised; it is concise, yet perspicuously written, and the deductions so just, that it is considered to be a most excellent model of

composition, reasoning, and arrangement.

Magnesia alba had been hitherto confounded with other absorbent earths, and it was now for the first time distinguished clearly, by the chemical properties Dr. Black discovered, to be a peculiar species of earth.

Magnesia being found to differ from other earths, its degree of affinity to acids was next investigated.

In endeavouring to convert this earth into quicklime by fire, Dr. Black discovered, that a subtle part was extricated, in the form of air, which had been imprisoned under a solid form, which accounted for the effervescence with acid before, but not after calcination. Calcined magnesia, by a very happily-conceived experiment, was discovered to absorb from common vegetable alkali, as much air as it had lost by exposure to fire. Thus, the same air which was contained in magnesia, was detected in alkali, and likewise in earth of alum. From these discoveries the author acutely concluded, that the cause of the causticity of quicklime was the separation of the above air by fire from calcareous earth, and that lime became mild calcareous earth by reuniting to this air. This theory was demonstrated by plain and incontrovertible experiments; and no wonder it should immediately supplant the hypothesis in vogue, that the causticity of lime depended upon the union of igneous particles.

Lime being found to take this air from alkalies, and to render them caustic, the

\* By a mistake which we are sorry for, though we are unable to assign any reason for the accident, the name of this Gentleman in the copper-plate is erroneously called *William*, instead of *JOSEPH*, as it ought to be.

same beautiful theory of the causticity of lime was extended to these salts; and thus the true reason of alkalies being rendered caustic by lime was given.

Lime also was observed to attract this air from magnesia. This air was shewn to be different from the common atmospheric air; that it was either a particular species of elastic fluid dispersed through the atmosphere, or an exceedingly subtle powder. The great chemical philosopher named this substance *fixed air*, as he himself was aware, improperly; but his reason was, that he was averse to inventing names. In this respect it were to be wished the learned College of Physicians of London had been influenced by the same motive, as the public would not then have been troubled with the absurd, or improper and unnecessary names of *kali*, *natron*, &c.

This is a sketch of the luminous experiments of Dr. Black, by which were discovered the peculiar nature of magnesia; the existence of a new species of air in mild alkalies, magnesia and calcareous earth; the cause of the effervescence of alkaline bodies when applied to acids; the cause of the loss of weight of these bodies by acids or fire; that the causticity of alkalies and lime depended on the separation of this new air, and the relative affinities of this new air to alkalies and earths.

Important as these facts were, considered as belonging to the substance investigated by Dr. Black, they were infinitely more so on account of the new field they opened to the view of chemical philosophers, of substances of different species in an aerial form, of which they did not entertain any notion before; the opinion of Hales, and others, being, that aeriform matter was of the same species as that of the atmosphere, variously modified.—These experiments at the same time opened to the view of observers, the transition of elastic rare fluids to a concrete state by uniting to different bodies, and the change from a solid to an elastic form on their extrication; and as these elastic fluids were probably of as many species as there are of liquid and solid bodies, it was begun to be considered, that aeriform bodies might possess affinities, and have as great a share in the composition of things as acids, alkalies, &c. of which the first instances had been shewn by the above paper of Dr. Black.

This celebrated Professor in his lectures shewed, that the inflammable air of metals was totally different from fixed air; but

never publishing these experiments, he has never enjoyed the honour of the discovery of this elastic inflammable fluid.

The first offspring of these discoveries was, Brownrigg's Experiments on the air of Pyrmont Water, in which was shewn the fixed air of lime-stone discovered by Dr. Black. These were succeeded by the accurate and profound experiments of Mr. Cavendish on fixed and inflammable air, with a most excellent description of the apparatus for chemical experiments on aeriform bodies. Dr. Priestley next extended the knowledge of the Pneumatic Chemistry; and the investigation into this branch of chemical philosophy soon after began in Sweden, Germany, and France. In France the knowledge of the properties of aeriform bodies suggested the new system of chemistry which is now generally received, and the fountain from which it originally sprung was the above set of experiments by Dr. Black. But philosophy is indebted to this Professor for much more, and without which the present doctrine of the pneumatic chemistry in particular, and the general theory of chemistry, could not have been established. We now allude to discoveries communicated only in his lectures, which he has been so criminal as not to publish, for by that conduct he has impeded greatly the progress of science. Dr. Black, in conjunction with the late Dr. Irwin, prosecuted the enquiry into the subject begun by Wiltke and others, of the absorption of sensible heat by different bodies, so as to become latent, and of its extrication again in a sensible state. These experiments shewed that *liquidity* and *fluidity* depend on a certain quantity of heat entering into the composition of solid bodies, and becoming latent, or being, as some term it, *combined*: liquid bodies and elastic fluids, according to this theory, became solid on parting with this combined heat: thus the phenomena of the production of heat and cold during chemical union were satisfactorily explained, and some important practical applications have been made of this doctrine, witness Mr. Watts's steam engine.

Dr. Black is the author of,

1. *Dissertatio Inaug. de Humore Acido à Cibis Orto et Magnesia Alba.* Edinb. 1754.
2. *Experiments upon Magnesia Alba, Quicklime, and some other alkaline Substances.* *Essays Phys. and Lit.* Vol. II.
3. *Experiments on the Freezing of Water.* *Phil. Trans.* 1776.



Some ACCOUNT of the late CONSPIRACY in SWEDEN, of J. ANKARSTROM, the REGICIDE. Communicated by a SWEDISH GENTLEMAN.

**I**MMEDIATELY after the King, on the masquerade given at the Operahouse at Stockholm, the night betwixt the 16th and 17th of March, this year, had been shot through the back with a pistol by a masque (who after this horrid deed succeeded to conceal himself in the crowd), every necessary step and measure was taken in order to detect the culprit.—Suspicious fell on Ankarstrom in consequence of the depositions made by a gunsmith and a cutler. The former of these having deposed, that the pistols that had been found the ensuing morning at the said place, on the floor, and then exhibited to him, as well as to the whole body of gunsmiths and cutlers (summoned to give any information they could with respect to these weapons), were the same pistols that he some time ago had repaired for one Captain Ankarstrom, who at the time brought them to him, and fetched them away; and the cutler having deposed, that this was the identical dagger likewise found, and shown to him and others, which he about the same time had made on the requisition of the same Ankarstrom—upon these grounds orders issued for the immediate apprehension of this with-so-much-reason suspected Ankarstrom, who, when the Commander of the Guards, that were come to secure his person, acquainted him with his errand, surrendered his person, acknowledged himself guilty, and expressed his regret at not having succeeded to kill the King on the spot—to use his own words, “in liberating the world and his country from such a Monster and a Tyrant.” This free avowal being reported to the then sitting Regency, farther orders were given for an immediate inquest of this affair, and for the trial of Ankarstrom, who with others likewise apprehended on suspicions, grounded on the former’s confession, of being more or less concerned in this Regicide, were brought before the High Court of Judicature; which Court, on proceeding to the examination of Ankarstrom, received the following, and without the least compulsion, delivered confession, viz. That he Ankarstrom and Count Horn, after having conceived and established a kind of reciprocal friendship and confidence, had to one another disclosed their minds and sentiments respecting the political situation of the kingdom, with which they both were discontented; and agreed, that an assassination of the

King was the only means and expedient for effecting a change in the present government: That Ankarstrom, prompted by personal revenge against the King for an indictment of *crimen læsæ Majestatis* carried on on behalf of the Crown against him, and in consequence of which he last year had been condemned to twenty years imprisonment, had offered himself to serve as an instrument for this purpose: That after this Horn and Ankarstrom conceived a plan for carrying off the King by force, during the night, when sleeping at his villa of Haga, and to conceal him: That, in order to explore the situation, and possibility of executing this plan, Horn and Ankarstrom, in the beginning of January last, walked round and through the park, environs, and woods of Haga; but finding it too well guarded, and consequently too dangerous an enterprize, they entirely relinquished this scheme: That Count Ribbing, who, by his friend Count Horn, was informed not only of all that had preceded, but likewise of Ankarstrom’s intention to assassinate the King, acceded to this association, and fixed a meeting with these two persons at the estate of Horn, situated at a small distance from Stockholm, called Hufvudstad, where they agreed and resolved as follows: That the King should be assassinated by Ankarstrom, either with pistols or a dagger, at an opportunity when the murderer could find means to hide himself in a great crowd; and for this reason the play or the masquerade was chosen, in preference to any other opportunity. Agreeably to this, Horn and Ankarstrom went to the play the 16th of January, where they had taken places near the box of the King, in order that the murderer (who was provided with two loaded pistols) might find an easy opportunity to fire at the King when he came through the covered walk, which he generally passed going to the play; and that Ankarstrom, after having fired, might run down the back-stairs, and escape. But the King not going this evening through the above-mentioned walk to the play, Ankarstrom found himself thwarted in his design; he resolved therefore to avail himself of the opportunity of the next play, which was to be given two days after, but was this time, by the same event as before, frustrated in his attempt.

Baffled in their sanguine wishes, the con-

conspirators met again, and agreed to try the next opportunity, which was a masquerade, to be given the night between the 19th and 20th of January, where Ankarstrom went; but not finding a sufficient crowd of people there, he also deferred the execution of his criminal intent. The following day Ankarstrom and Ribbing set out for the Diet at Geste, where the former, intending to commit the murder, always carried a pair of charged pistols about him, in hopes to meet the King, as he frequently did, walking incognito. After the Diet they returned to Stockholm, and it was again determined to make another trial on the 2d of March, when another masquerade was to be given; but by the same reasons as at the preceding, the assassin was prevented from the gratification of his purpose. A third masquerade, which was to have been given the 9th, was put off till the 16th, on account of the rigour of the season during these days. Preceding to this masquerade announced for the 16th, the conspirators assembled at the chateau of Count Horn, where Count Ribbing imparted to them, that Liljehorn, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and Major in the King's Guards, had been informed by him of the whole, and that he had promised, that the regiment under his command, as well as the battalions of artillery then at Stockholm, and the regiment of the late Queen Dowager, should assist in case a revolution could be brought about;—that the Count Ribbing also had imparted this secret to General-Major Pechlin, who had likewise promised his assistance in bringing about the intended revolution after the King's death. For these reasons, and that of fear in particular that the secret now imparted to so many might be betrayed, Count Ribbing further urged the necessity of the King's speedy assassination, in which they all agreed. The next day they met at Count Ribbing's lodgings, where they mentioned to one another the dresses each of them was to wear at the masquerade, and Ribbing promised to engage as many as he could get there, for the sake of enlarging the crowd. Pechlin, whom they met afterwards, promised the same. Every measure was now taken that the attempt should not fail—Ankarstrom, accompanied by Horn, went home to charge his pistols (according to his own confession), with one round ball, one square ditto, eleven small shot, and seven nails. This being performed, they both dressed, and went together to the Opera-House, the former armed with the above-mentioned

pistols and a dagger. The King, not being arrived, entered the saloon some time after, holding his Grand Equerry, Baron Essen, by the arm, and walked forwards to the middle of the theatre, where he stopped. Ankarstrom, observing when the King entered the room, slid betwixt him and his company, and followed him at a small distance, and as soon as the King had stopped chose his station behind a scene, towards which the King turned his back, and discharged one of his pistols so near that the end of it touched the King's domino. Having fired his pistol, and seeing that the King did not fall from the contents, Ankarstrom drew his dagger in order to stab the King, but was seized with a kind of trembling, which made him drop not only the pistol, but also the dagger, on the ground; after which he walked away to conceal himself amongst the crowd, crying that a fire was broke out, in which he was joined by several voices. All now being performed, he sought for an opportunity to rid himself of the other pistol (the contents of which were intended for himself, but his courage failed him), without being perceived. In this he also succeeded before the general search came on; for as soon as the King was wounded the doors were shut, so that nobody could get away, and every-body was obliged to unmask, and to be searched, and to write his name before he got out. Ankarstrom, after having undergone this ceremony, went quietly home, where he stayed the next morning till he was taken into custody. After having, without any compunction forever, confessed his crime, and being by several convincing proofs found guilty, he was condemned to the highest and most ignominious punishment of his country, that of standing on the pillory for three days in three different squares, and to be publicly flogged by the scavenger's servant on every square, and after that to be carried out of town, to lose his right hand cut off by the scavenger, and lastly, to be beheaded by the common executioner, and his body divided into four parts, put upon wheels, to remain till it was destroyed;—the right-hand to be put upon one wheel by itself.

Ankarstrom was a middle-sized man, rather stout, had a broad forehead, black large eye-brows, blue eyes, light hair, an aquiline nose, short but broad, black beard, and a full face. He was always said to have been of a cruel and revengeful disposition; and that in his youth, when getting his education at the University of Upsala, he never was more delighted than when he himself,



himself, or any of his friends, had an opportunity to play tricks by which the sufferer was put in bodily pain and torture. He was of an ancient and respected family, that before it was introduced into the House of Nobles (which took place the 13th of April 1678, when it got the name of Ankarstrom) went under the name of Depken. Ankarstrom was a descendant of a younger or later-adopted branch of the abovementioned family, who, after having finished his education, entered into the military service, and bought a commission of an Ensign in the King's Guards, in which capacity he continued for some years, till he fell in love with a young lady of family and some fortune; and whom he, after having sold out of the army, married. As soon as he was married he retired to the country, where he rented an estate belonging to another gentleman, at a small distance from the capital. He was looked upon as a good farmer, but avaricious to such a degree, that he himself, in disguise, went to the market to sell the different products of the estate or farm.

As to the other persons more or less

concerned in the abovementioned Regicide, their names are, Bjelike, Baron; Ehrensfward, Baron; Hartmanstorff, Major in the Artillery; Jacob Von Engelstrom, Counsellor of the Chancery; his brother Jean Von Engelstrom; and several others less notorious.

Baron Bjelike took poison as he saw the guards arrive to arrest him, and expired a short time after: one Horn hanged himself in the arrest; and another also took poison.

Ankarstrom, on the first day of his standing in the pillory, harangued the people, and bore the whipping with great fortitude. The succeeding whippings affected him very much. The Clergyman who attended him declared, that he expressed the deepest contrition for the horrible crime for which he suffered, and felt the keenest pangs of remorse, imploring the pardon of his Sovereign and of the State, and deprecating the vengeance of the Almighty, which he had so justly incurred by the violation of one of the most sacred laws of God and of Man.

## WOODMANSTONE, NEAR CROYDON, SURREY.

[ WITH A VIEW. ]

**T**HE living is a rectory, and the church, though mean, is well kept. On the north side, in the window, is a red rose, the arms of the house of Lancaster, and some broken figures. In the south window is a fine piece of foliage, and a monk, habited in blue over a scarlet vestment, at his devotions. In the south window, next the chancel, is the figure of St. Paul, with his sword, well painted, and as well

preserved. In the north light is an angel, a Monochrome, but his face is lost; and above him a Madona with a child in her arms. At the entrance of the church is a large flat grave-stone, having the impression of a large cross on it. The front is very old, supported by small figures, close set together. In the tower are two bells only.

LETTERS from KING CHARLES THE FIRST's QUEEN, translated from the FRENCH, marked Volume 7379, in the HARLEIAN CATALOGUE, in the BRITISH MUSEUM.

[It is remarkable, that in these Letters the Queen employs the Names of Essex, Pym, Hampden, Lady Carlisle, and others of the Parliament Side, to signify the King, Herself, and others of the Royal Party; but whether out of Whim, or to puzzle her Enemies, is left to the Reader to determine.]

I.  
QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA to KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

MY DEAR HEART,

**T**HIS bearer Skipwith, being come from London with a passport, I have been glad to make use of him to carry you this letter; the subject of which is, that the Lords Say, Salisbury, Manchester, Pym, and Hampden, have sent this mes-

senger to know of me if I will hearken to a peace, and induce you to resume the treaty, and grant the terms proposed by them at Oxford\*; and that he could shew so many reasons for it, that I would agree to it; and if you would hearken to the overture, they would send Manchester, with some other Lords, and Hampden and Stapleton to satisfy me; and have promised this bearer, that till his return

\* The Treaty or Propositions at Oxford is mentioned by all the Historians.

Effex's army should not advance; which I have thought for your service. Send me an answer to this letter speedily what you would have me do, with punctual directions, and let nobody know anything of it but Culpepper\*; for secrecy is recommended, and on my part I shall keep it inviolable.

*York, this 5th of May, 1643.*

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II.

*Burlington, 2 5th Feb. 1643.*

MY DEAR HEART,

AS soon as I landed I dispatched Rogers to you; but having learnt to-day that he was taken by the enemy, I send this bearer to give you an account of my arrival, which has been very successful, thank God! For as rough as the sea was when I first crossed it, it was now as calm, till I came within a few leagues of Newcastle, and on the coast the wind changed to N. W. and obliged us to make for Burlington Bay, where, after two days lying in the road, our cavalry arrived. I immediately landed, and the next morning the rest of the troops came in. God, who protected me at sea, has also done it at land, for this night four of the Parliament ships came in without our knowledge, and at four o'clock in the morning we had the alarm, and sent to the harbour to secure our boats of ammunition; but about an hour after, these four ships began so furious a cannonading, that they made us get out of our beds, and quit the village to them, at least us women, for the soldiers behaved very resolutely in protecting the ammunition. I must now play the Captain Bassa, and speak a little of myself. One of these ships did me the favour to flank my house, which fronted the pier; and before I was out of bed the balls whistled over me, and you may imagine I did not like the music. Everybody forced me out, the balls beating down our houses; so, dressed as I could, I went on foot some distance from the village, and got shelter in a ditch, like those we have seen about Newmarket; but before I could reach it the balls sung merrily over our heads, and a serjeant was killed twenty paces from me. Under this shelter we remained two hours, the bullets flying over us, and sometimes covering us with earth. At last the Dutch

Admiral sent to tell them, that if they did not give over he would treat them as enemies. This was rather of the latest, but he excused himself on account of a fog. Upon this the Parliament ships went off; and besides the tide ebbed, and they would have been in shoal water.

As soon as they were withdrawn I returned to my house, not being willing that they should boast of having driven me away. About noon I set out for the town of Burlington; and all this day we have been landing our ammunition. It is said, that one of the Parliament Captains went before to reconnoitre my lodging, and I assure you he had marked it exactly, for he always fired at it. I can say with truth that by land and sea I have been in some danger; but God has preserved me, and I confide in his goodness that he will not desert me in other things. I protest to you, in this confidence I would face cannon; but I know we must not tempt God. I must now go and eat a morsel, for I have taken nothing to-day but three eggs, and slept very little.

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III.

WRITE AFTER THE REPULSE AT HULL.

AS I was closing my letter Sir L. Dives arrived, who has told me all that passed at Hull. Do not lose courage, and pursue the business with resolution; for you must now shew that you will make good what you have undertaken: If the man who is in the place will not submit, you have already declared him a traitor. You must have him, alive or dead; for there is no joke in all this. You must declare yourself; you have shewn gentleness enough, you must now shew your firmness: you see what has happened from not having followed your first resolution, when you declared the five Members traitors; let that serve you for an example; dally no longer with consultations, but proceed to action. I heartily wished myself in the place of my son James in Hull; I would have thrown the scoundrel Hotham over the walls, or he should have thrown me. I am in such haste to dispatch this bearer, that I can write to nobody else. Go boldly to work, as I see there is no hope of accommodation, &c †.

\* Culpepper was a better Courtier than Hyde or Falkland, and therefore more a favourite. He was a man of a most acute penetration.

† This is part of a letter, and has no date. The King made his attempt on Hull in April 1642.



## C L A U D I N E.

## A SWISS TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE FLORIAN.

**H**APPENING in the month of July 1788 to be at Ferney, which ever since the death of Voltaire has resembled one of those deserted castles which were formerly inhabited by Genii, I resolved to pay a visit to the famous Glaciers of Savoy. A friend, an inhabitant of Geneva, had the goodness to accompany me. It is not my intention to describe our journey: in order to suit the present taste, it would be necessary that I should adopt that style, exalted, sublime, unintelligible to the profane, which a sentimental traveller, after he has advanced two leagues on his journey, cannot possibly do without: I must speak of nothing but my feelings, my susceptibilities, and my extatic sensations; but I must confess that those phrases, although now so common, still found strange to my ears. I have seen *Mont Blanc*, the *frozen sea*, and the *source of the Avern*. I long contemplated in silence those dreadful rocks, covered with hoar frost; those points of ice which pierce the clouds; that large river, which is called *a sea*, arrested in the midst of its course, whose solid billows appear as if still in agitation; that immense vault formed by the accumulated snows of so many ages, from whence there issues a foaming torrent, forcing in its course huge blocks of ice over the rocky precipices. The whole scene impressed on my mind a mingled sensation of terror and melancholy: methought I beheld the horrid scene of nature without a sun, abandoned to the fury of the God of Tempests. Whilst contemplating these pleasing horrors, I gave thanks to the Eternal Creator of all things for having rendered them so uncommon; and I longed for the moment of my departure; that I might return to the valley, the beautiful valley of Maglan\*. There did I expect to console my saddened eyes, in travelling slowly through a beautiful country; in contemplating on the banks of the Arva those rich carpets of verdure, those tranquil woods, those enamelled meadows, those cottages, those scattered houses, in which my imagination pictured an old man surrounded by his family, a mother suckling her child, or two young lovers returning from the altar. Such are the views most agreeable to

my eyes: these are the scenes which affect my heart—which give rise to pleasing recollections, and to agreeable desires.

Oh my good friend Gesner, you thought, indeed, as I do; you who, born in the most varied, the most picturesque country in the world, the best calculated to furnish you with description infinitely varied, you never, like so many others, abused the art of description, nor ever thought that a landscape, however brilliant its colours, could do without figures. You sang the shady woods, the verdant fields, the limpid streams; but shepherds and rural swains were never wanting to inculcate lessons of love, of piety, or of beneficence. Reading you, the pleased eye runs over the landscape which you have described; and the mind, still more delighted, is ameliorated by useful precepts, and enjoys a delicious calm.

Such were the ideas that employed my mind while descending from Montanverd on my return from the frozen sea. After two hours of a painful journey, I arrived at the fountain where I had rested in the morning. There I again wished to repose myself; for though I am no admirer of torrents, I am very fond of fountains; besides, I was extremely fatigued. I entreated my brave and honest guide, Francis Paccard, to sit down by me, and we began an excellent conversation concerning the manners, the character, and the mode of living, of the inhabitants of Chamouny. I was pleased with the good Paccard's account of those simple manners about which it is so pleasing to converse were it only to regret them, when a beautiful girl came and offered me a basket of cherries. I took them and paid her for them. As soon as she was gone, Paccard said to me, laughing, "About ten years ago, in the very spot where we now are, it cost one of our young peasants very dear for coming to offer a basket of fruit to a traveller." I begged of Paccard to relate the story. "It is somewhat long," said he; "I have learned the most minute circumstances of it from the Curate of Salanches, who himself bore a considerable part in it." I pressed Paccard to relate to me what he had heard from the Curate of Salanches; and being both seated on the ground, lean-

\* A charming valley on the banks of the Arva, which is passed on the road to Chamouny.

ing our backs against two ash-trees, and eating our cherries, Paccard thus began his tale :

“ You must know, Sir, that our valley of Chamouny, ten years ago, was not so celebrated as it is now-a-days. Travellers did not then come to give us their gold for the sake of looking at frozen snow and picking up our pebbles. We were poor, ignorant of evil, and our wives and daughters, employed in the cares of the family, were still more ignorant than ourselves. I mention this that you may have some charity for the fault of Claudine. The poor child was so simple that it was an easy matter to deceive her.

“ Claudine was the daughter of Old Simon, a labourer at Prieure\*. This Simon, whom I knew well, for he has only been dead two years, was the Syndic of our parish. All the country respected him for his probity; but his character was naturally severe: he pardoned nothing to himself, and very little to others: he was equally esteemed and feared. If any of our neighbours had quarrelled with his wife, or drank a glass too much on a holiday, he would not have dared to speak to Simon the whole week. When he passed, even the children stopped their noise; they took off their hats, and never returned to their amusements till M. Simon was at a distance.

“ Simon had remained a widower since the death of Madelene his wife, who had left him two daughters. Nanette, the eldest, was well enough; but Claudine, the youngest, was an angel of beauty.— Her handsome round countenance—her black eyes full of animation—her thick eye-brows—her little mouth, the very picture of that cherry—her appearance of innocence and gaiety, made all the young men of our village her admirers; and when on a Sunday she joined the dance, with a veil of blue cloth closely fitted to her fine shape, her straw hat ornamented with ribbons, and her little cap, which could hardly contain her beautiful hair, it was who should have the honour to dance with Claudine.

“ Claudine was only fourteen; her sister Nanette was nineteen, and commonly remained at home to look after the affairs of the family. Claudine, as being the youngest, took care of the flock which grazed on Montanverd. She carried with her her dinner and her distaff, and passed the day in singing, in spinning, or chat-

ting with the other shepherdesses. In the evening she came home to Simon, who read some portion of the Bible to his daughters, gave them his blessing, and then all the family went to bed.

“ About that time strangers began to visit our Glaciers. A young Englishman of the name of Belton, the son of a rich merchant of London, in passing through Geneva to go to Italy, had the curiosity to make the tour of Chamouny. He stopped at Madame de Courteran’s †, and the next day, at four o’clock in the morning, he ascended Montanverd to see the frozen sea, conducted by my brother Michael, who is now deacon of the guides. He returned about eleven, and rested himself as we do by the side of this fountain, when Claudine, who tended her sheep just by, seeing him very much heated, came to offer the fruit and milk she had for her dinner. The Englishman thanked her, looked at her very attentively, and offered her five or six guineas, which Claudine refused; but poor Claudine did not refuse to take Mr. Belton to see her flock, which she had left among these lofty trees. He desired the guide to wait for him, and departed with Claudine. He was absent for two long hours. As to the sequel of their conversation, I cannot indeed repeat it to you, as nobody heard it. It is sufficient to know that Mr. Belton set out the same evening, and that Claudine, on her return home to her father, appeared pensive and melancholy, and had on her finger a beautiful emerald which the Englishman had given her. Her sister asked her where she got that ring: Claudine answered that she had found it. Simon, with a discontented air, took the ring and carried it to Madame de Courteran, in order to discover the person who had lost it. No traveller ever claimed it. Mr. Belton was already far off, and Claudine, to whom the emerald was returned, became every day more melancholy.

“ Five or six months thus passed away. Claudine, who every evening returned with reddened eyes, at length resolved to confide in her sister Nanette. She confessed that the day she met Mr. Belton on Montanverd, Mr. Belton had told her that he was in love with her—that he meant to settle at Chamouny never more to leave it, and to marry her. “ I believed it,” added Claudine, “ for he swore it to me more than a hundred times. He said, that business obliged him to return to Geneva ;

\* The principal village of the valley of Chamouny.

† The well-known name of the Mistress of the most ancient Inn at Chamouny.



but that in a fortnight he would again be here; that he would buy a house, and that our marriage should take place immediately. He sat down beside me, embraced me, called me his wife, and gave me this beautiful ring as the token of our marriage. I dare not tell you any more, my sister, but I have many fears; I am very ill; I weep all day; in vain do I fix my eyes on the road to Geneva, there is no appearance of Mr. Belton!"

"Nanette, who was just married, pressed poor Claudine with questions. At length, after many tears, she learned that the Englishman had basely betrayed this simple and unhappy girl, and that Claudine was with child.

"What was to be done? How was it possible to announce this misfortune to the terrible M. Simon? To conceal it from him was impossible. The good Nanette did not augment the despair of her sister by useless reproaches: she even endeavoured to console her, by expressing hopes of a pardon which she knew would not be obtained. After long consideration Nanette, with her consent, went to find our good Curate, and confided to him the whole secret—begged of him to mention it to her father—to endeavour to appease his wrath, and try to save the honour, or at least the life, of the unhappy victim of deceit. Our Curate was much hurt at the news; he, however, undertook the task, and repaired to the house of Simon at the time when he was sure Claudine would be upon Montanverd.

"Simon was as usual reading the Old Testament. Our good curate sat down by him, and began to talk of the beautiful stories which are contained in that divine book; he dwelt particularly on that of Joseph when he pardons his brethren—on that of the great king David when he pardons his son Absalom, and many others I do not know, but are well-known to the Curate.—Simon was of the same opinion. The Curate said, that God had given us those examples of mercy, that we in like manner, being compassionate to others, might, at the last day, expect to find mercy from the Father of All. All this was said in a much better manner than I can tell it you; but you may easily conceive that our Curate endeavoured to prepare the old man for the reception of his bad news. He was long of comprehending him—at last he did, and starting up, pale, and trembling with rage, he seized the musket with which he used to hunt the chamois, and was rushing forth to kill

his daughter. The Curate threw himself upon him, and disarmed him; and by rousing his attention to the duties of a Christian, by lamenting his misfortunes, and sharing in his grief, he at length prevailed so far, that old Simon, whose eyes had been hitherto dry, his lips pale, and his whole frame convulsed, sunk back into his chair, covered his face with his two hands, and burst into tears.

"The Curate allowed him to weep for some time without saying a word; at length he wished to consult with him relative to the measures it was necessary to take, in order to save the honour of Claudine;—but Simon interrupted him. "Master Curate," said he, "it is impossible to save that which is lost; every means that we could take would render us more culpable, by obliging us to tell lies. The unhappy wretch must no longer remain here; she would be the scandal of us all, and the punishment of her father; let her be gone, Master Curate; let her live, since infamy can live, but let me die far distant from her: let her depart this very day; she must leave this country, and never let her again present herself before my grey hairs, which she has dishonoured."

"The Curate tried to soften Simon, but his efforts were in vain. Simon repeated the positive order for the departure of Claudine. Our good old Curate was going away in sadness, when the old man ran after him, brought him back into his apartment, and shut the door; then putting into his hands an old purse of leather, containing fifty crowns, "Master Curate," said he, "this wretch will be in want of every thing.—Give her these fifty crowns, not as from me, beware of that, but as a charity from yourself.—Tell her, that it is the goods of the poor, which compassion induces you to bestow on vice;—and if you could write to any one in her favour, or give her a letter of recommendation—I know your goodness, and I neither wish to hear or to speak any more about her."

"The Curate answered him by a squeeze of the hand, then ran to meet Nanette, who was waiting for him in the street, more dead than alive. "Go instantly," said he, "and pack up all your sister's clothes, and bring them to my house." She obeyed with tears in her eyes, being but too sure of what had happened, and put into Claudine's bundle the little money she was mistress of. She then returned to the Curate, who related to her the conversation he had with Simon, and gave her a long letter for the Curate of Salanches, and said to her, "My dear

child, you must this very day conduct your sister to Salenches; give her this purse, and this letter to my good brother. Accompany her to the village, and then return to your father, who has occasion for your wisdom and virtue to lessen the chagrin produced by the conduct of your sister." Nanette, sighing, went in quest of her sister on Montanverd. She found Claudine stretched weeping on the ground; but when she heard that her departure must be immediate, she screamed, and tore her hair, repeating continually, "I am banished with my father's curse!—Kill me! my sister, kill me! or I will throw myself over this precipice." Gradually she became more calm, by promising that things might still be made up. At length Claudine resolved to set out, and at night-fall they took the road to Salenches, avoiding our village, where, notwithstanding the darkness, poor Claudine would have thought that every one saw her crime painted in her face.

"It was a melancholy journey, as you may easily imagine, nor did they arrive till break of day. Nanette took her leave of Claudine before they entered the village, and, after pressing her a long while to her bosom, left her, being nearly as miserable as her unhappy sister.

"As soon as Claudine found herself

alone, all her courage deserted her; she hid herself in the mountain, and passed the whole day without taking any nourishment; but when the night drew on, her fears forced her towards the village, where she enquired for the house of the Curate, and knocked softly at the door, which was opened by an old housekeeper.

"Claudine said she came from M. the Curate of Prieure. The housekeeper led her directly to her master, who was then alone, eating his supper by the corner of his fire. Without uttering a word, or lifting her eyes, Claudine, with a trembling hand, delivered the letter, and, whilst the Curate drew near the light in order to read it, the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and dropped on her knees near the door. The Curate of Salenches is a good and a worthy man, and is respected as a parent by his whole parish. When he had finished the letter, and turning his head saw this young girl on her knees, and bathed with tears, he also wept. He raised her, praised the sincerity of her repentance, gave her hopes of pardon for a fault that had cost her so many tears, and obliged her to eat in spite of her refusal, and calling his governess, desired her to prepare a bed for Claudine."

(To be continued.)

#### To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE FORBES mentioned by Johnson as an exception to the general deficiency of literature among the Scotch Clergy, was certainly not the Lord President Forbes, as asserted by the Scotch Clergyman, Vol. X. p. 334, but a John Forbes, Clergyman, of the last century, as your Correspondent T. W. observes in your last January Magazine, p. 42— "but whether of the Episcopalian or Presbyterian persuasion," adds T. W. "I will not take upon me to say."

He was son to Patrick Forbes, Bishop of Aberdeen, who, and not John, was author of the Commentary upon the Revelations published at London 1613, and died 1635. This John, one of the most learned men of his age, succeeded his father in that diocese, which dignity he enjoyed but a very short time, being soon after expelled by the Covenanters. After which he retired into Holland, and for some time supported himself by correcting the Elzevirean Press; but returning to his native country, he died in 1648, and

lies buried in the Cemetery of the Cathedral of Aberdeen. He was author of the *two Treatises* mentioned by T. W. and of another very learned work, *Historical and Theological Institutes*. An edition of his works was printed at Amsterdam, in Two Volumes Folio, 1703.

Your Correspondent might have added to the strenuous and vehement opposition of the Presbyterians to the Toleration granted the other party by Queen Anne, that the General Assembly in 1711 deputed three of their Members, of whom the pious John Willison, of Dun'lee (the Willson of Scotland), was one, to solicit the Queen and Parliament against the passing of so obnoxious a law.

In answer to your Correspondent T. W. February Magazine, p. 106, Dr. Hicks is mentioned in the Schedule of the Succession of the Scotch Bishops who consecrated Dr. Seabury the first American Bishop, as being one who, with two of the deprived English Bishops, consecrated Dr. Gadderar Titular Bishop



of Aberdeen. I remember to have read, I think upon what was called L<sup>a</sup>yer's Plot, of a prisoner coming to the bar in his gown and cassock, and producing, on being demanded by the Judge, Letters of Orders, signed Geo. Hicks, Epif. de Thetford, the Judge ordered him immediately to be disrobed by the gaoler.

The account of Masonry, *id.* p. 124, which I have written, says Lieut. Drake, as well as the derivation of the word Curate, &c. is extracted from a pamphlet entitled "The Way to Things by Words," published without any author's name\*, between twenty and thirty years ago, if I remember right, by Hooper, Holborn.

In return for the above, I shall beg the favour of some of your many learned Correspondents to inform me of any particulars concerning PETER LOWE, whose Theory of the Tooth ache the late Dr. Cullen, of Edinburgh, is said to have adopted in the latter part of his practice, and invariably to have prescribed his mode of treating that disease. He is not mentioned, as far as I recollect, by Mackenzie in his Scotch Writers, by Freund in his History of Physic, nor by the Doctor in his Introduction to the *Materia Medica*.

Your's, &c.

N. K.

July 12th, 1792.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE of Mr. THOMAS, one of the FORTY MEMBERS of the FRENCH ACADEMY.

ANTHONY-LEONARD THOMAS was born in 1732, at Clermont in Auvergne, the country of the celebrated Pascal. He received from his mother a severe, and almost Spartan education. The three children of that estimable woman were brought up under her own eyes till they had arrived at upwards of twenty years of age. In their early studies she chose for them young masters, whom she superintended herself. Whilst the tutors were attending lectures on Philosophy or Theology, she set her children to recite the Elements of Grammar, exercising their memories previous to the ripening of their judgments, which she promoted by reflections on the good or bad actions that passed before their eyes. Their youthful hearts were formed to virtue by indirect lessons, and casual examples, the application of which she left to themselves. The terms of duty and goodness, familiarised to them by her conduct, were rendered attractive by those of glory, reputation, honour, and success. All her children devoted themselves to literature, and began their career in life with delivering as professors those lessons which they had received as pupils.

JOSEPH THOMAS, the eldest, announced what he was capable of by his poetical attempts, and by a Comedy intitled PLEASURE, performed with success in 1747, when he was one-and-twenty years old. At twenty-two he died.

JOHN THOMAS, the second, acquired great reputation in the University of Paris by his Latin Poetry. He taught only the Elements of Grammar; but he possessed the art of rendering them less difficult and

unpleasant than ordinary to children, whom he greatly loved, and of whom he retained the affecting simplicity. He died in 1755.

ANTHONY-LEONARD inherited the talents of these two victims of their application to learning. In his early youth no symptoms of what he was one day to be appeared. Educated at home till he was nine years old, he was grave and silent. At ten, carried to Paris, the discipline of a school appeared to him liberty. The hours of recreation were so, indeed, to one whose every moment had hitherto been employed in study; yet, which may seem astonishing, he afterwards became enamoured of what must have been the torment of his early years. But it is the nature of vigorous minds to acquire strength from labours that do not totally overpower them. His youth was signalized by victories: and when in one year he had obtained the first prize of Rhetoric only three times, and but a second prize in Greek, he shed tears of vexation.

His taste for poetry was decided, but he was designed for the bar. Implicitly obedient to the will of his mother, he committed to the flames his half-sketched pieces, and repaired to Clermont, to dedicate himself to studies repugnant to his taste. Whilst thus engaged, news was brought that his brother John was at the point of death. Though naturally of a weak constitution, he prevailed on his mother, hesitating between affection for one child and fear of exposing to danger another, to take him with her to Paris. Travelling day and night, they performed a journey of near three hundred miles in eight-and-forty

\* It was written by Mr. Cleland.

hours. The sight of those he loved revived a little the dying youth; but the springs of life were nearly exhausted, and in a few days he expired in their arms. His mother, who had never in her life said to him, *my dear child*, who was accustomed to lavish on her sons the cares, not the words, of tenderness, was inconsolable. But she had one son left to mingle his tears with hers.

