

European Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1794.

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L O N D O N :

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Poem from Trevor-Park* came too late for this month. It shall be inserted in our next. The Correspondent who has sent us *Lord Chesterfield's Pallad* may be assured it shall be inserted. We are obliged to him for it, and believe we may assure him it has not hitherto been published complete.

Garrick's Epitaph on Mr. Beighton is in his works, and in numberless Miscellanies.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from November 10, to November 15, 1794.

| | Wheat | | Rye | | Barl. | | Oats | | Beans | | COUNTIES upon the COAST. | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------|-------|----|-----|----|-------|----|------|----|-------|----|--------------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | s. | d. | | | | | | | | | | | |
| London | 00 | 0 | 00 | 0 | 00 | 0 | 00 | 0 | 00 | 0 | Essex | 52 | 6 | 33 | 0 | 35 | 2 | 25 | 8 | 41 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Kent | 51 | 6 | 34 | 6 | 30 | 3 | 23 | 5 | 37 | 2 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Suffex | 50 | 3 | 00 | 0 | 32 | 6 | 24 | 6 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Suffolk | 53 | 0 | 33 | 6 | 33 | 2 | 23 | 4 | 36 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Cambrid. | 46 | 10 | 33 | 1 | 28 | 8 | 18 | 2 | 38 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Norfolk | 48 | 10 | 29 | 0 | 29 | 9 | 22 | 0 | 36 | 11 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Lincoln | 51 | 1 | 41 | 0 | 33 | 9 | 21 | 3 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | York | 49 | 3 | 37 | 10 | 32 | 1 | 20 | 1 | 46 | 1 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Durham | 48 | 9 | 00 | 0 | 30 | 3 | 19 | 11 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Northum. | 43 | 2 | 37 | 0 | 27 | 3 | 18 | 8 | 33 | 7 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Cumberl. | 52 | 5 | 40 | 0 | 29 | 8 | 19 | 3 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Westmor. | 54 | 6 | 40 | 0 | 28 | 10 | 19 | 9 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Lancash. | 51 | 9 | 00 | 0 | 38 | 2 | 21 | 0 | 37 | 3 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Chefhire | 50 | 9 | 00 | 0 | 36 | 4 | 21 | 9 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Gloucest. | 55 | 1 | 00 | 0 | 36 | 0 | 24 | 11 | 46 | 5 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Somerfet | 56 | 9 | 00 | 0 | 35 | 5 | 20 | 8 | 48 | 8 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Monmou. | 61 | 1 | 00 | 0 | 38 | 4 | 00 | 0 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Devon | 59 | 8 | 00 | 0 | 30 | 10 | 18 | 10 | 40 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Cornwall | 53 | 10 | 00 | 0 | 28 | 9 | 18 | 5 | 00 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Dorset | 51 | 11 | 00 | 0 | 30 | 9 | 24 | 6 | 45 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | Hants | 52 | 2 | 00 | 0 | 33 | 10 | 24 | 4 | 44 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | WALES. | | | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | N. Wales | 51 | 8 | 41 | 0 | 32 | 4 | 16 | 10 | 44 | 0 |
| | | | | | | | | | | | S. Wales | 50 | 9 | 00 | 0 | 27 | 11 | 13 | 4 | 00 | 0 |

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

| BAROMETER. | THERMOM. | WIND. | 8-29 | 46 | 47 | S. |
|------------|---------------|----------|-------|----|----|----------|
| | OCTOBER 1794. | | 9-29 | 77 | 46 | S. E. |
| | | | 10-29 | 98 | 45 | S. E. |
| 29-29 | 30 | W. | 11-29 | 75 | 46 | S. S. E. |
| 30-29 | 34 | N. W. | 12-29 | 64 | 44 | N. |
| 31-29 | 69 | W. | 13-29 | 76 | 43 | N. W. |
| | NOVEMBER. | | 14-29 | 92 | 45 | N. N. W. |
| | | | 15-29 | 86 | 49 | N. W. |
| 1-29 | 70 | S. W. | 16-29 | 89 | 48 | N. N. E. |
| 2-29 | 61 | S. W. | 17-29 | 94 | 46 | N. |
| 3-29 | 11 | W. | 18-29 | 94 | 41 | N. E. |
| 4-29 | 20 | S. | 19-29 | 59 | 35 | N. E. |
| 5-29 | 19 | S. | 20-29 | 30 | 34 | E. |
| 6-29 | 37 | S. | 21-29 | 16 | 45 | S. |
| 7-29 | 40 | S. S. E. | 22-29 | 55 | 46 | E. |

T H E
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
L O N D O N R E V I E W,
For NOVEMBER 1794.