Regretting, as he never afterwards ceased to do, the guide of his early studies, the rival of his literary labours, and the last friend and companion he had received from nature, his reflections were turned to the shortness of life, the insignificance of things transitory, and the importance of that eternity which absorbs all being, and all time. Hence arose in him a most fervent devotion, which, with his gentleness and modesty, endeared him still more to a family of which he was now the only hope.

On his return to Paris, his friends offered him a Chair in the College of Beauvais; and this he accepted, as more congenial to his feelings, though less splendid in appearance, than the profession for which he had been designed. He had not been long in this situation before his poetical talents began to be distinguished. He addressed an ode to M. de Sechelles, then Comptroller-General, which the University took a pride in presenting to the Minister. This procured the University a considerable augmentation on its twenty-eighth of the revenues of the post, of which it had been the inventor. Such success encouraged our young author, whose first public attempts in poetry and eloquence were a little poem on Junonville, and an elogy on Maurice of Saxony. A Man of Letters\*, at that time rich, but who afterwards impoverished himself by his beneficence and taste for elegance, offered him a pension of fifty pounds a-year, till the rewards due to his talents should set him above the want of it. The motive of such an offer was highly gratifying to the young man, but he would not accept it without consulting his mother; who, with becoming pride, advised him to owe his living rather to his own talents than to the generosity of others. Mr. Thomas, in consequence, refused the generosity of Watelet, accepting only his friendship, which he repaid with his own. This he always retained for a man who had with such liberality sought to serve

him, without ostentation, and merely from esteem.

The Duke de Praslin, who loved literature more than Men of Letters, being at this time Minister for Foreign Affairs, offered him the confidential place of Secretary, which he accepted. Whilst in this office he composed the Eulogy of Sully. Having painted in it, with the glowing colours of indignant virtue, the depredations of Excise officers and Courtiers, the companions or accomplices of the Duke d'Epemon, he had the courage to read it to M. de Praslin, and the Minister had the good sense to applaud it: He did more; he obtained for his Secretary a permanent place, like many others useless, but serving to give a Man of Letters a title to reward from the King.

On a vacancy in the French Academy happening, the Duke de Praslin told him, that he was called to it by the public opinion, and the wishes of the judges. Having five times obtained from the Academy the Prize of Eloquence, he had some claims to a seat in it, and accepted the mediation of the Duke. His astonishment was not small when he found that he had been set on, not from friendship to himself, but from enmity to a rival. This was Mr. Marmontel, whose claims were ancient and well known. To this Gentleman, by no means ignorant of the art of pleasing the Great, was ascribed a satire, which brought on him the ill-will of some in power. A manuscript parody of a scene in *Cinna*, ridiculing some people who had powerful connections, was copied, and got into circulation. Mr. Marmontel, who was heard to repeat these verses, was suspected of being the author, though, it is said, they were composed in a Literary Society. This suspicion cost him an imprisonment in the Bastille, and the loss of the Direction of the *Mercur de France*; and was on the point of preventing him from entering the French Academy. It was remarked, with regard to Mr. Thomas, that a Secretary, who might be considered rather as a dependant on the Minister, than a Member of the Ministerial Body, could not occupy the chair of an Academician with becoming dignity, or be thus placed on a level with the Duke de Nivernois. To obviate this objection, he was appointed Secretary Interpreter for the Swiss Cantons, and thus became an independent member of the Administration. But when he found out

\* Mr. Watelet.



the purpose for which he was brought forward, he refused to be the instrument of private pique, and Mr. Marmontel was chosen. Soon perceiving that by this conduct he had forfeited the friendship of the Minister, he requested and obtained his dismissal.

Thus closed his prospects of wealth and power, leaving him nothing but his integrity, and the friendship of the Count d'Angevillers, who loved and esteemed him for his merit and virtue. This friend engaged him to compose the funeral eulogy of the Dauphin. On this eulogy the public bestowed due praise; but so little was it relished at Court, that it required all the exertions of ardent friendship to save him from the Bastille.

Without any fortune but his pension from the Court, and the trifling reward he received for his assiduous attendance at the meetings of the French Academy, of which he was now become a Member, he resided at Paris with a sister who superintended his domestic concerns. Here his incessant labours impaired his health, and his mind became incapable of supporting the labour of thinking. To remedy the relaxed state of his nerves, riding was recommended, and he bought a horse for the purpose. From the exercise he took he had begun to derive benefit, when a young man, distantly related to his family, being in distress, to relieve him he parted with what was necessary to his own health. To recover this he was at length obliged to travel to a more southern climate, and at Nice found again the free use of his faculties. Here he employed his mornings

on his poem on the Tzar, and his evenings in breathing the salutary air of the mountains. His lungs had ever been weak, and hence he was much addicted to taciturnity, particularly in his youth. His feelings were strong; and when he engaged in conversation, he was heated to a degree that his frame was unable to bear, till he became more accustomed to society.

After having spent the winter at Nice, in the spring he returned to Lyons, to reside in a house at a little distance from it on the Banks of the Rhone. Here he learnt, that a friend who was coming to visit him, Mr. Ducis, had fallen from a precipice in crossing the Alps. He immediately went to fetch him, in a proper carriage constructed for the purpose; and whilst he was rejoicing at his recovery, he learnt the death of an older friend, Mr. Barthe.

The reception which Mr. Thomas, and his friend Mr. Ducis, met with at Lyons, was extremely flattering; yet, in the midst of the pleasures and amusements he enjoyed, Death was stealing on him with hasty strides. Received as visitors at the Academy, they were both crowned with applauses; Mr. Thomas on reciting a canto of his poem on the Tzar, Mr. Ducis on reading an Epistle on Friendship. Whether the emotions he felt on the occasion were too powerful, or from whatever cause, he was two days after attacked with a violent fever, which in a fortnight carried him off. He died at the house of the Archbishop of Lyons, in the arms of his sister and his friend, and was buried in the neighbouring village of Oulins.

T. C.

#### RULES and MAXIMS for PROMOTING MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

THE likeliest way, either to obtain a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill, whom you design to make your husband. lest he should either upbraid you with it, or return it afterwards; and if you find, at any time, an inclination to play the tyrant, remember these two lines of truth and justice:

Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently  
speak'd:

Subject shall those obey, who haughty were  
obey'd.

#### BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never endeavour to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness (as some do, very foolishly, to try his temper); but treat him always before-

hand with sincerity, and afterwards with affection and respect.

Be not over-sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself felicity without alloy; for that is impossible to be attained in this present state of things. Consider, beforehand, that the person you are going to spend your days with is a man, and not an angel; and if, when you come together, you discover any thing in his humour or behaviour that is not altogether so agreeable as you expect, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good-nature.

Remember always, that whatever misfortunes may happen to either, they are not to be charged to the account of matrimony, but to the accidents and infirmities of human life; a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting.

and

and to which both parties are equally exposed. Therefore, instead of murmurs, reflections, and disagreement, whereby the weight is rendered abundantly more grievous, readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and make it easier to both.

Resolve, every morning, to be cheerful and good-natured that day: and if any accident should happen to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every-thing besides,—and especially with your husband.

Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it will; but much rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risque a quarrel, or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to know the end of.

Be assured a woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation but her husband's esteem and love; which, consequently, it is her undoubted interest by all means possible to preserve and increase.—Do you, therefore, study his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfactions with him, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost diligence conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently, with due attention, the matrimonial service; and take care,

in doing so, not to overlook the word *Obey*.

In your prayers be sure to add a clause for grace to make a good wife; and, at the same time, resolve to do your utmost endeavours towards it.

Always wear your wedding-ring, for therein lies more virtue than is usually imagined: if you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any kind against your duty, cast your eyes upon it, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at that solemn time.

Let the tenderness of your conjugal love be expressed with such decency, delicacy, and prudence, as that it may appear plainly, and thoroughly distinct from the designing fondness of a harlot.

Have you any concern for your own ease, or for your husband's esteem? then have a due regard to his income and circumstances in all your expences and desires; for, if necessity should follow, you run the greatest hazard of being deprived of both.

Let not many days pass together without a serious examination how you have behaved as a wife; and if, upon reflection, you find yourself guilty of any feibles or omissions, the best atonement is, to be exactly careful of your future conduct.

#### To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT is with pleasure I observe in your Magazine for last Month, "An Account of the Life of Mr. John Henderson," which has delineated his character with great justice and propriety.

As I was placed under the care of his father at an early period of life, I had very frequent opportunities of conversing with young Mr. Henderson; but it was not till a few years before his death that I was enabled to judge of the inestimable value of the man.

Though I was beloved and esteemed by his father (for he was paternally fond of every child placed under him), I had not the happiness of any very particular degree of intimacy with young Mr. H.; yet from what little I had, I recollect perfectly his very strong attachment to Physiognomy and the Occult Sciences. He was also, from what I could learn, intimately acquainted with the Arabic and Persian Languages. That he had several little peculiarities is well known to all who had an opportunity of conversing with him, but particularly so to his intimate friends, who might, if they thought proper, furnish you with more materials to add to the Account of his Life.—I think

I may safely venture to assure you, that he was intimate with Sir William Jones, Professor White, Miss Hannah More, and Mrs. Gunning, and that he ranked very high in their esteem; nor was he altogether unknown to Mr. Wilberforce, who, I have been informed, offered him his patronage and a living if he would reside in London.

His father was for some time one of the late Mr. Wesley's itinerant preachers in Ireland, from whence he came over to Bristol, and soon after settled at Hanham, a village about four miles from that city, where he set up a very reputable boarding-school for the instruction of youth in classical learning. A few years previous to his death he left off keeping school, and opened his house for the reception of insane persons. Louisa, the celebrated Maid of the Haystack, painted by Palmer, was one of the unhappy objects taken care of by him.—I believe the death of his favourite and only child made a deep and lasting impression on him till the time of his own death, which happened, if I am not misinformed, some time about Feb. or March last. I am, Sir, your constant Reader;

Aug. 20, 1792.

J. S.



LETTER from the COUNTESS DOWAGER of NITHSDALE\* to her Sister the COUNTESS of TRAQUAIR, giving an Account of the EARL's ESCAPE out of the TOWER in 1716.

[From Vol. I. of TRANSACTIONS of the SOCIETY of ANTIQUARIES of SCOTLAND.]

DEAR SISTER,

MY Lord's escape is now such an old story that I have almost forgotten it; but since you desire me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recal it to my memory, and be as exact in the narration as I possibly can; for I owe you too many obligations to refuse you any thing that lies in my power to do.

I think I owe myself the justice to set out with the motives which influenced me to undertake so hazardous an attempt, which I despaired of thoroughly accomplishing, foreseeing a thousand obstacles which never could be surmounted but by the most particular interposition of Divine Providence. I confided in the Almighty God, and trusted that he would not abandon me, even when all human succours failed me.

I first came to London upon hearing that my Lord was committed to the Tower. I was at the same time informed, that he had expressed the greatest anxiety to see me, having, as he afterwards told me, nobody to console him till I arrived. I rode to Newcastle, and from thence took the stage to York. When I arrived there the snow was so deep, that the stage could not set out for London. The season was so severe, and the roads so extremely bad, that the post itself was stopped: However, I took horses and rode to London through the snow, which was generally above the horse's girth, and arrived safe and sound, without any accident.

On my arrival, I went immediately to make what interest I could among those who were in place. No one gave me any hopes; but all, to the contrary, assured me, that, although some of the prisoners were to be pardoned, yet my Lord would certainly not be of the number. When I inquired into the reason of this distinction, I could obtain no other answer, than that they would not flatter me: But I soon perceived the reasons which they declined alleging to me. A Roman Catholic upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party; a man whose family had always signalized itself by its loyalty to the Royal House of Stuart,

and who was the only support of the Catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland, would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Calaverock to the very last extremity, and surrendered it up only by the express command of his Royal Master. Now having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape from their hands.

Upon this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intentions to nobody but to my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my Lord, which they refused to grant me, unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alledged for excuse, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was, not to put it out of my power to accomplish my designs: However, by bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my Lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned; after that, we were allowed for the last week to see and take our leave of them.

By the help of Evans, I had prepared every thing necessary to disguise my Lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them: However, I at length succeeded, by the help of Almighty God.

On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thursday, our petition was to be presented to the House of Lords, the purpose of which was, to interest the Lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed the day before the petition was to be presented; for the Duke of St. Alban's, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point failed in his word: However, as she was the only English Countess concerned, it was incumbent upon her to have it presented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the Duke still promised to present the petition; but for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose, to secure its being done by the one or the

\* This sensible, spirited Lady, who saved her husband's life, and preserved the family-estate for her son, was the daughter of William Marquis of Powis.

other. I then went in company of most of the Ladies of Quality who were then in town, to solicit the interest of the Lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly my Lord Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet promised to employ his interest in our favour, and honourably kept his word; for he spoke in the House very strongly in our behalf. The subject of the debate was, Whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament? And it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech that it passed in the affirmative: However, one of the Lords stood up and said, that the House would only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes; for I was assured it aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my Lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on such terms.

As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, tho' it was but trifling; for I thought, that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their goodwill and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution.

The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things in my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design of attempting my Lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her, that I had every thing in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my Lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for a Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans has

introduced me, which I look upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a very tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend her's to my Lord, that, in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my Lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment, when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the stair-case; and, in going, I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I dispatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend, on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do it, that my Lord might go out in the same manner. Her eye-brows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my Lord's were dark, and very thick: However, I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's, to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as her's; and I painted his face with white, and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my Lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, My dear Mrs. Catharine,



rine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid: she certainly cannot reflect how late it is: She forgets that I am to present a petition to-night; and if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes. Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guards wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my Lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my Lord might the better pass for the Lady who came in crying and afflicted; and the more so, because he had the same dress which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my Lord in all my petticoats excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand; and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicting tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging; and, if ever you made dispatch in your life, do it at present: I am almost distracted with this disappointment. The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the centinel should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the haste he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together;

and having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young Lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my Lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late; so that every body seemed sincerely to sympathize in my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my Lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bid my Lord a formal farewell for that night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened, to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my Lord sent for him, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs, and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my Lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was.

I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Dutchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home; and they answered, that she expected me, and had another Dutchess with her, I refused to go up stairs, as the

had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shewn into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her Grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her Grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her, that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all: However, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her Grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person.

I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me; and, as my heart was in an ecstacy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the King was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her Grace said she would go to court, to see how the news of my Lord's escape were received. When the news was brought to the King, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly dispatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another: the Duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

When I left the Duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me,

and where she proposed to acquaint me where my Lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr. Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my Lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday till Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my Lord to the Venetian Ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his Excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the Ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My Lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (which was the name of the Ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of having been concerned in my Lord's escape; but my Lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it.

For my part, I absconded to the house of a very honest man in Drury Lane, where I remained, till I were assured of my Lord's safe arrival on the continent. I then wrote to the Duchess of Buccleugh (every body thought till then that I was gone off with my Lord), to tell her, that I understood I was suspected of having contrived my Lord's escape, as was very natural to suppose; that, if I could have been happy enough to have



done it, I should be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me: but that a bare suspicion, without proof, could never be a sufficient ground for my being punished for a supposed offence, though it might be motive enough to me to provide a place of security; so I entreated her to procure leave for me to go with safety about my business. So far from granting my request, they were resolved to secure me if possible. After several debates, Mr. Solicitor General, who was an utter stranger to me, had the humanity to say, that, since I showed so much respect to Government as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any search after me: upon which it was decided, that if I remained concealed, no further search should be made; but that if I appeared either in England or Scotland, I should be secured. But that was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to expose my son to beggary. My Lord sent for me up to town in such haste, that I had no time to settle any thing before I left Scotland. I had in my hands all the family papers: I dared trust them to nobody. My house might have been searched without warning, consequently they were far from being secure there. In this distress, I had the precaution to bury them under ground; and nobody but the gardener and myself knew where they were. I did the same with other things of value. The event proved, that I had acted prudently; for, after my departure, they searched the house; and God knows what might have transpired from these papers.

All these circumstances rendered my presence absolutely necessary, otherwise they might have been lost; for, though they retained the highest preservation, after one very severe winter; for, when I took them up, they were as dry as if they came from the fire-side; yet they could not possibly have remained so much longer without prejudice. In short, as I had once exposed my life for the safety of the father, I could not do less than hazard it once more for the fortune of the son. I had never travelled on horseback but from York to London, as I told you; but the difficulties did not now arise from the severity of the season, but from the fear of being known and arrested. To avoid this, I bought three saddle-horses, and set off with my dear Evans and a very trusty servant, whom I brought with me out of Scotland. We put up at all the smallest inns on the road that could take in a few horses, and where I thought I was not known; for I was thoroughly known in

all the considerable inns on the north road. Thus I arrived safe at Traquair, where I thought myself secure; for the Lieutenant of the country being a friend of my Lord's would not permit any search to be made for me, without sending me previous notice to abscond. Here I had the assurance to rest myself for two whole days, pretending that I was going to my own house with the leave of the Government, and sent no notice to my own house, lest the Magistrates of Dumfries might make too narrow inquiries about me: so they were ignorant of my arrival in the country till I were at home, where I still feigned to have permission to remain. To carry on the deceit the better, I sent for all my neighbours, and invited them to come to my house. I took up my papers at night, and sent them off to Traquair. It was a peculiar stroke of Providence that I made the dispatch I did, for they soon suspected me; and, by a very favourable accident, one of them was overheard to say to the Magistrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would insist upon seeing my leave from Government. This was bruited about; and when I was told of it, I expressed my surprise that they had been so backward in coming to pay their respects; But, said I, better late than never: Be sure to tell them that they shall be welcome whenever they choose to come. This was after dinner; but I lost no time to put every thing in readiness, but with all possible secrecy; and the next morning before day-break I set off again for London with the same attendants; and, as before, I put up at the small inns, and arrived safe once more,

On my arrival, the report was still fresh of my journey into Scotland, in defiance of their prohibition. A Lady informed me, that the King was extremely incensed at the news; that he had issued orders to have me arrested; adding, that I did whatever I pleased, in despite of all his designs; and that I had given him more anxiety and trouble than any woman in all Europe. For which reasons, I kept myself as closely concealed as possible till the heat of these rumours had abated. In the mean while, I took the opinion of a very famous Lawyer, who was a man of the strictest probity; he advised me to go off as soon as they had ceased searching for me. I followed his advice; and about a fortnight after, I escaped without any accident whatever.

The reason he alledged for his opinion was this, That although, in other circumstances, a wife cannot be prosecuted for saving her husband; yet in cases of high treason,

treason, according to the rigour of the law, the head of a wife is responsible for that of a husband; and as the King was so highly incensed, there could be no answering for the consequences, and he therefore intreated me to leave the kingdom.

The King's repentment was greatly augmented by the petition which I had presented, contrary to his express orders; but my Lord was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would be at least serviceable to me. I was in my own mind convinced that it would answer no purpose; but, as I wished to please my Lord, I desired him to have it drawn up; and I undertook to make it come to the King's hand, notwithstanding all the precautions he had taken to avoid it. So the first day I heard that the King was to go to the Drawing-room, I dressed myself in black, as if I had been in mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower); because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mistaken some other person for him. She staid by me, and told me when he was coming. I had also another Lady with me; and we three remained in a room between the King's apartments and the drawing-room; so that he was obliged to go through it: And, as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet, and told him in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But, perceiving that he wanted to go off without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands; but I kept such strong hold, that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the Drawing-room. At last one of the Blue Ribbons who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, whilst another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away through grief and disappointment.

One of the Gentlemen in waiting picked up the petition; and as I knew that it ought to have been given to the Lord of the Bedchamber who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and entreated him to do me the favour to read the petition which I had had the honour to present to his Majesty. Fortunately for me, it happened to

be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the Drawing-room, and delivered him the letter, which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the Prince; but as soon as ever the game was over he read it, and behaved, as I afterwards learned, with the warmest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the anti-chamber, and wanted to speak to me. But I made him a sign not to come near me, lest his acquaintance might thwart my designs. They read over the petition several times, but without any success; but it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening; and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad, not much to the honour of the King. Many people reflected, that they had themselves presented petitions to the late King, and that he had never rejected any, even from the most indigent objects; but that this behaviour to a person of my quality was a strong instance of brutality.

These reflections, which circulated about, raised the King to the highest pitch of hatred and indignation against my person, as he has since allowed: For, when all the Ladies, whose husbands had been concerned in the affair, presented their petition for dower, mine was presented among the rest; but the King said I was not entitled to the same privilege; and, in fact, I was excluded; and it was remarkable, that he would never suffer my name to be mentioned. For these reasons, every body judged it prudent for me to leave the kingdom; for, so long as this hatred of the King subsisted, it was not probable that I could escape from falling into his hands. I accordingly went abroad.

This is the full narrative of what you desired, and of all the transactions which passed relative to this affair. Nobody living, besides yourself, could have obtained it from me; but the obligations I owe you, throw me under the necessity of refusing you nothing that lies in my power to do.

As this is for yourself alone, your indulgence will excuse all the faults which must occur in this long recital. The truth you may depend upon. Attend to that, and overlook all deficiencies.

My Lord desires you to be assured of his sincere friendship.—I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, your's most affectionately,

(Signed)

WINEFRED NITHSDALE.



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

## NUMBER XXXV.

## ANECDOTES of ILLUSTRIOUS and EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,

PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES !

HAMLET.

[ Continued from Page 19. ]

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

THIS great man was occasionally so *farouche*, that when the famous Baron d'Oibach (at whose table he often dined at Paris, with the Wits and Literati of that metropolis), on observing that he ate of a particular dish with peculiar relish, sent him, a few days afterwards, to his lodgings, the same dish, he was extremely angry, and returned it back again with great disdain, and would never afterwards go to the Baron's house. He imagined that all the modern Philosophers, as he called them, and indeed as they called themselves, such as Diderot, d'Alembert, &c. were in a league against him; and when a common friend shewed him the beautiful poem of the "Dying Negro," which was dedicated to him by its ingenious author, who was then a very young man, he said, "If this young man becomes acquainted with the Philosophers, they will make him hate me." Rousseau is most certainly one of the most eloquent writers in any language, and what he can mean by telling us, that when he sat down to write his ideas were cold and inanimate, in comparison of those that had passed in his mind whilst he was riding or walking, we cannot well explain. His character appears in many instances to resemble that of Cardan, the Milanese Philosopher. They were both men of ardent imaginations, and both wrote their Confessions. Cardan enters into the minutæ of his own character with great openness and sincerity, and tells several things that he might as well have kept to himself. Rousseau is more blameable in this respect. St. Augustin wrote his Confessions, as well as these two men of genius, but with more *retenue* than they did. It was finely said by Rousseau, on his first seeing the streets of London, and observing that there were *trottoirs* or footways, "Je vois qu'ici on respecte le peuple." Two Jesuits waited one day upon Rousseau, to let them into the secret he had of being always so eloquent. "I have only one secret, my reverend Fathers," replied he, "but I fear it is not

in practice amongst the persons of your Order, and that is, always to say what I think."

Some one was observing before Rousseau, that man was naturally wicked,—“ Say the aggregate, Sir, if you please, and not the individual; Les hommes sont mechans, homme est bon.” Rousseau had no particular reason to speak well of Voltaire, as he was always endeavouring to ridicule him. When some one was abusing Voltaire for some of his impertinent and feeble writings, Rousseau very magnanimously replied, “ Voltaire has taught mankind so many useful truths, that they are bound to throw a veil over his defects.”

The following Letter of Rousseau to the celebrated Linnæus, has never yet appeared in any edition of his works.

A Monsieur Monsieur DE LINNÉ, Chevalier de l'Etoile Polaire, &c. à Upsal.

A Paris, le 21 7bre, 1771.

RECEVEZ avec bonté, Monsieur, l'hommage d'un très ignare mais très zélé disciple de vos disciples, qui doit en grande partie à la méditation de vos écrits la tranquillité dont il jouit, au milieu d'une persécution d'autant plus cruelle qu'elle est plus cachée, et qu'elle couvre de sa queue de la bienveillance et de l'amitié la plus terrible haine que l'enfer excite jamais. Seul avec la nature et vous, je passe dans mes promenades champêtres des heures délicieuses, et je tire un profit plus réel de votre *Philosophia Botanica* que de tous les livres de morale. J'apprends avec joye que je ne vous suis pas tout à fait inconnu, et que vous voulez bien même me destiner quelques unes de vos productions. Soyez persuadé, Monsieur, qu'elles feront ma lecture chérie et que ce plaisir deviendra plus vif encore par celui de les tenir de vous. J'amuse ma vieille enfance à faire une petite collection de fruits et de graines. Si parmi vos trésors en ce genre il se trouvoit quelques rebuts dont vous voulussiez faire un heureux, daignez songer à moi; je les recevrais, Monsieur, avec une reconnoissance, seu

retour

retour que je puisse vous offrir, mais que le cœur dont elle part ne soit pas indigne de vous. Adieu, Monsieur, continuez d'ouvrir et interpréter aux hommes le livre de la Nature; pour moi, content d'en déchiffrer quelques mots à votre suite dans le feuillet du regne végétal, je vous lis, je vous étudie, je vous médite, je vous honore, et vous aime de tout mon cœur.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

(Cachet)

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

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#### PROPERTIA DA ROSSI.

It seems reserved to our times that a Lady of rank, and of great elegance of person and of manners, should handle the chissel with the fire and delicacy of Praxiteles and Puget, for the amusement of herself and the admiration of others.—Propertia da Rossi, a female of Bologna, of no very high birth, handled the chissel as a professional Artist for emolument, and was no less successful in her efforts. In the Pontificate of Clement the Seventh, she made several statues for the *façade* of San Petronio, at Bologna. She was besides a good Painter, and an excellent Engraver. Propertia became enamoured of a young Artist, who did not make a suitable return to her love. This disappointment threw her into a lingering disorder, which brought her to the grave. Her last work was a Basso Relievo, representing the History of Joseph and Potiphar's Wife. Her cruel lover was represented as Joseph, herself as the Egyptian Queen. It is said to be her best work, and was really worked *con amore*. Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters does not mention this extraordinary person. The account here given is taken from that excellent and useful book, "The Dictionnaire Historique," 9 Volumes, 8vo. Caen, 1789;—a book in which every curious particular relative to Biography and History is to be found, and which was first recommended to the writer by the late ingenious and learned Dr. Adam Smith.

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#### SALVATOR ROSA.

This great Artist is well known as a Painter of Landscapes and of History. He was besides a Painter of Satirical Pictures. One of them, upon the Court of Rome, is at the Duke of Beaufort's princely seat at Badminton. It represents an Ass covered with the Papal Pallium, or Pall, to which the different nations of

Europe are paying homage under the figures of different animals, as a Cock for France, a Hog for Germany, &c. For painting this picture he was obliged to fly from Rome. His Satires in verse upon the Corruptions of the Court of Rome in his time, are in every one's hands. Under his own portrait Salvator wrote these lines:

Ingenuus, liber, pictor, servator & æqui  
Spretor opum mortisque. Hic meus est  
genius.

Salvator Rosa was a Neopolitan Lazarene, and was concerned in the riots in that city under Massaniello. At Mr. Bromley's, at Abberley in Worcester-shire, there is a portrait by Salvator of this illustrious rebel, as a fisherman, with a large fish in his hand. It is painted with great force, and represents Massaniello as a man of a very determined countenance. It is a pity that no good engraving has been made from it. It would make a most excellent mezzotint, from the force of light and shade with which it is painted.

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#### BUCHANAN.

The following curious account is taken from the thirteenth book of the Scotch History of that learned and elegant writer.

"About this time, 1500, a new kind of *monster* was born in Scotland. In the lower part of its body it resembled a male child, nothing differing from the ordinary shape of a human body, but above the navel, the trunk of the body, and all the other members, were double, representing both sexes, male and female. The King (James the Fourth) gave special order for its careful education, *especially in music*; in which it arrived to an *admirable* degree of skill; and moreover it learned several tongues; and sometimes the *two* bodies did discover several appetites *disagreeing* one with another, and so they would quarrel, one *liking* this, the other that; and yet sometimes again they would *agree*; and consult as it were in common for the good of *both*. This was also memorable in it, that when the legs or loins were hurt *below*, both bodies were sensible of this pain in common, but when it was pricked, or otherwise hurt *below*, the sense of the pain did affect *one* body only; which difference was also more conspicuous at its death, for one of the bodies died many days *before* the other, and that which survived, being half purified, pined away by degrees. This monster lived twenty-eight years, and then died. I am  
the



the more confident," adds the Historian, "in relating this story, because there are many honest and credible persons yet *alive*, who saw this prodigy *with their own eyes*."

A very ingenious Surgeon, lately arrived from the East Indies, says, that he left alive in Bengal, some years ago, a boy of eleven years of age with *two heads*, the one joined to the crown of the other, with a part of the neck appended to it, having the appearance of having been decollated. When this Gentleman left the East Indies, the boy was in perfect health.

James the Fourth of Scotland, in whose reign this monster was born, according to Tassoni in his "Pensieri Diversi," was the author and inventor of a plaintive and melancholy music, cultivated with so much success since his time by his ingenious and acute countrymen. Buchanan says of this Prince, that, amongst his other qualifications, "he greedily imbibed one ancient *custom* of the nation, for he was skilful in *curing wounds*. For," adds he, "in old times that kind of knowledge was *common to all the Nobility*, as men continually accustomed to arms." It seems indeed but just, that those persons, who were in general the cause of wars, should be able to remedy and alleviate some of the ills which they had occasioned, and that according to Ovid—

"Una manus vulnus opemque ferat."

#### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The following copy of verses, written by this beautiful and unfortunate Princess during her confinement in Fotheringay Castle, is for the first time presented to the public by the kindness of a very eminent and liberal Collector.

Que suis je hélas ? Et de quoi fert la vie ?  
 J'en suis fors qu'un corps privé de cœur ;  
 Un ombre vayne, un objet de malheur,  
 Qui n'a plus rien que de mourir en vie.  
 Plus neme portez, O enemys, d'envie,  
 Qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur :  
 J'ai consumme d'excessive douleur,  
 Voltre ire en bref de voir assouvie.  
 Et vous anys que n'avez tenu chere,  
 Souvenez-vous que sans cœur, & sans  
 fantey,  
 Je ne scaurois auqun bon œuvre faire.  
 Souhайтеz donc fin de calamitey,  
 Et que *sus bas* etant assez punie,  
 J'aie ma part en la joie infinie.

The verses are written on a sheet of paper by Mary herself, in a large rambling hand. The following literal translation of them was made by a countrywoman of

Mary's, a Lady who, in elegance of person and of mind, is by no means inferior to that accomplished and unfortunate Princess.

Alas, what am I ? and in what estate ?

A wretched cors, bereaved of its heart ;

An empty *shadow*, lost, unfortunate ;

To die is now in life my only part.

Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest,

In me no taste for grandeur now is found :

Consum'd by grief, with heavy ills oppress'd,

Your wishes and desires will soon be crown'd.

And you, my friends, who still have held me dear,

Bethink you, that when health and heart

And ev'ry hope of future good is dead,

'Tis time to wish our sorrows ended here ;  
 And that this punishment on Earth is given,

That my pure soul may rise to endless bliss in Heaven.

In her way to Fotheringay Castle, Mary stopped a few hours at Buxton, and with her diamond ring she wrote on a pane of glass at the Inn of that place—

Buxtona, quæ tepidæ celebrabere numina  
 lymphæ,

Buxtona, fortè iterum non adeunda, vale !

Uncertain in the womb of Fate

What ills on wretched Mary wait !

Buxton, my tribute (whilst I may)

To thy fam'd tepid fount I pay ;

That fount; the cure of ills and pain,

Which I shall never see again.

In the State Paper Office there are many curious papers and memorials in MS. relative to this unfortunate Queen, which well deserve to be published; and indeed; from that wonderful and exquisite repository of papers, what illustrations might occasionally be thrown upon some of the most important parts of the History of England, and what a useful and entertaining work might be compiled upon that plan; a work which, in certain hands, would do honour to the country, as well as to the author of it. It is a work that would not tie down its author to any fixed or regular plan; he might take up any part of our History, or any period of it, as he pleased; he might confine himself merely to those parts that were the most capable of illustration and of receiving new information ;

Et quæ desperat tractata nitescere possit  
 relinquat.

Many curious MS. papers relative to Mary Queen of Scots are to be met with in the Library of the Scots College at Paris. The last time David Hume was in that city, the learned and excellent Principal of the College shewed them to him, and asked him, why he had pretended to write her History in an unfavourable manner without consulting them? David, on being told this, looked over some letters that the Principal put into his hands, and though not much used to the melting mood, burst into tears. Had Mary written the Memoirs of her own life, how interesting must they have been; a Queen, a Beauty, a Wit, a Scholar, in distress, must have laid hold of the heart of every reader; and there is all the reason in the world to suppose, that she would have been candid and impartial. Mary, indeed, completely contradicted the observation made by the learned Selden in his Table-talk, "that men are not troubled to hear men dispraised, because they know that though one be naught, there is still worth in others; but *women* are mightily troubled to hear any of themselves spoken against, as if the sex itself were guilty of some unworthiness:" for when one of the Cecil family, Minister to Scotland from England in Mary's reign, was speaking of the *wisdom* of his Sovereign Queen Elizabeth, Mary stopt him short by saying, "Seigneur Chevalier, ne me parlez jamais de la sagesse d'une femme; je connois bien mon sexe; la plus sage de nous toutes n'est qu'un peu moins sotte que les autres."—The pictures in general supposed to be those of this unfortunate Princess, differ very much from one another, and all of them from the gold medal struck of her and her husband Francis the Second at Paris, and which is now in Dr. Hunter's Museum in Windmill-street, London. This medal represents her as having a turned-up nose. Mary, however, was so graceful in her figure, that when at one of the Processions of the Host at Paris, she was carrying the wafer in the pix, a woman burst through the crowd to touch her, to convince herself that she was not an Angel.

Mary was so learned, that at the age of fifteen years she pronounced a Latin Oration of her own composition before the whole Court of France at the Louvre.

A very curious account of her execution was published in France soon after that event, and it appears by that, that on her body's falling after decapitation, her favourite spaniel jumped out of her clothes. Immediately before her execution the re-

peated the following Latin prayer, composed by herself; which has lately been set to a very solemn and affecting Glee for three voices, by the ingenious Dr. HARRINGTON, of Bath\*:

O Domine Deus, speravi in te!  
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me!  
In durâ catenâ, in miserâ poenâ, desidero te!

Languendo, gemendo, & genuflectendo,  
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me!

It may be thus paraphrased:

In this last solemn and tremendous hour,  
My Lord, my Saviour, I invoke thy  
power;

In these sad pangs of anguish and of death,  
Receive, O Lord, thy suppliant's parting  
breath!

Before thy hallow'd cross she prostrate lies,  
O hear her prayers, commiserate her sighs;  
Extend thy arms of mercy and of love,  
And bear her to thy peaceful realms  
above.

Mary was buried in Peterborough Cathedral, before a very fine Gothic tomb, which has been, without any foundation, supposed to be that of this Princess. It has been lately restored, with very great taste and judgment, from a design made by Mr. Carter, that ingenious Gothic Draftsman, whose drawings from Lord Orford's celebrated Romance of the "Castle of Otranto," have given so much pleasure at some of the late Exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

Buchanan dedicated his Latin Translation of the Psalms to Queen Mary. The concluding lines of his Translation are—

Non tamen ausus eram, malè natum exponere fœtum,  
Ne mihi displiceant, quæ placere, tibi,  
Nam quod ab ingenio Domini sperare nequibunt,

Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.

They were thus altered by Bishop Atterbury the night before he died, and were sent by him to the late Lord Marshal Keith.

At si culta parum, si sint incondita,  
Nostri

Scilicet ingenii est, non ea culpa soli  
Possit etiam hic nosci quæ sunt pulcherrima  
spondet,

Ex vultu & genio Scotica terra tuo.

If these rude barb'rous lines their author  
shame,

His muse and not his country is to blame;  
That excellence e'en Scotland can bestow,  
We from thy genius and thy beauty  
know.

\* And which the reader will find inserted at the end of our Poetical Department.



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

A N D

L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L ,

F o r A U G U S T 1792.

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

The History of Political Transactions and of Parties, from the Restoration of King Charles the Second to the Death of King William. By Thomas Somerville, D. D. 4to. 11. 1s. Strahan and Cadell. 1792.

**H**ISTORY, among the Moderns, was long little else than a dry and tedious chronicle of events. In our country Hume and Robertson had the merit of blending political researches and philosophical reflections with a judicious selection of facts. Succeeding historians, by treading in their steps, have justly risen to fame. Ancient records and documents have been searched with care, and many curious circumstances have been brought to light. From materials dug out of the ruins of former times, monuments of human genius and industry have been erected, which promise to stand the test of ages.

Two important æras in the annals of Britain have attracted the attention of our historians. Robertson's History of Scotland, from the commencement of Mary's reign to her son's accession to the throne of England, has drawn upon him many formidable antagonists, and occasioned an accurate investigation of the principal occurrences in both kingdoms during that dark period. The publication of private correspondence and State papers, by Sir J. Dalrymple and Mr. Macpherson, has disclosed a new view of our history from the restoration of King Charles the Second to the death of Queen Anne. Of these two periods the latter is the most interesting, not only as coming nearer to our own times, but as producing a memorable revolution in the government and laws of Britain. The Authors, however, who have professedly written upon it, and whose industry has discovered so many useful materials, by dwelling chiefly on naval and military affairs, parliamentary debates, and the cabals of faction, and by pushing political enquiries no farther than was barely neces-

sary to illustrate public transactions, have not availed themselves so fully as they might have done of the information which they obtained: they have seen some objects with a partial eye, and have, in a great measure, overlooked one of the most prominent features in the history of the times. The origin of a stated opposition to the court, is nowhere accurately marked; and the progress of it is nowhere distinctly detailed. The measures which individuals pursued in the cabinet, in the senate, in intrigues, and in negotiations, are not always accounted for in a rational and satisfactory manner; nor are sufficient motives assigned for their various inconsistencies, and frequent change of political principles. Justly as these gentlemen are intitled to praise for opening up a new field in the province of history, they have not so wholly occupied it as to exclude the labours of others, nor brought it to such a high state of cultivation as to admit of no farther improvement.

It may be also remarked, that although we have general histories of various periods, comprehending transactions of every denomination, and particular histories limited to one class of transactions, such as Military Memoirs, a Naval, and even a Parliamentary History, &c. yet an account of transactions wholly political, in an historical form, has never hitherto been attempted in Britain. The Author of the work before us has, therefore, the merit of being the first who entered into this untried path, as well as of selecting a period for the subject of his investigation, which cannot fail to attract public attention.

In the Introduction he observes, that

political causes contributed more than any other to the accomplishment and stability of the Revolution—that they may be rendered more instructive and interesting by being placed in a detached view; and that he relates coincident events, principally to explain and illustrate them. And he proposes to review the two preceding reigns, in order to give a true account of such transactions during the reign of William.

Agreeably to this plan, he begins with a summary abridgement of events, from the beginning of the reign of Charles the Second to the defection of Shaftesbury from the Cabal, and his systematic opposition in Parliament to the favourite measures of the King. The character of that versatile statesman is well drawn, and happily illustrated in the sequel. At this noted epoch the history dilates; and, in proportion as political transactions thicken and become more important, the detail and investigation of them are judiciously extended. The Second Chapter brings down the narrative to the conclusion of the second Parliament of Charles, remarkable for having completed its eighteenth session. The character of this Parliament is delineated with fidelity and temper, but is too long for insertion. In Chapter the Third the history is continued to the year 1681, when the fifth Parliament, which met at Oxford, was dissolved: and Chapter the Fourth contains reflections on the causes which, in the course of twenty years, changed the temper of the nation from loyalty to disaffection. Six causes are enumerated and illustrated, always with ingenuity, sometimes with eloquence, and generally with shrewdness and judgment. They are,—First, The oppressive government of Scotland.—Secondly, Licentiousness in conversation and writing, which our Author resolves into freedom of speech, the liberty of the press, and the institution of clubs.—Thirdly, The dependent state of the crown, especially in respect of revenue.—Fourthly, The instability of the King, and the opposite principles, and consequent disunion of his Ministers.—Fifthly, The abilities and influence of persons engaged in opposition from principle and interested motives.—And, Sixthly, The intrigues of France. Under the first of these causes the reader will find a note on the different effects of the Restoration on England and Scotland, which deserves his attentive perusal.

During this period, from the extinction of the Cabal to the demise of Parliaments, the Test Act, the Popish Plot, and the Bill of Exclusion, occupy a distinguished place. Over each of them hangs more or less a veil of mystery, which no research has hitherto been able completely to remove. Dr. S. pretends not to offer anything new on these controverted subjects: but his reflections on them evince the liberality of his religious principles, do no discredit to his feelings as a man, and are not unfavourable specimens of his talent for composition. Speaking of the Test Act, Chapter First, he says,

“It is a curious and memorable circumstance, that an act, which shut the door of preferment against the Protestant Dissenters, and doomed them to the same political incapacity with Roman Catholics, not only passed without any opposition from the former; but, that it was promoted by the most respectable leaders of their party.

“This concession of the Protestant Dissenters has been often applauded by their friends, as a singular example of prudence and generosity; because they sacrificed their rights and resentments to the dread of impending popery, and the security of the reformed religion. Their conduct upon this occasion, whether examined by the rules of probity, or the dictates of enlightened charity, will be found deserving of explicit and marked expressions of condemnation. Professing to guard against Popery, did not the Dissenters act under the influence of its worst principles? Did they not abandon their rights as men and as Christians? rights, the renunciation of which, for a single day, no fear of danger, nor prospect of future peace, can justify, at the tribunal of conscience.

“The event of Providence has instructed us, by this and every similar experiment, to reprobate the imprudence as well as the immorality of that maxim, That it is lawful to do evil, when good may be obtained by it. A Bill brought in for the relief of the Protestant Dissenters, as the reward of their consent to the Test Act, was defeated by the disagreement of the two Houses, and the adjournment of Parliament. And thus, the temporizing spirit of the Dissenters has transmitted bondage to their posterity, which the liberality of the age in which we live never could have imposed; but from which even that liberality is not adequate to emancipate them, while it is counteracted by religious bigotry, and the timid policy of those who displease the favours of Government.”

From



From the concluding clause our Author seems to be no enthusiastic admirer of Ministers who favour the continuance of the Test Act.

Concerning the Popish Plot he observes,

“Every passion in excess invades the province of the understanding, and has an immediate tendency to mislead opinion, and pervert judgment. But there occurs not, in the annals of any nation, a more striking example of the influence of terror, in supplying the most palpable deficiency of evidence, and overpowering the dictates of humanity, than the precipitancy and the violence with which all parties in England entered into the measures we are now going to recite. An account of a plot to assassinate the King, and to introduce the Roman Catholic religion, though bearing in the face of its circumstances the most improbable and contradictory, and attested by men of the most profligate character, obtained universal credit, and roused a spirit of fury and implacable vengeance against all who were suspected of favouring that religion.”

And, after briefly stating the unwarrantable procedure of both Houses against such as fell under their suspicion, he adds,

\* “The existence of a Popish Plot certainly appears questionable, when the following considerations are attended to :

“1st, The infamous character of the witnesses, the inconsistency and contradiction of the facts alledged, and the notorious perjury detected in the course of the evidence. See North's Examen, p. 176 9.—Somers' Col. vol. vii. p. 361. 405.—Life of James, 1677, 21. 83.—Salmon's Modern Hist. vol. xxiii.—Life of the Duke of Ormond, vol. ii. p. 513.—Burnet, 1698.

“2dly, The plot often changed its shape. The account given of it in the Parliament was different from that which had been delivered to the Privy Council, and the evidence adduced in the trial of individuals before the judges differed from both. Somers' Col. vol. i. p. 44. Some of the votes of Parliament, particularly that which related to the innocence of the Queen, involved the perjury of Oates and Bedloe. Journ. Com. passim.

“3dly, The vehement and invariable protestations of innocence made by all who suffered on account of the plot, is a circumstance entitled to great weight, when connected with the above observations. Nor will the universal credit given to the rumour of the plot, and the zeal with which it was prosecuted, appear unaccountable, when the peculiar circumstances of the times are attentively considered,

“1st, The deep horror of the people of England at popery, awakened and heightened by the Duke of York's conversion to that religion, prepared them to listen with devouring credulity to every tale of danger arising from that source. The discovery of the correspondence of Charles with France, and his attachment to her interest, always combined with the introduction of popery and the ruin of England, raised the credit of the witnesses to a pitch to which it could not have attained at any other period; established an imaginary connection of facts, which supplied the want of direct proof, and set aside many strong and suspicious circumstances. Thus the paragraphs in Coleman's Letters, which referred to the secret league between Charles and the Court of France, appeared to persons who were ignorant of that league, to carry undoubted evidence of the existence of the plot. See Sec. Hist. of Europe, vol. i. p. 231.

“2dly, The resentment and the diligence of the leaders of faction, and particularly the

“The direful effects of these measures it is painful to recollect. Allured by the prospect of consequence and of reward, informers crowded from every quarter; judges and juries, infected with the predominant credulity and panic of the nation, admitted guilt, and shed the blood of their fellow-citizens, upon evidence which, in a more dispassionate period, would not have been deemed sufficient to justify any sentence affecting property or character in the most trifling degree. The great body of the people, agitated by terror, and duped by an implicit confidence in their factious leaders, delighted for a season in sanguinary and oppressive deeds. Real dangers may excite imaginary and exaggerated fears: imaginary and exaggerated fears may be pleaded as an apology for rash and extreme severity; but the man of sensibility will recoil with horror from scenes which exhibit the most desperate outrage of bigotry, and the most distorted features of human nature. The patriot who feels for the honour of his country, will wish that transactions, which imprint an indelible stain upon the wisdom and integrity of his ancestors, were erased from the page of history\*.”

The arguments for and against the Exclusion Bill, with which Chapter V. is chiefly

chiefly occupied, are so happily compressed, that though they exceed the compass of an ordinary extract, we will not deny our readers the pleasure of perusing those in favour of one side of the question, assuring them, at the same time, that equal justice is done to those in favour of the other side, and that our only reason for selecting the arguments for the Exclusion is, their taking up less room.—

“ On the one side it was pleaded, that dangers extreme and unprecedented called for new and extraordinary measures of defence. Was it possible that any man could be so blind as not to apprehend the utmost danger to liberty and to the Protestant religion, from the succession of a Prince devoted to the faith and the Court of Rome? Nothing but an overgrown pitch of zeal and of bigotry could account for the temerity of the Duke of York, in venturing to make an open profession of this religion at so critical a conjuncture, and at the hazard of being hereafter excluded from the succession to the crown. What activity might not be expected from such zeal, and what success might not activity armed with power be able to achieve? What was to be expected, but that the Royal favours would be regulated and dispensed by the dictates of a

misguided conscience; and that the bench, the navy, and the army, would be quickly filled with proselytes to the Roman Catholic faith; nor would the members of the ecclesiastical establishment remain uncontaminated. If those who held the most dignified offices in the church were little alarmed about the fate of their religion; if they were more than other men obsequious to the will of the Court; if they had hitherto afforded the most steady support to the interest of the Duke of York; was it not a melancholy preface of a compliance, which might one day surrender the essential rights and privileges of the Protestant Church?—Nor was it to be doubted, but that under the auspices of a Roman Catholic Prince, new members would obtrude into the sacred function, with the treacherous purpose of subverting that very interest which they solemnly engaged to protect. Under a Popish Prince, his favourite religion must every day be gaining ground. Both ancient and modern history exhibited sufficient examples to prove, that the religion of the Prince soon became the religion of the People. In the short period of the reign of Julian, the churches were demolished, the temples arose with renewed splendour, and were replenished with images; Christianity declined apace, and the darkness of idolatry

the uncommon talents and the indefatigable industry of Shaftesbury, were employed, if not in the first instance, to fabricate evidence in support of the existence of the plot; yet, undoubtedly, to improve every rumour and external event to the greatest advantage, by cherishing the credulity and exciting the terror of the nation. See Shaftesbury's Trial, State Trials, vol. iii. Copies of Oates's Narrative were circulated through the nation: Every new discovery was dispatched with incredible expedition, and with circumstances of aggravated horror, to the remotest parts of the country. The calamities of nature and of accident, as they best suited their purpose, were interpreted, either as providential warnings of national danger, or as the effects of the malignancy of the Roman Catholics, connected with the plan of extirpating the Protestants. Journ. Com. 26th April 1679.

“ 3dly, The pusillanimity of the King, and the dishonest policy of his Ministers, co-operated with the schemes and the labours of those whose interest it was to establish the belief of the plot. Life of James, 1680.

“ 4thly, The invitations, pardons, and rewards, held forth to informers and witnesses, produced such an accumulation of evidence, that it was no wonder if somewhat was culled from it that was specious and imposing.

“ 5thly, The violence and partiality of the judges, particularly of chief justice Scroggs, not only dispensed with the most essential qualities of evidence, but trampled upon the principles of justice, and thus gave a sanction to that latitude which the prejudice of every man led him to adopt, in the interpretation of proofs adduced in support of the reality of the plot.

“ 6thly, The discovery of Coleman's correspondence, and the expressions in some of his letters, though no proof of the identical plot discovered by Oates, nor involving the privacy of others, yet manifested so much of that spirit of restless intrigue and violent bigotry which characterise the Roman Catholic religion, that they may be easily supposed to have produced a mighty influence in raising an alarm, and fully convincing those who were alarmed. L'Estrange. North's Examen, p. 123 and 169.—Somers' Col. vii. p. 262.—Welwood, p. 123.”



again overshadowed the nations. While the Roman Empire was agitated by the Trinitarian controversy, with what strange flexibility did multitudes, in obedience to the Imperial Edicts, turn from Athanasianism to Arianism, and from Arianism to Athanasianism? More recent and domestic examples led to the same conclusions.— Upon the succession of Queen Mary, bishops, privy councillors, and many of every rank, avowed her religion, who had passed for found protestants in the reign of Edward the Sixth. Upon the death of Mary, and the accession of a Protestant Princess, an inverted revolution of religious sentiments took place.

“ New converts to every religion have always been found most eager and most industrious to propagate their favourite opinions. Where a Prince had imbibed the principles of the Roman religion from the prejudices of an early education, natural mildness of temper might perchance check its violent and intolerant spirit; various occupations and amusements might divert the mind from yielding to the peculiar tendencies of the faith with which it was impressed. But when a person born a Protestant had voluntarily made choice of the Roman religion, was not this a certain indication of a temper congenial with its spirit? What was to be expected, but that such a one would entirely surrender his mind to every impression and to every tendency it was formed to produce; and, as far as his influence extended, advance them with implicit zeal?

“ It was impossible, it was argued, that any expedients devised by human wisdom could guard against such manifold and such pressing dangers. Like the cords of the Philistines, quickly broken by the returning strength of the Jewish champion, all limitations and restrictions, whatever might be expected from them at a distance, would disappear at the touch of the Royal scepter; nor could the most solemn promises and asseverations be relied upon, when pronounced by the same lips, and subscribed by the same hand, which assigned to the supreme head of the church the power of dispensing with moral obligation; and even held it a meritorious deed to break faith with heretics. Whatever obedience the Prince exacted from his own subjects, he would think himself bound to yield to the spiritual sovereign, to whom he had voluntarily devoted himself. The temper, the dispositions, and the wisdom of the Prince, however superior they might be, could be of no avail to his subjects. The Pope, the sove-

reign of the sovereign, would rule with absolute sway in the councils of the English Cabinet.

“ There was no occasion to resort to foreign history for examples of the melancholy effects of superstitious tyranny upon the minds of its Royal votaries. In the annals of the British story, there is not an example of conduct more disgraceful to royalty than that of Queen Mary to the men of Suffolk. Did not she solemnly promise, that they should enjoy the free exercise of their religion? They too easily believed her, and became the chief instruments of seating her upon the throne. Faith and gratitude were violated: the pangs of remorse and the struggles of honour were extinguished by the stern dictates of priestly authority; and the first exertions of her power were displayed, by consigning to the flames the very men who had conferred it. The Gunpowder Plot, the massacres in Paris and in Ireland, were tremendous evidences of a spirit of violence, which no ties, neither sacred nor civil, were sufficient to fetter or to tame.

“ Precedents of law were not wanting to justify a measure recommended by reason, necessity, and fear. The right of Henry the Fourth was entirely founded upon an Act of Parliament: the right of Henry the Seventh was also established by an Act of Parliament: and did not his son Henry the Eighth virtually acknowledge, that the power of altering the succession was vested in Parliament, when he applied for a statute as often as his fickle affections led him to change the succession of the crown? In the first year of Queen Elizabeth, Parliament recognized her title. Did they not repeatedly extend their authority to the future succession, by enacting, that whosoever should claim their title to the crown during the life of Elizabeth, should be rendered incapable of succeeding to it?”

The following character of Charles may not be unacceptable:

“ It is not to be denied that nature had furnished the mind of this prince with a more than common share of genius and taste. Affability, sprightliness, wit, and good breeding, conveyed an amiable view of his character to those who surrendered judgment to the sudden and transient impressions of conversation and external manners.

“ Tried by that system which ascribes transcendent merit to the Graces, few Royal characters appear more deserving of applause and admiration: few will stand lower in the decision of those who hold moral accomplishments to be the most essential ornaments

of character, and the only genuine basis of esteem and praise.

“ Without any sense of religious principle, ungrateful to his own friends, and the friends of his father; timid and fluctuating in his councils; destitute of all pretensions to patriotism; ever ready to sacrifice the interest and glory of his country to the gratification of his pleasures, and the supply of his wants; what remains to claim the approbation, or restrain the severest reproach, of impartial posterity?

“ The satisfaction which Charles enjoyed in the latter period of his reign, on account of his triumph over the whig party, must have been greatly diminished, by the personal mortifications he incurred, from the insolence and the treachery of France. How painful must it have been, to discover that Lewis had been intriguing with those very persons in England, whom he had considered as enemies to his own government, and to the interest of France! Nay, so little respect did Lewis show either to the honour or the domestic tranquillity of Charles, that he was accessory to a design of exposing him to the contempt of his subjects, and of all Europe, by a publication of the secret treaties by which Charles, to his disgrace, had con-

nected himself with the Court of France.— The encroachments which the French King made upon Flanders, were a mockery of the engagements into which he had entered with Charles by the last money treaty. His invasion of the principality of Orange was an insult to the Royal Family of England. A circumstance which, we may believe, made a deeper impression upon the mind of Charles, was the withholding the pension promised to him, for remaining an indifferent spectator of such outrageous usurpations, at a time when he was reduced to the utmost distress on account of his contracted and embarrassed revenue. Thus, like the unhappy female, who has fallen a prey to the snares of the licentious seducer, robbed of her innocence, and cheated of the reward of her prostitution, consigned to infamy and to poverty, Charles, if any spark of sensibility remained, must have been torn with all those pangs of remorse and of shame, which result from the consciousness of the basest iniquity, and most egregious folly.”

All who are acquainted with the character of this facetious monarch, will smile at the comparison between him and a prostitute.

( *To be continued.* )

Caernarvonshire. A Sketch of its History, Antiquities, Mountains, and Productions. Intended as a Pocket Companion to those who make the Tour of that Country. 12mo. Debrett. 1792. 2s. 6d.

**T**HIS is one of those useful Vade Mecums which travellers through so pleasant a country as Caernarvonshire have long wanted. It contains an account of every thing which deserves notice in a tour which exhibits various beauties of art and nature, equal to anything other nations have to produce, and which ought to be known to our own

countrymen before they set out in quest of foreign wonders. We give our approbation of this work, however, more from the design than the execution. It might have been made more entertaining and instructive than at present we can allow it to be. It is indeed too slight and superficial.

Poems, by Charles James. Royal Octavo. Price One Guinea. Debrett.

**T**HIS very elegant volume recommends itself to the public attention and favour, not only by the beautiful manner in which it is printed, and the engravings with which it is decorated, but by the merit of the various poetry which it contains.

Mr. James introduces his work with a well-written preface, which is not altogether so favourable to critics and criticism as we might wish; but as we are not capable of being irritated into injustice,

or seduced into flattery, we shall proceed to give our candid opinion of the claims which the Author possesses to the character of a poet. Indeed, though we were not always satisfied with his lesser pieces, when his muse trifles in extempore, and fixes, in the space of a few couplets, some accidental and interesting circumstance that presented itself to her attention, yet we must do Mr. James the justice to observe, that elegance is often found in his miscellaneous trifles—that his elegiac



compositions are replete with tenderness, and that his epistles and didactic poems, which are evidently the most laboured of his works, possess very fine parts, and place him among the first poetical writers of our period.

The "Epistle from Petrarch to Laura" breathes that strain of refined, unconquerable sensibility, which is the interesting characteristic of the Genius of Vaucuse.

"The Vanity of Fame," addressed to Sir Carnaby Haggerston, has no inconsiderable share of didactic merit; perhaps, if it had been compressed into a smaller space, the effect of the poem would have been considerably increased.

"The Year 1800; or, It Will Be So,"—a title of which we do not very clearly discern the meaning, is superior in point of strength and arrangement to the former poem. The satire, in many parts of it, is happily directed, powerfully expressed, and fancifully illustrated. The subject is not so susceptible of poetic beauty as many others in the volume; but, for strength of thought and energy of expression, it takes the lead of them all.

The "Epistle of Acontius to Cydippe," from Ovid, considered as a classical translation, is, in our judgment, the best representation of the Roman Poet's epistolary compositions in our language.—Mr. James has not suffered himself to be seduced from his original; a defect so common in all poetical translators. Indeed, though he has, in the last page of his volume, taken leave of the Muses, we sincerely hope that he will recall the rash vow, and court them once again, if it be only to give those who cannot taste the beautiful epistles of Ovid in their original language, an opportunity of reading them in a complete and uniform translation from his pen.

In the "Epistle of Abelard to Heloise," the Poet has availed himself of all the well-known and affecting circumstances which render the history of that faithful and unfortunate pair so interesting to the tender mind. This poem, without being deficient in that impassioned sentiment which its subject demands, possesses all the genuine nature which has been so much admired in the original correspondence, as handed down to us from the twelfth century.

But that we may not appear to arrogate to ourselves the privilege of dictating to the judgment of others, we shall give a

short extract from an "Epistle written to a Friend on the Continent."

"O Thames, majestic guardian of the plain,

Where Beauty triumphs and the Graces reign;

Where long'ning Freedom, as her last retreat,  
In British liberty maintains her seat;

(And may that liberty, my pride and boast!  
Unalter'd flourish on our envied coast!)

Oh how I wish to muse along thy side,

Far from thy neighbour's poverty and pride;  
Pass o'er each charm, each little scene

And with remembrance many a joy pursue,  
Oh how I long thy fruitful banks to see,

The spacious meadow, and the winding lea;  
The peaceful vale, where flow'rs unnumber'd

rise,  
Where nature wantons in her choicest dyes,  
And earliest zephyrs from the south repair,

To gather fragrance for the vernal year!  
What if Italia boast a cloudless sky,

And France unrivall'd luxuries supply;  
In servile languor droops Oppression's slave,

While Britain triumphs on her native waves.  
Active and bold her dauntless children

roam,  
Each country gleaning for their dearer home,  
On Calpé's blazing height, or in the vale

Where Echo murmurs to the peaceful gale,  
Unbroken still the vig'rous Briton moves,

Each danger smiles at, and his freedom loves;

Sees, with exulting transport in his eyes,  
From native oaks triumphant navies rise:

No ties restrain him, and no views controul;  
The patriot bright'ning on the father's

soul!—  
From all the pleasures of domestic life,  
A prattling infant and a tender wife,

From ev'ry relative that soothes below,  
The Briton plunges on his country's foe;

Looks at destruction with unalter'd eye,  
And drops, if conquer'd, with a patriot's

sigh.  
Alluring thought! on which my soul has

dwelt;  
And fondly triumph'd in the pride she felt,  
When rip'ning manhood bade her pant for

fame,  
And all my wishes were a soldier's name.  
Ah! why so soon the flatt'ring dream de-

stroy,  
And bid me mourn imaginary joy?

To comforts dearer than ambition knows,  
Reflection leads, and points me to repose.

Back through the paths of guiltless youth I

move,  
And trace, with many a sigh, my native grove.

Q

And

Ah

Ah scenes below'd! to me more precious  
far

Than all the gay magnificence of war!  
How throbs my heart to meditate each  
flow'r;

The hawthorn twining thro' the darkling  
bow'r,

The flighted blue-bell preping thro' the corn,  
The rose uncultur'd, and its scented thorn:  
Dear scenes of youth, of innocence and  
ease!

Where virtue charm'd, for not a vice could  
please!

Compar'd to you, how grandeur sinks away,  
A gilded torture in illusion's ray!  
With you—divested of her uselefs pride,  
No art to cheat—or prejudice to guide—  
Plain nature triumphs, unadorn'd and fair,  
Without one teasing fashionable care.  
And though the vain, the giddy may con-  
temn

Her ruffet garb, and all her ways condemn;  
Yet hence the blessings of a kingdom rise,  
And hence is drawn the very wealth they  
prize.

From a volume of Poems containing  
near 400 pages, it is impossible for us to  
do all that the self-love of an Author  
might induce him to wish or expect, but  
we certainly mean to gratify Mr. James's  
vanity, as well as to do justice to his  
merits, by giving at length the following  
Ode, written among the ruins of an abbey.  
It is a very spirited composition, replete  
with fancy, and full of moral beauty.

T I M E,  
AN ODE.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN  
OLD ABBEY, 1780.

*TIME conquers all!*—I heard the sound  
Echoing thro' yon mould'ring tow'r;  
Where sculptur'd ruins load the ground,  
And ivy forms a solitary bow'r;  
Where midnight owls retreat,  
And self-distressing Melancholy reigns;  
Save when tumultuous ravens meet,  
And pierce the gloomy round with shrill un-  
tuneful strains.

Hark! once more the sound I hear—  
Sorrow's accents flow the same;  
All is hush'd, and Fancy's ear,  
Lift'ning, turns to whence it came.

'Tis she!—the threadbare garment flies  
In tatters to the gale:

Her wasting cheeks and hollow eyes  
Give awful sanction to the Muse's  
tale.

'Tis she! 'tis drooping Art,  
That sees her monuments and trophies  
fall

Before the touch of Time's keen dart;  
While slow decay consumes, and gently saps  
thro' all.

See! beneath yon crumbling bust  
On her trembling hand she leans;  
Wrapp'd in monumental dust,  
Not a perfect line remains.

*Time conquers all!* The young, the gay,  
The valiant, and the old,  
Must, spite of Hope's alluring ray,  
This truth adore, and be what they behold.  
The breathing stone shall feel

A tyrant ruin on its structure prey;  
And fading colour must reveal  
That Painting is, at best, a momentary day.  
View my lov'd Palmyra spread  
Crumbling o'er the barren soil!  
Whither are its beauties fled?  
What avail'd the mighty toil?

Embalmd beneath yon pile is laid  
Triumphant Folly's son;  
Ev'ry glorious feat's display'd,  
His warring chiefs', his soldiers' and  
his own.

The pyramid may tell  
The crimson horrors of insensate war:  
How must reflection pitying dwell,  
To find those sunk in dust who rode on  
vict'ry's car!—

E'en for Heav'n's eternal year,  
When we leave this earthly round.  
What's the tale that's whisper'd here?  
Can it pierce the callous ground?

*Time conquers all!*—Creation feels,  
And trembles as he treads;  
The traitor hero in ambush steals,  
There waves his scythe, and desolation  
spreads.

E'en prest and closely bound,  
Shorn of his wings the God of Rapture  
lies;

No more his shafts can wound;  
His lightnings languish and his magic dies.  
Passion from the wrinkled brow  
Sick'ning turns his fated eye;  
Pulses cease to throb and glow,  
Breasts to heave, and hearts to sigh.

The sun exhausted in his orb,  
The stars shall melt away,  
Exulting Time the whole absorb,  
And quench expiring day.  
Of darkness pow'r supreme,  
Outliving light, the shapeless void he  
sways;

While Nature's parting beam  
Shoots o'er the dreary waste, and in its gloom  
decays.



O'er the gen'ral chaos spread  
 All that's human gone and past;  
 Still he lifts his hoary head,  
 Of creation first and last!

Yet Time himself—from heav'n I hear  
 The sacred truth descend—  
 With all his spoils shall disappear,  
 And in Eternity the triumph end.  
 From his grasp behold  
 Relinquish'd Love his quiv'ring plume  
 display!  
 New-born, and uncontroll'd  
 By earthy weight, he soars, and floats in  
 endless day.

Struggling still, and still undone!  
 In the wreck and waste of things,  
 See him hurl'd from Nature's throne,  
 TIME, the vanquish'd king of kings!

Of the poetry of this volume our readers are fully qualified to form an accurate opinion, from the extracts offered to their attention; and we cannot but add, that our expectations look forward to its becoming a favourite with readers of taste, sensibility, and classical knowledge.

Eighty-nine Fugitive Fables in Verse; Moral, Prudential, and Allegorical; Original and Selected. 8vo. 3s. 3d. in Boards. Murray.

IT has long been acknowledged, that human dispositions are seldom favourable to instruction. Men are not pleased to be taught; nor will they suffer patiently the dryness of the most wholesome advice. The intellectual eye is as much overpowered at the naked light of Truth, as the human shrinks from the bright severity of noon! To temper the ardour which would consume, yet still to preserve the warmth which would cherish, has called forth the exertions of FABULISTS. In a word (to drop our figure), it was found necessary by Moralists to amuse, while they instructed; they perceived that the only mode of securing a reception for Truth was by disguising her with all the playful varieties of Fiction. A most brilliant and alluring dress was chosen when FABLE was invented. We know not to whom we are indebted for having opened one of the most pleasant roads to a knowledge of human affairs. It is indeed an invention of the remotest antiquity, yet which still, and will for ever, when employed by a writer of talents, delight with all the charms of novelty.

It is the privilege of FABLE to be applicable to all the diversities of human life; to paint the virtues and the vices of men in glowing, yet in faithful colours; to awaken, while it seems not to offend, the remorse of the guilty; and when it describes our follies, to laugh us into sense. Persons of a mature age are amused when they inspect truths, the force of which they have experienced throughout life; and while the young only search for amusement, they are insensibly formed to a habit of reflection, and are initiated into all the mysteries of the world, without the danger of its contamination. So fully persuaded was the enlightened Sovereigns of the utility of Fables, that he

passed some of his last hours in composing these concise, but instructive allegories.

It is certain that we have not cultivated this useful province of poetry with that success which has attended our progress in others. Before the labours of Gay we recollect no collection of Fables in verse that merits to be distinguished. He has indeed presented us with the correctest model for this species of poetic composition. Moore, with something of a more elevated poetry, but with less of his charming simplicity, has deserved a seat next to our agreeable Fabulist. Since their time various attempts have been made with various success; what merited a better fate, perished by the fugitive nature of their publication.

To revive this branch of elegant instruction appears to be the object of the Editor of this Miscellany: The present collection (which, it is said, contains several original Fables, tho' they are not distinguished) is chiefly formed of these little scattered productions. The Volume, while it is well adapted to engage the attention of young readers, will certainly form their taste and their morals. What the Editor has undertaken, he has executed with ability. His arrangement is classical, and his selections are, for the greater part, unexceptionable. We shall transcribe some specimens of this Collection.

### THE LOOKING GLASS and ORANGE-TREE.

IN an apartment where expence  
 Appear'd in full magnificence,  
 A LOOKING-GLASS, of neatest taste,  
 Within the middle pannel plac'd,  
 Gather'd from Sol's meridian blaze  
 Th' assemblage of his scatter'd rays,

And shot (in borrow'd splendor bright)  
 Across the room a flood of light,  
 High on a stand of satin-wood  
 An ORANGE-TREE obliquely stood,  
 Whom thus, of fancy'd power possess'd,  
 The self-conceited Glass address'd:  
 ' By my kind influence behold  
 ' How fair thy tender buds unfold,  
 ' Which, but for all my fost'ring ray,  
 ' Their beauties never would display.  
 ' Should not such gay expanded bloom,  
 ' Such pleasing verdure, high perfume,  
 ' Thy mind with grateful rapture raise,  
 ' To render some return of praise;  
 ' Such as may speak both love and awe,  
 ' Left I my influence withdraw.'  
 ' Nought can thy judgment more misguide  
 ' Than pride,' the Orange-tree reply'd;  
 ' But for that passion, thou wouldst know  
 ' I nothing to thy influence owe;  
 ' All the perfections which you name,  
 ' From yonder glorious Orb I claim,  
 ' The same whose partial beams I see  
 ' Shine with such radiance on thee,  
 ' And but for whose imparting light,  
 ' Thou hadst remain'd as dark as night.  
 ' Then scorn not the advice I give,—  
 ' With gratitude those beams receive;  
 ' But think not any merit thine,  
 ' Who only by reflection shine!  
 ' If to thy happy lot 'tis given  
 ' To be the instrument of Heaven,  
 ' Reflect that thou canst nought dispense  
 ' But that which thou receiv'dst from thence.

IMAGINATION'S Search after  
 HAPPINESS.

STRUCK with his charms whom all admire,  
 Whose beauties colder bosoms fire,  
 IMAGINATION ventur'd forth,  
 To try if chance she might discover  
 The haunts of HAPPINESS, her Lover,  
 Nor fear'd the frowns of Wit or Worth.  
 No blame could on her choice be thrown,  
 When once the object's name was known.  
 To Love's gay Temple first she flies,  
 And darts around her piercing eyes:  
 ' And is my Hero here?' she cries—  
 ' Perhaps he may,' the God replies.  
 ' But freely search my grove around,  
 ' Nor think yourself confin'd;  
 ' His name our echoes all resound,  
 ' Perhaps his form you'll find.'

The Nymph was pleas'd, her search renew'd,  
 Thro' each soft maze her love pursu'd;  
 At every turn his name she heard,  
 And much she hop'd, and much she fear'd,  
 'Till as she ran with rapid force,  
 Fair Delicacy check'd her course;  
 With eye severe the lovely maid  
 Blush'd for her friend, while thus she said:

' I never thought to see you here;  
 ' Without a veil too! fie, my dear!  
 ' To seek your lover! and is this  
 ' A likely seat for sober bliss?—  
 ' Believe my words, and quick recede:  
 ' No Happiness lives here indeed.'

Imagination stood corrected,  
 Then swiftly from her presence flew;  
 And soon her wandering steps directed  
 T' Ambition's Palace, now in view.  
 Fix'd on a mount of steep ascent  
 The glittering fabric stood;  
 The way was slippery as the wren,  
 And wet with human blood.  
 Her lover's form on high was plac'd  
 To tempt her steps along;  
 But when the phantom the embrac'd,  
 It vanish'd, and was gone.  
 From hence with trembling haste she sped,  
 And to the realms of Riches fled:  
 Consumptive Care, and drop'd Pride,  
 With tinsel'd Splendor bare she sped.  
 Dignity, Pomp, and Power she saw,  
 And Fashion, that keeps fools in awe;  
 Nor aught was wanting more or less,  
 Save what she sought for, Happiness.  
 What has our heroine next to do?  
 Her journey she began to rue.  
 For why? we're all at sea again,  
 No places now remain  
 To try our fortunes in, 'tis plain;  
 And yet this foolish luckless love  
 Would let her have no rest;  
 Tho' 'gainst it all she could she strove,  
 Still it would flutter in her breast.  
 While thus she thought, and would have  
 Spoke,  
 Sudden a voice the silence broke—  
 ' Come to my cot, despairing maid,  
 ' 'Tis mine alone to give you aid;  
 ' Come to my cot, and live with me,  
 ' In unreprieved pleasures free:  
 ' Content, that smooths the bed of Age,  
 ' Meek Peace, that loves the hermitage,  
 ' And Contemplation, hoary sage,  
 ' With me long time have deign'd to dwell,  
 ' And dignified my homely cell;  
 ' If you such company can bear,  
 ' And will a while inhabit there,  
 ' Nor more your search renew,  
 ' Your lover will no longer fly;  
 ' 'Tis his to court when we deny,  
 ' And fly when we pursue.'—  
 The virgin weigh'd, and found her wise,  
 Nor scorn'd to own herself to blame;  
 But took fair Piety's advice—  
 Uncall'd, the lover came.

Upon the whole this Compliment claims  
 our warmest approbation, and we can ven-  
 ture to recommend it as a valuable acqui-  
 sition to the juvenile library.



Designs of the Church and Royal Monastery of Batalha, situate in the Province of Estramadura in Portugal, with an Historical and Descriptive Account of this famous Gothic Structure, translated from the Portuguese of Fr. Luis de Sousa, by James Murphy, Architect. No. I. 15s. Murphy, Charlotte Street, near Great Portland-street.

THIS work must be interesting to every Englishman, as the edifice which it describes was built by Don John, the first King of Portugal, who married the Princess Philippa, daughter of our celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The Architect is also supposed to have been an Englishman, together with many of the principal workmen. So much elegance, simplicity, and grandeur, we never recollect to have seen united in any one structure as Batalha presents. Indeed the Gothic art here appears to have been carried to the greatest degree of excellence of which this species of architecture is capable; and much praise is due to the labours of our ingenious author in selecting such a noble structure for the purpose of illustrating the principles of the art; which he appears to have done with so much science and mathematical precision as will render it, when completed, a most elegant and interesting production.

To the authors of the various disquisitions relative to the origin of the Pointed Arch, the following extracts on that subject from P. 2. of our author's Introductory Discourse, will not be unacceptable;

“The writers who have hitherto treated on this subject have principally directed their attention to the Pointed Arch, which they seem to consider as the leading characteristic of this species of architecture. Many disquisitions have been written concerning its origin, but it still remains unexplained. I have bestowed much thought on this part, and flatter myself, that tho' the conjectures I am now about to offer respecting its origin are entirely new, they will, upon mature consideration, be allowed to approach as near to certainty as the nature of the subject will admit.

“If the pointed arch be considered detached from the building, its origin may long be sought for in vain; and indeed I imagine that this is the reason it has eluded the researches of so many ingenious

men; but, on the contrary, if we examine it in a relative view, as a part in the composition of the whole, it will become more easy to account for its form, or for that of any other component part. If we take a comprehensive view of any of these structures externally, we shall perceive that not only the arch, but every vertical part of the whole superstructure, terminates in a point. And the general form, if viewed from any of the principal entrances (the situation from whence the character of an edifice should be taken), will be found to have a pyramidal tendency. The porticoes of the first story, whether they be three or five in number, are reduced to one at the top, and this is sometimes crowned with a lofty pediment, which might more properly be called a pyramid, as we see in the transept front of Westminster Abbey and York Minster. If we look further on, in a direct line with its apex, we frequently see a lofty spire, or pyramid, rising over the intersection of the nave and transept. Each of the buttresses and turrets is crowned with a small pyramid. If niches are introduced, they are crowned with a sort of pyramidal canopy. The arches of the doors and windows terminate in a point; and every little accessory ornament, which enriches the whole, has a pointed or angular tendency. Spires, pinnacles, and pointed arches\*, are always found to accompany each other, and very clearly imply a system founded on the principles of the pyramid.

“It appears evident, from these instances, that the pyramidal form actually exists throughout the several component parts, and the general disposition of the edifice approaches as near to it at least as the ordonnance of an historical painting which is said to be pyramidally grouped. Hence we may comprehend the reason why the arch was made pointed, as no other form could have been introduced with equal propriety, in a pyramidal figure, to

\* “As for spires and pinnacles, with which our oldest churches are sometimes, and more modern ones are frequently decorated, I think they are not very ancient. The towers and turrets of churches built by the Normans in the first century after their coming, were covered as platforms, with battlements or plain parapet walls. Some of them indeed, built within that period, we now see finished with pinnacles or spires, which were additions since the modern style of pointed arches prevailed, for before we meet with none. One of the earliest spires we have any account of, is that of old St. Paul's, finished in the year 1222; it was, I think, of timber covered with lead; but not long after they began to build them of stone, and to finish all their buttresses in the same manner.”—Bentham's Ely, p. 40.

answer the different purposes of uniformity, fitness, and strength. It is in vain, therefore, that we seek its origin in the branches of trees; or in the intersection of Saxon or Grecian circles; or in the perspective of arches; or in any other accidental concurrence of fortuitous circumstances. The idea of the pointed arch seems clearly to have been suggested by the pyramid; and its origin must consequently be attributed, not to accident, but to ordination.