SIR ALAN GARDNER,

REAR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

(With a PORTRAIT from an Original Picture in the Possession of S. DOBREE, Esq.)

WHILE the gallant Commander whose Portrait graces our present Magazine is seeking the enemies of his country on the seas, be it our employment to commemorate some of those acts of his life which have been the means of elevating him to rank, wealth, and distinction, and which, while they have produced these effects to the individual, have contributed to confer, it may be hoped, security on the nation in the present time, as they certainly will honour and renown at a future period, when the events of the present day shall come under the cognizance of the historian.

Sir ALAN GARDNER was born at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, and early embraced a sea life. He is one of the few remaining heroes who were educated under the auspices of Hawke, Boscawen, and Anson, in the war of 1756; has been the associate of Rodney and Howe, and will probably leave a name behind him not inferior to either. He became a Lieutenant about 1759, and was advanced to be a Master and Commander 12th March 1762.

Sir ALAN took post as Captain 19th May 1766, in the Preston, being then Captain to Admiral Parry. This was a period of peace, in which few opportunities offered for the Officers of the Navy to distinguish themselves. On the commencement of the American War Captain Gardner. was employed in the

W. Indies, and was in most of the actions there: In Nov. 1778, he commanded the Maidstone, and took the Lyon, a French ship of 40 guns, manned with 216 men, off Cape Henry, after an obstinate engagement of several hours, during which he had four men killed, and nine wounded. In the action of 6th July, 1779, off Grenada, with D'Estaing, he fought with great bravery. Admiral Byron, in his dispatches, speaks of his share of the day in the following terms: "The signal was immediately made for a general chase in that quarter, as well as for Rear Admiral Rowley to leave the convoy; and as not more than fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships appeared to be of the line, from the position they were in, the signal was made for the ships to engage and form as they could get up; in consequence of which Vice Admiral Barrington, in the Prince of Wales, with Captain Sawyer in the Boyne, and Captain Gardner in the Sultan, being the headmost of the British squadron, and carrying a press of sail, were soon fired upon at a great distance, which they did not return till they got considerably nearer; but the enemy getting the breeze of wind about that time, drew out their line from the cluster they were lying in, by bearing away, and forming to leeward on the starboard tack, which shewed their strength to be very different from our Grenada intel-

ligence; for it was plainly discovered they had thirty-four sail of ships of war, twenty-six or twenty-seven of which were of the line, and many of those appeared of great force: however the general chace was continued, and the signal made for a close engagement; but our utmost endeavours could not effect that, the enemy industriously avoiding it, by always bearing up when our ships got near them; and I was sorry to observe, that their superiority over us in sailing * gave them the option of distance, which they availed themselves of, so as to prevent our rear from ever getting into action; and being to leeward they did great damage to our masts and rigging, when our shot could not reach them." The French declining the battle at last got off, after an engagement which did great credit to the conduct of every one of the English who had the opportunity of assisting in it. On this occasion Captain Gardner had sixteen men killed, and thirty-nine wounded.

Captain Gardner remained in the West Indies, and was promoted to the command of the Duke of 90 guns, in which he very materially contributed to the glorious victory of the 12th of April under Lord Rodney. In this engagement Captain Gardner's ship was the next to the Formidable, Lord Rodney's, which cut through and broke the French line, and by that means decided the fortune of the day. At one period of this engagement the Formidable had four or five of the rear raking her, and at another the Namur, Duke, and Formidable no less than

eleven. In this engagement the Duke had thirteen men killed, and sixty wounded.

In January 1790, he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and on 1st February 1793, he was promoted to the rank of an Admiral. He is also Member of Parliament for Plymouth.

The aggression of our inveterate enemy having again called for the assistance of our ablest defenders, Admiral Gardner was, amongst others, selected, and went to the West Indies in the beginning of the year 1793, from whence he returned in September following, with a large fleet of merchantmen under his convoy.

On the first day of June last, a day which will be ever memorable in the annals of Great Britain, Admiral GARDNER commanded the Queen, of 90 guns; and how effectually he contributed to the glory of the day, has been stated in the dispatches of the Commander in Chief, already inserted in our Magazine. In this engagement he lost his Captain, the brave Hutt, three Lieutenants, a Midshipman, thirty-six men killed, and sixty-seven wounded. As a recompence for the service of this day, his Majesty was pleased to confer on him the title of a Baronet of Great Britain.

Sir ALAN married, about twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Turner, widow of — Turner, Esq. by whom he has a numerous progeny, two of his sons being in the Navy, and already advanced to the rank of Post Captains, in which station they will have opportunities of emulating the bravery and conduct of their sire.

VINDICATION OF A PASSAGE IN THE ADVERTISEMENT PREFIXED TO THE LAST EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

"WHEN I said I would die a bachelor," cries Benedick, "I did not think I should live till I were married." The last Editor of Shakspeare may urge a kindred apology in defence of an opinion hazarded in his prefatory advertisement; for when he declared his disbelief in the existence of a genuine likeness of our great Dramatic

Writer, he most certainly did not suppose any portrait of that description could have occurred, and much less that he himself should have been instrumental in producing it. He is happy, however, to find he was mistaken in both his suppositions; and consequently has done his utmost to promote the appearance of an accurate and finished engraving

* We are sorry to observe that this superiority is yet not subdued. To the valour and skill of our seamen and their commanders, not the construction of our ships, we owe our naval superiority; a superiority which, we trust, will never be lost. As it appears, however, from the establishment of the Society for Improving Naval Architecture, that this circumstance is not unattended to, we hope soon to see the bravery of our sailors seconded by such advantages as are wanted in the building of our vessels.

by Trotter, from a picture which had been unfaithfully as well as poorly imitated by Droeshout and Marshall*.

Of the character repeatedly and deliberately bestowed by the same Editor on the first of these old engravers, not a single word will be retracted; for, if the judgment of experienced artists be of any value, the plate by Droeshout now under consideration has (in one instance at least) established his claim to the title of "a most abominable imitator of humanity."

Mr. Fuseli has pronounced, that the portrait already described in the Proposals of Mr. Richardson †, was the work of a Flemish hand. It may also be observed, that the verses in praise of Droeshout's performance, were probably written as soon as they were bespoke, and before their author had found op-

portunity or inclination to compare the plate with its original. He might previously have known that the picture conveyed a just resemblance of Shakspeare; took it for granted that the copy would be exact; and, therefore, rashly assigned to the engraver a panegyrick which the painter had more immediately deserved. It is lucky indeed for those to whom metrical recommendations are necessary, that custom does not require they should be delivered upon oath.

It is likewise probable that Ben Jonson had no intimate acquaintance with the graphick art, and might not have been over-solicitous about the stile in which Shakspeare's lineaments were transmitted to posterity.

Nov. 10, 1794.

G. S.

AN APPROVED RECEIPT TO PRESERVE BUTTER.

BY DR. ANDERSON.

TAKE two parts of the best common salt, one part sugar, and one part salt-petre, beat them up together, and blend the whole completely. Take one ounce of this composition for every sixteen ounces of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use.

No simple improvement in œconomics is greater than this, when compared with the usual method of curing butter by means of common salt alone. In any open market the one would sell for thirty per cent. more than the other. The butter thus cured appears of a rich marrowy consistence, and fine

colour, and never acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salt, like the other, which has the appearance of tallow.

Butter cured by this new method must not be opened for use in a month after it is made up.

The practice of keeping milk in leaden vessels, and of salting butter in stone jars, &c. is very detrimental; the well-known effects of the poison of lead are, bodily debility, palsy, death.—The use of wooden vessels for these purposes is most wholesome and more cleanly.

* "MARTIN DROESHOUT. One of the indifferent engravers of the last century. He resided in England, and was employed by the book-sellers. His portraits, which are the best part of his works, have nothing but their scarcity to recommend them. He engraved the head of Shakspeare, John Fox the Martyrologist, John Howson Bishop of Durham, &c."

Strutt's Dictionary of Engravers, Vol. I. p. 264.

"WILLIAM MARSHALL. He was one of those laborious artists whose engravings were chiefly confined to the ornamenting of books. And indeed his patience and assiduity is all we can admire when we turn over his prints, which are prodigiously numerous. He worked with the graver only, but in a dry tasteless style; and from the familiarity which appears in the design of all his portraits, it is supposed that he worked from his own drawings after the life, though he did not add the words *ad vivum*, as was common upon such occasions. But if we grant this to be the case, the artist will acquire very little additional honour upon that account; for there is still as great a want of taste manifest in the design, as in the execution of his works on copper, &c." *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 125.

† See the European Magazine for last month, page 277.

CHEAP AND EASY METHOD OF RENDERING WATER PERFECTLY FREE FROM DIRT AND FILTH, FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES.