“But granting for a moment that any of the above-mentioned conjectures were true, we should be as far as ever from ascertaining the principles of these edifices. There never was a species of architecture the properties of which could be determined from the arch alone. Even in the Gothic, where it forms so conspicuous a part, it does not govern in the composition, but follows the general order of things, as it is not a cause but a concomitant part, and its pointed termination is a consequence arising from a general actuating principle.

“Whether the Gothic Architects were

the inventors of this arch, or borrowed the idea of it from others, is not easy to determine; but it is very reasonable to suppose that it originated with themselves, as they were the only scientific builders known to have used the pyramidal figure in the composition of their edifices, except the Egyptians\*; and it is generally supposed, that the latter were ignorant of the art of constructing arches, though in other respects an ingenious people. But the Gothic Architects, in using this arch, did no more, in my opinion, than the Greeks or Romans would have done in similar circumstances. For, if we suppose for a moment, that an Athenian Artist of the age of Pericles, or a Roman Architect of the Augustan age, had been called in to finish a Gothic structure that had neither doors nor windows, he could not, I think, have introduced any other but the pointed arch, in an edifice where every part grew up to a point, without being guilty of a direct violation of the laws of art, and of the precepts so strongly inculcated in the architecture of his own country.

Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Vol. III.

(Continued from Vol. XXI. Page 286.)

On the Cretins of the Vallais: By Sir Richard Clayton, Bart. Read May 9, 1787.

OF this very curious and well-written paper we shall, without any ceremony, give a pretty copious view: it is interesting both to the Naturalist and the Moralist. “To those who deny the effects of local causes,” says the ingenious Author, “and the influence of particular climates and situations, may be opposed only the Cretins of the Pays de Vallais, a set of beings above indeed the brute species, but in every respect below their own. The district these beings are comprised in, is part of the Lower Vallais, and takes in about thirty miles in length and eight in breadth. Round Sion they are very numerous; but they are most so between the bridges of St. Maurice and Rîde. A few of them are to be found on each side, and

at each extremity; but they then gradually disappear. Cast in the same mould with the rest of mankind, they have most certainly its form, but one looks in vain for

“The human face divine,”

illumined with sensibility, and lighted up with the ray of understanding.”

We are informed that the degrees of idiotism vary among them: “Some have a sort of voice, but the deaf and dumb are very numerous; and there are multitudes who are even mere animal machines, and devoid of almost every sensation. In point of stature, four feet and a half is the standard they reach in general, and it is seldom exceeded more than a few inches. Their countenances are pale, wan, and livid; and, exclusive of other external marks of imbecility, they have the mouth very wide, and the tongue and lips un-

\* The Egyptians, though ignorant of the art of forming an arch, closed both the internal and external apertures of their pyramids in a manner that resembled as near as possible a pointed arch. “In the gallery or narrow passages in the great Pyramid of Gize, and in the two rooms of that which is opened at Sacara, the vault over head is formed by the gentle projection of the stones, one above another, till that approach to near a point at the centre.”

Remarks on Prints by Richard Dalton, Esq. p. 54.

See also Sandys' View of the Vault of the great Pyramid.



commonly thick and large. Nature seems also to have exhausted with them all her efforts at a very early hour, and old age treads upon the heels of infancy. They die, regularly, young, and there are not any instances of their arriving at the advanced period of human life. The propagation of the species is the only appetite numbers of them are ever roused by, and it rages with more than common violence."

—"In this description of the Cretin it ought to be observed, those only in the fullest sense of the word are to be included. In the different gradations, nature has been uniformly regular. Where she has least varied from herself, the Cretin most resembles mankind in a state of perfection both in countenance and figure, reaches near its general stature, and there is less difference in their respective periods of existence."

"To consider such groupes of them as accidental," observes Sir Richard, "is impossible. There have been generations after generations of them; and though their numbers vary in different families, some are almost entirely composed of them. What proves, to a degree almost of mathematical certitude, that there is some physical reason for the dreadful singularity, is the single circumstance, that a family coming from a distance to reside within the district has, in a few years, occasion to lament, on its increase, that idiocy it was before a stranger to. The same argument has equal force against its being transmitted from intermarriages with families whose ancestors had unfortunately a share in the calamity. The reverse of the proposition, I have been lately informed from very respectable authority, holds equally true; and that Cretin colonies, removing from the district and marrying only amongst themselves, after one generation, or at most two, lose the disgusting distinction they carried with them." It affords a pleasure to the mind, that the Government has at last adopted salutary remedies for the total destruction of this degradation of the species.

To account for this surprising circumstance, some have laid a stress on the influence of the imagination of the mother on the *fetus*, which our author easily confutes by alleging the numbers of the unhappy subjects. Others have attributed the misfortune to the supposed cause of the goitres, so very common in many of the Swiss peasants, the water they drink being impregnated with snow, tufa, and some mineral substances washed down with it from the neighbouring mountains. This our Author considers as likewise visionary,

as the peasants of other places who are subject to the goitre are free from Cretinage. "The air has been," by others, "supposed to be the sole cause of the disaster. Throughout the whole country they are found in, it is most certainly unwholesome. They reside, in fact, in a sort of vast basin, full of excessive exhalations from the Rhone, and the marshes on its sides; and the reflection of the sun from the surrounding mountains, which are almost vertical, forms an atmosphere very singular for its humidity and heat." The perspiration which this occasions produces "a lassitude and indolence which unstring the human frame; and along with them one meets with their usual attendants, excessive poverty and filth. Their joint effects on the human body it would be useless to dispute; but how they can curtail the stature, and coagulate the understanding to such a wonderful degree, is difficult to ascertain." Our Author concludes with a brief but very learned and ingenious disquisition into the history of the human species relative to the question of degradation. "Air, water, aliment, indolence, and filth," he observes justly, "may be powerful causes, and they become, undoubtedly, more forcible when combined, and when they have acquired increased strength from their continued operation for a long course of years on successive generations."

A Description of the Eye of the Seal: By Mr. Hey, of Leeds. Read October 25, 1787.

This is a very accurate account of the dissection of two eyes of a seal, from which it appears, contrary to what has been heretofore received, that "the optic nerve is inserted on the inner side of the axis of the pupil, and not in the axis itself." Mr. Hey observes, that "The smallness of the pupil in this animal is very remarkable. What there is in the habits of a seal to require this structure, I cannot tell. It seems a general law of Nature, that the pupil of the eye becomes dilated at death. But, unless this law be reversed with respect to the seal, its eye must admit very little light, though it may allow great distinctness of vision."

Observations on the Knowledge of the Ancients respecting Electricity: By William Falconer, M.D. F.R.S. Communicated by Dr. Percival. Read May 2, 1788.

In illustrating his subject, Dr. Falconer, according to his wonted custom, brings

brings to it all the learning of which it is capable. From abundance of the most respectable authorities it is shewn, that the Ancients were acquainted with the attractive power which electricity imparts to bodies, and also the effects of the electric shock; and that they have minutely described the sensations occasioned thereby upon the human body.

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Essay on some Druidical Remains near Halifax in Yorkshire. By Mr. Thomas Barritt. Read October 19, 1787.

“About a mile westward of Saddleworth Church, in the county of York, is a high hill, which commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. It is called by the neighbouring people *Pots and Pans*. Upon the summit are abundance of large craggy stones (of that sort generally called mill-stone grit) lying scattered up and down, which, when viewed from the east, look like the foundation or ruins of some stupendous fabric. One of these stones, or rather two of them closely joined together, is called the *Pancake*; it is of an irregular square form, with obtuse angles, and hath upon its surface four basins, hollowed in the stone; the largest, being nearly in the center, is capable of holding eight or ten gallons of water, some say more: whether these hollows be natural or artificial, is not known. This

stone I measured, and found to be about seventy-six feet in circumference. Another long uneven hole upon this stone is called Robin Hood's Bed. A little westward of this is another stone, about twenty feet in height, and about fifty-six feet in circumference at the base, but much narrower at the top, from whence proceed irregular flutings or ridges, down one side, of about two feet long, by some supposed the effect of time, and by others the workmanship of art. More westward, and near the valley of Greenfield, the ground is called Aldermans, and overlooks that valley opposite to a large high rock called Alphan. Upon the level of this ground is a fissure in the earth, about twelve or fourteen yards long, each end terminating in a cavernous hole in the rock, one of which is capable of admitting dogs, foxes, or sheep; the other large enough to receive men. Neither of these cavities have been thoroughly explored by any one within memory. A person informed me, that he had gone into the larger with a light, but returned after having gone down a sloping descent of about sixty yards. Tradition says, into the other hole once went a dog, in full chase after a fox, but neither of them ever returned.”

The Author, with much ingenious reasoning, considers them as remains of Druidical Worship. This essay is illustrated by a view.

(To be continued.)

A Voyage from Calcutta to the Mergui Archipelago, lying on the East Side of the Bay of Bengal, &c. &c. By Thomas Forrest, Esq. Senior Captain of the Honourable Company's Marine at Fort Marlbro' in 1770, and Author of the Voyage to New Guinea. Quarto. 11. 1s. Robson.

[Continued from Vol. XXI. Page 356.]

WHILE Capt. Forrest was on the Island Jan Syon (or, as it is commonly called, Junk Cyon), he visited a Pagoda at the town or village of Terowa, which he describes as follows:

“Here, at Terowa, there is a pagoda, built of timber, and covered with palm leaves; it is served by about twenty priests, called Telloyps, who live in small apartments adjoining to the Pagoda, which might be about fifty feet long and thirty broad. They, with uncovered shaved heads, wear a yellow garment, and carry a white wand in their hands about five feet long. I saw there a Bengal Lascar, a Moorman, who had deserted from his ship, and had been lodged and maintained many months by the charity of the Telloyps.

“Chysong, with whom I lived, was

bred from a youth at Pondicherry; he spoke Siamese, Malays, and very good French: my vessel lay in Terowa Road.

“Every morning, about eight o'clock, four Telloyps drew up before the door of Chysong; they spoke not a word, but looked demurely on the ground: presently a female servant came out, and put about half a pound of boiled rice into each of their clean iron vessels, which they held out; another female servant followed, and put into each vessel about two or three ounces of broiled fish: they then walked in silence to the next house, one following the other, expecting the same; they wait about half a minute at a door; if nothing is given, they go in silence to the next, without seeming disappointed. Having got a certain quantity of provision, they return to their convent.

“They



“ They do not marry ; but may leave the Pagoda when they please, and mix with the world. I saw a young lad about fourteen in the Pagoda, with a shaved head and yellow garment ; two or three days afterwards I saw him in a lay habit, romping with other boys at the river-side : my linguist asked him, at my desire, why he left the Pagoda ; the boy laughed, gave no answer, but ran off with his companions. Chyfung told me they did so sometimes at Siam, but not often.”

“ The people of Jan Sylan, though they generally understand the Malay tongue, from their intercourse with that people (greater formerly than now), speak the Siamese language, and write as we do from left to right. They write remarkably straight, though without lines.

“ They resemble in feature the Malays, with a good deal of the Chinese look ; are well made, rather slender. They are allowed to marry as many women as they can maintain ; but the first wife rules the household, as in China ; and, as in China and Pegu, no woman can leave the country. Chyfung had but one wife.

“ In most Malay countries where I have been, Atcheen, Salengore in the Strait of Malacca, Pera west of Salengore, and Queda, as I have already observed, the prince of the country is the chief merchant ; sometimes the only one of consequence. Rhio, an island in the Malacca Strait, where I never was, has, I am told, the same policy ; a partial exception to this occurs at Atcheen.”

Our Author next prepares his reader to be acquainted with ATCHEEN, by quotations from Mr. Marsden's well-wrote history of Sumatra, in which its former power is narrated.

“ In former days, as we are informed by Commodore Beaulieu in his voyage in 1619 to Atcheen, published by Harris, we find Atcheen to be a place of greater consideration than at present ; and before Beaulieu's time, in 1606, a Portuguese fleet, under Martin Alphonso, landed a considerable force, which was defeated by the Atcheeners, the Portuguese having lost 300 men. We are also told that, in 1615, the King of Atcheen fitted out a fleet of 500 sail, of which 100 were large galleys, furnished by his Orankayos (men

of substance), the whole force being 60,000 men : a desperate engagement ensued, in which the Atcheeners lost 20,000 men. Allowing these accounts to be true, and Mr. Marsden, in his late just account of the island Sumatra, gives his authorities, the kingdom of Atcheea seems to have dwindled as much as their former enemies and rivals, the Portuguese, in India.”

After this Capt. Forrest gives an account of the extent of the King of Atcheen's dominions, and of his revenue (which is very small indeed for a Prince, being only about 3000l. a-year) ; tells what passes when vessels first arrive, which is generally in August and September, from Porto Novo ; names the appellation of the King, viz. “ *Tuan Kito*,” which compound Malay word means “ my master ;” and then mentions their monies, as well as their chief articles of export, pretty much the same as Mr. Marsden gives in his history of Sumatra. He next describes a certain fishing-boat called *Kolay*, which admits of having the sail diminished, by rolling up, in a very ingenious manner, when it blows hard, as follows :

“ They have at Atcheen many fishing-boats, in shape like a large Thames wherry, supposed to be raised about twenty inches : they are called *kolay*, and have one mast, and a sail shaped almost like a ship's top-sail, with a yard above, hung by a haulyard, about one-third from the outer yard arm, and a slight round boom below, with a sheet and one bridle only. If the wind freshens too much, they with a cross stick like a trunnel, that passes through the inner end of this boom, roll up the sail, sheet and all, passing the lower end of the trunnel forward, then unroll as the wind slackens. A tack is fast to the inner yard-arm. I need not say the sail must be dipped in putting about, which is easily done, whether the sail is altogether or partly rolled up. I never saw any thing so convenient in any European boat, in managing which, if it blows, they must lower and reef ; here they only roll the sail up, or roll it down.”

He then describes other boats which they use at Atcheen ; the country about the town and the palace \*, and men-

\* “ The country above the town is very highly cultivated, and abounds with inhabitants in many small villages, and single groups of three or four houses, with white mosques interspersed. Walking that way, if after rain, is disagreeable to a European, as they have no idea of roads : but Malays do not mind walking through mud up to the knee, which, however, they are careful to wash off when they come to a house, before they enter it. The main street in the town is raised a little, and covered with sand and gravel ; but no

tions a conspiracy, which gives one a horrid opinion of Malays in general\*. After this he describes two different audiences he had of the King of Atcheen in 1764 and in 1784, in the following terms:

“ In the year 1764 I visited Atcheen, and had the honour of paying my respects to the King, Mahomed Selim. My au-

dience was appointed at eight in the evening. I accordingly got ready some piece goods to the amount of about forty rupees, as a present, which were divided into two parcels, and put up in common *basta covers*, which had been previously stained with turmeric, yellow being the Royal colour, as in China and at Mindano. Having been told it was expected

where else are the streets raised; and even this is sometimes overflowed by the swelling of the river, by sudden rain on the hills just above the town, in which case they make use of canoes: this often happens, especially during the rainy season (our summer); but the town, which is on the south side of the river, straggles so as not to deserve the name of the capital of a populous, though small kingdom. They have an excellent breed of horses, much valued \* Madras; horned cattle and goats, but few or no sheep. Vessels drawing under eight feet water can come over the bar with spring tides, which is two miles from the town; but cannot go higher than about half a mile, where they sometimes heave down and repair. Here are many of the King's warehouses (*golas*) for Telinga salt. Many Maldivia boats come yearly to Atcheen, and bring chiefly dried *bonnetta* in small pieces about two or three ounces: this is a sort of staple article of commerce, and many shops in the Bazar deal in it only, having large quantities piled up, put in mat bags. It is, when properly cured, hard like horn in the middle; when kept long, the worm gets to it. I am told it is cured at the Maldivia Islands by the sun only. I question whether herrings and pilchards would not answer even carried thus far, they are so fond of fish diet, as Malays in general are. The King's palace (*dallum*), about 100 yards from the skirt of the town, and to which there is access by a canal from the river, as well as by land, is about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, is ditched round, and is also surrounded with a strong wall, but not high. A number of large venerable trees shade it, with a good many tall bamboos: it is built on higher ground than the town, so, of course, it is not subject to be overflowed.”

\* “ The following is an account of one of the most horrid conspiracies I ever heard of; it affects me the more as I was intimate with the sufferers a few days before it happened. It is irregular in point of time, but *à-propos* to what I am treating of, the treachery and wickedness of Malays in general. In 1784 I waited on the King of Queda, at Allister, about one tide above the town, to demand restitution of the value of an English sloop and cargo, value 5000*l.* whose commander, Captain Coffin, supercargo, Mr. Overbury (a Bencoolen civil servant), two Englishmen, brothers, named May, and the gunner, a Dane, were in one night murdered, September 1782, by one Malay, assisted by one Lascar only, whom he had seduced. They were first attempted to be poisoned, and were all taken with violent vomitings the night the horrid deed was done, after supper; yet no suspicion arose, as the Malay was a passenger in the vessel, under Mr. Overbury's protection. The affair was over in a moment, as they were stabbed in their sleep. One of the two Mays, being wounded, jumped overboard, and was never heard of; the Captain and gunner were killed outright. Next day the Serang, under pretence of dressing the Malay's hand, that had been cut in struggling with the Captain, stabbed him, secured the Lascar (whilst two boats were seen rowing from the shore to the vessel, full of men, from Bas's Harbour), and carried the sloop back to Queda. I could get no satisfaction for vessel or cargo, and Jemmal, the King's Minister, a Chulia Moorman, treated the affair lightly: but truth demands of me to say, I had no letter from the Bengal Government to the King on this subject; I had only a letter from the owners, empowering me (if in my way to Rhio I touched at Queda) to make the demand. What has been done since I know not. Captain Coffin and I careened in Queda river together, in August 1782; and I remember to have heard that the Malay, who had got into favour with Mr. Overbury by his insinuating manners, was taken on board at Jun Sylan, where, I suspect, he had committed something bad. I was credibly informed the Lascar was let run off by Jemmal, who told me he broke prison. The appearance of the boats, that must have been informed by signal only of what had happened, made it be suspected it had been a concerted business at Queda, when the vessel repaired there. These particulars I learnt from poor Overbury's Malay girl, at Calcutta. Jemmal, the King's merchant, with difficulty let her have her clothes. She told me Overbury got from the cabin window to the mast-head, whence he descended, on the Malay's promising to spare his life; but he stabbed him the moment he reached the quarter-deck. Had he encouraged the crew from the mast-head, they surely would have recovered from their fright sooner than they did.”

I should



I should pull off my shoes, I waded the mortification by wrapping round each a piece of red bunting, and tying it with a kind of garter of the same, just before I entered the audience hall (*ruma bicchero*), which was about sixty feet long, and twenty broad, built of stone, with a stone floor. At the farther end, which was covered with carpets, hung a superb cloth of gold, about fifteen feet square, which reached within three feet of the floor. There were about twenty well-dressed persons in the room, orangees, a venerable calipha, and others, every one barefooted, having left their slippers without. As I entered I saluted this company. Two sepoys were also in the hall upon guard, dressed and armed as ours generally are. In about two minutes the golden cloth was drawn up, like the curtain of a play-house, exactly in the same way, and we all made a profound obedience to his Majesty, who just glanced his eye at me. My two servants were then ordered by the Shabander to advance with the presents, which after having presented, by holding them up and bending their bodies, they gave to an attendant, and were then directed to withdraw. The cloth of gold had covered a large niche in the wall, a kind of alcove, in the middle of which the King was seated in an arm-chair, with his legs across, barefooted, his slippers on the floor of the alcove. The King was gaily dressed in silver brocade, over an inner garment of white muslin; his turban was very small, being a single piece of gold flowered muslin, gathered together at the ends, tied round the head with a half knot, and was ornamented with a few jewels. He seemed to be about forty years of age, with a pleasing countenance, rather fair for a Malay. Two elderly women sat on the floor, close to each side of his chair, their eyes fixed on the ground, which was about five feet higher than the hall in which the court was assembled. The alcove was lighted with two large wax tapers coloured red, much like what we see in Roman Catholic churches. The hall was lighted with pendant lamps, in which they burnt oil.

“ Having caught the King’s eye, immediately after the dismissal of the presents, I made his Majesty a second profound bow. Presently he spoke to the Shabander, the Shabander spoke to the Linguist, and Abraham asked me whence I came. I addressed his Majesty directly in Malay, on which the Shabander pulled me gently by the sleeve, and

looked disapprobation; but I went on. The King smiled, and took no notice of their interruption, as if offended with me. I had then the honour of conversing with his Majesty for about a quarter of an hour, who asked me several pertinent questions about Madras, Bengal, and Bencoolen, and particularly to what parts of the island Sumatra (Pulo Purcha) I had sailed. I then, by intimation from the Shabander, who, I suppose, had his signal, retired, walking rather backward, until out of the hall. Nobody in the hall was seated, neither did I see in it bench, chair, or stool. I left most of the company in it standing, who politely made way for me as I retired; and at the door at which I entered I made again a profound bow, being then in full view of the King in the alcove at the further end of the hall.”

“ In 1784 I again visited Atcheen, and had an audience of the King, Sultan Oola Odine, son to the former King, with much the same ceremony and presents as passed twenty years before; but this King, having travelled, spoke both Malay, French, and Portuguese. His improvement, not only in languages but the arts, was obtained from the following circumstances, as I have been informed by Pofally the Shabander, Abraham, and others.

“ During the life of the late King, Oola Odine, his eldest son, was sent in a ship of his father’s to Mecca and Medina, to make an offering at the shrine of the Prophet. Near the island Mauritius, where the vessel happened to be drove, they were short of water, and obliged to put in there. A difficulty occurred in debate, whether the Prince should appear in his real character or as a private person. They agreed he should appear as a relation of the King’s, going on a pilgrimage, to become a *tauan hadjee*, master pilgrim, and they kept their counsel. The consequence was, Odine, being a lad of spirit and genius, got into the arsenal, and learnt to cast guns and shells.

“ They certainly knew, time out of mind, at Atcheen, how to cast brass guns and iron shot; but here the Prince, no doubt, improved his knowledge; and I was told the French never knew whom they had the honour to have amongst them until the vessel was sailed; but thus I very much doubt, as she staid there above a month. Sultan Ooladine, in 1784, made no secret to me of his having been at Mauritius; and at my first visit, after the delivery of the usual present of a few piece-goods inclosed in yellow cloth, ordered

dered a servant to put into my hands a shell of his own casting at Atcheen, about seven or eight inches in diameter. *Voilà!* said he, in French, *caféz-la?* I accordingly dashed it on the part of the stone floor that was not covered with the carpet, and it went to pieces. The King then ordered two small field carriages to be brought into the hall; one of them had the wheels spoked, as ours generally are; the other had truck wheels, full as large, not heavy, but thin. Which of those carriages do you approve of? said the King. I gave the preference to the spoke wheels; on which his Majesty with great good humour laughed, and said, *Salla, salla, capitaine*—You are mistaken, you are mistaken, captain. I then, by way of recovering myself (for I perceived, after a moment's reflection, that the King was right in a certain degree), said, *Barancallee de neegri gunong gunong, seperattee dché; tappi, de neegri ratta ratta, seperattee Telinga*.—Possibly in a hilly country, like Atcheen: but not in a flat country, like Indostan. The King laughed again, seemed pleased with my answer, and said, *Bittoul, derry piddo itoo*.—True, that is the reason; on which I made him a bow, and the conversation soon ended."

"I sent to the King a copy of my voyage to New Guinea, having first explained many of the maps to Pofally and Abraham. I sent at the same time an ordinary *mape monde*, having no better. The King sent for me two days after, and conversed with me in an upper apartment, on a level I believe with the alcove, to which I ascended behind the *ruma de bicharro* (hall of audience) by a ladder. The King made me sit down on a mat, over which was spread a small carpet, on which he sat himself, and asked me many questions about the Molucca Princes, pointing to the print of their genealogy in the book I had sent him. He asked me also many questions about Europe and *Neegri Cling*, Indostan. I could not help observing that the King spoke with a strong aspirate, as Atcheeners generally do, a kind of burr in the throat, entirely different from all other Malays.

"As his Majesty knew I had the honour of being known to his father many years before, that I had often been at Atcheen, and that I had been a great traveller in Malay countries, he was so kind as to say, in a very gracious manner, *Maree seenee barancallee bicharo*—

Come here and chat sometimes. I went several times, but always sent first to know if his Majesty was at leisure. One day I carried a French book with me, a volume of Voltaire, and read a sentence out of it. The King asked for the book, which I left with him. I suspect, however, he could not read the Roman character, but he read with ease the names of the Molucca Princes in the book I had presented, written in Arabic characters, which both Atcheeners and Malays use in writing. In conversing, the King mixed often French with Portuguese.

"When I went to the palace, I generally found Pofally, and sometimes Abraham. I never saw any body sit down in the King's presence, and I never did but when asked, and then with shoes off, left below, turning my feet as much as I could inwards;—this I found a tiresome posture. I sometimes played on the German flute at the King's desire, which he was pleased to hear\*.

"Three or four days before my departure, Pofally signified to me the King meant to confer on me the honour of being made Knight of the Golden Sword, *Oran Cayo derry pidjang mas*; of which there existed, as I was told, about ten or twelve natives, one of them an eunuch, a comely man, rather lusty, employed at the custom-house. I have seen him with his chapp, a single waved sword or dagger, about an inch long, in relief, on a piece of gold, hanging at his breast. This honour had also been conferred on two North Britons, Captain Douglas's Richardson, and Captain Robert Smart. I told Pofally I was much obliged to his Majesty for the honour he intended me, and should wait his pleasure; at the same time Pofally desired I would write my name on a slip of paper—I wrote it in capitals, which he pronounced after my reading it, and writing himself my name in Arabic characters, signified it was to direct the goldsmith who was to make the chapp. Two or three days afterwards I was desired by a sepoy serjeant to go to the palace. I told this to Pofally, and we went together at eight in the evening. The King, from the alcove above, after some little conversation with his courtiers below, spoke to Pofally in the Atcheen tongue, who, stepping towards me, put a small chain of gold over my head, round my neck, to which the golden chapp, with some sillagree writing in Arabic, and the

\* "And I kéd much a Malay song I had made, and set to the Correnti Vivace of the 3d Sonata of Coralli."



figure of a waved dagger, in relief, hung. He thus invested me with the order of the Golden Sword (*piddang mas*), on which I made a profound bow to the King, who smiled; and to his courtiers, who all returned it by lifting both hands to the head, and inclining the body. In a little while I took leave, after saying audibly, *Oomoor panjang summo Tuan-kito, sampy mattee tida bule scio lupo Tuan kito punio hormat* —“ Long life to the King! Until death I shall remember the honour he has done me.”

To this account Captain Forrest adds, that as he gave the King a song, he gave the *Calipha*, or head-priest, a prayer, translated from Pope's famous paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, the words of which, in the Malay tongue, are very soft, and are as follow :

“ DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO.

“ ORATIO UNIVERSALIS IN LINGUA

“ MALAYA.

I.

- “ Bapa de somonio de somonio dunia,  
 “ De somonio nigri fujud ;  
 “ Dery Christian, dery Cafer, dery Hindoo,  
 “ dery Salam ;  
 “ Deos, Jehovah, Tuan Alla !

II.

- “ Cassi scio are iko mankangan dangang  
 “ riskimo,  
 “ Somonio lain apo apo,  
 “ Tuan tow callo by cassi callo tida,  
 “ Tuan alla punio suko.

III.

- “ Adjar scio syang até lain oran punio  
 “ chelaka,  
 “ Adjar scio tutup matto lain oran punio  
 “ falla,  
 “ Bugimano scio ampong summo lain oran,  
 “ Cassi ampong summo scio.”

I.

- “ Father of all! in every age,  
 “ In every clime, ador'd,  
 “ By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
 “ Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

II.

- “ This day be bread and peace my lot :  
 “ All else beneath the sun,  
 “ Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,  
 “ And let thy will be done.

III.

- “ Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 “ To hide the fault I see ;  
 “ That mercy I to others shew,  
 “ That mercy thew to me.”

He next introduces a character of the king, with that of his subjects.

“ The present King, Sultan Ooladine (called after an uncle \* who had lived several years at Madras, in the time of Governor Morfe, and afterwards at Tappanooly, and spoke good English), is a Sovereign of whom his subjects in general speak well: having travelled, he wishes to civilize them, by encouraging learning amongst the many priests with which his country abounds, much more than any other Sumatran state: the convenience also of going at a small expence to Mecca yearly, encourages many to become *tuan hadjees*, and *tuan inums*, which is always respectable; and there is no such thing as a *tuan hadjee* being reduced to beggary. Of the respect paid to my old fellow traveller Ismael Tuan Hadjee, merely from his having been at Mecca, and in consequence wearing a large urban and wide sleeves, which draw respect from the vulgar, I had many proofs in my voyage to New Guinea.

“ Sultan Ooladine was a man about 25 years of age, fairer than Atcheeners generally are, of agreeable manners, having nothing haughty or austere about him; spoke rather quick, mixing Portuguese with his French, very often, as if in a hurry to express his meaning. He seemed to have profited by the little French education that he had accidentally got, and of which he was not a little vain: his Courtiers replied in Malay when he spoke first in that tongue; but he spoke to me generally in French, sometimes in Malay. Positively the Shabander was about the same age, and, I was inform'd, much in his favour; he had a pleasing address: I have often listened to him hearing petitioners, when they spoke Malay, in the street, before his house, of a morning, which when he rejected, it was in a mild and polite manner, sending the petitioner almost always satisfied away.

“ At Atcheen they have tame elephants †, on which, as well as on horseback, they often travel. I have seen several of the King's elephants carried duly of a morning to the river to be washed, flapping their eyes with their large ears to keep off the fly. The King had about ten of them in different parts near Atcheen. On holidays, *aree raya*, I was told, they are all dress'd out, and make a figure; but I never saw one. Their mosques are said to be numerous, but very small; fifty persons

\* This uncle Ooladine was often known by the appellation of Sultan Bencoulo.

† Wild elephants are in abundance all over Sumatra, and they often do much mischief to rice and plantain fields.

would almost fill one; they are all whitened with lime, *capoor*; they are scattered amongst many villages, the houses of which not being whitened, the mosques are the more conspicuous; their smallness accounts for their number. They have many priests, *tuan hadjses*, and *tuan imams*, and two or three *caliphas*, sometimes called *cady*.

"Their punishments at Atcheen are severe according to the nature of the crime. In the Bazar I have often met beggars and others without the right hand; some without the right hand and left foot, having repeated the offence. I have been told, that when a fire happens, the owner of the house in which it broke out is severely punished\*. What Mr. Marston relates of their punishment of an adulterer is a fact; nay, I have been told that it extends to the debaucher of a virgin, *gadis*. "The culprit is carried to a large plain, and is there incircled by the friends and relations of the injured party. A large weapon is then delivered to him by one of his own family; and if he can force his way through those who surround him, he is not subject to further prosecution; but it commonly happens that he is instantly cut to pieces." An English country Captain, whose name I forgot, once told me that he had been applied to by some Atcheeners, for a marksman to shoot a man of this description, who somehow had escaped, whether in the above spirited manner or otherwise was not said; but he had hid himself on the top of a cocoa-nut tree. The Captain very prudently desired to be excused.

"The Atcheeners are of a more swarthy complexion than the inhabitants to the southward, and far more shrewd and acute than any other Malays on the island of Sumatra: their character, I think, comes nearest the Buggesses, inhabitants of Ce-

lebes, for address and dexterity in business; but far inferior in true honour and bravery, which is the characteristic of the Buggesses †."

Captain Forrest quotes Commodore Beaulieu's Voyage to Atcheen in 1619, wherein he says the city was six times as large as it is now, and that the King Sultan Siri tormented some of his women in the Commodore's presence; and then mentions the French Admiral M. Suffrein having gone on shore at Atcheen in 1782, and the following curious reason given our Author by Pofally, the King's Minister, why he could not see the King:

"I once asked Pofally if Mons. Suffrein, the French Admiral, who with his fleet had refreshed at Atcheen in November 1782, had seen the King. Pofally said, that Mons. Suffrein once came on shore, in a small boat, to look at the town, but did not see the King, although he wished it; because the King, having lost a favourite child, was in great grief, and saw nobody. Considering this as a polite excuse, I pressed Pofally to know the truth; on which he told me the French Admiral would not perhaps have taken off his shoes as you did; and he could not see the King otherwise. On this I said, that I had, at my visit to Sultan Mahomed Selim, about twenty years ago, wrapped a piece of red cloth over my shoes, and so kept them on; on which he laughed, saying he had heard of it. Latterly I was excused this ceremony in the audience hall, *ruma bicbarro*; but when I went up the ladder to the back apartment, I always took off my shoes at the head of it, before I slept on the clean mats, over part of which was a small carpet, on which the King sat; and I sometimes had the honour of sitting on the mat, at a small distance from him."

(To be continued.)

The History of Rome, from the Foundation of the City by Romulus to the Death of the Emperor Marcus Antoninus. 3 Vols. 8vo. And an Abridgement of Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. 2 Vols. 8vo. Cadell and Beausley. 11. 10s. boards.

[ Concluded from Page 46. ]

A NEW and complete Revolution in the Government of Rome, as it excites laudable curiosity, is judiciously contrived to seize on the reader's inclination, in the moment of languor, and conduct him from the affecting scene of

\* Commodore Beaulieu says, a fire happened whilst he was there, that burnt 260 houses in an hour, and that the King impaled the woman in whose house it broke out. HARRIS'S Voyage, vol. i. p. 736.

† On the contrary, the Atcheeners seem to exceed all other Asiatics I have known for villainy and treachery, which character is confirmed by Beaulieu in many instances.



the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra, to the more animating exertions of a successful Hero, aspiring to become the sole master of extensive dominions, and of a turbulent people, long accustomed to, and enamoured with the Republican form of Government, yet ever prone to change it, in some shape or other, to gratify the leaders of factions, or the seductions of popular caprice.

A slight review of the public transactions of the Romans, from the æra of the expulsion of the Tarquins, to that of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, will be the best justification of this remark. Nor can we suppose a more rational ground of hope to spring up in the mind of an ambitious man, in every respect qualified to rule over a great nation, than that of the easy transition from the full powers of a Dictator to those of an Emperor. Having experienced all the horrors of proscriptions and massacres under the former Magistrates, the Romans had little to dread from vesting the supreme authority in the hands of a man so eminently distinguished as was Octavius for moderation and liberality of sentiment. Accordingly we find the Senate and the people concurring in the elevation of this great Statesman and Hero to the Imperial Throne, and uniting to establish and confirm that supremacy to which Julius Cæsar aspired, and fell a victim to his ambition.

The foundation of the Roman Empire is the subject of the First Chapter of Vol. III. and it is treated in a masterly manner.

The policy of Octavius Cæsar, whom we are to consider as the first of the Roman Emperors, and to recognize in that character by the more honourable titles of Augustus Cæsar, and the *Father of his People*, whilst he was courting the Senate and the people, is displayed in its proper colours, and his character, both before and after his exaltation, is drawn with uncommon precision and candour.

The Second Chapter contains a Dissertation on the commerce, revenues, extent of the territory, civil and military force, the number of inhabitants, and other circumstances, forming a complete political survey of the mother country and its colonies, at the important æra of the accession of Augustus; and this explanatory digression from the progressive line of the history serves to separate the transactions of the Republic from those of the Empire, and facilitates the study

of the earlier and latter part of the Roman History, by a due relief to the memory.

A short extract will give a clearer idea of the utility of this chapter, and it may recommend it as a model for other Historians.

“ From the time that Romulus first established his rustic followers on the banks of the Tiber, the Roman arms, during seven successive centuries, had steadily advanced to victory. In *Europe* they had subdued *Spain, Gaul, and Italy, Greece, Thrace, and Macedonia*; with the provinces of *Rhætia, Noricum, Pannonia, Mæsia, and Dalmatia*, which were confounded under the general name of *Illyricum*, and were bounded and protected by the broad and rapid stream of the Danube.

“ In *Asia*, Lydia, Phrygia, and Cilicia, with the maritime countries of the Pamphylians, Lycians, and Carians; the Grecian colonies of Ionia, the opulent and extensive province of Syria, with the barren and narrow districts of Phœnicia and Palestine, were united under the dominion of Rome.

“ In *Africa*, her authority was acknowledged throughout the fertile regions of Lybia, which formerly had composed the territories of her rival, the Republic of Carthage; it embraced the kingdoms of *Numidia* and *Mauritania*, stretched over Tingitana, and terminated at the distant station of Sallé, on the verge of the ocean.

“ *Egypt*, whose doubtful situation has embarrassed the Geographers of antiquity, who hesitate as to what part of the globe they shall assign it, was the last of the kingdoms which had been established by the successors of Alexander that consented to receive the Roman yoke; but though the latest acquisition, it was at the same time the most important. On an accurate survey it may be concluded, that the Roman Empire extended in breadth, from the *Danube* to Mount *Atlas*, about 1800 miles, and in length, from the *Western Ocean* to the *Euphrates*, about 3000 miles; and it has been calculated to contain near 120,000,000 of inhabitants.”

To guard the frontiers of so vast an Empire, the military peace establishment of Rome was fixed by Augustus at twenty-five legions; each of these, including the auxiliaries, might be composed of 12,000 men, and together formed a standing army of 300,000 soldiers.