THERE is unquestionably no article so extensively useful as water; no one that in such ways enters into our food: scarcely a morsel of bread we swallow is made without it. Of all our soups it constitutes the bulk; it enters into most of our sauces; and it is employed in cooking a large proportion of the viands that garnish the table of luxury, or are spread for the support of life on the frugal board. If we except cyder, the use of which is very confined, and wine, which still fewer use unmixed for their sole beverage, there is no article of drink, of which water forms not the basis. Not to mention those who drink it alone, in all malt liquors it is the only fluid; in tea and coffee it is nearly so; and of mixed spirituous potations, it is, with a very few exceptions, much the greater part. Surely then, not delicacy only, but regard to health also, bids us attend to the purity and cleanness of our water. Yet how few seem to think these objects of concern! and of those who do, how many are contented with their slightest semblances!

In a great city like London, the quantity of dirt and filth swallowed through the medium of the water of the Thames, or of the New River, is scarcely calculable. Little indeed need be said on this subject, as it is obvious to the eyes of every one: but being so obvious, it is strange that some cheap and easy method of remedying it has never yet apparently been employed. Filtering-stones have been used by some, it is true; but they are too expensive for general use, and the water percolates through them too slowly to supply a large demand, without having recourse to such a number as would require considerable room, as well as enhance the cost. A patent too has lately been obtained, I understand, for an invention, of the merits of which I can say nothing, not having seen it: though from the principles on which the machine is said to be constructed, I should suppose it could not fail of answering every purpose of the filtering-stone, and it is probably liable to the same objections. The machine I would recommend, is simple, cheap, and easily made. It cost me a little trouble before I brought it to perfection: but having now had a twelvemonth's experience of its utility, I hasten to

offer it to the public; sufficiently recompensed if it contribute to the health and cleanliness of my fellows. Without further preamble, I shall now proceed minutely to describe my own apparatus, that every one who considers clean water as an object of importance, may provide himself with one on a similar principle, if he think proper, making such variations as circumstances may require.

In the cover of my water-cask I have a circular hole, about eight inches in diameter, into which is inserted the neck of a three-gallon stone bottle. Of this bottle the handle is broken off, and the bottom beaten out, so as to form a sort of funnel. To beat out the bottom without breaking the bottle, is the most difficult part of the performance. I accomplished it by means of a small iron tool (such a chisel as stone-cutters use, is perhaps the most convenient) and a wooden mallet. With these I first made a little hole in the center of the bottom, and then gradually enlarged it with the same implements; taking care to put a large cloth, many times doubled, under the mouth of the bottle, which I believe to be a necessary precaution; for if the bottle rest on a hard unyielding body, it will be extremely liable to split in the operation. With some of the shards which came out of the bottom I choaked up the neck of the bottle, letting them fall in loosely, yet sufficiently loose to retain a layer of bricks coarsely powdered, or rather broken into small fragments, the dust and smaller particles of which I washed away, first through a cullender, and then through the shards, by pouring water repeatedly over it. On this layer of broken bricks I put a layer of coarse sand, called sea-sand, or scouring-sand, about three or four inches deep, having first well washed it, to render it clean, and free from every thing soluble by water. Over this layer of coarse sand, I put another of common sand, a little thicker. To wash the common sand clean, I took considerable pains, as there is generally a great deal of dirt, clay, and other filth mixed with it; and I repeated my ablutions, till the water, after the sand had subsided, which was in two or three minutes, came off as clear as it was put on. I did not press the layers of sand down, but took care to lay each smooth

and even, putting in the sand as lightly as I well could, not to leave any vacuities while yet wet.

Having thus prepared my apparatus, and placed it in the hole in the cover of my tub, as before mentioned, I brought my water-pipe over it, and boring a hole in it, placed therein a small box-wood cock. As the water is constantly on, I had nothing more to do but to turn the cock a little, so as to let the water run gently into my filter; taking the precaution to place a small pottherd upon that part of the sand on which the water would otherwise have dropped, that the surface of the sand might not be worn into a hole by its constant dropping. As I could easily manage the cock, so as to let the water into my filter fast or slow as I pleased, no other care or trouble was requisite, than to see the supply was not more than my filter would discharge. At first, I must own, being desirous of filling my cask with clean water as quickly as possible, I let my filter run over every now and then before I could accurately adjust the supply: but a very little experience and attention enabled me to

surmount this difficulty, and I now get forty or fifty gallons of filtered water in the course of four and twenty hours, whenever I think proper; though commonly I suffer my filter to run much slower, regulating my supply by the quantity the consumption of my family demands. And I may here observe, that all the water used in my house, not merely in preparing food, but even for washing clothes, is filtered: and to those who are nice in their apparel, this must be a desirable object, for it is absolutely impossible to wash any thing clean in dirty water.

Once in two or three weeks, when I find my filter runs slow, I stir up the surface of the sand with my hand, to loosen it a little; and when the water begins again to percolate with difficulty, I stop the process, and take out the upper layer of sand, and wash it well over again, to remove the dirt, which, having been strained from the water passed through, naturally choaks up the filter. This layer being washed, and replaced as before, my apparatus is as fit for use as at first.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE patriotic spirit which in every part of the kingdom has displayed itself, in raising Volunteer Corps of Cavalry and Infantry for the internal defence of the kingdom, has perhaps shewn itself nowhere to more advantage than on the Coast of Kent and Sussex, and particularly in the Cinque Ports, and Towns connected with them. Among the latter, a visit which I lately made at the old town of Rye, gave me an opportunity of remarking a zeal and ardour in its principal inhabitants which do them the highest honour. They are known indeed to have an excellent example in the leading family of that place, whom I frequently heard represented as ever ready to stand forth in support of the Constitution and Government of their country; but at no time with more distinguished alacrity and vigour than at the present crisis.

But that which particularly struck me during my visit was, an instance of patriotism exhibited by several of the Ladies of Rye, who had been employed a considerable part of the summer in embroidering the Colours of the two corps (Cavalry and Infantry) raised

within that town and its immediate neighbourhood.

In the centre of the crimson-silk drapery forming the Standard of the Cavalry, are represented, on one side, the Arms of the Cinque Ports, consisting of three Lions couchant and three Sterns of Ships; on the reverse are the Family Arms of Mr. Pitt, the Lord Warden; both worked in their proper colours with singular neatness and elegance. Each of these armorial insignia is surrounded with a wreath; that round the arms of the Cavalry is wrought in exquisite needlework, of the leaves and flowers of hops. I was at a loss whether most to admire the ingenious design or the execution of this ornament. The leaf of the hop-plant and its beautifully-twining tendril have not been less happily chosen for their picturesque beauty, than on account of this plant being the characteristic produce of Rye and its neighbourhood, from whence the respectable body of yeomanry have been drawn who constitute the troop of Cavalry. The pale straw-colour of the mature Hop-flowers delicately varied with that browner tint, which occasionally

casually marks them, is imitated with infinite nicety and taste; the flower itself being sometimes in full relief, sometimes intermingled with, or in part concealed by its deep green leaves; and these are represented under all the varieties, which their position, and perspective resulting from it, can give them. The motto is—*Pro Rege et Ar- vis*. The colours of the Union Flag of England are very neatly placed in one of the corners of the drapery. It is but justice to say, that the effect of the whole is admirable; but at the same time it must be observed with regret, that the vivacity and nice gradation of the tints cannot but suffer from the necessity of exposing them to all weathers; as the delicacy of the needlework must also from the violent motion to which it is liable in military evolutions.

The Colours of the Infantry, exhibiting the same arms, together with the Union Flag, as those of the Cavalry, are embroidered in the same manner, and with equal elegance and skill; but the wreath, which encircles them, consists of oak leaves, in allusion to the noble tree to which we are indebted for the naval bulwark of our country, and which very properly claims relation to the Arms of the Cinque Ports. The motto of the Infantry Colours is—*Pro Rege et Focis*; this body being almost wholly raised from the town itself of Rye.

I had the satisfaction, during my visit there, of seeing both these corps exercise more than once. Too much cannot be said of the attention they pay to the instructions they receive, or of the rapid progress they make towards perfection in the military art. In point of appearance, splendidly accoutred as they are, and consisting, as they are said to do, of persons of property and respectable character, I never

saw two corps more truly entitled to the appellation of Gentlemen Soldiers.

On the 24th of September last the Colours which I have been mentioning, were presented to them in form at a public Review; and from the peculiar devotion with which they were received, as the work of the Ladies of Rye, apart from military feelings natural on such an occasion, I fear not to prognosticate, that if ever these corps are drawn out against the enemies of their country, the sight of these armorial insignia will bring to mind the patriotism, ingenuity, and, I may add, the beauty of the Ladies who wrought them; and that the soldiers of Rye and its vicinity will be emulous to equal these shining traits by their own zeal, constancy, and heroism in the day of battle.

The two corps have presented to each of the six Ladies who united their talents in this distinguished work of embroidery, a medal bearing the following inscription—*Memorial of elegant Industry and Female Patriotism*;—and it was with much pleasure that I saw one of these medals, where it received at least as much honour as it conferred, suspended at the bosom of one of the Six. As the several names of these Ladies have been, by desire, I believe, of the principal Magistrate of Rye, placed in their own needlework, at the bottom of the Colours, and might be considered as in some sort published when brought into the field, I shall make the less scruple of conveying them to the public, and, I hope, to posterity, through the medium of the European Magazine.