Without

Without a naval force the defence of the Empire would have remained imperfect. The ocean, though an object of terror to the Romans in general, had been the theatre of triumph to Augustus. His victories on that element over Sextus Pompey and Antony, had impressed on him the advantages which might be derived from the sovereignty of the sea. To preserve it, he stationed two fleets in the most convenient ports of Italy; the one at *Ravenna*, on the *Adriatic*, the other at *Misenum*, in the bay of *Naples*; a formidable Squadron also occupied the harbour of *Frejus*, on the coast of *Provence*, and numbers of armed vessels were destined to ply in all the gulphs and navigable rivers throughout the Empire. These were supported by several thousands of mariners; and the whole amount of soldiers and mariners for the naval establishment of Rome may be estimated at between 40 and 50,000.

The maintenance of such considerable numbers in arms and idleness naturally directs our attention to the revenues of the Roman Empire. According to *Suetonius*, the Emperor *Vespasian* was heard to say, that a sum, supposed equal to about 330,000,000*l.* sterling was required annually to support the Imperial Establishment. Our Author rejects this extravagant computation, and adopts another, which we think falls into the other extreme; a little reflection on the immense armaments, together with the profuse domestic expences of the Court, will be sufficient to convince any person the least skilled in political arithmetic, that 15 or 20 millions of our money must fall considerably short of the annual ordinary supply requisite for such an establishment; and let us strengthen this observation by the account handed down to our time of the embellishment of the city of Rome.—“It was the boast of Augustus that he had found his capital of brick, and had left it of marble.”

To complete the glory of the long reign of Augustus, our Author enters largely into the characters of *Agrippa*, *Mæcenæ*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Ovid*, his contemporaries, who by their immortal literary labours contributed to render the Augustan age pre-eminently illustrious.

The life and reign of Nero, forming a striking contrast to that of Augustus, seems to have engaged the attention and assiduity of our Author in a forcible

degree, for we think it better compiled than the memoirs of the intervening Emperors: at the same time we are ready to acknowledge, that the thread of history is as well continued and connected through the other reigns as in this; all the distinction we mean to point out being chiefly that which arises from more uncommon and affecting incidents, which abounding more in one reign than another, call forth the talents of the Historian more conspicuously to relate them, so as to leave a due impression upon the mind, than the simple narrative of common and uninteresting events. The *Life of Nero* may be called an *Historic Tragedy*; it alternately commands our astonishment, pity, and resentment; it is full of bustle, intrigue, and embarrassment; the catastrophes are horrid, but awful, and the deformity of vice never could be drawn by the pen of fiction in such odious colours as it is here presented to us from the authentic records of real history; the moral, therefore, must have the more powerful effect. The example of one Nero will operate more powerfully to controul a tyrannic disposition, and to stimulate an aspiring mind to virtuous deeds, than the exhibition of Milton's legion of Devils floating on the sulphurous and fiery lake. The short lecture to ambition, which closes the reign of the Tyrant, merits our peculiar notice.

“The Imperial House of *Cæsar* expired in Nero, and in less than a century from the *Battle of Actium* a numerous and increasing family, which promised to perpetuate the line of *Augustus*, were extinguished by their own jealousies and vices; the dominion which had been erected amidst the horrors of battle and proscription, which the undaunted spirit of the first *Cæsar* had been exerted to acquire, and the profound policy of the second had been devoted to confirm, was, by the follies and crimes of their successors, transferred to a feeble and aged descendant of the rival House of *Caesar*; and had ambition leisure to reflect, it might be admonished by the awful and instructive example—how painful is the ascent to greatness—how transient is the possession of it.”

We may now pass rapidly through the remainder of this volume, stopping only to pay due eulogiums to the exalted merit of *Titus*, the *delight of mankind*, whose celebrated effusion of a benevolent mind, when he exclaimed, “that he had lost a day,”



a day," because he had not had an opportunity to do any public act of goodness, should never be omitted when we have occasion to repeat his name.

Of his successors, nothing remarkable is related by our Historian which is not to be met with in other authors, till the accession of Marcus Antoninus, whose reign forms another æra in the History of the Roman Empire; for then the irruptions of the Barbarians began to be formidable; and though their fury was restrained by his valour and wisdom, yet the date of the gradual decline and total ruin of the Empire, takes place from the death of this renowned Emperor. This part of his work is therefore compact, explicit, and abounding with important information. But having extended our Review to an uncommon length, it cannot be expected that we should enter into details; and as the connection between this volume and the Abridgement of Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Empire is admirably pointed out at the end of it, we shall begleave to insert it, and then take our leave of the whole work with a few words on the subject of the Abridgement.

"The majesty and prosperity of Rome may be said to have expired with the second Antonine. Within a few years from his decease, the Imperial purple was successively usurped and profaned by an African and a Syrian, a peasant and a robber. Every idea of hereditary succession was eradicated; every claim of birth was extinguished; a crowd of Pretenders arose throughout the provinces, and, while they asserted their rival sway, the tide of Barbarians was propelled against the frontier, and the feeble Romans were incapable of stemming the torrent; the Franks ravaged Gaul and Africa; the Alemanni penetrated across the Rætian Alps, and reposed in the plains of Lombardy; the Goths boldly committed themselves to an unknown navigation, passed the Bosphorus and the Hellespont, plundered Athens, the native seat of the Arts and Muses, and

displayed their banners within sight of Italy; the Persians vindicated in arms their title to Armenia; and a Roman Emperor, who had marched to oppose their progress, became their captive. The foreign and domestic enemies of the State were indeed chastised by a race of Princes of Illyrian extraction; but their efforts could at most only suspend the fate of the Empire; it tottered beneath its own weight; and the causes which impetuously urged its dissolution have been illustrated by an Historian, the admiration of whose genius and literary abilities has not been confined within his native country, nor even within the limits of Europe."

The reader will be at no loss in applying the foregoing passage to Mr. Gibbon; whose elaborate work is reduced to two volumes, which will be found, on a strict examination, to contain every important fact in the original, regularly preserved in a proper series, without those interruptions of the narrative occasioned by digressions and dissertations, which serve to embellish History, and to shew the profound erudition of the writer, but are not so well adapted to the young student, as to the leisure of a reader who has finished his studies, and only takes up a book as a rational amusement.

In fine, we can assure our readers, that they may give full credit to the following declaration of the Editor of this Abridgement:—"He has faithfully compressed in two octavos, the principal historical events which elucidate the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The striking features of the nations more remotely connected with its subversion, are slightly delineated; the part relative to the state of modern Rome is intentionally omitted; and much religious disquisition (which in the original has given no small offence to orthodox Christians) has been carefully rejected; and what remains, the Author flatters himself will be found instructive to the youthful, and interesting to the curious mind."  
M.

Poems; chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall. In Two Volumes.  
Price 7s. 6d. Cruttwell, Bath.

ODES, Elegies, Heroic Pieces, Sonnets, and Songs, chiefly compose these volumes; and they afford no mean specimen of the poetical genius of Devonshire and Cornwall; the first county represented by Dr. Downman, the second

by Mr. Polwhele, the principal contributors to this collection, and already known to the literary world by their various poetical publications. Several fine compositions by Mr. Warwick and Mr. Whitaker merit attention; nor should Mr. Emmet's  
S  
productions

productions be passed by unnoticed. In the mean time the anonymous performances are in general pleasing, though many of them want polish.

The first volume opens with lyric pieces, among which Mr. Emett's "Ode to Genius" hath left the most agreeable impression on our minds, particularly the following stanza :

But, O! when down the woodland side

The minstrel strays, all wan and lorn,

The flame he could no longer hide,

His cruel mistress dash'd with scorn.

Grief now, O Genius, open the sacred source,  
And streaming Sorrow gives thy language  
force :

A cypress garland, lo, he wildly weaves ;

He takes his lute, his last sad tale to tell,

And, dying, all his plaintive sweetness leaves

To his poor moaning woodmate Philomel ;

The plaintive sweetness floats through mid-  
night air,

As if the soul's expression still were there.

Mr. Emett's "Ode to Maria Wray" has a charming *naiweté*. The Odes signed *H.* have merit ; more, indeed, than we expected from Mr. *Hole* as the versifier of *Fingal*, or "the Poet of Arthur," as the Editor affectedly calls him. In the Elegiac Pieces we have more to praise than to blame ; but the "Lines addressed to a Friend," by Mr. *Drewe*, have nothing to recommend them ; nor does "Julia" rise above mediocrity. Miss *Hunt's* "Ruins of Dunkeswell-Abbey" make up, however, for the deficiency, &c. ; and in "Honora," signed *M.* the following lines are in *Mason's* best manner :

And still, my fair Honora, still pursue

The steps of Truth : nor let the pageant  
glare

Of Art or Fashion lure thee from the paths  
Thy genuine sense approves. So shall the rose  
More sweetly tinge thy cheeks ! and, not in  
vain,

Beauty shall mark thee fairest of the nymphs  
In all her train ; and Elegance shall bid  
Her robe, in careless folds, float o'er thy  
form !

"Ossian departing to his Fathers," by Mr. *Poiwhele*, has the same merit as Mr. *Hole's* *Fingal* Ode—the rays of Ossian are happily condensed in both. The "Lines to a Gentleman who shed Tears," &c. &c. speak an elegant and feeling mind. In the

"Elegy to Mr. Rack," we were struck with the beautiful picture of Sincerity :

And there, while veil'd in lucid white

Her bosom shall incessant heave,

Shall young Sincerity delight

To deck her Mentor's honour'd grave.

The "Elegy to a Young Lady on the Death of her Canary Bird," is unworthy the Historian of Manchester. From the Sonnets we shall select two as specimens—the first by Mr. Emett ; the second, signed *F.* we suspect by the same gentleman :

#### TO JULIA.

A Pensive wanderer, compell'd to rove,  
From thy dear converse and enchanting smiles,  
To mitigate the woes of fever'd love,  
Thus oft, with Fancy's aid, the time be-  
guiles.

I think I trace the charming Julia there  
Where'er the hand of Nature shows a sweet,  
And through the seasons, as they mark  
the year,

Memorials still of all her beauties meet.

The tender graces of the youthful Spring—

The glowing loveliness of Summer mild—

The ripe luxuriance Autumn loves to fling  
Abroad are thine ; but, Oh, through Winter  
ter wild,

Dreary and joyless, all around I see

No emblem but of banishment from thee !

To a Young Lady of Fourteen, on her presenting the Author with a Lock of her Hair.

TAKE as I treasure, with a sigh, thy hair ;  
The tenderest wishes of affection take ;

Nor shall I blush to guard with partial care

This auburn ringlet for thy charming sake.

Too soon its kindred tresses where it grew,  
Tortur'd by all the tricks of varying dress,

Must lose the brightness of their beauteous-  
huc ;

Too soon must art their easy flow repress.

Yet never may capricious Fashion stain,

My lovely girl, thy pure angelic mind ;

Never the young simplicity restrain,

That sports with sweet attraction unconfin'd !

So shall my Mary's gift, unchang'd by art,  
Be the dear emblem of her genuine heart !

With Songs (which are not singularly beautiful) this first volume closes.

ACADEMICUS.

(To be continued.)



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 Vol. XXI. Page 290.]

IN our last Review of this entertaining work, we have traced the character and conduct of Dr. Johnson from his earliest infancy to the advanced period of seventy-four years, and left him, as he has expressed his situation upon another occasion, "not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." The generous attention of his friends, however, in some measure alleviated his sufferings, and enabled him, on his part, to bestow those friendly assistances to others which had formed the honour and happiness of his life. The Earl of Carlisle had some years before written a Tragedy, intitled "*The Father's Revenge*;" and some of his Lordship's friends applied to Mrs. Chapone to prevail on Dr. Johnson to read and give his opinion of it, which he accordingly did. This opinion was expressed in a letter to Mrs. Chapone, which, by the kindness of Lord Carlisle, is inserted in the work, and, as Mr. Boswell truly observes, "displays at once the critical skill and politeness of his illustrious friend." Notwithstanding the complication of disorders under which he now laboured, he did not resign himself to despondency and discontent, but with wisdom and spirit endeavoured to console and amuse his mind with as many innocent enjoyments as he could procure. For this purpose he instituted a Club at the Essex Head, in Essex-street, which was then kept by an old servant of his former friend Mr. Thrale; but, alas! the pleasures he promised to himself from this institution were but of short duration, for we learn from his letter of February 13, 1784, to Mr. Boswell, who was then in Scotland, but nominated one of the Members as being a very *clubable* man, that on his going thither to meet the company he was seized with a spasmodic asthma so violent, that it was with difficulty he got to his own house; "but," continues he, "the asthma is not the worst. A dropy gains ground upon me; my legs and thighs are very much swollen with water, which I should be content if I could keep there; but I am afraid that it will soon be higher.

My nights are very sleepless and very tedious; and yet I am *extremely afraid of dying*." And soon afterwards, in a letter to Mrs. Porter, of Litchfield, although the dropy was then removed by the sudden discharge of twenty pints of water, he expresses the same fear of death.— "Death, my dear, is very dreadful; let us think nothing worth our care but how to prepare for it." The strength of his constitution, however, and those kind and generous assistances which the most eminent of the faculty both in England and Scotland were anxious to afford him, procured him a temporary relief, and Mr. Boswell, on his return from Scotland on May 5, 1784, had the pleasure to find his friend greatly recovered. "One morning afterwards," says Mr. Boswell, "when I found him alone, he communicated to me, with solemn earnestness, a very remarkable circumstance which had happened in the course of his illness, when he was much distressed by the dropy. He had shut himself up, and employed a day in particular exercises of religion,—fasting, humiliation, and prayer. On a sudden he obtained extraordinary relief, for which he looked up to Heaven with grateful devotion. He made no direct inference from this fact; but from his manner of telling it, I could perceive that it appeared to him as something more than an incident in the common course of events. For my own part, I have no difficulty to avow that cast of thinking, which by many modern pretenders to wisdom is called *superstitious*. But here I think even men of pretty dry rationality may believe, that there was an intermediate interposition of Divine Providence, and that "the fervent prayer of this righteous man" availed.

Of his more lively conversation Mr. Boswell finds only the following three small particulars:—One, when a person was mentioned who said, "I have lived fifty-one years in this world without having had ten minutes of uneasiness," he exclaimed, "The man who says so lies. He attempts to impose on human credulity." The Bishop of Exeter in vain observed, that men were very different. His

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Lordship's

Lordship's manner was not impressive, and I learnt afterwards that Johnson did not find out that the person who talked to him was a Prelate; if he had, I doubt not that he would have treated him with more respect; for once talking of George Psalmanazar, whom he revered for his piety, he said, 'I should as soon think of contradicting a Bishop.' One of the company provoked him greatly by doing what he could least of all bear, which was quoting something of his own writing, against what he then maintained. "What, Sir (cried the gentleman), do you say to

'The busy day, the peaceful night,  
'Unfelt, uncounted, glided by?'

Johnson having thus had himself presented as giving an instance of a man who had lived without uneasiness, was much offended, for he looked upon such quotation as unfair. His anger burst out in an unjustifiable retort, insinuating that the gentleman's remark was a fallacy of ebbriety; "Sir, there is one passion I would advise you to command. When you have drunk out that glass, don't drink another." Here was exemplified what Goldsmith said of him, with the aid of a very witty image from one of Cibber's Comedies, 'There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.'—Another, when a gentleman of eminence in the literary world was violently censured for attacking people by anonymous paragraphs in newspapers; he, from the spirit of contradiction, as I thought, took up his defence, and said, 'Come, come, this is not so terrible a crime; he means only to vex them a little. I do not say that I should do it; but there is a great difference between him and me; what is fit for Herphæstion is not fit for Alexander.'—Another, when I told him that a young and handsome Countess had said to me, 'I should think that to be praised by Dr. Johnson would make one a fool all one's life;' and that I answered, 'Madam, I shall make him a fool to-day, by repeating this to him,' he said, 'I am too old to be made a fool; but if you say I am, I shall not deny it. I am much pleased with a compliment, especially from a pretty woman.'

Soon after this period Johnson and Boswell paid a visit to Oxford, where they were one day entertained with great hospitality by Dr. Adams. "After dinner, when one of us talked of there being a great enmity between Whig and Tory," JOHNSON. "Why not so much, I think,

unless when they come into competition with each other. There is none when they are only common acquaintance, none when they are of different sexes. A Tory will marry into a Whig family, and a Whig into a Tory family, without any reluctance. But indeed in a matter of much more concern than political tenets, and that is religion, men and women do not concern themselves much about difference of opinion. And ladies set no value on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them; the greatest profligate will be as well received as the man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman—a woman who says her prayers three times a day." Our ladies endeavoured to defend their sex from this charge; but he roared them down! "No, no; a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has three-pence more; and, what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion; their virtue is of more consequence to us than our own, so far as concerns this world."

"Miss Adams mentioned a gentleman of dissipated character, and said, 'Suppose I had a mind to marry that gentleman, would my parents consent?'" JOHNSON. "Yes, they'd consent, and you'd go. You'd go though they did not consent." MISS ADAMS. "Perhaps their opposing might make me go." JOHNSON. "O, very well; you'd take one whom you think a bad man, to have the pleasure of vexing your parents. You put me in mind of Dr. Barrowby the physician, who was very fond of swine's flesh. One day when he was eating it, he said, 'I wish I was a Jew.'—'Why so (said somebody)? the Jews are not allowed to eat your favourite meat.'—'Because (said he) I should then have the guilt of eating it, with the pleasure of sinning.' He then proceeded in his declamation.

"Miss Adams soon afterwards made an observation that I do not recollect, which pleased him much; he said, with a good-humoured smile, "That there should be so much excellence united with so much depravity, is strange."

Many other very curious and entertaining anecdotes are related of this extraordinary character in this part of the work, both during his stay at Oxford, and after his return to London. The winter was now fast approaching, and the interval of convalescence which Johnson had enjoyed during



during the summer, induced him to express a wish to visit Italy. Upon this subject, however, his wishes had been anticipated by the anxiety of his friends to preserve his health; and in order to procure the means of defraying the expences of the expedition, application was made to the Minister, unknown to Dr. Johnson, for an increase of his pension from Government. In consequence of this application, Mr. Boswell had the honour to receive from the Lord Chancellor the following Letter :

“ TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

“ SIR,

“ I should have answered your Letter immediately, if (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

“ I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will adopt and press it as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit.—But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask—in short, upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health.

“ Your's, &c.

“ THURLOW.”

“ This Letter gave me a very high satisfaction; I next day went and shewed it to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was exceedingly pleased with it. He thought that I should now communicate the negotiation to Dr. Johnson, who might afterwards complain, if the attention with

which it had been honoured should be too long concealed from him. I intended to set out for Scotland next morning, but Sir Joshua cordially insisted that I should stay another day, that Johnson and I might dine with him—that we three might talk of his Italian Tour, and, as Sir Joshua expressed himself, “ have it all out.” I hastened to Johnson, and was told by him that he was rather better to-day. BOSWELL. “ I am very anxious about you, Sir, and particularly that you should go to Italy for the winter, which I believe is your own wish.” JOHNSON. “ It is, Sir.” BOSWELL. “ You have no objection, I presume, but the money it would require.” JOHNSON. “ Why no, Sir.” Upon which I gave him a particular account of what had been done, and read to him the Lord Chancellor's letter.—He listened with much attention; then warmly said, “ This is taking prodigious pains about a man.” “ O! Sir (said I, with most sincere affection), your friends would do every thing for you.” He paused—grew more and more agitated—till tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed with fervent emotion, “ God bless you all!” I was so affected that I also shed tears.—After a short silence, he renewed and extended his grateful benediction, “ God bless you all, for Jesus Christ's sake.” We both remained for some time unable to speak.—He rose suddenly and quitted the room, quite melted in tenderness. He stayed but a short time, till he had recovered his firmness. Soon after he returned I left him, having first engaged him to dine at Sir Joshua Reynolds's next day.—I never was again under that roof which I had so long revered.”

(To be continued.)

A Sequel to the printed Paper lately circulated in Warwickshire. By the Rev. Mr. Charles Curtis, Brother of the Alderman Curtis, a Birmingham Rector, &c. 8vo. 4s. Dilly. 1792.

( Concluded from Page 31. )

OF Dr. Thomson's Letter on the subject of the present Commotions and Disputes respecting the Nature and End of Civil Society and Government, Dr. Parr says: “ Upon this subject I have been favoured by my learned Correspondent Dr. William Thomson with some remarks, which he has permitted me to insert in this pamphlet, and which, for depth of thought and energy of style, deserve the attention of my reader.” It was our intention to have given this Let-

ter at full length, but that intention is necessarily superseded by that uncommon influx of both matter of fact and observation of high importance, which the aspect of the present times presents. The following is a brief analysis of it.—Dr. T. after some compliments to Mr. Mackintosh, the adversary of Mr. Burke, who had done him the honour of quoting him twice in his book, declares his opinion, “ that there is in his, as in most of the books of Reformation that he had seen,

too bold an air of innovation. For," says he, "in all moral changes, the remote and unforeseen consequences are of much more importance than the immediate effect. A catalogue of great events produced by trifling causes, forms one of the most interesting and instructive little works (if a lesson of great humility may be deemed instruction), to be found in any language.

"An Architect builds a house in the most perfect symmetry, because he has to do with dead things; with wood, and stones, and other inert and passive materials; but the souls of men, with which the Statesman has to do, are living spirits. These are materials which are to be treated with infinite delicacy. In transposing these, we must proceed gently, and by slow degrees, lest we move more than we can wield. In the moral world a small spark oft-times kindles a mighty flame, which neither reason nor eloquence can subdue. When shall natural philosophers arrive at the art of moving the marble from the solid rock into arches and pillars, and other forms of architecture, by means of the projectile force of gunpowder? Scarcely is it less difficult for the moral philosopher to combine the awakened propensities and discordant views of millions, in one harmonious and permanent political system. But if the momentum of those propensities and views be not calculated with due exactness, the powder of passion, instead of raising a goodly political fabric, will cover the fair face of Nature with volcanic ashes. Poets have ascribed certain edifices to the divine power of music; but the concord of sweet sounds is radically and essentially different from the angry passions. Harmony is creative! Discord destructive!"

Dr. Thomson proceeds to shew from the Will of God, or the Economy of the Supreme Mind, manifested in the course of Nature, of Providence, and of Grace, that the great and comprehensive designs which govern, or rather embrace, all the passing scenes in the universe, are carried into execution by means gradual, slow, and, to the narrowness of human views, even dilatory and tardy. He shews, agreeably to the doctrine of the Platonic and most sublime and rational interpretation of Scripture, that in the Christian Dispensation there are several classes or conditions of Disciples, corresponding to their different stages of proficiency in moral wisdom and virtue, from the Baptism of John, reaching only to outward impurities, to the unction of the

Holy Spirit of Truth, penetrating the very essence of the heart and soul as by living fire, and forming a sublime system of action, in which perfect love casteth out fear, and Virtue and Holiness are pursued on their own account, as well as for His sake in whom they were consecrated, and who is at once their Patron.—But the Doctor does not seem to confine his admiration to one system of Religion, but to entertain an opinion, that in different systems of Religion there may be great moral excellence as well as profound knowledge, and even somewhat of divine origin.

"In the Hindoo Religion there is a Trinity of Deities, BRAMAH, CHIVEN, and VICHENOU; the first representing the power of creation, the second that of dissolution and destruction, the third that of preservation. In the allotment of one of those three grand departments, into which the universe is divided, to the God of Destruction, do we not see the profoundest wisdom? All things, existing in individuality, pass away. Dissolution precedes re-production: both of these enter equally into the plan of the Almighty Ruler. Nor is it intended that there should be any thing violent or painful in the former, any more than in the latter. Such is the benign wisdom of HIM with whom a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. While certain grand objects are advancing to their just completion, other inferior objects, which serve as steps to those, are also going on to theirs. The narrowness of our views, and the precipitancy of our spirits, hurry us into rash and violent action; but in the order of nature, all is gradual and serene. Creative bounty is not more solicitous to raise new beings into life, than to lay those it has raised gently down, like ripe fruit, into their mother's lap, without pain. The cave of Death is more terrible at the entrance than within. The last stage of gradual dissolution is not more painful than those imperceptible changes that went before it. A tree grows up to maturity in a certain space of time, flourishes in full strength for an equal period, and in an equal, or nearly equal, sinks down in total decay. An animal, in like manner, grows, flourishes, and decays by imperceptible degrees. Nature is slow, and, as it were, reluctant wholly to dissolve whatever she has formed. The withered branches and trunks of trees, the skeletons and bones of animals bleaching for many a year in the open air, mouldering towers preserving their



their forms for centuries after they cease to be inhabited; these striking objects declare that gentle and divine gradation which Nature evidently affects in all her external works.

“The moral world moves in a higher order than the natural, but in a similar ratio; one reason governing both. States, kingdoms, and empires, have their growth, strength, and decay; and, while they pass on, like natural bodies, from form to form, it is the duty of Legislators, in imitation of Divine Wisdom, to be as tenderly concerned for their last stage as for their first.

“It does not seem to be the part of wise Statesmen to create, so much as to improve, Governments. As there are various seeds profusely scattered over the external face of nature, so there are various sources of civil and political societies. And as the husbandman only pretends to cultivate, not to create the seeds of vegetables, so in like manner it is for the interest of human societies, that Statesmen, instead of forming, at once, the very stamina or essence of new Governments, by a process sudden and violent, should make the most of the old in the mean time, and assimilate them, according to the general oeconomy of nature, by slow degrees, to the most approved forms that even metaphysical policy can devise.—Such forms may serve Legislators in the same manner that mariners are benefited by the polar star; by which they are directed, but to which they never can approach.”

Dr. T. observes, that it has been found on trial, that it is almost as difficult for the Legislator to form *à priori* a happy constitution of Government, as it would be absurd for a gardener, or husbandman, to attempt, by a mixture of natural elements, to form an apple or an acorn. “As the nature of a seed is best discovered by its development into an herb, shrub, or tree, so the principles of Government are best understood when they are contemplated in action, effect, and full expansion.”—He proceeds to evince the folly of all attempts to establish new systems of Government without the guidance of experience, by the failure of the famous Mr. Locke’s political plans in Carolina, and of the attempts of the present Empress and the Grand Duke of Russia to abolish slavery, and to introduce, at once, Liberty among their Peasants. It has been replied to Dr. Thomson’s argument taken from the overthrow of the abstract plans of so great a Logician

and Metaphysician as Mr. Locke, that if we have one instance of the inefficiency of Abstraction to settle a prosperous form of Government in America, we have a contrary example of its efficiency in the present flourishing condition of the AMERICAN STATES. The ground-work of the American Constitution, it is well known, is that of England. The anchoring-ground that held fast, and saved America, tossed in the Ocean of Anarchy, was that of England; just as Carolina began to flourish, from the time when Government took that Colony under its own immediate protection, laid aside the institutions of Mr. Locke, and gave the inhabitants a Constitution similar to that of Virginia.—Dr. T. observes, that the predial slaves of Russia, unaccustomed to make any distinctions between equal liberty and the most complete licentiousness and anarchy, and inflamed with pride and revenge by the prospect of freedom ill-understood, threatened the murder of their masters, and the subversion of all regular Government. And in a Note he says: “This fact, with the horrors of St. Domingo, should preach a lesson of caution, if not of remorse, to those politicians who recommend the immediate Abolition of the Slave Trade, and by raising the hopes, raise also the pride and the revenge of the Negroes.” Dr. Parr, who, it would seem, had once acquiesced in the sentiments of “his learned Correspondent” on the subject of servitude, subjoins to Dr. T.’s Note what follows: “After reading the late interesting debates upon the Abolition of the Slave Trade, I would be understood *ἐπιπέσει*,” which does not, necessarily, mean that he is of a contrary opinion, but only that he hesitates, and does not positively affirm any thing decisive of the question. The oratory in the House of Commons was indeed wholly, as might have been expected in a race for popularity, on the side of Abolition: yet we cannot help thinking that if such reasoning as what follows in the Letter under review had been urged in the House of Commons, the triumph of popular oratory would not have been so great. “That all men are equal by nature, is a fiction that may be innocent enough, so long as it is not made a lever for subverting Constitutions that have actually grown up and flourished in inequality. It would be more philosophical to say, that “the law is equal for all men,” than that “all men are equal by nature;” for laws are abstracted or ideal things, which alone, as every Metaphysician and every Geometri-

cian knows, are susceptible of perfect equality; whereas men and all other natural objects exist in individuals. It may be said, that if all men are not equal in fact, yet they ought to be considered as equal, or at least as possessing equal rights. But neither is this doctrine even morally or metaphysically true. Sound policy often can recognize no other right than that of long and uninterrupted occupancy. But if a nicer and more general foundation of property exists, on what is it founded? If it be said, Providence, equally concerned for all his children, bestows equal rights and privileges on all, it is most obvious to answer, that neither are equal rights and privileges, in fact, extended to all men; nor human happiness greatly, if at all, affected by the circumstance of disparity of rank in life. Shall it be said, after all, that men *ought* to have equal privileges? I reply, that there can be no reason given why there should not be diversities of stations, as well as there are diversities of orders, or species of beings. There are different degrees of liberty and property enjoyed by different nations, and in the same nation, by different individuals. But there is no human state in which a certain degree of enjoyment is not found; none in which there is not room for the exercise of virtue; none that is entirely excluded from hope, the greatest balm of life, either in the lowest or the most exalted stations.

“Distinction of rank and situation arises out of human nature, and redounds to human happiness and grandeur. Were He who can turn the hearts of men like streams of water, to pour the souls of a whole nation into one smooth and limpid pool, the even tranquillity of the aggregate mass could not, without a continued miracle, be lasting. Winds and storms of passion would soon agitate the face of the troubled waters. Foreign invasions and domestic injuries would call forth the virtues of courage and justice: and the Hero, the Legislator, and the Judge, attract the gratitude, the esteem, and the reverence of his countrymen. The sacred shade of admiration, which accompanies the benefactors of mankind during their life, is extended, in the imaginations and hearts of men, to their posterity. All other circumstances being equal, or but nearly equal, the son of the good and great man, even in the rudest tribes, carries the votes over the descendant of the undistinguished barbarian. As society advances towards civilization, the advantage of regular government, and heredi-

tary succession to various offices and immunities, over tumultuary elections and sudden decisions, becomes more and more apparent. Divers orders, classes, or casts of men are formed, and the moral world is varied by such a waving line as that which, winding horizontally, or rising and falling along mountains and vales, conducts and distributes the influences of Heaven, and variegates the whole aspect of external nature. It is, happily, such a waving line, and not the parallelograms and acute angles of Dutch parterres, that is still the REIGNING taste in ENGLISH GARDENING.

“By this happy constitution of nature (for that it is the constitution of nature all history bears witness), different stations are allotted to different people. A sense of honour animates the man of birth to honourable achievements; the hope of distinction, the plebeian to distinguished actions: the convulsions incident to democracy are controuled; and the fabric of government, on which depends all that gives comfort, elegance, and dignity to life, is consolidated and strengthened. Instead, therefore, of wholly subverting Monarchy, it becomes us to co operate with the gracious will of Providence, the only solid basis of moral obligation—it becomes us to cherish a spirit of reverence of the laws among the people, and to temperate the authority of Kings by knowledge, by sentiments, by manners, and the gradual introduction of counter-checks in the exercise of government.

“Some people are so zealous in the work of political alteration, that they make no account of the present generation, but are intent solely on the convenience and comfort of posterity. I do not, with the honest Irishman, ask, What good ever posterity did to us? but this I say, that we see only a short way into futurity. Evils, as well as blessings, await posterity, that we little think of. Let us chiefly mind the matters that are immediately before us. Let us encounter the labour and the danger of removing present and pressing calamities. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I am not an enemy to political reformation: God forbid! But all political reforms should be progressive and gradual. And it is surprising in how short a time the steady and comprehensive eye of political prudence accomplishes her designs, by watching and improving situations, occasions, and conjunctures.

“The city of London contains many dirty closes and lanes; but it also contains



tains many noble streets and squares, though it be not built according to any regular plan of architecture. A wise Government will gradually assimilate this great metropolis to some such form, by taking advantage of the decay of streets, the falling-in of houses, and accidental fires; but will be very cautious of adopting any scheme that might overturn its fairest fabrics, or involve a general conflagration. This, one would imagine, is nothing more than COMMON SENSE!"

We cannot but particularly approve Dr. Thomson's doctrine, that there is no other solid basis of moral obligation than the Will of Providence. The order of Nature; the subordination of a part to the whole; patience under every lot, but a steady belief that all things tended to the general good, and that right would finally prevail over wrong, and truth over error, under the auspices of the Father of Gods and Men—these were the doctrines of the most sublime among the Ancients; the doctrines too of Christianity—doctrines that invigorate while they overawe the mind, that elevate while they humble, by shewing, according to the phraseology of the Author immediately before us, that there are divine "patrons as well as patterns of virtue."—The Moderns, who, with Richardson, Sterne, and even Hutchinson, and other Philosophers who prate concerning sentiment and sensibility, and attempt to found moral obligation on some analogy to sensation, or re-sensation, do little more than affirm that a man should be good and virtuous if he be so disposed, or feel any inclination to be so. Where convictions are entertained of a divine Avenger of Vice, and Friend of Virtue, there is a strong interest and obligation to tread in the paths of righteousness.

We have already observed, that Dr.

A Protest against T. Paine's "Rights of Man:" Addressed to the Members of a Book Society, in consequence of the Vote of their Committee for including the above Work in a List of new Publications resolved to be purchased for the Use of the Society. Second Edition. 8vo. Price 1s. Longman, &c.

OF all the competitors who have entered the field of political warfare, and endeavoured by a *coup de main* to destroy that *Hydra* of public mischief which is supposed to exist in the writings of Mr. Paine, no one has wielded the weapons of Eloquence with more spirit and address than the Author of this PROTEST. Like the patriotic Orator of Rome, anxious to avert the calamities which threaten his country, he has hurled a bold and powerful *philippic* at the head of the vain and

Parr is very far above the meanness of adopting the observations or arguments of others without acknowledgments. Among the Authors whom he quotes the foremost, and on whom he bestows the highest and the most merited praise we find, besides an infinitude of ancient and dead authors, the names of Mr. Mackintosh, the celebrated adversary of Burke, who, indeed, is produced not only as a genius of the first class, but as an evidence in the dispute with Curtis; Dr. Dunbar, author of "Essays on the History of Mankind," and Professor of Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen; Dr. Priestley; Bishop Hurd; Mr. Burke; Mons. Dupont; Heyne, of Gottingen; Mr. Paine, whom he mentions with a mixture of praise and of censure; Dr. Ferguson, of Edinburgh; Captain Newte, author of the late Tour in England and Scotland; Bishop Watson; the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of the Magdalen, Oxford; Professor White, still his friend, &c. &c.

Since writing the above a second edition of Dr. Parr's last publication has come to hand, of which an account is given in the following note by the Author:

"Upon the application of my Bookseller I have permitted a second edition of the Sequel to be published: I have corrected the errors of the press committed in the first, and I have introduced some enlarged, and some *additional*, notes into the Appendix. In respect to Mr. C. I have made a few observations upon his Letter to the ingenious Mr. B. and assigned my reasons for making them. But I have forborn to avail myself of those important illustrations which some late discoveries, about the charity schools at Birmingham, would have enabled me to throw upon his talent of *forgetfulness*."

profligate ANTONY. Aware that an inference of merit might be drawn from the vast circulation into which the work he decries is said to have passed, the Author contends, that "a book so remarkably distinguished for wild extravagance, consummate audacity, and daring insolence as "THE RIGHTS OF MAN," could not fail to engage a certain degree of public attention, upon the same principle that the exhibition of a monstrous animal production will excite notice, and attract gazers,

gazers, in proportion to the hideous deformity of the spectacle;" and certain it is, that "publications that inflame the passions, the lascivious account of a trial for *Crim. Con.* or an incendiary production exciting to public disorder, are almost sure to throng the Bookseller's shop with eager enquirers." To point out the particular instances in which the Author has detected and exposed the folly and the fallacies of Mr. *Paine's* reasonings and observations, would greatly exceed the limits of our Review, but we may truly say, that there is not a page from which a candid and unprejudiced reader may not draw satisfactory information. As a specimen, however, of the superior style in which this work is written, we shall select the following instance:

"Society is a state where the compulsory obligation of laws is interposed to guard the enjoyment of those rights which are properly recognized and defined, from

passion, violence, and injustice. It is plain, that these laws cannot be made and enforced without some adequate authority. And what is that authority but Government? which, as it superintends the whole, and every part, is necessarily supreme. In what condition, in what occupation, in what retirement, is not the agency of this power to be traced? And what can possibly be substituted in its place? It is the only source of all protection and of all security, and alone enables us to enjoy the gifts of fortune and the fruits of industry. It does not indeed furnish the vegetative principle by which the corn grows, nor does it bestow the genial warmth that matures the fruit of the vineyard; but it extends its guardian care over the swelling ear and the ripening cluster; it protects the labours of the husbandman, and defends the harvest and the vintage from rapine and depredation\*."

#### ACCOUNT OF MR. JAMES QUIN.

[Continued from Page 56.]

AT the end of this season Mr. Quin retired to Bath, a place which he used to describe as "a good convenient home to lounge away the dregs of life in †," and which he had then probably determined on for his retreat. No harmony had subsisted between him and his Manager, Rich. He had, therefore, left London without renewing his engagement, and perhaps with no concern about its being renewed. As Mr. Garrick had bargained for a share of Drury-lane Theatre, he might suppose that his own performance would be of more importance to Mr. Rich than it had been, and might, in consequence, expect to make better terms. If this last was the case, he deceived himself, as Rich suddenly permitted him to continue at Bath, without making him any overtures. At length the month of November arrived, when he thought it prudent to afford the Manager an opportunity of offering some proposal to him. He therefore wrote to him the following laconic note ‡:

"I AM at Bath.

"Yours,  
"QUIN."

Which Rich as laconically answered in the following words:

"STAY there and be damned.  
"Yours,  
"RICH."