WORKED BY

| | | |
|-----------------|--|------------|
| Mrs. JAMES LAMB | | Miss BILEY |
| R. LAMB | | S. BILEY |
| E. BILEY | | S. LAMB. |

1794.

PRESENTED SEPTEMBER 24.

ON THE NATURE OF SEA COAL.

[BY DR. FRANKLIN.—IN A LETTER TO M. DUBOURG.]

I AM persuaded as well as you, that the Sea Coal has a vegetable origin, and that it has been formed near the surface of the earth; but as preceding convulsions of nature had served to bury it very deep in many places, and covered it with many different strata, we are indebted to subsequent convulsions for having brought within our view the extremities of its veins, so as to lead us to penetrate the earth in search of it.—I visited last summer a large coal mine at Whitehaven in Cumberland; and in following the vein and descending by degrees towards the sea, I penetrated

below the ocean, where the level of its surface was more than 800 fathom above my head; and the miners assured me that their works extended some miles beyond the place where I then was, continually and gradually descending under the sea. The slate which forms the roof of this coal mine is impressed in many places with the figures of leaves and branches of fern, which undoubtedly grew at the surface, when the slate was in the state of sand on the banks of the sea. Thus it appears that this vein of coal has suffered a prodigious settlement.

A NARRATIVE of the JOURNEY of the TESHOO LAMA to VISIT the EMPEROR of CHINA.

(FROM THE ORIENTAL REPOSITORY.)

[Continued from Page 251.]

ON the next day the Emperor, with the Princes and many Nobles of the Court, attended by 5000 troops, visited the Lâma, who advanced half-way to the gate to meet them, where he received the first salute from the Emperor. The usual compliments on both sides having passed, the Lâma entreated the Emperor to take the seat to the right, which with some reluctance he complied with: but before the Emperor took his leave, he presented the Lâma with the following presents:—two lockebaws, or cloaks, of curious and most valuable skins, one string of rich pearls, 1000 pieces of brocade, 50,000 tawank in silver, and two curious pictures ornamented with jewels. After some indifferent conversation, the Emperor then communicated his wishes more at large with respect to the desire he felt of being instructed in some mysteries of the Lâma's religion. They accordingly withdrew, attended only by Cheengea Gooroo, to another part of the Palace; where three seats were prepared; the one in the center, larger than either of the others in extent, and rising considerably higher, upon which the Lâma seated himself, placing the Emperor on that lower, which stood to the right, and Cheengea Gooroo on that at his left. The Lâma, then bending his head downwards toward the Emperor, whispered in his ear for about a quarter of an hour; and then setting himself upright, began to repeat aloud certain tenets or religious sentences distinctly, which the Emperor and Cheengea Gooroo continued to repeat after him; and in this manner each sentence was repeated until the Emperor and his Gooroo were perfect in them. This ceremony lasted upwards of three hours, whilst all their attendants were kept at a considerable distance in the outer apartment, except two or three devout men, whose attendance on the Lâma, at certain intervals of the ceremony, was necessary, and were occasionally called in.

The ceremony being concluded for that day, the Lâma attended the Emperor half-way to the gate, where they separated, and each retired to their re-

spective palaces of residence. After four days, the Lâma, by invitation, waited on the Emperor at his palace, where they were entertained some time with music and the dancing of boys. After the entertainment, Cheengea Gooroo, arising from his seat behind the Emperor, came in front, and addressing him, told him that the Lâma wished to mention to him a circumstance which friendship required him not to neglect. The Emperor then turning to the Lâma, desired he would speak without reserve; when the Lâma proceeded to inform him, "In the country of Hindostan, which lies on the borders of my country, there resides a great Prince or Ruler, for whom I have the greatest friendship. I wish you should know and regard him also; and if you will write him a letter of friendship, and receive his in return, it will afford me great pleasure, as I wish you should be known to each other, and that a friendly communication should in future subsist between you." The Emperor replied, that his request was a very small one indeed, but that this or any thing else he desired should be readily complied with. He continued to enquire of the Lâma what that Prince or Governor's name was, the extent of the country he ruled over, and the number of forces, &c. Upon which the writer of this Narrative was called into his presence by the Lâma, and desired by him to answer the enquiries of the Emperor respecting the Governor of Hindostan, as the writer had been often in his country. The writer then informed him, that the Governor of Hindostan was called Mr. Hastings; that the extent of the country he governed was not near equal to that of China, but superior to any other he knew; and that the troops of that country were upwards of three lacks of horsemen. The conversation then took another turn for half an hour, when the Lâma withdrew. During twenty-six days that the Emperor and Lâma continued at the Palaces of Jeeawaukko, several visits were mutually paid in the most friendly and intimate manner; the Emperor still continuing to make rich presents

sents to the Lâma whenever he visited him.

Upon their departure from Jecauwaukho towards Peichin or Pekin, the Emperor with his retinue took a road that lay a little to the left, in order to visit the tombs of his ancestors; and the Lâma, attended by the Princes and Cheengea Gooroo, proceeded on the direct road towards Pekin for seven days, till they arrived at a place called Sewarah Soommaw, in the neighbourhood of Pekin, about two miles without the exterior wall of the city, where the Lâma was lodged in a very magnificent house, said to have been built for his reception. Here during five days he was constantly attended by many of the Emperor's relations from the City, and almost all the Nobility of the Court.

N. B. The writer cannot recollect the Chinese term for Nobility.

The ceremony of introduction, and mode of receiving the blessing of the Lâma at the time of being presented to him, may here be best remarked. When any of the Princes or immediate relations of the Emperor were presented, they were all received by the Lâma without moving from where he sat; but they were distinguished by his laying his bare hand upon their heads while he repeated a short prayer, or form of blessing. The Nobility, or men of the second rank, when introduced, went through the like ceremony, except that the Lâma wrapped a piece of clean silk round his hand, and in that manner rested it on their heads whilst he repeated the blessing; and for those of an inferior note, a piece of consecrated wood of about half a yard long was substituted, and held by him in his hand, with the end of which he touched their heads, in like manner as he had the others with his hand.

After five days residence here, during which time he was almost continually employed in conferring his blessings as above, information was brought him of the approach of the Emperor towards Sewarah Soommaw, and that he was at the distance of nine or ten coss. The Lâma proceeded next morning to meet him, and halted at a country-house of the Emperor's, about eight miles from Sewarah Soommaw, to refresh. Here he received a message from the Emperor, requesting him not to fatigue himself by coming any further. The Lâma in consequence halted, and sent his brother with several others to meet

the Emperor, and present his compliments. Upon the Emperor's arrival, the Lâma met him at the door, and taking him by the hand conducted him to an apartment, where they conversed and drank tea together. After an hour the Lâma was conducted to another house, prepared for him in the garden, by the Emperor himself, who took leave at the door and returned to his own. He then sent for his eldest son, and gave him orders, that on the next morning, he, with a splendid retinue, should attend the Lâma, and conduct him to see all his country palaces, places of worship, &c. in the neighbourhood of Pekin; and also to the great Lakes, upon which are two large ships and many smaller vessels; and that he would be attentive to point out to the Lâma everything that was curious about the City.

The Prince immediately waited upon the Lâma at his house, and informed him of the orders he had received from the Emperor, and that he with his attendants and Cheengea Gooroo would be in readiness to attend him accordingly.

Next morning the Prince, &c. attended the Lâma, and conducted him to the famous gardens and palace of Kheaton, where only eight of the Lâma's attendants were allowed to enter. After examining all the curiosities of the garden, he passed that night in the Palace. The two following days were taken up in like manner, viewing different places and curiosities about the City. Reposing himself that night in the house he had before occupied, he was visited the next morning by the Prince the Emperor's eldest son, who informed him that many of the Emperor's favourite women were in a Palace at a distant part of the gardens, and that they had expressed much anxiety to see the Lâma and receive his blessing, and that it would be agreeable to the Emperor's wishes that he should visit them; which he accordingly did; and being placed opposite a door of their apartments, upon an exalted seat, a purdow or skreen of a yellow kind of gauze being dropt before the door, the ladies approached it one by one; and having just looked at the Lâma through the gauze, each according to her rank and abilities sent her offering or present by a female servant, who delivered it to one of the Lâma's religious companions that were allowed to continue

near him; and upon the present being delivered to him, and the name of the person announced, he repeated a prayer or form of blessing for each, all the time bending his head forward and turning his eyes directly toward the ground, to avoid all possibility of beholding the women. This ceremony, which took up four or five hours, being ended, the Lâma returned to the place he had occupied for some nights past, where he continued that night, and next morning returned with the Prince, &c. to the gardens where they had left the Emperor.

The next morning the Lâma visited his Majesty, and was received with the usual respect and ceremony. After conversing some time respecting the curiosities the Lâma had examined for some days past, the Emperor told him he had still a greater to shew him than any he had yet visited; and, added he, it shall be my own care to carry you to see it. Whereupon rising from their seats, the Emperor took the Lâma by the hand, and leading him to a Temple in a different part of the garden, he shewed him a magnificent throne, and informed him, that it was an ancient and invariable custom of the Emperors of China to seat themselves upon it at certain times to hear and determine all matters of complaint that might be brought before them; and that such was the extraordinary virtue of this seat, that, according to the justice or injustice of the Emperor's decrees, his existence or immediate death depended. This Temple and Seat of Justice, he said, had been erected by Divine command, and had existed for many thousand years.