He therefore continued during the winter at Bath unemployed. Thomson, in a letter to his friend Paterfon, written about May 1748, charges Mr. Garrick with being instrumental in preventing Mr. Quin's appearance this season. "Coriolanus," says he, "has not yet appeared upon the stage from the little dirty jealousy of Tullus §; I mean of him who was desired to act Tullus, towards him who can alone act Coriolanus ||. Indeed, the first has entirely jockeyed the last off the stage for this season; but I believe he will return on him the next season like a giant in his wrath ¶." And the Author of a pamphlet published at this period, and addressed to Mr. Garrick, says, "'Tis confidently reported, you might have engaged Mr. Quin; nay, 'tis said he offered himself to you, and that the first people of

\* Since this article was first written, we have been pleased to see a *Fourth Edition* of the *Protest* advertised for sale; a proof that it has been (as it deserves to be) well received by the Public.

† Gray's-Inn Journal, March 9, 1754. Orig. Ed.

‡ Wilkinfon's Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 22. § Mr. Garrick.

|| Mr. Quin. ¶ Lord Buchan's Life of Thomson, p. 227.



fashion have pressed you to receive him\*." In March 1748 happened the dreadful fire in Cornhill, which gave Mr. *Quin* an opportunity of displaying his readiness to succour distress. On the 6th of April he performed *Othello*, at Covent-Garden, for the benefit of the sufferers (having come on purpose from Bath), which produced 218l. 12s. 4d. Soon afterwards he had a benefit himself. On the 27th August he lost his friend *Thomson*, and for the season of 1748-9 he enlisted again under the banners of *Rich*. On the 13th of January 1748-9, the orphan tragedy of "*Coriolanus*" was produced at Covent-Garden, in which Mr. *Quin* played the principal character, and spoke *Lord Lyttelton's* celebrated prologue, "which," says *Cibber* †, or *Shiells*, "had a very happy effect on the audience. Mr. *Quin* was the particular friend of *Thomson*, and when he spoke the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes :

He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing  
tear,

Alas ! I feel I am no actor here)—

He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of  
heart,

So clear of interest, so devoid of art,  
Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal,  
No words can speak it, but our tears may  
tell.

The beautiful break in these lines had a fine effect in speaking ; Mr. *Quin* here excelled himself ; he never appeared a greater actor than at this instant, when he declared himself none :—it was an exquisite stroke to nature, art alone could hardly reach it. Pardon the digression, reader, but we feel a desire to say somewhat more on this head. The poet and the actor were friends—it cannot then be quite foreign from the purpose to proceed. A deep-fetched sigh filled up the heart-felt pause—grief spread o'er all the countenance ; the tear started to the eye, the muscles fell, and

" The whiteness of his cheek

" Was apter than his tongue to speak his  
tale."

They all expressed the tender feelings of a manly heart, becoming a *Thomson's* friend. His pause, his recovery, were matterly ; and he delivered the whole with an emphasis and pathos worthy the excellent lines he spoke ; worthy the great poet and good man whose merits they painted, and whose loss they deplored." This account is confirmed by Mr. *Murdoch*, the writer of *Thomson's* life ‡, who says, " My Lord *Lyttelton's* prologue was admired as one of the best that had ever been written ; the best spoken it certainly was. The sympathizing audience saw, that then indeed Mr. *Quin* was no actor ; that the tears he shed were those of real friendship and grief." Dr. *Johnson* || also observes, mentioning this prologue, " that *Quin*, who had long lived with *Thomson* in fond intimacy, spoke it in such a manner, as shewed him to be on that occasion no actor."

Just before the performance of *Coriolanus* an honour had been conferred upon Mr. *Quin*, which he some years afterwards recollected with no small degree of exultation. On the 4th of January *Cato* was performed at Leicester House, by the direction of *Frederick Prince of Wales*, in which his present Majesty, *Prince Edward*, *Princess Augusta*, and *Princess Elizabeth*, acted the parts of *Portius*, *Juba*, *Marcia*, and *Lucia*. The instruction of the young performers and the conduct of the rehearsals were given to Mr. *Quin*, and, if we are not mistaken, he was afterwards rewarded with a pension for his service. It was intended that *Lady Jane Gray* should have been represented by the same performers, and accordingly that play was revived at Covent-Garden in Dec. 1750 §, but for some reason the intended exhibition did not take place.—When Mr. *Quin* heard of the graceful manner in which his Majesty repeated his first speech to his Parliament, he cried out, " Ay, I taught the boy to speak." *Prince Frederick*, perhaps through the means of *Thomson* and *Lyttelton*, was a warm patron of Mr. *Quin*. He generally used to attend his benefit, and all the plays he commanded, unless on some very particular occasion, were confined to Covent-Garden Theatre, in compliment to this actor. This attention in his Royal Highness

\* Drury-lane Play-house broke open. 1748. 8vo. p. 14.

† Lives of the Poets, Vol. V. p. 215.

‡ Life of Thomson, prefixed to his works.

|| Johnson's Life of Thomson.

§ It was in this season that Mr. *Rich* produced his pantomime called " The Fair," in which the Turk, a famous rope-dancer, was introduced. This prostitution of the Stage

Highness was so beneficial to Mr. Quin, that his salary in the last season of his performance, we are told, was equal to a thousand pounds\*.

We are now arrived at that period. The season of 1750-51 opened with a very powerful company at Covent-Garden, consisting of Mr. Barry, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Quin, Mrs. Woffington, Mr. Macklin, &c. The combined strength of this assemblage of theatrical talents, it is said, alarmed Mr. Garrick so much, that he wished to detach Mr. Quin from the party †, but having had the command at Covent-Garden, he did not wish to be controuled by Mr. Garrick; he therefore continued with his old master Rich, upon higher terms than had ever been paid to any actor. His benefit was on the 18th of March, three days before the death of the Prince of Wales, by whose command, though he was not present at the performance, Othello was acted;—Othello by Mr. Barry; Iago, Mr. Quin; and Desdemona, Mrs. Cibber. It is recorded, that notwithstanding the novelty of this change in the performers, Othello being Quin's usual part, the house was by no means a crowded one; on the contrary it was very thinly attended. On the 20th May Mr. Quin performed Horatio, in "The Fair Penitent," and with that character concluded his performances as a hired actor ‡.

He now put in execution his plan of retiring to Bath, but came to London the two succeeding years, to perform Falstaff for the benefit of his old friend Ryan. The last time of his appearance on the Stage was the 19th of March 1753, on which night the Stage, pit, and boxes, were all at the advanced price of 5s. §. The next year, finding himself disabled in some measure, by the loss of his teeth, from renewing his former assistance, he declined it altogether, saying, in his usual blunt manner, "By G— I will not whistle Falstaff for any-body, but I hope the Town will be kind to my friend

Ryan; they cannot serve an honest man \$." He exerted himself, however, among his friends, and disposed of many tickets for him, and continued his attention to the last period of Ryan's life. Mr. Davies says, that to make up the loss of his annual performance, he presented his friend with no less a sum than five hundred pounds ¶.

By the retirement of Mr. Quin the Stage sustained a great loss; the characters in which he particularly excelled falling into the hands of actors whose talents were very inadequate to their proper representation. In his principal tragic parts he was succeeded by Sparks, but in the character of Falstaff he left no representative. As Mr. Garrick, in a prologue to "Florizel and Perdita," spoken in 1756 at Drury-lane, truly observed,

"But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him?  
He's gone, nor left one cup of sack behind him.  
Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll roam,  
No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come;  
He's gone—to jest, and laugh, and give his sack at home \*\*."

Mr. Quin had always been attentive to the dictates of prudence, which enabled him to assert a character of independence while he continued on the Stage, and secured to him a competent provision when he quitted it. There is no reason to suppose that he repented withdrawing from the public eye, though in 1760 poor old Nash was imposed upon to imagine that Mr. Quin had formed a design of supplanting him in his post of Master of the Ceremonies at Bath ††. In 1761 Mr. Quin's theatrical abilities were again canvassed by the frequenters of the theatres, on the occasion of Mr. Churchill's introducing him into "The Rosciad," in the following manner:

gave so much offence to Mr. Quin and Mrs. Woffington, that they refused to perform during the run of this mummery.

\* Wilkinson's Life, Vol. IV. 147.

† Ibid. 155.

‡ Ibid. 161.

§ Ibid. 113.

¶ Gray's-Inn Journal, Feb. 23, 1754. Orig. Ed.

¶¶ Life of Garrick.

\*\* Justice to a very excellent actor requires it to be noticed, that some years after these lines were written, Falstaff was restored to the Stage with undiminished lustre in the person of Mr. Henderson, whose performance, though in some parts different, was hardly inferior to that of Mr. Quin.

†† Nash's Life, p. 159.



“ **Quin** from afar, lar'd by the scent of fame,

**A Stage Leviathan**, put in his claim,  
Pupil of **Betterton** and **Booth**. Alone,  
**Sullen** he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his  
own;

For how should **moderns**, mushrooms of  
the day,

Who ne'er those **masters** knew, know how  
to play?

**Grey-bearded veterans**, who with partial  
tongue

Extol the times when they themselves were  
young,

Who, having lost all relish for the **Stage**,  
See not their own defects, but lash the age,  
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause  
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite  
cause.

“ Far be it from the candid **Muse** to tread  
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,  
But, just to living merit, she maintains,  
And dares the test whilst **Garrick's** genius  
reigns,

**Ancients** in vain endeavour to excel,  
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.  
But though prescription's force we disallow,  
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;  
Tho' we deny imaginary grace,  
Founded on accidents of time and place,  
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear  
Due praise, nor must we, **Quin**, forget thee  
there.

“ His words bore sterling weight, nervous  
and strong,

In many tides of sense they roll'd along:  
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence  
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.  
No actor ever greater heights could reach,  
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

“ **Speech!** Is that all? And shall an  
actor found

An universal fame on partial ground?  
**Parrots** themselves speak properly by rote,  
And in six months my dog shall howl by note.  
I laugh at those who, when the stage they  
tread,

Neglect the heart to compliment the head;  
With strict propriety their care's confin'd  
To weigh out words, while passion halts  
behind;

To syllable dissectors they appeal,  
Allow them accent, cadence—fools may feel;  
But, spite of all the criticising elves,  
Those who would make us feel must feel  
themselves.

“ His eyes, in gloomy sockets taught to  
roll,

Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul:

Heavy and phlegmatic he trode the stage,  
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.  
When **Hector's** lovely widow shines in tears,  
Or **Rowe's** gay rake dependent virtue jeers,  
With the same cast of features he is seen  
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.  
From the same scene, which without passion  
flows,

With just desert his reputation rose;  
Nor less he pleas'd when on some surly play  
He was at once the actor and the man.

“ In **Brute** he shone unequal'd:—all  
agree,

**Garrick's** not half so great a brute as he.  
When **Cato's** labour'd scenes are brought to  
view,

With equal praise the actor labour'd too;  
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,  
Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the  
brute.

In fancy'd scenes, as in life's real plan,  
He could not for a moment sink the man.  
In whate'er cast his character was laid,  
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd,  
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in,  
**Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff**—still 'twas **QUIN**.”

While **Mr. Quin** continued on the  
Stage there was no great intimacy between  
him and **Mr. Garrick**, but when all  
competition for pre-eminence had ceased,  
it was no difficult matter for them to unite  
on terms of friendship. Both of them  
often spent their summers at **Chatworth**,  
the seat of the **Duke of Devonshire**; and  
one evening being accidentally left by  
themselves, **Mr. Quin** made the first overture  
towards a friendly intercourse, by enquiring  
after the health of **Mrs. Garrick**, for  
which he expressed a very solicitous re-  
gard\*. After this his visits at **Hampton**  
were frequent. The last time was in the  
summer of 1765, just after **Mr. Garrick's**  
return from **Italy**. While at this seat of  
hospitality, an eruption came out on his  
hand, which the faculty seemed to fear  
would turn to a mortification, and occa-  
sion the loss of it. This circumstance  
affected his spirits, and is supposed to have  
thrown him into a hypochondria, which  
brought on a fever, that carried him off  
when he was out of all danger on account  
of his hand.

During his illness he had taken such  
large quantities of bark, as to occasion an  
incessant drought, which nothing could  
affuage; and being willing to live as long  
as he could without pain, he discontinued  
taking any medicines for upwards of a  
week before his death; and during this

\* Life of Garrick, Vol. II. p. 117.

period was in good spirits. The day before he died he drank a bottle of claret, and being sensible of his approaching end, he said, "He could wish that the last tragic scene were over, though he was in hopes he should be able to go through it with becoming dignity." In this hope he was not disappointed; he died at his house at Bath on Tuesday 21st January 1766, about four o'clock in the morning, and on the Friday following was interred in the Abbey Church at Bath, where a monument, represented in the Frontispiece to our last volume, was erected, on which the following lines, written by Mr. Garrick, were inscribed:

"That *tongue* which set the table on a  
roar,  
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no  
more!  
Clos'd are those *eyes*, the harbingers of wit,  
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shake-  
speare writ.  
Cold are those *hands*, which, living, were  
stretch'd forth  
At Friendship's call, to succour modest  
worth.

Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to  
be taught,  
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of  
thought,  
In Nature's happiest mould, however cast)  
To his complexion thou must come at last.  
D. GARRICK.

The following is a copy of his last will and testament:

"I, JAMES QUIN, now residing in Bath, in the county of Somerset, Gent. do make and ordain this my last will and testament;

"That is to say, after my funeral expences and debts paid, I give and bequeath unto Mr. Thomas Nobbes, oilman, in the Strand, London, five hundred pounds.

"Unto Mr. Charles Lowth, at the King's Head, in Paternoster-row, London, five hundred pounds.

"Unto Mr. Thomas James Quin, son of Dr. Henry Quin, Physician, in Dublin, one hundred pounds.

"Unto Dr. Anthony Relhan, Physician, now living in Southampton-street, Covent-Garden, two hundred pounds.

"I give and bequeath, as by a *very foolish promise*, to Daniel Leckie, my gold repeating watch, chain, and seals.

"To Mrs. Penelope Lepage, and to Mrs. Sarah Lepage, single, or married,

both nieces to the late Mrs. Forrester, fifty pounds each, or the whole hundred pounds to the survivor.

"Unto William Grinfil, one of the Arts Masters of Bridewell Hospital, in London, five hundred pounds.

"To Mr. Daniel Rich, of Sunning, near Reading, in the county of Berks, one hundred pounds.

"Unto Mr. Thomas Gainsborough, limner, now living at Bath, fifty pounds.

"Unto the wife of Walter Nugent, a first Lieutenant in the Marines, fifty pounds.

"Unto Mr. Jeremiah Pierce, surgeon, in Bath, my gold-headed crutch-cane.

"Unto the Honourable Mr. John Needham, of Iver, near Uxbridge, one hundred pounds.

"Unto Captain Robert Hughes, brother to the Commissioner at Portsmouth, fifty pounds.

"Unto Mrs. Mary Simpson, landlady of the centre house in Pierpoint-street, in Bath, one hundred pounds; to be paid by my Executors into her own hands, independent of all her creditors whatsoever.

"Unto Mr. Edward Parker, wine-merchant, in Bath, twenty guineas.

"It is my will, that all the above legacies be paid and discharged within three months after my decease.

"It is also my will to be privately interred.

"All the rest and residue of my estate, both real and personal, of what nature or kind soever, I give unto the abovesaid Mr. Thomas Nobbes, and Mr. Charles Lowth, to enjoy to their use and behoof, to share alike half and half. And I do hereby constitute and appoint the abovesaid Thomas Nobbes, Charles Lowth, and Edward Parker, to be the Executors of and to this my last will and testament, hereby revoking and declaring void all former wills by me made.

"In witness whereof, I the said James Quin have, to this my last will and testament, contained in one sheet of paper, and written with my own hand, set my hand and seal, this 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five.

"JAMES QUIN. (L. S.)"

"Witnesses,

"HANBURY PETTINGAL.

"JOSEPH PHILLOTT."

[Some further particulars will conclude this account in our next.]



THE  
LATIN PRAYER  
OF  
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS  
BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. HARRINGTON OF BATH.

O Do-mi-ne De-us, spe-ra-vi in te: O  
Spe-ra-vi in te: O  
O Do-mi-ne De-us, spe-ra-vi in te:

cha-re mi Je-su, nunc li-be-ra me:  
cha-re mi Je-su, nunc li-be-ra me:  
mi Je-su nunc li-be-ra me:

In du-râ ca-te-nâ, in mi-se-râ pœ-  
In du-râ ca-te-nâ, in mi-se-râ pœ-  
Mi Je-su mi Je-su,

nâ, in mi--fe--râ pœ--nâ, de--si--de--ro te :  
 nâ, in mi--fe--râ pœ--nâ, de--si--de--ro te :  
 in mi--fe--râ pœ--nâ de--si--de--ro te :

Lan--guen--do, ge--men--do, et ge--nu--flec--ten--do,  
 et ge--nu--flec--ten--do,  
 Lan--guen--do, ge--men--do, et ge--nu--flec--ten--do,

A--do--ro, im--plo--ro, ut li--be--res me; A--  
 A--do--ro, im--plo--ro, ut li--be--res me; A--  
 A--do--ro, im--plo--ro, ut li--be--res me; A--

do--ro, im--plo--ro, ut li--be--res me.  
 do--ro, im--plo--ro, ut li--be--res me.  
 do--ro, im--plo--ro, ut li--be--res me.



## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

JULY 23.

**TWO TO ONE** was revived at the Haymarket, for the purpose of introducing Miss Barclay, who had already performed in *DIDO* on the other side of the street. This was her first comic appearance, and being in a character which required no extraordinary exertions, she was not unsuccessful in her performance of it. She certainly possesses many theatrical requisites. Her person, face, voice, and musical powers, united to a proper degree of industry, cannot fail of producing great effect, if properly exerted.

25. **THE ENCHANTED WOOD**, a Legendary Drama of three acts, by a young gentleman of the name of *Francis*, was acted the first time at the Haymarket. The Characters as follow :

Julian,	Mr. Palmer,
Etheldred,	Mr. R. Palmer,
Owen,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Una,	Mrs. Kemble,
Bridget,	Mrs. Webb,
Orion,	Mr. Bensley,
Transit,	Mrs. Bland,
Cymbriel,	Master Greigson,
Pytheon,	Mr. Bannister,
Sylphina,	Miss de Camp,
Ætheria,	Mrs. Taylor,
Elfion,	Sophy D'Evville,

## FABLE.

Julian, a young man of the most amiable disposition, but unhappily much deformed, is attached to Una, a beautiful damsel, who reveres his virtues, but cannot overcome the disgust excited by his person. Una, on the contrary, is rather disposed to look favourably on Etheldred, who is quite the reverse of Julian, having an agreeable person, but a weak malevolent mind. Julian, in the anguish of despair, retires to the wood to vent his unavailing sighs.

The wood is the favourite haunt of Orion and his fairy train, who overhear Julian breathing forth the complaints of inauspicious love. Orion affects to treat him with severity, but in reality is disposed to pity his situation, if, after a trial of his character, he should be found sincere and virtuous. Etheldred, unconscious that the wood is visited by these supernatural beings, invites Una to enjoy the silent shades, where he is discovered by Orion, who assumes the garb of a beggar, and, telling a melancholy tale, solicits his charity. Etheldred is deaf to his pitiable recital; and when the supposed

mendicant offers him a purse, under pretence that he had dropt it, Etheldred fraudulently claims it as his own. Orion in the same disguise makes a similar appeal to the benevolence of Julian, who sympathizes in his affected sorrows, and relieves him. Orion, having thus ascertained the merits of both parties, still affects a rigorous treatment of Julian, and is apparently kind to Etheldred. By the magical influence of Orion, two flaming cauldrons arise, and the rivals are ordered to descend in them, for the purpose of obtaining a recompence adequate to their respective merits. When the lovers are raised again in the cauldrons, a complete transformation appears, Julian's deformities being removed and transferred to the unlucky Etheldred. Una, who had only promised to love Etheldred till he should become deformed as Julian, perceiving this fortunate change in the man whom she esteemed, but could not love, readily gives him her hand and heart, and their determined union concludes the Piece.

There is an episode relative to Owen, a despicable follower of Etheldred, and his wife Bridget. Owen and Bridget are sport for the Fairies, and the former rides upon the stage mounted on a jack-ass.

The main incident in this piece is taken from a very pretty little Poem by *Dr. Parnell*, entitled "A Fairy Tale in the ancient stile." Julian is Parnell's Edwin, Etheldred his Sir Topaz, and Una his Edith. The author has also borrowed very freely from the *Midsummer's Night Dream*, from *The Tempest*, and from *Prince Arthur*.

August 6. Mr. King performed the character of Falstaff, in the First Part of Henry the IVth, for the first time. Had this performance been a mere trial of his abilities in a new line of acting, the failure might have passed unnoticed, but as it was repeated a second time, we are compelled to say, that the Theatre hardly ever exhibited an instance of an excellent actor in his way so entirely mistaking his talents. Falstaff in the hands of Mr. King lost all his jocularity. He was cold, sententious, tame, and declamatory, and communicated to a very patient and candid audience nothing but surprize at the attempt, and dissatisfaction at the execution.

9. **HAIL FELLOW WELL MET**, a comic sketch of one act, and a musical piece of one act, called "The Rights of Women," were acted the first time at the Haymarket, for the benefit of Mr. Wilson. Of these pieces it is sufficient to say, they seem

seem intended to catch the attention of the public by their titles, and they deserve no further notice.

23. A new Comedy called **CROSS PARTNERS** was produced. It is said to be the first attempt of a Lady, and is, we understand, a translation from the French.

The Dramatis Personæ were as follow :

Sir Charles Cullender,	Mr. Wilfon.
Captain Herbert,	Mr. Palmer.
Cleveland,	Mr. Williamfon.
Corporal Smack,	Mr. Wewitzer.
General Touchwood,	Mr. King.
Lady Dina Dupeley,	Mrs. Webb.
Mutter,	Miss Fontenelle.
Miss Fairfax,	Miss Heard.
And	
Maria Sidney,	Mrs. Goodall.

The Fable is briefly this : General Touchwood and Lady Dina Dupeley at an early period of life bind themselves in a penalty of ten thousand pounds to a future union. After an absence of twenty years, General Touchwood returns from India ; but time having perfectly destroyed their former attachment, and each party conceiving a new affection, the Lady for young Cleveland, and the General for Miss Fairfax, considerable embarrassment is occasioned to the old people to avoid the forfeiture of the bond. To keep up the appearance of their former engagement, General Touchwood introduces Miss Fairfax to Lady Dina as his niece, and Lady Dina young Cleveland to the General as her nephew. A mutual attachment has, however, previously taken place between Cleveland and Miss Fairfax. The General and Lady Dina Dupeley, after sajoling each other into a destruction of the bond, find themselves disappointed in their expectations, Sir Charles Cullender having generously settled a fortune on young Cleveland, which enables Miss Fairfax to bestow her hand according to the dictates of her heart. There is a second plot, in which Miss Sidney is the heroine, who, under the assumed character of Sophia Hobson, captivates Captain Herbert. The Captain, on his return from India, meeting with Miss Sidney, is struck with her resemblance to his Sophy, but particularly with her lively, gay disposition, which make so great an impression, that he is induced to declare his passion. She reproaches him with his conduct towards the supposed Sophy Hobson, which character she re-assumes, and, after regaining his affection, consents to their marriage.

The incidents which form the plot and title

of **CROSS PARTNERS** are evidently taken from a Novel called the "*Kentish Maid*," and a translation from the French condemned some twenty years since at this Theatre, which was then called *The Contract*.

This Comedy is extremely dull and uninteresting—the Dialogue is neither quick nor gay, and the incidents, prepared with much studied precision, are restrained and improbable.

The characters, with not an attempt at novelty—if we except that of Sir Charles Cullender, a kind of inconsistent *Marplos* in his dotage—were well supported by the performers.

An indifferent Prologue and Epilogue preceded and followed the piece.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ADDRESS,

On opening the THEATRE at BIRMINGHAM with the *LADY RANDOLPH* of Mrs. SIDDONS.

Written and Spoken by Mr. WINSTANLY.

IN earliest time, beneath OBLIVION'S shade,  
Ere SCIENCE hail'd those Laws which

FREEDOM made,

Ere social union form'd her happy plan,  
Link'd State with State, united Man with

Man,

The infant DRAMA rose.—What though no  
Art,

Affuming Nature's Empire o'er the Heart,  
Enrapt th' astonish'd sense—yet there, un-

known,

Was rais'd the basis of the Tragic Throne ;  
The aged Warrior sang his vanquish'd foes,  
And living Records on the Bark arose \* !  
Art kindled Art—'till from the rudest state  
Beam'd each bright blessing of benignant  
Fate.

BRITAIN, the darling seat of Arts and  
Arms,

Sees *Commerce* give to *Genius* double charms ;  
Even here, where *Trade* extends her broad  
domain,

Is fix'd the triumph of the *Muses*' reign :  
This little spot—by you protected—has  
beheld [Field—

The Drama's Chieftains tread the favour'd  
O'er all your sorrows shed the scenic pow'r,  
And cheat MISFORTUNE of the present hour !  
Here smiling NATURE, in her JORDAN'S  
train,

Tripp'd with fantastic footstep o'er the  
plain : [trace

And here—Remembrance rests, with grief to  
The sacred Honours of this favour'd place—

\* See Note xxv. Vol. II, in Dr. Robertson's History of America—on the origin of the War Songs and the Historic Paintings of the Mexicans.



Here SHE, who now no more can charm the ear,

Whom Fate has laid on Death's oblivious Bier—

Your own, like SHAKESPEARE \*!—Your's alone!

Both *Bard* and *Actress*—both alike your own!

Here YATES—like a bright Star set in a Summer sky—

(Now lost for ever to each gazing eye!)  
Shone the bright lullre of a polish'd age—

The *first* *Declaimer* of the British Stage!

Her public merits have to all appear'd—

Her private virtues were by all rever'd.

This Night, once more the Tragic Muse appears,

Array'd in all her sorrows—all her tears.

Methinks I see your long-lov'd fav'rite rise,  
Point to this spot, and quit her kindred skies,

To guide—in care of you, the lov'd below—  
*The Heart's great Empress* to these Scenes of Woe!—

“Go (might she say), go charm the list'ning throng,

“With all I once could boast of magic Song!

“Go, SIDDONS—Go, in spite of FASHION'S pow'r,

“Go storm the Heart, 'midst FOLLY'S darling hour!

“Go, and assert the PASSIONS' nobler sway,

“O'er all the wild *phantasma* of the day!

“SIDDONS alone, in this capricious hour,

“Can give the Tragic Moral all its pow'r!”

Oh! need we urge—'twere folly to presume  
One single word to deprecate your doom;  
When all appear, with eager joy elate,  
To welcome Genius to its rightful state.

Nought then remains but still to hope the care

Of him, whose proudest joy's to triumph here,

May, by your plaudits, rest at length o'erpaid  
For each exertion in your service made.

BIRMINGHAM, Aug. 20.

A little after one o'clock on Friday morning last, our beautiful theatre was discovered to be on fire; and scarcely had the alarm been given, when immense flames preceded by vast volumes of smoke issued from the front and every part of the building, and illuminated the whole town. Though the engines arrived with all possible expedition, and the officers and troops of the royal regiment of horse guards, quartered in the town, as well as the inhabitants, gave their ready assistance, the flames raged with unabated fury, the well-constructed roof soon fell in, and in the course of about four hours the whole inside, with all the scenery, wardrobe, musical instruments, &c. and whatever else it contained, were entirely consumed, and nothing of this elegant fabric now remains but the bare walls.

That the theatre was maliciously set on fire, there cannot be a doubt; those who had the courage to enter it, found the doors open which were locked when the house was left by the servants the preceding evening, and they observed the fire had been lighted, and was burning with equal fury in three different parts of the premises, widely distant from, and without any communication with each other. With a view of discovering the villainous authors of so iniquitous a deed, the Proprietors have offered a reward of 200 guineas. The premises were insured, and Mr. Yates, the manager, had also an insurance upon the wardrobe and scenes, &c. but to an amount by no means equal to their value. The performers will be very great sufferers—the dresses of all of them were entirely burnt, except Mr. Marshall's, who had the intrepidity to enter the dressing-room, and rescue his clothes from the flames. Happily no lives were lost.

## P O E T R Y.

HENRY AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

I.

**D**ARK was the night, and cold the wind,  
And loud the northern gale,  
And deep was Wansbeck's roaring tide  
That thunder'd down the Vale.

II.

“Adieu, my love,” kind Henry says,  
“Keen drives the blustering rain,  
“And Wansbeck's swelling current sweeps  
“Along the verdant plain.

III.

“This is the last, yes, the last time,  
“I'll bid my love adieu;

\* Birmingham Theatre, where Mrs. Yates made her last effort on the Stage in the character of Lady Townly, stands in Shakespeare's native county—Warwick.

“ To-morrow’s sun shall join our hands,  
“ If Lucy prove but true.”

## IV.

“ O Henry, why that killing word?  
“ Why drops the glistening tear?

“ Hast thou a thought thy Lucy will  
“ To thee not prove sincere?

## V.

“ What fitting years have roll’d away,  
“ Since I receiv’d thy vow;  
“ And when my troth I’ve plighted sure,  
“ Shall I be faithless now?

## VI.

“ A darker cloud o’ershades the world,  
“ The moon withholds her ray;  
“ No glittering stars illumine the sky,  
“ To point my darksome way.

## VII.

“ Soon as the morning’s orient sun  
“ Shall tinge the clouds above,  
“ With joy I’ll fly and seize thy hand,  
“ To church to lead my love.”

## VIII.

Dark was the night, and cold the wind,  
And loud the northern blast,  
When Henry from his Lucy came,  
And o’er the Wanbeck past.

## IX.

Before the morning’s glimmering beam  
Had ting’d the dusky sky,  
He cheerful rose, himself array’d,  
And paced the plain with joy.

## X.

Dark was the morn, and keen the wind,  
And deep was Wanbeck’s tide;  
And Henry sunk beneath the waves,  
Nor reach’d the other side.

## XI.

The morning came, when Lucy rose,  
And deck’d herself so gay;  
Her bridal maidens gave her joy,  
On this her marriage-day.

## XII.

The morning sun flung o’er the plain  
A warm and lucid beam;  
No Henry came to greet his bride,  
Or cross’d the Wanbeck’s stream.

## XIII.

Oft Lucy oped the creaking door,  
And view’d the river’s side;  
Her cheeks grew pale when she beheld  
The fury of its tide.

## XIV.

The village train approach’d the door,  
Their tears their sorrow tell—  
Pale Lucy came—a shriek she gave,  
And down she lifeless fell.

## XV.

They’ad laid the corpse of Henry dead  
At Lucy’s opening door;  
She saw the body of her love,  
She shriek’d—and saw no more.

## XVI.

The village bell announc’d their fate,  
Her maids in white array  
Saw in one grave the Lovers laid,  
On this their bridal day.  
*Morpeth.*

J. T.

## FAMILIAR EPISTLE to a LADY,

WHEN LAID UP WITH THE GOUT.

By THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN.

WHAT tho’ the *Body* be confin’d,  
I still can boast the unfetter’d *Mind*,  
Excursive, bold, and free;  
No downy flannel wraps it round,  
No Gout can render it unsound,  
Or stop its flight to thee.

Permit the Bard in humble verse  
His friendly greetings to rehearse,  
Accept his meed of praise,  
Who saw thee studious alone  
To follow *Virtue’s* path—disown  
Seductive *Pleasure’s* ways.

Believe me, *Jane!* that Power supreme  
Whose blessings are no idle dream,  
Will shower them down on those  
Who dare at *Virtue’s* shrine to bow,  
Who at *His altar* pay their vow,  
Whence all enjoyment flows.

What tho’ no *wealib* or *pomp* they share,  
To them unknown the *fuss* and *care*  
Which *Fashion’s* children boast;  
Theirs is the *sunshine* of the *breast*,  
With *conscious rectitude* they’re blest,  
And thus will bless them most.

Think not, confin’d by *Pain’s* rough stroke,  
That Illness does the Song provoke,  
Or prompts the *serious* lay;  
Thou know’st, ’midst *Health’s* high-beating  
stream

This still is *Clio’s* darling theme,  
*Be good if you’d be gay.*

This little note a tale shall end;  
In *Persia’s* language first ’twas penn’d,  
But suits *each* clime and age;  
Its truth the liberal mind declares,  
O! were as good each Christian’s prayers,  
As good each *precisely* page!

The son of *Nourbivan* one day  
A reverend Sage met in his way,  
His face toward the *East*;  
With eyes and arms to heaven uprais’d,  
He first his bounteous *Maker* prais’d,  
And then this prayer address’d:

“ Great God! thy mercies be confin’d  
“ To those thy dictates will not bind.  
“ To such thy blessings send;  
“ O give the wicked peace and rest;  
“ The good in being good are blest,  
“ These have thee for their friend.”



## HARVEST HOME :

TRANSLATED from a LATIN POEM,

Of JERE. BENTHAM, JUN. Esq.

By the late Mr. JOHN ELLIS.

**N**OW Summer's short career declines  
apace,

And kindly gives to fruitful Autumn place ;  
He loaden comes, and with no scanty hand  
Bestows the golden produce of the land.

The sickly Dog-star o'er the season sways,  
And on the lab'rer darts his dazzling rays ;  
While with slow pace the new-fallen leaves  
among,

Her horn replete dame Plenty lugs along.

Lo! Ceres too, with wheaten garland  
crown'd,

Who taught the hind to till and sow the  
ground ;

With these the Power that o'er the vine  
presides,

And the fierce tyger or the lynx bestrides ;  
From side to side his jovial godship reels,  
And all around his flowing goblet deals.

And now the needful care employs each  
swain,

To gather in, and house, the ripen'd grain.  
When Sol begins to gild the eastern sky  
Thro' the wide field their reaping-hooks they  
ply ;

Their destin'd part of labour all pursue,  
Nor sweat and toil their industry subdue ;  
With pleasing hope their spirits they sustain,  
And in their minds account the future gain.  
So rich a prospect, such a pleasing sight,  
Cheers ev'ry breast, and makes their labour  
light.

Meantime the trav'ler and the village  
priest

Their ravish'd fight with the field's treasure  
feast ;

But this not freely are they long allow'd,  
Thus interrupted by the rustic croud :

“ Let husbandmen your gen'rous bounty  
taste,

Expos'd to Summer's heat and Winter's  
blast ;

Your corn, your bread, is owing to our toil,  
We plow, we sow, we cultivate the soil.”

The dole obtain'd, the louts with noisy  
cheers

Express their thanks, which din the donors'  
ears.

Here matrons, boys, and girls, are strag-  
gling seen,

And what the lab'rer leaves they gladly glean.  
Here various toils employ the busy swains,  
These lift the sheaves, those stow them on  
the wains :

These in the barn secure the gather'd store,  
The drenching tempest now their dread no  
more.

Now to long toil some relaxation's due,  
Their spirits to recruit and strength renew.  
All now to celebrate the feast prepare,  
The pomp all rustic, simple all the fare.  
Grass strew'd with flowers, delightful to the  
eyes,

Table and pictur'd tapestry supplies,  
The ground their feat ; when enter to them  
straight

A rustic loaden with a pudding's weight ;  
Another with the roast sirloin is fraught,  
Nec is the cheese to be accounted nought.  
Now move around full cups of potent beer,  
And the ripe fruits improve their rural cheer ;  
Pears, apples, grapes, that swell with copious  
juice,

And hazle-nuts, which hedges wild produce.

The lads and lasses sprightly now advance,  
And social mingle in the mazy dance ;  
Crowdero blind torments untuneful strings,  
While Blowfibel some rustic ballad sings.  
With sport and jollity thus ends the day,  
And now to needful rest they jog away.

J. E.

A party of Gentlemen having agreed to act some  
French Proverbs with M. LE TEXIER, in  
the Lower Rooms at Bath, in the Year 1787,  
the following PROLOGUE was written  
for the Occasion, but not spoken, the  
Author declining to exhibit himself before  
so large an Assembly.

*The Author in black (a borrowed dress coat).*

**S**EE how they've dress me! in this garb  
of woe!

To say the truth—it fits me but so—so—  
Like the black figures stalking before hearsets,  
I come attir'd—to speak my own bad  
verses—

\* M—n and D—n !—tis very hard,  
Thus to desert your poor afflicted bard!

The rogues are deaf—whate'er I say they  
scout it,  
And since I wrote the Prologue—make me  
spout it.

What can I do?—'tis now too late to fly—  
Egad, I'm in for't—so I think I'll try.

*Bows to the Audience.*

RIVALRS in arts and arms, our Gallic  
neighbours

Have 'gainst our drama bent their critic  
labours ;

With grief they saw the mighty Shakespeare  
ours,

The Stage subliming with unrival'd powers !

\* Two Gentlemen who acted.

That

That British boast more pain'd their jealous  
pride,  
Than Hawke who triumph'd, or than  
Wolfe who died;  
And blind with zeal, their lov'd Voltaire  
became  
The mean assassin of his envied fame!

More liberal we of free impartial praise,  
On lighter themes applaud *their comic* lays;  
Grateful we hold their language kindly  
lent  
For sprightly ease and social merriment;  
And e'en this night, to chase our native  
spleen,  
Aspiring here to fill the Gallic scene,  
And catch their genius by the magic spell,  
Cry, *Vive la joie!—et Vive la bagatelle!*

While thus we strive our audience to  
amuse,  
Frankly we own we have some *selfish* views.  
Who dares deny what our great Shake-  
speare writ?  
“Home-keeping youths have ever homely  
wit\*!”  
A truth—perhaps not obvious to your ken,  
We wish to prove—that *we are travel'd*  
*men!*

Not of that sort who deem all thought a  
bore—  
“Spoil their own language—and acquire no  
more;”—  
But led by kinder stars abroad to roam,  
We hope—we've brought—some small im-  
provement home †.

From this bright circle, thus assembled  
here,  
Fondly we trust we have no frowns to fear.  
All arts we try which may some mirth  
create,  
*Un petit souper finira la fête—*  
So—if our *faulty accent* gain no favour,  
We hope—the *wine* will boast a better  
flavour.

But should some Critic, too intent on blame,  
Here seek for errors with malignant aim;  
When unadvis'd and vent'rous he presumes  
To *contretens* and *chasser* in these rooms,  
If we that man in *one false step* surprize,  
He may have ears—but *we*—by Heav'n!—  
have eyes.

As to the *Ladies*—we submit with pain  
Throughout the play our feelings to restrain:  
That business o'er—to *act the lover's* part,  
Each man shall speak—the *language of his*  
*heart!* P.

## EAST-INDIA INTELLIGENCE.

[ FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES EXTRAORDINARY. ]

*Whitehall, July 31.*

THE letters and inclosures, of which the following are copies and extracts, were this day received from the East Indies by the Company's ships, Lord Camden and Northumberland:

*Camp before Seringapatam, March 4, 1792.*

SIR,

I HAVE very great satisfaction in transmitting to you the enclosed copy of the Preliminaries † of Peace that were settled on the night of the 23d of February, between the three Confederate Powers and Tippoo Sultan, to be laid before his Majesty.

Although some circumstances delayed the delivery of the hostages until the 26th, I was induced, by the earnest desire of Tippoo, to consent to a cessation of hostilities on the 25th ultimo; and I trust that not only the Preliminary Articles will soon be completely executed, but also that those of the Definitive Treaty will, without much delay, be adjusted and concluded.

\* Two Gentlemen of Verona.

† This line to be spoken with a foreign air of affected hesitation,

‡ Already printed in the Gazette of July 5, 1792.



ing us a strong defensive frontier against the future attacks of any Power whatever from above the Ghauts.

I must beg that you will also inform the King, that, gallantly as his Majesty's troops on this service have behaved on all other occasions, their courage and discipline were never more eminent, nor their services more valuable to their country, than in the attack of the enemy's fortified camp on the night of the 6th ult.

My warmest acknowledgements were therefore due to the officers and soldiers in general for their behaviour in that action; and I am persuaded, when proper opportunities offer, it will likewise prove the most effectual recommendation for them to his Majesty's favour.

General Medows, who had some time resolved to return to Europe as soon as the war should be concluded, intends, with my entire approbation, to embark on the last ship of this season that sails from Madras; and I think it my duty on this occasion to declare, that the zeal and ability which the General has constantly employed during this war in promoting the interests of his country, have, in my opinion, done great honour to himself; and that the friendly support and assistance which he has uniformly afforded me, have laid me under the most lasting obligations.

It has at the same time been my singular good fortune to experience a co-operation and assistance, no less zealous and friendly, from General Abercromby, in his able conduct of the army that was formed on the Coast of Malabar; and I request that you will be pleased to communicate my sentiments on the behaviour and merits of both these officers to his Majesty.

This dispatch will be delivered to you by Capt. Madan, one of my Aids-de-Camp, whom I beg leave to recommend to his Majesty as a deserving officer; and as he has served in the field from the commencement of the war, he will, I trust, be able to give you satisfactory explanations of all the operations and transactions that he has witnessed.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) CORNWALLIS.

*Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries,  
 &c. &c. &c.*

[Here follows a letter from Lord Cornwallis to the Court of Directors, stating the inconveniencies and delay arising from the quantities of necessary stores, provisions, and ammunition, and the multitude of camp followers, which the Confederate Armies ex-

perienced in their approach to Seringapatam. His Lordship repeats his complaint respecting the culpable conduct of Purseram Bhow, who, in direct contradiction to his repeated promises, suffered himself to be allured by the hopes of being able to plunder the rich province of Bednore, and with that view, at the most critical period, marched his army to the westward, instead of assisting in the investiture and reduction of Seringapatam: his Lordship, however, speaks in high terms of the fidelity and zeal of the Nizam's Minister; though he had unfortunately neither an army sufficiently equipped, nor military talents equal to his wishes for the interests of the Confederacy.

His Lordship then gives a long detail of the military operations from the opening of the campaign until the cessation of hostilities, at the earnest request of Tippoo, on the 24th of February (the substance of which was inserted in our Magazines for May and July); and he acknowledges the great advantage he derived from Sir John Kennaway's services, in conducting the negotiations to so happy an issue, in obtaining from Tippoo the execution of the Preliminaries, and in framing the Articles of the Definitive Treaty of Peace. Mention is then made of the arrival in the camp of Tippoo's two sons, and of his payment of above one crore of rupees. His Lordship congratulates the Company on having obtained by the event of the war a victory over their enemy, which will deprive him of the power, and perhaps the inclination, to disturb us for many years to come; and expresses a hope, that by our acquisitions by this peace, such additional strength and compactness will be given to the frontiers of our possessions, both in the Carnatic and on the Coast of Malabar, as to render it extremely difficult for any power above the Ghauts to invade them.

His Lordship speaks in high terms of the services and public spirit of General Abercromby, and says, no words can express the sense he shall retain throughout life of the ability and refined generosity and friendship with which General Medows has invariably given him his support and assistance; and after recommending Captain Madan to the Company's notice, he concludes as follows:—

"I have thought it necessary, as a reward to the soldiers for the cheerfulness with which they have performed so many various duties, and as some compensation to the Officers for the extraordinary expences to which they have been exposed, to order a gratuity equal to six months batta (about twenty-two lacks of rupees) to be issued from the money that has been paid by Tippoo, to all the troops that have been employed

ployed upon this service, which I hope will meet with your approbation; and as General Abercromby's situation would not justify him in following General Medows's and my own example, in declining to accept of any share in prize money or gratuity, and from his receiving no batta, there is no rate upon that ground for regulating his portion, I have judged it most equitable to direct that he shall receive half a sixteenth of the amount of the whole sum that shall be issued to the army, being the proportion of prize money which he is entitled to draw, according to the principle of division which we understand to be established for the Flag Officers of his Majesty's Navy, and which has been adopted for the General Officers of this army."

*Extract of a Letter from the Governor and Council at Madras, in their Political Department, to the Court of Directors, dated March 15, 1792.*

ON the 28th of last month we received a letter from Lord Cornwallis, dated the 20th, informing us that a negociation was in some forwardness, and promised to be brought to a speedy conclusion, unless Tippoo's Vakeels had exceeded their master's instructions; the basis of which was, the surrender of one half of Tippoo's dominions, to be divided amongst the Allies, according to the terms of the treaty, and to be chosen by them from the countries most contiguous or convenient for them; a large sum of money to be paid; and the Sultaun's two eldest sons to be given as hostages till the articles were fulfilled.

An arrangement of this kind, which effectually destroys the dangerous power of Tippoo, his Lordship was of opinion, would be more beneficial to the Public than the capture of Seringapatam, and render the final settlement with the Allies, who seemed very partial to it, much more easy. He observed, that those whose passions were heated, and who were not responsible for consequences, would probably exclaim against leaving the Tyrant an inch of territory, but that it was his duty to consult the real interest of the Company and the Nation.

His Lordship advised us, in a subsequent Letter, that the negociation was still pending; that some difficulties were started by

the Vakeels, relative to peculiar circumstances attending Tippoo's two eldest sons, neither of whom were intended by him to be his heir. That some objections were likewise offered to the cession of particular places, on the plea of their being ancient possessions; and proposals made for paying part of the stipulated sum in jewels or goods; that to all these points his Lordship had given distinct and explicit answers, and had required that the business should be brought to an immediate issue: that there was in the mean time no relaxation in the operations of the war; the approaches were carrying on, and General Abercromby had had a very smart skirmish on the south side of the river, in support of an advanced piquet, which the enemy had come out from the fort, in considerable force, to attack, but in which they were repulsed, though protected in a great degree by the fire of the fort. Our loss upon this occasion amounted to 104 men killed and wounded.

On the 23d Colonel Floyd arrived in camp with a convoy of 25,000 Benjarries; and his Lordship advised us, that he had strongly urged Purseram Bhow, who was within three or four days march of Seringapatam, to cross the river and join General Abercromby, instead of coming forward to camp.

On the 24th his Lordship wrote to us, that Articles Preliminary to a General Peace had been settled the night before; that a cessation of hostilities had taken place, and that two of Tippoo's sons were expected in camp in a few hours.

It was not, however, until two days after the Preliminary Articles had been agreed upon, that Tippoo's second and third sons arrived in camp. The former, Lord Cornwallis informed us, was about ten years old, and the latter, who is the son of Burraum ud Dien's sister, and considered as the heir to the Sultaun, about eight. The delay in their arrival was not occasioned by any interruption of the treaty, but by the difficulty and distress of their leaving the Zenana, and by Tippoo's anxiety that they should be properly received by his Lordship.

The children were received by Lord Cornwallis with every mark of kindness and respect; and his Lordship was happy in observing, that "they seemed to entertain no apprehensions of their new father \*."

\* The Madras Courier of March 22. adds the subsequent particulars:

"About twelve o'clock the works of the fort of Seringapatam were crowded with an innumerable multitude of people, and the Sultaun was plainly discovered among them. In a few minutes afterwards, the young Princes made their appearance: they were conducted from the island to a large pavillion pitched for their reception near Sibbald's redoubt, about a mile from the fort.



We have the pleasure to inform your camp, on the 1st and 2d instant, a crore and Honourable Court, that Tippoo sent to our ten lacks of rupees; and promised that in

“ Here they were received by Sir John Kennaway, who attended them, accompanied by an escort, to head-quarters.

“ On entering the camp they were saluted with 19 guns, and the part of the line they passed was under arms, and the officers saluted. Lord Cornwallis received them in his tent, which was guarded by a battalion of sepoy, and they were then formally delivered to his Lordship by Gullam Ally Beg, the Sultan's Vackeel, as hostages for the due performance of the treaty.

“ The spectacle was grand and affecting, and impressed all present with feelings not easily delineated. It was a proud scene to the conquerors, and most humiliating to the vanquished.

“ An awful silence for a moment prevailed, and every one seemed absorbed in the tumult of ideas which the occasion naturally called forth.

“ At length Gullam Ally, approaching Lord Cornwallis much agitated, thus emphatically addressed his Lordship :

“ These children,” pointing to the young Princes whom he then presented, “ were this morning the sons of the Sultaun my master; their situation is changed, and they must now look up to your Lordship as their father.”

“ The tender and affectionate manner in which his Lordship received them, seemed to confirm the truth of the expression.

“ The attendants of the young Princes appeared astonished, and their countenances were highly expressive of the satisfaction they felt in the benevolence of his Lordship.

“ Some conversation took place between his Lordship and the Vackeels of Tippoo, in which the latter declared that the termination of the war diffused happiness throughout all ranks of people; and after sitting a few minutes he retired, accompanying the young Princes to their tents, under an escort of a party of our troops, which remained with them as their guard.

“ Before they took leave, his Lordship presented a gold watch to each of them as a mark of his regard.

“ The next morning his Lordship made them a visit at their tents, which are pitched near the left of Tippoo's redoubts.

“ The body-guard and spearmen of the Princes formed an avenue of considerable extent, from the tent of ceremony, which is spacious and very magnificent.

“ His Lordship alighted at the end of the avenue, and walked up to the tent, saluted as he passed by the Princes' guards.

“ They met his Lordship at the entrance, and by their respectful behaviour shewed that they held in pleasing remembrance the kind attention his Lordship had shewn to them.

“ At the extremity of the tent, and somewhat elevated, a number of chairs were placed; here his Lordship seated himself with the eldest Prince on his right hand, and the younger on his left.

“ Sir John Kennaway sat on one side of the Princes, and Mr. Cherry on the other, as his Lordship's interpreters. The Vackeels of Tippoo, of whom one was the person sent some time ago on an embassy to Constantinople, and those of the Nizam and the Mahrattas, arranged themselves in the same order, so that the whole formed a semicircle.

“ After a conversation of about an hour, in which the Constantinople Ambassador bore a considerable share, his Lordship embraced the Princes, and gave to the eldest a fuscree richly mounted, and to the youngest an elegant case of pistols; in return, each of them presented his Lordship with a sword, who immediately afterwards withdrew, leading a Prince in each hand to the extremity of the rich carpet, which was spread on the ground, and embraced them with the utmost cordiality.

“ They are fine boys; the eldest is about ten years old, and appears to be very quick, shrewd, and penetrating. He addressed his Lordship in a very pertinent speech with a great deal of propriety, without any kind of confusion or embarrassment; and in the same manner, on being desired by Gullam Ally, he repeated some passages from the Koran.

“ The youngest is remarkably handsome. His features are very regular and expressive, and his countenance mild and open; he is about eight years old. They are both very graceful, perfectly correct in their manners, and appear to be extremely well bred. They were dressed in white muslin, and round their necks they wore some rows of beautiful pearls, to which were suspended a pastagon, consisting of an emerald and a ruby of considerable size, surrounded with a profusion of brilliants.

the course of a few days the first kist, amounting to one crore and sixty-five lacs, should be discharged.

His Lordship advised us, that in consequence of this proof of Tippoo's intention to execute the treaty faithfully, he had directed General Abercromby to fall back, and encamp near the Kennambaddy Ford; and had assured the Vakeels, that if they dealt fairly with him with regard to the accounts of the revenues, he would, in two or three days, withdraw our troops from the Island. He added, that he could not then ascertain what extent of country would fall to our share, but his first option would be the Baramhaul and Salem districts, which would afford a secure frontier to the Carnatic. That there would be no occasion for our forwarding any further supplies of money to camp from the Presidency; for although he had promised an handsome gratuity to the troops, whose expectations had been raised perhaps too high at the prospect of entering Seringapatam in a few days, and who had every claim to reasonable consideration, yet he hoped still to have enough to prevent his making any further demands upon us for some time.

#### POLITICAL DEPARTMENT.

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

HONOURABLE SIRS,

Since closing our address of the 15th instant, we have received a letter from Lord Cornwallis, stating, that some delay had arisen in the progress of the negociation, in consequence of the difficulties which had been started by Tippoo Suldaun about the country and the money, and that, notwithstanding his Lordship's daily remonstrances, and Tippoo's repeated promises to desist, great numbers of men had been constantly employed in strengthening the wall opposite to our approaches.

His Lordship informed us, that he always expected to find much trouble in making Tippoo consent to the present treaty, and that, in that respect, he had not been disappointed; the Suldaun having practised every species of chicane, and every pretext for delay. That it was however necessary, on all accounts, that the business should be brought to a speedy issue, and that if Tippoo did not in two or three days comply with the positive requisitions which had been made to him, his Lordship should think it necessary to have recourse to coercive mea-

sures. He added, that it was not easy to suppose Tippoo would have an idea of renewing hostilities, after giving up his two sons as hostages, and paying above eleven hundred thousand pounds, although he was a man that ought not to be trusted too far.

Since writing the above, another letter has been received from his Lordship, accompanied by copies of two letters from Sir John Kennaway to Tippoo's Vakeels, and of the answer of the latter, regarding the division of the Suldaun's country. In this letter, an extract of which was laid before us by Sir Charles Oakeley, his Lordship observed, that if Tippoo did, from the first, determine not to give us the Baramhaul and Salem districts, and the forts of Gooty and Balhary to our allies, he certainly did not seriously intend to execute the conditions of the Preliminary Articles, nor could he expect to conclude a peace. That he began to work in the fort on the very night on which he sent his two sons to camp, and had very much strengthened the wall opposite to our attack; but his Lordship doubted whether all Tippoo had done, or could do, would be worth eleven hundred thousand pounds and two such hostages. That Purferam Bhow was to march on the 14th to the Kennembaddy Ford, in order to join General Abercromby, and that the hostages were to set out in the morning of the same day for Bangalore.

Our acting President has laid before us an extract of another letter from Lord Cornwallis, dated the 15th inst. by which we were informed that the Vakeels had, the night before, acquiesced in the surrender of Gooty and Balhary, and the Baramhaul and Salem country, and relinquished the Coorga country; and that the dispute about the batta had likewise been settled; but that Tippoo's unremitting industry in working night and day would occasion doubt of the sincerity of a person of better character.

The next post gave us the pleasing information, that the Definitive Treaty had been finally adjusted with all parties; that the Vakeels were preparing to carry it into the fort, and had promised to return with it, signed and sealed by Tippoo, the next morning, to the tent of the young hostages, who were to deliver it into his Lordship's hands. Lord Cornwallis added, that by this treaty the Company had acquired a territory, the net revenue of which amounted to thirty-nine lacs and fifty thousand rupees.

We have just received advice from Lord Cornwallis, that the Definitive Treaty was signed and sealed by Tippoo, and delivered into his Lordship's hands by one of his sons



on the 10th instant. His Lordship has not yet sent a copy of the Treaty, but requested the ship might sail immediately with this account.

We have the honour to transmit, numbers in the packet, copies of all the letters we have received from Lord Cornwallis since our arrivals of the 15th instant.

We have given in charge to Captain Rees a small box, addressed to your Honourable Court, containing a sketch of the environs of Seringapatam, drawn from Captain Beatson's own observations, with a representation of the attacks made upon Tippoo's redoubts and encampments on the night of the 6th of February 1792, which we doubt not will be acceptable to you.

The Northumberland has been detained by the desire of his Lordship, who was extremely anxious that your Honourable Court should be informed by that ship of the final accommodation of all disputes.

We have the honour to be,  
With the greatest respect,  
Honourable Sirs,

Your faithful humble Servants,  
(Signed) CHARLES OAKELEY.  
WM. PETRIE.

Fort St. George, March 24, 1792.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

*Whitehall, August 21.*

THE Definitive Treaty with Tippoo Sul-taun, of which the following is a copy, was received at the India-house, overland, yesterday from Bombay.

DEFINITIVE TREATY of perpetual Friend-ship, for the Adjustment of Affairs be-tween the Honourable English East India Company, the Nawaub Assoph Jah Be-hauder, and Row Pundit Paudhaun Be-hauder, and Tippoo Sul-taun; settled the 17th day of March 1792; the Christian Æra, answering to the 23d day of the month of Rejeb, 1206 of the Hejeree, by Sir John Kennaway, Bart. on the part of the Right Hon. Charles Earl Cornwallis, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c. and Meer Aalun Behauder, on the part of the Nawaub Aziem ul Omrah Behauder, and Bachajee Pundit, on the part of Hurry Ram Pundit Tania Behauder, on one part; and by Golam Ally Khan Behauder, and Ally Reza Khan, on the behalf of Tippoo Sul-taun, according to the undermentioned Articles, which, by the blessing of God! shall be binding on their heirs and successors as long as the Sun and Moon endure, and the con-ditions of them be invariably observed by the Contracting Parties.

Art. I. The friendship subsisting between the Hon. Company and the Sircar of Tippoo Sul-taun, agreeable to former treaties, the first with the late Nawaub Hyder Ally Khan, bearing date the 8th of August 1770, and the other with Tippoo Sul-taun of the 11th of March 1784, is hereby confirmed and increased, and the Articles of the two former treaties are to remain in full force, ex-cepting such of them as by the present en-gagement are otherwise adjusted; and the 8th Article of the second above-mentioned treaty, confirming all the privileges and im-munities of trade which the Nawaub Hyder Ally Khan granted to the said Company, by the treaty entered into in the year 1770, is also, by virtue of the present treaty, renewed and confirmed.

Art. II. In the fourth Article of the Pre-liminary Treaty entered into between the Allied Powers and the said Tippoo Sul-taun, dated the 22d of Feb. 1792, it is written, "until the due performance of the three fore-going Articles" (the first Article stipulating the cession of half the country; the second the immediate payment of half of the sum of money agreed to be paid, and the remainder in specie only, at three instalments, not exceeding four months each instalment; and the third engaging for the release of prisoners) "two of the sons of the said Tippoo Sul-taun shall be detained as hostages;" which Articles are confirmed by the present instru-ment: Accordingly the said Tippoo Sul-taun shall divide the sum, agreed to be paid at three instalments above mentioned, in o three equal parts, and shall pay to the said three Powers their respective shares, at the exchange affixed for the amount, to be paid immediately at such places, on the bounda-ries of the Allies, as shall be determined on by them; and, after the performance of the remaining two Articles above-mentioned, that is to say, the cession of one half the country, and the release of the prisoners, in case the amount of the three instalments to be paid by Tippoo Sul-taun to the three Powers prior to the expiration of the period stipu-lated for it, the said sons of Tippoo Sul-taun shall be immediately dismissed, and all pecu-niary demands between the contracting par-ties shall cease and be at an end.

Art. III. By the first Article of the Pre-liminary Treaty it is agreed, that one half of the dominions which were in the pos-session of the said Tippoo Sul-taun at the commencement of the war, shall be ceded to the Allies, adjacent to their respective bou-ndaries, and subject to their selection. Ac-cordingly, the general abstract of the coun-tries composing half the dominions of Tippoo Sul-taun, to be ceded to the Allies agreeably

to their respective shares, is hereunto sub-joined, and the detail of them is inserted in a separate schedule, bearing the seal and signature of Tippoo Sultaun.

*Districts ceded to the Hon. English Company.*

Calicut 63 talooks	Pagodas 8,48,765
Palgautcherry - - -	88,000
Dindigul and Pulnaveerpachry, 2 talooks - - -	90,000
Salem - - - - -	24,000
Koosha - - - - -	8,000
Namkool - - - - -	16,000
Sunkagherry - - - - -	40,000
Barah-Mohul, 9 talooks, viz. Bara - Mohul, Coveripultun, Verbudderdroog, Paycotta, Kangoondie, Darampourey, Tengrycottah, Pennagur, Coverypoor, 1,34,000	
Ahtoor Arruntgury - - -	18,000
Permuttee - - - - -	12,000
Shadmungul - - - - -	20,000
Vamloor - - - - -	16,000

Total Pagodas 13,16,765

[\*\* Districts of the same annual revenue are ceded to the Nawaub Afoph Jah Behauder, and to Row Pundit Purdam Behauder.]

Art. IV. Whatever part of Namkul Sun-kaghurry, Salem Ourupoor, Ahtoor and Permutty, which is above stated, are comprised within the division ceded to the aforesaid Company, shall be situated to the northward and eastward of the river Caveri, or if there should be any other talook, or villages of talooks, situated as above described, they shall belong to the said Company, and others of equal value shall be relinquished by the said Company to Tippoo Sultaun in exchange for them; and if, of the above districts, there shall be any talooks, or villages of talooks, situated to the westward and southward of the said river, they shall be relinquished to Tippoo Sultaun, in exchange for others of equal value to the said Company.

Art. V. On the ratification and mutual exchange of this Definitive Treaty, such districts and forts as are to be ceded by Tippoo Sultaun, shall be delivered up without any cavil or demand for outstanding balances;

and such talooks and forts as are to be relinquished by the three Powers to Tippoo Sultaun, shall in the same manner be delivered up; and orders to this effect, addressed to the Aumils and Commanders of forts, shall be immediately prepared and delivered to each respectively of the contracting parties: on the receipt of which orders, the discharge of the money stipulated to be paid immediately, and the release of prisoners on all sides, of which the contracting parties considering God as present and a witness, shall release, without cavil, all that are in existence, and shall not detain a single person. The armies of the Allied Powers shall march from Seringapatam; such forts and places, nevertheless, as shall be in the possession of the said Company, and on the road by which said armies are to march, shall not be given up until the said armies shall have moved the stores, grain, &c. and sick which are in them, and shall have passed them on their return; as far as possible no delay shall be allowed to occur in the said stores, &c. being removed.

Art. VI. Whatever guns and shot shall be left by Tippoo Sultaun in the forts which he has agreed to cede to the Allied Powers, an equal number of guns and shot shall be left in the forts which the Allied Powers have agreed to restore to Tippoo Sultaun.

Art. VII. The contracting parties agree that Zemindars and Aumildars being in balance to either party, and repairing to the country of either party, protection shall not be given them, and they shall be restored. If hereafter it should happen that any disputes arise on the boundaries of the Allies and the said Tippoo Sultaun, such disputes shall be adjusted with the knowledge and approbation of all parties.

Art. VIII. The Polygars and Zemindars of this country, who in the course of the present war have attached themselves and been serviceable to the Allies, shall not on that account, in any shape or manner, be injured or molested by Tippoo Sultaun.

Signed and sealed in Camp, near Seringapatam, this 18th day of March, 1792.  
CORNWALLIS.

## O U T R A D R O O G.

[WITH A SOUTH VIEW, TAKEN BY COL. CLAUDE MARTIN.]

OF this place we are enabled to present our readers with a SOUTH VIEW (from a Drawing of Col. CLAUDE MARTIN), taken from the inside of Pettah, the Rock. The part marked *A.* is about 1200 feet high, and the

length from *B.* to *C.* about 700 yards. Note, The Pettah stands on high ground, about 300 feet perpendicular from the level of the Country North of the Rock.



## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## POLAND.

THE new Polish Constitution is at last overthrown. Notwithstanding the bravery, patriotism, and courage of the Poles, they have been obliged to yield to superior force.

The Warsaw Gazette of the 25th of July informs us, that the combination of three powerful neighbouring States, while the Poles were left without the aid of a single ally, reduced them to the mortifying necessity of agreeing to an accommodation with Russia, to prevent a partition of their territories among their unfeeling, and, we may say, treacherous neighbours.

The King, finding not only that his Ally the King of Prussia had deserted him, but that he had joined the Empress in her ambitious and tyrannical views, called a meeting of the Deputies of the different Provinces upon the 23d of July, to deliberate on the best measures to be pursued for the welfare of the country.—Of two evils they were obliged to choose the least; either to have their country entirely destroyed by the immense armies which were over-running it, and perhaps to have their existence as a State annihilated, or to agree to the haughty terms imposed upon them by their too powerful neighbours.

The King was obliged not only to annul the Constitution of 3d May 1791, and agree to the re-establishment of that which existed before the Revolution, but even to order the army under Prince Poniatowski to be delivered up to the Russian General Brinicki. This was to take place, according to the agreement, on the 29th July.

Many people, however, have dissented from the general resolution. Malachowski, Potocki, Sapieha, Solticki, &c. refused to sign the Re-constitution. Upwards of 4000 Nobles, and several others, assembled, calling out "*The Constitution without the King!*" They fought after Malachowski, Prince Sapieha, Potocki, and Solticki, and carried them round in public.

In the Grand Dukedom of Lithuania, in particular, a spirit of resistance still seems to manifest itself. What a disgrace to the policy of Europe, that not one State could be found friendly to a cause so honourable to humanity! It is not many months since Europe was on the eve of a general war for a barren territory between the Bog and the Dneister, to preserve the Balance of Power; and now a whole kingdom has been allowed to fall a victim to the ambition of Russia, without a single suspicion being thrown out

by any one Power that the same balance would be thereby endangered!

MANIFESTO or DECLARATION of his Excellency Count MALACHOWSKI, Marshal of the DIET.

STANISLAUS NALECZ, Count Malachowski, Marshal of the Diet, and of the Confederation of the Provinces of the Crown, Knight of the Polish Orders, &c. appearing in person at the Territorial Chancery of Warsaw, has freely and voluntarily, in presence of all the Officers of the said Chancery, made a Declaration of the following tenor:

"In this mournful crisis, when disorders exist which ought to wound the heart of every citizen faithful to his duty; in this fatal moment, when we see with grief a powerful foreign force, authorized this day, by the adhesion of his Majesty to the Confederation of Targowicz, to destroy the work of our regeneration—this salutary work, undertaken and achieved under the auspices of Liberty—this work which the whole nation applauded with transport, and which she had sworn to maintain with all her power:

"I yield to the dictates of my conscience, and consider it a sacred duty openly to declare in the face of Heaven, of the whole Universe, and of all Posterity, that I see, and ever shall see, in the Confederation of Targowicz, formed under the protection of, and supported by a foreign army, an act of open despotism, contrary to the wishes as well as to the interests of the Nation, and infringing the sacred rights of all classes of citizens; an audacious enterprize which has been preceded by murder and disasters, and which will infallibly be followed by anarchy, servitude, and the total ruin of the Republic.

"This Protest has not for its object to throw out the least reproach against any person whatsoever.

"Inferrible to all personal griefs, and not knowing either resentment or hatred, my conscience bears me witness, that I never had any desire but for the glory and welfare of my country; that I have employed myself faithfully to the amelioration of its present state; that I have never wronged any person intentionally; that I never attempted, by the help of a vile dependency, to secure the protection of any foreign Court, or ever affected to defy any of them; and that, always faithful to the obligations my situation imposed, I have endeavoured to fulfil my task with the most scrupulous exactitude.

"Full of this confidence, and fortified with

with the purity of my intention, I submit to the divine justice the destinies of my country, and the proceedings of those whose pleasure it has been to do hurt to the Republic. I declare further, that the present Diet and the Confederation subsist in all their vigour—that the act of suspension of the Assembly gave to his Majesty the unlimited right of convoking the Diet whenever the necessities of the State require it—that this Convocation has not taken place, and that, instead of terminating in the usual manner this first Legislative Assembly, they have, contrary to the express will of all its Members, acceded to a new one formed at Targowicz, and which declares the others null and illegal.

“ Seeing then my country threatened with the greatest evils, and not being willing my conscience should reproach me in any thing, I think myself obliged to inform my fellow-citizens of all the fatal ills with which they have been threatened.

“ Oh Nation, that I bear in my bosom! Oh my dear co patriots! I partake of your misfortunes, but I cannot soften them. Alas! there only remains for me to offer you tears; my fidelity and my inviolable attachment are known to you. Nothing can diminish or destroy them; but I cannot give you any more proof of them, as they have deprived me of the means.

(Signed)

“ S. N. MALACHOWSKI,  
*Marshal of the Diet.*”

And underneath

PUCHALA, *Regent of the Chancery.*

[Another PROTEST to the same purport has been entered by Prince CASIMIR SAPIEHA, Marshal of the Confederation of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, and registered in the Acts of the Territorial Chancery of the Duchy, at the Palace of the King at Warsaw.]

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### FRANCE.

Paris, July 30. The President yesterday announced to the Assembly the following letter from M. La Fayette to the Minister of the Interior Department:

“ If I was asked concerning my principles, I would reply, ‘ My conduct will attest, that I have always co-operated with the Declaration of the Rights of Men; but as this is not the present question, it is expected that I should answer as to a matter of fact—which is, whether in quitting the frontiers, and marching towards Paris, I intended to besiege the

city. I answer in four words—It—is—not—true.

(Signed) “ LA FAYETTE.

“ Camp at Longwi, 26th July 1792—4th year.”

The Assembly sent the Letter to the Committee of General Inspection.

M. Luckner has written to the President of the Assembly, for the express purpose of denying that ever he accused La Fayette of an intention to march against Paris.

The fifteen southern departments of France have opened a subscription of three millions of livres, to be distributed in rewards for taking the lives of the principal persons concerned in the league against the French, which are offered in these sums:

For the Emperor	-	400,000
The King of Prussia	-	400,000
The Duke of Brunswick	-	400,000
Stanislaus Xavier Monsieur	-	300,000
Charles Philippe D'Artois	-	300,000
Louis Joseph Condé	-	200,000
Louis Henri Joseph Bourbon	-	200,000
Bouillé l'infame	-	200,000
Lambesc	-	100,000
Broglio	-	100,000
Mirabeau Tonneau	-	100,000
Calonne	-	30,000

What remains, to be employed in rewards to those who may assist in destroying any other principal partizan in the league.

Paris, Aug. 9. In the sitting of the National Assembly on Thursday last, the following decrees, moved by M. Guadet, was unanimously passed:

1. “ Every officer or soldier of the enemies armies, who, desiring to range themselves under the banner of liberty, shall appear at a military post, or before one of the constituted authorities, as a French citizen, shall be received with fraternal affection; shall be presented, as a sign of his adoption, with a cockade of three colours; shall enjoy a pension for life of an hundred livres, of which one quarter shall be always in advance, and shall be admitted to take the Civic Oath. The pension, upon their decease, shall be continued to their widows.

2. “ Those who would not contract a military engagement, shall not be forced to it; those who chuse it, shall be admitted to what army they please, and shall receive the ordinary fee upon enlisting.

3. “ Lists shall be formed of foreigners in the service of France, and the pensions of those who die shall be continued to the survivors, till the latter shall have annuities of 500 livres each.

4. “ The widows of such military persons will receive the annual pension of 100 livres,



lives, but will not share the benefits of the tontine.

3. "Those who do not take a military engagement shall retire into the interior parts of the kingdom; those who shall serve will have the same reward for brilliant actions as French citizens.

6. "If France shall ever be drawn into a war with a free nation exercising its own sovereignty, military persons of that nation are not to have the advantages of the present decree."

The Assembly were afraid to begin the week with a discussion on La Fayette's late conduct, and his name was not pronounced before yesterday—when the Committee to which the business had been referred proclaimed him guilty of high treason, for having suffered his army to deliberate; for having quitted the troops entrusted to his command, in order to express their collective sense relative to the events of the 20th of June; for having unconstitutionally aimed at abolishing all popular societies; and, in short, for having proposed to Marshal Luckner to march with him against the capital, the seat of riot and disorder.

M. Vaublanc invalidated every charge—“far from permitting his army to deliberate, he reprimanded the different corps that addressed him on the disgraceful events of the 20th of June—he did not come to Paris to express the collective will of his troops, he adopted that measure merely to prevent an explosion which might have been fatal—he appeared at the bar for himself; General La Fayette wished to see clubs abolished—to see the galleries kept in order, for the most obvious reasons—it was a shame that the National Assembly should be governed by clubs, and a trifling, wanton, portion of the people—every body knew that, what with the manoeuvres of the Jacobins, and the threats of the galleries, more than half the decrees were extorted.”

M. Vaublanc was obliged to tell terrible truths—The day of reckoning was fast approaching—the people would soon distinguish their true from their supposed friends—Frenchmen would, ere long, lament their folly and credulity—General La Fayette was incapable of acting dishonourably; he was an honest soldier, and soldiers were not villains! He could not have made an unconstitutional proposition to Marshal Luckner, nor would the gallant veteran have acceded to it—the Marshal asserted that the words put into his mouth by Messrs. Guadet, Brissot, and Co. had never been uttered by him—La Fayette to think of marching against the capital of his native land!—absurd, groundless folly!

Such were the general heads of M. Vaublanc's animated speech in favour of the traduced La Fayette. Brissot's logic failed him, he served the cause he wished to defeat—he was for the impeachment.

A majority, however, acquitted the General—224 voted against, 406 for him.

As soon as the House adjourned, a mob gathered round the Hall, and as the Members who had voted for La Fayette were coming out (the Jacobins have one door, the Feuillans another) some of them were collared, others spit upon, and all most shamefully abused; the fishwomen were the most outrageous—they cried out, “Ye villains! after to-morrow shall be the 14th of July for you, we want to see some bloody heads again!”

What contributed to irritate the mob more was, that the acquittal of the General seemed to preface good to the Monarch.

*Summary Account of the dreadful Tumult in Paris, and of the Proceedings of the National Assembly, from the 9th to the 13th of August.*

IN the National Assembly on the 9th several Members who had voted in favour of M. de la Fayette, complained of the ill treatment they had received from the mob on leaving the Assembly. Messrs. Mariere, Dumolard, Beaucaeron, &c. narrowly escaped assassination. They claimed protection; and the Assembly with one accord swore to enforce respect towards the Legislative Body.

The sitting of this day, appointed to discuss the propriety of dethroning the King, ended with agreeing to an Address to the People on the best means of exercising the royal prerogative.

This dilatory conduct of the Assembly respecting the King's deposition roused the citizens of Paris to a pitch of fury little short of madness. Thursday night all the streets were illuminated, but nothing happened till Friday; on which day, very early in the morning, the *tocsin* (alarm bell) was sounded, and the drums beat the *generals* in all parts of the city and suburbs. The Assembly were at their post. When the attack began at the Palace, the King, the Queen, the Dauphin, the Princess, and Madame Elisabeth, accompanied by the Ministers, the Members of the Department and Municipality fled for protection to the National Assembly; where, having seated himself by the side of the President, the King addressed the Assembly thus: “I am come here with a view to avoid the commission of a capital crime; and, Gentlemen, I shall think myself safe among you.”

It being observed on both sides, that the Assembly could not deliberate in the presence of the Executive Power, his Majesty retired

retired to his family at the bar, having solemnly declared, "he had given express orders to the Swiss Guards not to fire upon the people."

In the interior part of the Castle, the Swiss Guards had been doubled; a great number of Grenadiers entered it, in hopes of meeting with little or no resistance. About two or three o'clock a number of patrols directed their course to the Thuilleries. A false patrol was surprized in the Champs Elysées, part of whom were seized, and the rest fled; four of them had very sharp daggers, and pistols which discharged twelve balls at a time. These four, among whom were M. Suleau, a famous aristocratical writer, and a priest, were put to death by the people, and their heads carried about on pikes.

The gates of the arsenal had been opened; thither the people went, and furnished themselves with arms. About six in the morning they were in motion in all parts of the capital. Different detachments of National Guards, citizens armed with pikes, the Marseillois, federate Bretons, and others, drew themselves up in order of battle in the *Place de Caroufel*. The Swiss saluted the citizens with their caps, crying *Vive la Nation!* and shook hands with the Marseillois. On a sudden a general discharge was made from the windows; the balls poured down in showers; the citizens fled; the Marseillois and the Bretons rallied; the Parisians seconded them, and the fire was returned.

They then rushed into the Caroufel, and, notwithstanding the heavy fire kept up by the Swiss from the grand staircase, penetrated as far as the terrace, on which the Swiss laid down their arms; but a great number of Marseillois, federates\*, and citizens of Paris, having been killed, revenge actuated their companions, and they massacred all the Swiss they met; many however hid themselves in the cellars, eighty were conducted by the National Guard to the Town-Hall, and endeavours were made to save them, but in vain. *Vengeance* was the word, and they all suffered.

The Castle of the Thuilleries was in the power of the citizens; the buildings which separated the *Place de Caroufel* was already on fire. The furniture of the Castle was thrown out of the windows, and the windows all broken. Those, however, who were found purloining any of the effects were taken to the *Place de Vendome*, and

after a sort of trial were immediately put to death by the people.

In the interim all the lesser buildings adjoining the Thuilleries were in a blaze. A number of citizens paraded about with part of the bloody apparel of the Swiss on their pikes and bayonets.

Amidst all this disorder and scenes of bloodshed, it was astonishing to see the crowds of men, women, and children, unarmed, whom curiosity had attracted, walking about with the utmost composure.

About eight o'clock, the approach of night, the light of the flambeaus (almost extinguished), the sight of the dead and almost naked bodies of the Swiss, and the confused cries of the multitude, filled the mind with horror and terror. The night, however, passed very calmly; but M. Mandat, M. Carle, and many others, were put to death by the people.

After the mob had got possession of the palace, an immense crowd burst into the different apartments; some of whom carried to the Assembly the Queen's jewels, valuable effects, money, and important papers. The furniture was taken to the Sections, and the papers were sent to the Committee of Safety. The statues of Louis XIV. and XV. were destroyed.

The day was excessively hot; and the mob regaled themselves on the King's wine. They brought it out in immense quantities; and it was not uncommon to see men and women, after their own draught, put the bottle to the mouth of the dead, lying in *mangled heaps!* with that spirit of furious sport which they have all along exhibited, crying, "Here, take your last drink! drink to the nation!"

During this tumult, while the noise of cannon was heard in the Assembly, and several shots even entered the windows, the Members still continued their deliberations, the Jacobin party exclaiming, *Liberty! Equality!* and all raising their hands towards Heaven, swearing they would die to save their country.

It was observed, that many Members, either through fear, or some other motive, were absent; it was therefore considered as of importance to make a call of the House, to determine who were present. This being decreed, each Member took the following oath:

"I swear, in the name of the Nation, to maintain Liberty and Equality, or to die at my post."

\* Chosen partizans of the Jacobin or Republican party, sent from the provinces to swear in their names at the federation held the 14th of July last, who have continued ever since in Paris.



M. Daubancourt, the War Minister, was arrested on Friday night, and conducted to prison: M. Berchier, one of his chief assistants, has also been arrested. Messrs. Bacquillon, Buop, and Samson Duperon, Justices of the Peace, have been sent to the Abbey.

Orders have been given to arrest M. Lachenaye, Commander of the 16th legion, and Bulkeries, Colonel of the Gens d'Armes.

In the session of the National Assembly of the 10th, it was decreed that a camp should be formed of the citizens of Paris, under the walls of the city.

A Decree was passed for a National Convention to be formed, to consist of as many Deputies as the present Legislature. The Primary Assemblies will be held on the 26th of August. All citizens, inhabitants, 25 years of age, have a right of election, taking the oath to maintain Liberty and Equality, or to die in their defence\*. The Electors will assemble the 2d of September to elect the Deputies, who will meet at Paris on the 20th of September, invested with unlimited powers; and as soon as they shall have elected 200, the present Legislature shall give place to them.

The Decrees of the Assembly were decreed to have the force of Laws, and the state seal is to be affixed to them, the King's sanction being unnecessary.

In the session of the 11th the Federates at Marseilles requested permission to escort the Swiss soldiers, whom they joined in the limits of the Assembly, to a place of safety, as, being conquered, they no longer regarded them as enemies.

M. Bazire proposed, that all the officers of the army should be disbanded, and the soldiers allowed to choose new ones for themselves. Referred to the Extraordinary Committee.

In the session of the 12th several Members expressed their fears of a plot to carry off the King. The persons who formed his guard were unknown to them; and a person had been arrested on suspicion of being a spy from M. de la Fayette; his papers had been sealed. The Assembly decreed, in consequence, that the King should be requested to declare who the persons are who are around him; and that if Messrs. Narbonne and the Prince de Poix are with him, they shall be ordered to the bar to give an

account of their motives for coming to Paris.

The Section of Marseilles, "unanimously indignant at the crimes of Louis XVI. revolting at the numerous attempts of his perjuries, and at the public assassinations which have just been committed, declare, that he shall never again be distinguished by the Section but under the denomination of the Traitor Louis XVI. and that no member can give him any other name in the General Assemblies," &c.

Orders were given to search for the widows and orphans of the citizens who fell on the 10th, and to grant them the same indemnities as were given to the relicts of the Conquerors of the Bastille.

M. Petion appeared at the bar, and informed the Assembly, that in *their name* order was restored to Paris: "Every where (said he) the people bless you, and bless your Decrees. The citizens now confide in the laws, and in the Magistrates."

The King, Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family, after being kept in a most ignominious manner in some mean apartment of the Hall of the Assembly, were removed on Monday to the Palace of the Temple, belonging to the Count d'Artois, under a strong escort of the National troops to keep off the mob, who were hissing and cursing them bitterly as they passed along. To prevent any seduction of their guard, either by friends or enemies, it will be a sort of *representative army*, to be returned daily by the Sections in the proportion of 20 men for each.

Till the National Convention shall be formed, the Assembly decree, that 500,000 livres, instead of the Civil List, shall be paid to the person appointed by the King, in the proportion of one-eighth per week; that no person shall be admitted to the King without an order from the Municipality, and that the revenues of the Civil List shall go to the Public Treasury.

In the massacre of the Thuilleries on the 13th, the loss of lives are estimated at 7 or 8000. Every one regrets that M. de Clermont Tonnerre, one of the best men among them, was slain; his head was among those carried on a pole about Paris. The mob mistook him for the Prince de Poix.

The house of the printer of the Journal de Paris, and all his property, were burnt

\* There are about 70,000 active citizens, who elect 900; and these elect 24 deputies to the Assembly, as representatives for Paris. The number of Sections into which the city is divided, and into which the primary voters are distributed when they exercise their functions is forty-eight; by various excellent regulations, notwithstanding the last election continued a month, all was peace, and order reigned universally.

and destroyed on Friday last, and the people are determined, that neither he nor any of the aristocratic printers shall circulate their opinions through the press; in consequence of which there is no Journal de Paris, Mercure de France, Gazette de Paris, Journal de France, or any other prints on those principles.

Two letters, found in the *escrutoire* of the Queen, have been published, to prove a correspondence of the Court with the enemies of the country.

The citizens who brought the jewels, &c. of the Royal Family from the Castle, and deposited them with the National Assembly,

refused any recompence whatever, saying, that they were satisfied with having done their duty.

Aug. 13. The Assembly published an Address to the Nation, drawn up by M. Condorcet, in which they severely arraign the King's conduct, and set forth at large the corrupt practices of his Ministry, with the alledged causes that led to the late dreadful commotions\*.

Appeared a Deputation from the Council of the Commons, giving the most comfortable information that Paris is no longer to be polluted with Aristocratic newspapers.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

AUGUST 1.

MR. Dudley Adams presented the King with a View of a Pair of the most magnificent Globes ever executed in this Country; on the Celestial Globe are inserted 5864 Stars of seven different Magnitudes, on a beautiful enamelled ground; each Magnitude is distinguished by gold, silver, and different coloured Foils. The Terrestrial Globe is very accurately laid down, and beautifully illumined; they were mounted in gold and silver, and are intended as a present from the King to the Emperor of China.

2. A most numerous and respectable meeting was yesterday held at the London Tavern, to consider of the propriety of affording pecuniary succour to the King and People of Poland. W. Smith, Esq. M. P. was called to the chair, who, in an impressive and most forcible manner, stated the present situation of the virtuous Poles, struggling for liberty; and without speaking in terms which his heart would suggest of her who oppressed and destroyed them, he said he should only venture to assert, there was a concurrent sentiment of all in this land of freedom to assist and support in their noble cause, and the maintenance of their most just rights, a king and people so cruelly oppressed. Mr. Sheriff Coombe then rose, and moved a set of resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Sheriff Anderson, and which passed unanimously. A very large subscription was immediately entered into, and a committee of trustees and managers of the money appointed. The chairman, in the course of his speech, read several letters he had received from the first characters, approving the meeting. There was one in particular from the Lord Mayor, lamenting that his public avocations prevented his at-

tendance, and another from Mr. Wedgwood, desiring his own name to be put down in the subscription for one hundred pounds, and each of his three sons for 50l. each †.

6. Serjeant Grant, whose case has been lately so frequently mentioned, received fifty lashes on the parade in St. James's Park. His Majesty was graciously pleased to remit the remaining 950. The Serjeant is to continue a prisoner in the Savoy till he can be sent out to his regiment in the East Indies.

8. At four o'clock in the morning, their Majesties, with all the Princesses, left Windsor for Bagshot; as soon as they reached their tent they were joined by the Prince of Wales, Dukes of York and Gloucester, Prince William and the Princess Sophia of Gloucester. At nine the manoeuvres began—they were various, and the contest of the two parties was as great as in real action. The numbers who attended were incredible.

At the commencement of the review all the forces passed in companies and troops before the pavillion which the Royal Family occupied; and this was the most grand, and, perhaps, the only part of the review which was seen by many of the populace.

As an exhibition of curiosity or interest for *the multitude*, the review fell very far short of general expectation. The arrangements were so extended, and the evolutions so rapid and dexterous, that it was impossible for any but good horsemen to keep pace with them, and those were in such numbers, as to render it hazardous to mix in the crowd, and therefore four-fifths of the visitors might as well have been in London as on Bagshot Heath. They could only be warranted in asserting to their friends that they saw a great deal of smoke, much dust, and many soldiers,—but at a great distance.

The Duke of Richmond, as Commander

\* This, with a PROCLAMATION published by the KING, the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S MANIFESTO, the KING OF PRUSSIA'S EXPOSITION, and other STATE PAPERS, are unavoidably deferred to our next Magazine.

† The Subscription has been suspended since the news arrived of the Polish Monarch's having been obliged to submit to the terms proposed by the Emperor of Russia.



in Chief, was attended by two running footmen, dressed in white, who conveyed his messages to the parties near his person, while his Aids-du-Camp flew with them to the distant stations.

The military operations of this small army have been by veterans most highly spoken of. The King and the Commander have in a very particular manner expressed their satisfaction to the troops. It was in the afternoon that the great mine was sprung, which is described as follows:

One of Colonel Moncrieff's square redoubts was erected upon a round hill, that the effects to be produced by blowing up the mine might be more discernible. The miners broke ground against the side of the hill, 152 feet from the redoubt, and about 20 feet below the summit of the hill. The first gallery was driven 112 feet in length, about three feet wide, and three and a half high; from which commenced a turning only 22 inches wide and three feet high, reaching under the redoubt: a second turning of six feet was made for the chamber, into which was put a wooden box of gunpowder, and lined with pitched canvas. This box contained 72 lb. of powder, and was exploded by means of a wooden trough, containing a canvas pipe of gunpowder, which was lighted by means of a small box of the same article, which gave the first explosion, so as to cut off and light the canvas pipe which was to make the communication with the chamber.

At the explosion the whole redoubt rose about 40 feet, and vanished in dust and smoke, leaving a large excavation where it stood, of near 40 feet wide, and 20 feet deep.

The small mine, was exploded a few days before, for the purpose of determining the resistance of the ground.

The Suttlers at Bagshot-heath reaped a plentiful harvest on Tuesday last:—for a single mutton-chop, a cucumber, and a pint of bad wine, they modestly charged eighteen shillings!—and five shillings for tea or coffee, with two thin slices of bread and butter.

10. Powell started at Brighton to walk a Mile, which he performed in nine Minutes, and ran it back again in five Minutes and 52 Seconds, which was eight Seconds within the Time allowed. This Exertion was for the sum of Fifteen Guineas, exclusive of which

a handsome collection was made immediately after the Wager was decided.

Dr. Willis returns from Portugal loaded with bars of gold, and adorned with diamonds. What rewards would have been bestowed on him had he proved successful! But the Queen's malady is incurable. Her Majesty is firmly persuaded she is in hell, and says that a skilful physician may sometimes cure madness, but never can reverse the decrees of fate. The Queen's disorder was first occasioned by a plan contrived by some monks and waiting-ladies for reversing the bloody decree respecting the families of D'Averia and Tavora. This plan state reasons rendered abortive; and her Majesty believes that she herself, as well as her royal father, are irrevocably doomed to eternal punishment for the cruel vengeance inflicted on those unhappy families.

The gratuity given by Lord Cornwallis to the officers and soldiers of his army, and equal to six months batta, is as follows:

	Pagodas,	Sterl.
A Colonel	1080	— 432
A Lieut. Col.	900	— 360
A Major,	720	— 288
A Captain	288	— 115 4
A Lieutenant	192	— 76 16
An Ensign	144	— 57 12

The above estimate is made at the rate of eight shillings to a pagoda, the sum at which it is always issued. The non-commissioned officers and privates receive actual batta, or rations, consisting of rack, rice, salt or fresh beef; the gratuity to them is about 5l. sterl.

*To prevent the fatal effects of Lightning.*—Let your house be provided with an iron conductor; but when this cannot be had, avoid sitting or standing within two or three feet of the window, door, or walls of a house, during a thunder storm; the nearer you are placed to the middle of a room, the better. When you are not in a house, avoid flying to the cover of woods, or a solitary tree, for safety. In the open air a person will be safest lying down.

When a person is struck by lightning, let continual frictions and inflations of the lungs be used—let gentle shocks of electricity be made to pass through the chest, when a skilful person can be found to apply it, and let blisters be applied to the feet.

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

THE Rev. Peter Peckard, D. D. to be Dean of Peterborough, vice Rev. Dr. Charles Manners Sutton preferred.

The Rev. Dr. Archibald Davidson, Principal of the University of Glasgow, to be Dean of the Most Noble and Ancient Order

of the Thistle, and likewise Dean of his Majesty's Chapel Royal in Scotland, vice Rev. Dr. George Hill, resigned.

William Osgood, esq. to be his Majesty's Chief Justice of the province of Upper Canada, in America.

His Grace the Duke of Montrose to be President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, vice the Earl of Bute, dec. and Sir John Sinclair, of Ulbster, bart. one of the Vice Presidents.

Sir R. Howel Vaughan, bart. to be Constable of the Castle of Harlech in Merionethshire.

The Earl of Leven to be his Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Major General Charles O'Hara, to be Lieut. Governor of Gibraltar, vice Sir Henry Calder, dec.

Richard Archdall, esq. to be Chief Keeper of all his Majesty's Stores of Ordnance in Ireland, vice Thos. Loftus, esq. dec.

Lord Robert Fitzgerald, to be Envoy to the Swiss Cantons.

The Right Hon. Richard Earl Howe, to the offices or places of Vice Admiral of Great Britain, and Lieut. of the Admiralty thereof, and also Lieut. of the Navies and Seas of the Kingdom of Great Britain, vice George Lord Rodney, dec.

Right Hon. Sir James Eyre, Lord Chief Barou of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer, to be one of the Hon. Privy Council.

The Rev. Spencer Madan, D. D. to the Bishopric of Bristol, vice Dr. Christopher Wilson, dec.

The Rev. Thos. Jackson, D. D. to be a Canon of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, vice Dr. Christopher Wilson, dec.

William Cole, M. A. to be a Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, vice Rev. Thos. Jackson, resigned.

R. Griffiths, esq. proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to the degree of LL. D. by Dartmouth College, North America.

Sir H. Martin, bart. Comptroller of the Navy, to be an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, in the room of the late Earl of Sandwich.

To Miss Mary Verney, daughter and heiress of John Verney, eldest son of Ralph Baron Verney, and Viscount Fermanagh (afterwards Earl Verney), the dignity of Baroness Fermanagh, and to her heirs male the dignity of Baroness Fermanagh: also unto Dame Sarah Cavendish, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Cavendish, bart. the dignity of Baroness Waterpark, and to her heirs male by the said Sir John, the dignity of Baron Waterpark; both of the kingdom of Ireland.

The dignity of a Baronet of the kingdom of Great Britain to Sir Richard King, kn. Rear Admiral of the Red Squadron of his Majesty's fleet, and his heirs male.

The dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain to the Right Hon. James Stirling, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and his heirs male.

The Hon. Augustus Fhipps, to be a Commissioner of Excise.

Joan King, esq. to be Law Clerk to the Secretary of State's Office.

William Ramsey and Isaac Maddocks, esqrs. to be Secretary and Deputy Secretary of the East India Company.

Capt. John Cotton to be an Elder Brother of the Trinity House.

William Gould, esq. to be Clerk of the Assize for the Home Circuit, vice Jerome Knappe, esq. deceased.

July 26. The dignity of an Earl of the kingdom of Great Britain to the Right Hon. William Earl of Mansfield, in the county of Nottingham, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, stile, and title of the Earl of Mansfield, in the county of Middlesex; with remainder to the Right Hon. David Viscount Stormont, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten.

The dignity of a Viscount of the kingdom of Ireland to the Right Hon. George Lord Macartney, by the name, stile, and title of Viscount Macartney, of Dervock, in the county of Antrim.

To the Right Hon. Charles Earl Cornwallis, the dignity of a Marquis of the kingdom of Great Britain, by the name, stile, and title of Marquis Cornwallis.

The honour of the Most Hon. Order of the Bath on Major General William Medows, and Major General Robert Abercromby.

The Right Hon. William Pitt, to the office of Constable of his Majesty's Cinque Ports; and also the office of Warden and Keeper of his Majesty's Cinque Ports; and the office of Admiralty within the same.

The Earl of Elgin to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Brussels.

The honour of Knighthood on Erasmus Gower, esq. Captain in the Royal Navy.

The Rev. Charles Moss, M. A. to be a Prebendary of Westminster, vice Rev. Robert Chve, dec.

The following gentlemen have been appointed to act at the seven Public Offices established by an Act of the last Session of Parliament for the administration of justice in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey.

In Queen's-square, Westminster: Cranley Thomas Kerby, esq. Serjeant at Law; Henry James Pye; and James Petit Andrews, esqrs.

Great Marlborough-street, near Oxford-road: Nathaniel Conant, John Scott, and Philip Neave, esqrs.

Hatton-garden, Holborn: Richard Clark, Alderman of the city of London; William Blamire, and Aaron Graham, esqrs.

Worship-street, Shoreditch: John Flood, Patrick Colquhoun, and William Gascoigne, esqrs.

Lambeth-street, Whitechapel: William Wickham, and Rice Davies, esqrs. and the rev. Henry Reynett.

The High-street, Shadwell: George Story, Richard Ford, and John Staples, esqrs.



Union-street, Southwark; Gideon Four-  
 nier, Benjamin Robertson, and Jonathan  
 Stonard, esqrs

WAR OFFICE, Aug. 11.

First reg. of foot guards, Major-General  
 Gerard Lake to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice  
 Major-General George Garth.

4th reg. of foot, Lieutenant General  
 George Morrison, from 17th foot, to be  
 Colonel, vice Lieut. General John Bur-  
 goyne, dec.

17th reg. of foot, Major-General George

Garth, from 1st reg. of foot guards, to be  
 Colonel.

Lieut. Col. James Stuart, of 72d reg. of  
 foot, to be Aid-de-Camp to the King, vice  
 Col. E. Stevens promoted.

Rev. R. Kiliha to be Chaplain to the  
 Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, vice  
 Thomas Hollingbury, dec.

Lieut. Alex. Ligertwood, of 12th foot,  
 to be Town Adjutant of Portsmouth, vice  
 Wiltshire Wilson, dec.

## MARRIAGES.

**J**OHN Spurrier, esq. of Curzon-street,  
 May-fair, to Miss Hatch, daughter of  
 the Rev. Giles Hatch, Rector of Sutton,  
 Surrey.

The Rev. John Yeomans, D. D. Fellow  
 of Wadham College, Oxford, to Miss  
 Horne, nearly related to the late Bishop of  
 Norwich.

At Edinburgh, Ebenezer Marshall, Esq.  
 of Hillcairney, to Miss Jane Colquhoun,  
 youngest daughter of the late Sir James Col-  
 quhoun, of Luls, bart.

Capt. Hennis, of the 58th regiment, to  
 Miss James, daughter of the late celebrated  
 Dr. James, inventor of the Fever Powder.

James Leach, esq. of Sutton Montis, Som-  
 ersetshire, to Miss Clerke, sister and co-  
 heiress with Richard Clerke, esq. of Loving-  
 ton, Somerset.

Francis Williams Sanders, esq. of Lin-  
 coln's-inn, to Miss Griffith; and Mr. Ed-  
 ward Ward, of Derby, to Miss Sarah Grif-  
 fith, both daughters of Mr. Griffith, of Pal-  
 mall, wine-merchant.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle,  
 to the Hon. Miss S. Southwell, second  
 daughter to the Dowager Lady de Clifford.

John King, esq. Under Secretary of State  
 for the Home Department, to Miss Moss,  
 only daughter of the Bishop of Bath and  
 Wells.

Edward Coke, esq. of Longford, Mem-  
 ber for Derby, to Miss Colhoun, daughter  
 of William Colhoun, esq. of Wrotham, in  
 Norfolk.

Thomas Lewis, esq. of Bedford-row, to  
 Miss Goring, eldest daughter of Sir Harry  
 Goring, bart. of Higden, Suffex, member  
 for New Shoreham.

John Palmer, esq. Inspector of the Franks  
 at the General-Post-Office, to Miss Tom-  
 kinson, of Tavistock-Row.

Edward Morgan, of Golden-Grove, esq.  
 High Sheriff of the county of Flint, to Miss  
 Louisa Griffith, second daughter of Thomas  
 Griffith, of Rhuel, in the said county, esq.

Frederick Phillips, of Ailly, in War-  
 wickshire, esq. to Miss Griffith, eldest  
 daughter of the above Thomas Griffith,  
 esq.

George Stewart, esq. eldest son to Sir

John Stewart, of Grandtully, bart. to Miss  
 Drummond, daughter of John Drummond,  
 esq. of Logiealmond, dec.

At Dudley, Joseph Amphlet, esq. banker,  
 to Miss Dixon, daughter of Edward Dixon,  
 esq. banker, of that town.

The Hon. F. West, brother to the Earl of  
 Delawar, to Miss Michell, daughter and co-  
 heiress of the late Richard Michell, esq. of  
 Culham-court, Berks.

John Edward Madocks, esq. of Vale  
 Mafcal, in Kent, to the Hon. Miss Craven,  
 eldest sister of the Right Hon. Lord Craven.

Thomas Swymmers Champneys, esq. only  
 son of Sir Thomas Champneys, bart. to Miss  
 C. Moltyn, second daughter of Sir Roger  
 Moltyn, bart. Member for the county of Flint.

The Hon. John Thomas Capel, second  
 son of the Earl of Essex, to Lady Caroline  
 Paget, eldest daughter of the Earl of Ux-  
 bridge.

Laurence Palk, esq. Member of Parliament  
 for Alhburton, and only son of Sir Robert  
 Palk, bart. to Lady Elizabeth Vaughan,  
 eldest daughter of Lord Lisburne.

Edward Willes, esq. second son of the  
 late Hon. Mr. Justice Willes, to Miss Hol-  
 lings, daughter of the late John Hollings,  
 esq. of Eaton-Mafcott, Shropshire.

William Gratton, esq. late Captain in the  
 64th reg. to Miss Jane Giffard, daughter of  
 Sir Duke Giffard, of Castlejordan, county  
 of Meath, bart.

Charles Maurice Pole, esq. to Miss Hen-  
 rietta Goddard, niece of Henry Hope, esq.  
 of Amsterdam.

Thomas Farr, esq. to Miss Gooch, daugh-  
 ter of the late Sir Thomas Gooch, bart.

James King, esq. of Stanton, Hereford-  
 shire, to Miss Pitchford, sister to Admiral  
 C. msh.

Captain Impey, eldest son of Sir Elijah  
 Impey, to Miss Knight, of Albemarle-street.

The Hon. William Asheton Harbord,  
 eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Suffield,  
 to the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Hobart,  
 second daughter of the Earl of Buckingham.

James Nicholas Duntze, esq. second son  
 of Sir John Duntze, bart. M. P. to Miss Jane  
 Harriet Cockburn, daughter of Sir James  
 Cockburn, bart.

At Manchester, Betty Holme, widow, aged 68 years, to Peter Lowe, aged 22. He is brother-in-law to one of the old woman's grand-daughters, which makes him father, brother, uncle, and grandfather.

George Smith, esq. M. P. to Miss Frances Mary Mosley, daughter of Sir John P. Mosley, bart.

The Right Hon. Lord Audley, to Mrs. Moorhouse, widow of the late Col. Moorhouse.

The Rev. Alex. Platt, of Queen's college, Cambridge, to Miss Charlotte Francklin, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Francklin, of Great Queen-street.

The Rev. Sir William Henry Clerke, bart. rector of Bury, Lancashire, to Miss Cartwright, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Cartwright, esq. of Aynho, Northamptonshire.

Thomas Trevor Trevor, of Bodynfol, in Montgomeryshire, esq. to Miss Briggs, eldest daughter of the Rev. — Briggs, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester.

The Rev. Robert Evans, A. M. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, to Miss Gale, daughter of Tho. Gale, esq. of Andover.

At Danbury, the Rev. Brook Bridges, Rector of that place, to Mrs. Hastings, widow of Robert Hastings, esq. late an officer in the 26th regiment.

George Hartwell, esq. nephew to Captain Hartwell, of the Navy, to a daughter of the Right Hon. John O'Neal, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Richard Dobbs, esq. of Castle Dobbs, in the county of Antrim, to Miss Nichola Obins, second daughter of Michael Obins, esq. and niece to Lord Viscount Gosford.

Charles Brisbane, esq. of the Royal Navy, son of Admiral Brisbane, to Miss Patey, eldest daughter of the late Sir James Patey, of Reading.

Henry Harford, esq. of New Cavendish-street, to Miss Pigou, daughter of Frederic Pigou, esq.

Matthew Bell, esq. of Woolfington, to Miss Sarah Brandling, daughter of Charles Brandling, esq. Member for Newcastle.

Edward Simeon, esq. a Director of the Bank, to Miss H. Parry, daughter of Thomas Parry, esq. a Director of the India Company.

The Rev. Roger Frankland, youngest son of the late Admiral Sir T. Frankland, Bart. to the Hon. Mrs. Catharine Colvill, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Colvill, of Culteross, Scotland.

Thomas King, esq. of London, brewer, to Miss Clay, of Birmingham.

John Delves Broughton, esq. second son of the Rev. Sir Thomas Broughton, of Doddington Hall, bart. and Captain in the 30th regiment of foot, to Miss Egerton, eldest daughter of the late Philip Egerton, of Oulton Park, esq.

The Rev. Charles Tufnel, son of Colonel

Tufnel, of College-street, Westminster, to Miss Farley.

Thomas Doncaster, esq. banker, to Miss Mary Scott, both of Wigan.

Henry William Martin, esq. elder son of Sir Henry Martin, bart. to Miss Powell, only daughter of Thomas Powell, esq. of Tottenham.

Thomas Evance, esq. Recorder of Kingston upon Thames, to Miss Drake, eldest daughter and coheirefs of the late Admiral Drake.

The Right Hon. Lord Grenville to the Hon. Miss Pitt, only daughter of Lord Camelford.

At Mr. Burke's seat at Beaconsfield, the Right Hon. the Earl of Inchiquin, to Miss Palmer, niece of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds. Joseph Foster Barham, esq. to Lady Caroline Tutton, youngest sister of the Right Hon. the Earl of Thanet.

Capt. William Hope, of the navy, to the Right Hon. Lady Ann Hope Johnstone, eldest daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun.

Charles Edward Pigou, esq. of Portland-place, to Miss Charlotte Rycroft, of Clarges-street, fourth daughter of the late Rev. Sir Richard Rycroft, bart.

The Rev. George Bridgman to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Isabella Boyle, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Cork and Orery.

The Rev. Hugh Wade, M. A. of Newark, in Nottinghamshire, Rector of Thurning, in Huntingdonshire, to Miss Hester Grey, of Bumpstead Priory, Bedfordshire.

Capt. F. Chaplin, of the Blues, to Miss Chaplin, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Betty Chaplin.

Henry Blunt, esq. youngest son of Samuel Blunt, esq. of Springfield-place, Suffex, to Miss Mary Atkinson, of Rottingdean.

At Dublin, Henry Coulson, esq. one of the Masters of his Majesty's High Court of Chancery of Ireland, to the Right Hon. Elizabeth Lady Dowager Tracton, relict of James late Lord Tracton, Chief Baron of his Majesty's Court of Exchequer.

Edward Vavasour, esq. of Welton-hall, Yorkshire, to Miss Augusta Ann Sutton, of Scotton-house, Nottinghamshire.

The Right Hon. George Lord Carbery, to Miss Susan Watson.

Thomas Lynch Coleborn, esq. of the island of Jamaica, to Miss Mawbey, daughter of Sir Joseph Mawbey, bart.

The Hon. Augustus Phipps, to Miss Maria Thellusson, eldest daughter of Peter Thellusson, esq. of Brocksworth-hall, near Doncaster.

Joachim Jacobus Giesler, esq. of Dartmouth, Vice Consul for the States of Holland, Hamburg, &c. to Miss Higgs, of Exeter.

George Jefferies, esq. nephew to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, to Miss Latouches



touché, daughter of Peter Latouche, esq.

Capt. John Napier, of his Majesty's late 101st reg. to Miss Margaret Cunningham, of Balgowrie and Bower-houfe.

The Rev. Mr. Tinley, to Miss Charlotta Felicia Watfon, fecond daughter of Major Watfon.

The Rev. Robert Nicholl, D. D. Chap-

lain to the Earl of Bute, to Miss Woodward, of Horfley.

At Newton, Glamorganfhire, Major Brown, to Mrs. Bernard.

The Rev. Thomas Braithwaite, D. D. Archdeacon of Richmond, and Rector of Stepney, to Miss Cooke, daughter of the late Otho Cooke, esq. of Manchetter.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY for AUGUST 1792.

JANUARY.

**A**S a tribute to private worth, we are defired to add to the account of Mrs. Rachael Barclay (p. 79.), that her remains were interred at Winchmore Hill. She was, fays our correspondent, peculiarly engaging in her manners, quick in perception, found in judgment, anxious to know her duties, and firm in fulfilling them; and was fo poffeffed with the milk of human kindnefs, that the woes of a numerous neig. hood were daily foftened by her lenient hand. She was a moft zealous friend to the widow, and a foftering parent to the rifing generation.

At Calcutta, Thomas Henry Davies, esq. the Company's Advocate General in the Supreme Court of Judicature.

Feb. 29. At the camp before Seringapatam, Major Scott, Commander of a detachment of the Royal Artillery.

July 15. At Moreton, in Shropfhire, the Rev. Robert Clive, Archdeacon of Salop, Prebendary of Weftminfter, Rector of Adderley, and Chaplain to Lord Scarfdale.

Lately at Honfelfe, in Luxemburgh, M. Horlach, a native of Ruffia, Author of a History of the Reigns of the Ruffian Princes from 862, and a genealogical account of the Imperial families of Ruffia.

Lately at Paris, the notorious Paul Jones, of infamous memory, attended to his grave by a deputation of the National Affembly.

This difgraceful fact, though true, will hardly be believed by pofterity, as this wretch, a Scotchman by birth, could be confidered in no better light than a thief endeavouring to avail himfelf of plunder while a houfe was on fire.

18. Mr. Joseph Clapp, a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and lately in the Oporto Lifbon trade.

Lately the Rev. Mr. Pafche, one of the Minifters of the German Chapel, St. James's.

Lately Henry Flint, Esq. Alderman of Derby. He ferved the office of Mayor in 1786.

20. Mr. Edward Bond, brewer, of Golden Lane.

21. Major Stretch of the Marines, and of St. James's fquare, Both.

Mrs. Roddam, wife of Vice Admiral Roddam, and fifter to the late Sir Henry Calder, bart.

Philip Crampton, esq. fenior alderman and father of the city of Dublin.

Walter Hutchinson, esq. of North Church, near Bershamplead, Hertfordfhire.

At Althford-houfe, Shropfhire, the rev. Jonathan Green, L. L. D. Dean of Burford and Rector of Caynham.

23. Mr. Ifaac Coffart, head of the private trade Warehouse, in the fervice of the Eaft-India Company.

24. At Enfield, the rev. John Ryland, M. A. formerly Paftor of a congregation of Baptifts at Northampton.

The rev. Joseph Davie, D. D. late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, Rector of Charlton, Surry, and vicar of Knaveftock Effex.

Lady Berney, relict of Sir Hanfon Berney, bart. of Kurkby Common, Norfolk.

25. At Leicefter, Mr. Charles Rozzel, in his 38th year.

Patrick Clarke, esq. of Holmes.

26. Mrs. Stedman, relict of Dr. Stedman, Archdeacon of Norfolk, and Prebendary of Canterbury, and daughter of Dr. Butts, Bifhop of Ely.

Mrs. Anne Cavendish, relict of Admiral Cavendish, and houfekeeper of the Excife Office, Broad-ftreet.

Mr. Bramhall, wholefale haberdasher, Alderfgate-ftreet.

At Mottifont, Hampfhire, aged 72, the rev. Sir Charles Mill, bart.

Sir Lawrence Cox, late of the Rotation Office, Litchfield-ftreet.

Capt. Todd, of the 33d reg. of foot.

27. In Crown Office-row, Inner Temple, Samuel Salt, esq. one of the Benchers of that Society, and a Governor of the South Sea Company.

The rev. Mr. Francis Newton, Difsenting Minifter, of Milborne Port.

William Tempeft Chriftian, esq. at Liverpool.

28. At Clapham Common, Emanuel Philip Bze, clo.

D. C. Donnad, esq. late of the 16th reg. of foot.

29. Mr. William Tayler, Goldfmith, Fanton-ftreet.

At Bfingftoke, Thomas Harris, esq. late Commercial Refident in the fervice of the Eaft-India Company at Chittagong. He came a paffenger on board the Lord Camden, and was on his road to London.

Mr. J. Millard, Surgeon and Apothecary at Fortica,

Lady Grant, of Dalvey, aged 75.

30. At Oxford the rev. Francis Lloyd, M. A.

In his 81st year, Mr. Thomas Long, formerly an eminent clothier, and one of the Aldermen of Salisbury.

Mrs. Irby, wife of the Hon. William Henry Irby.

The rev. James Pawsey, rector of Stuston and Mellis, both in Suffolk.

August 1. In Welbeck-street, the rev. Thomas Hollingbury, D. D. F. R. S. F. A. S. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, Archdeacon of Chichester, Chaplain to Dover Castle and the Cinque Ports, and Rector of Rottingdean.

Dr. John Leake, Physician to the Westminster Lying-in Hospital, of which he was the founder, and author of several medical publications.

Mr. Thomas Moule, Steward of the Society of Lincoln's-Inn.

Samuel Walker, esq. Masbrough near Rotherham.

The Rev. John Baker, Rector of Little Chishail, in the county of Essex.

2. Mrs. Mary Poyntz, aged 74, Cousin to the Countess Dowager Spencer, and niece of Stephen Poyntz.

At Chippenham, Wilts, in his 78th year, John Thorpe, of Bexley, in Kent, esq. A. M. F. A. S. and author of many Antiquarian works.

At Barking, Essex, Joseph Keeling, esq. Jeremiah Smith, esq. of Great Fenton near Newcastle, Staffordshire.

3. Mr. Samler, Sugar Baker, of Clapham. Mr. Thomas Mundy, Upholder, at Oxford.

At his seat at Cromford, in Derbyshire, Sir Richard Arkwright, celebrated for the introduction of the spinning jennies in the cotton manufactory, by which he had acquired an immense fortune. He is said to have been originally a barber at Manchester.

Lately the rev. Mr. Shilleto, Vicar of Heaton, near Retford, aged 73.

Lately at Pontefract, Nicholas Torre, esq.

4. John Burgoyne, esq. Colonel of the 4th reg. of foot, a Lieut. Colonel in the army, M. P. for Preston, and a Privy Councillor of Ireland. He was the author of four dramatic pieces, besides a number of prologues and epilogues. He is said to have been a natural son of Lord Bingley's. On the 13th he was interred in the cloisters in Westminster Abbey in a private manner, being attended only by one coach.

Lately the rev. Mr. Hoskins, Rector of Much Dewchurch and Birch, and youngest son of Sir Hungerford Hoskins.

5. At Greenock, in the 74th year of his age, Dr. John Adam, Minister of that place 42 years.

At Holbrook, Somerset, Edward Phelps, esq. M. P. for that County.

The Right Hon. Frederic North, Earl of Guildford, Lord North, Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Governor of Dover Castle, Lord Lieut. and Custos Rotulorum of Somersetshire, and Chancellor of Oxford.

Thomas Allen, esq. Burr-street.

6. At Yatton Court, Herefordshire, in his 67th year, John Woodhouse, esq. late one of the Directors of the East India Company.

Captain Henry Ball, of the Royal Navy, At Batton Hall, aged 70, Mrs. Corbett, sister to the late Baron Perrott.

7. Miss Fuller, at Bromley.

Mr. Swan, head Coachman to his Majesty.

In the Fleet prison, in his 56th year, Robert Paris Taylor, esq. Deputy Paymaster during the seven years German war under the late Lord Holland, and afterwards member for Berwick upon Tweed.

John Waiteway, esq. Collector of the Customs of the Port of Portsmouth.

8. At Norwich, in his 76th year, Robert Daeke, M. D.

Mr. John Ward, Ham Merchant, Bishopsgate-street.

Lately at Sidmouth, Capt. Strode, formerly of the Guards.

9. Mr. Robert Corrie, of Wellingborough.

Lately in his road to Geneva, Lieut. Col. Frazer, late of the Engineers.

10. At Toddington Park, Gloucestershire, in his 74th year, the Right Hon. Thomas Charles Leigh, Lord Viscount Tracy.

11. At Howhatch, near Brentwood, in Essex, in his 83d year, John Willan, esq. many years a contractor with Government.

Mr. Stafford, Printer, Pipe-lane, Bristol.

In Park-place, Knightbridge, in his 73d year, James Lewis, esq. late of the 39th reg. of foot.

Lately at Harbledon, Hants, William Haverkam, esq. who returned from Bengal in 1786.

14. At the Palace, Exeter, Dr. John Ross, Bishop and Archdeacon of Exeter, Vicar of Froome in Somersetshire, and F. R. S. He was of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. 1740. M. A. 1744, S. T. B. 1751, S. T. P. 1756. In 1746 he published a pamphlet in defence of Dr. Middleton against the criticisms of Mr. Markland; and in 1749, an edition of Cicero's *Epistolæ ad Familiares*, 2 Vols. 8vo. He was nominated Bishop of Exeter in 1778.

15. At Bill Hill, near Wokingham, Berks, the Right Hon. Levison Gower, half brother to the Marquis of Stafford, Rear Admiral of the White, and Member for Newcastle-under-line.