After having passed an hour or two in explanation of this famous Temple, the Emperor returned to his Palace, and the Lâma, accompanied Cheengea Gooroo to the house of the latter in the same gardens, where he was entertained with great respect, and during the whole night the Lâma did not go to sleep, but continued in prayer with Cheengea Gooroo, and instructing him in certain forms of religion and prayer. In the morning, on the Lâma's departure for his own house, he received rich presents from Cheengea Gooroo. The Lâma rested there for two days, when he was attended by the Prince and Cheengea Gooroo, according to the Emperor's commands, to conduct him to the great pond or Lake, on which are two famous vessels of the Emperor's,

of a most extraordinary size and construction, each having five or six stories of apartments one above another, all of which are carved and gilt in a most curious and superb manner. There are two islands in the Lake, on one of which stands the Emperor's private palace, where his women are kept, and can only be approached by boats. On the other island stands a very magnificent Chinese Putawlaw, or temple of public worship, which is approached by a stone bridge. Here the Lâma passed the night, and in the morning proceeded to visit the very famous Putawlaw or temple of public worship in the city of Pekin, where hangs a bell which the Chinese assured the writer of this weighs upwards of 20,000 maunds, and requires an hundred men to ring it. This, however, never is attempted but to call the people to arms in case of invasion, insurrection, or public thanksgiving for any signal victory. Having passed some hours at prayer in this place, the Lâma returned to his place of abode near the City, and after three days he was visited by the Emperor on his way to the Royal Palace in the Fort which stands in the center of the City of Pekin. On the following day the Lâma visited *him* there, and was received with great pomp and every mark of respect, in so much that the Emperor met him at the door, and taking him by the hand conducted him immediately into the private apartments of the Empress, whither no person whatever was suffered to attend them. Their visit to the Empress lasted about half an hour, when they returned into public, where they sat and conversed an hour longer, and the Lâma then returned to his own house.

After seven days the Emperor having informed the Lâma that he wished to perform some acts of devotion at one of the principal Temples of Worship in the City, they met there; and having continued in prayer together for two or three hours, attended and assisted by Cheengea Gooroo and a few of the Lâma's religious friends, they departed and returned; the Emperor to his Palace, and the Lâma to his own house.

Several meetings of this kind occurred at the same place of worship between the Emperor and the Lâma, during a period of some months, and it was generally the custom to have some refreshments of fruits, &c. at the Tem-

ple after their acts of devotion were finished. The Lâma at one of these entertainments took the opportunity in the hearing of the writer of this and many others to remind the Emperor that he had some time before mentioned to him a Prince or Governor of Hindostan, called Mr. Hastings, with whom he, the Lâma, held strict friendship; and repeated his wish that the Emperor should know him, and hold friendly intercourse with him also, by writing to him and receiving his friendly answers. Much more was said by the Lâma on this subject; to all which the Emperor replied, that he could only assure the Lâma he joined most heartily with him in what he wished, as it would give him much pleasure to know and correspond

with the Governor of Hindostan his friend; and to convince him of his sincerity, he would, if the Lâma desired it, cause a letter to be immediately written to the Governor, in such terms as the Lâma should dictate; or, if the Lâma thought it would be more effectual towards establishing the friendship he wished, that the letter should be in readiness when the Lâma took his departure from China, and that he should take it with him, and have the care of forwarding it, in such manner as he thought best, to the Governor of Hindostan. The latter mode the Lâma made choice of, and expressed much satisfaction.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SKETCH OF THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

BY A VOYAGER.

To which is prefixed a VIEW of the SEAT of the GOVERNOR of that ISLAND, by an ingenious Artist in the Suite of his Excellency EARL MACARTNEY, K. B.

THE Island of St. Helena, from situation, convenience, and romantic scenery, is as singular a spot as navigation has disclosed to the inquisitive eye of man. Lying in about 16 degrees south latitude, and six degrees west longitude from Greenwich, pretty nearly at an equal distance from Africa and America; and, though within the tropics, rendered salubrious and temperate by the trade wind from south-east; it is a residence no less sequestered than desirable to invalids, and the lovers of nature and tranquillity. As nothing can be more forbidding or tremendous than the first appearance of this insulated rock, on the other hand, her internal charms, and sublime prospects, awaken the surprize and delight the fancy of the stranger. From the ships, as they double the island within pistol-shot, to secure their anchorage in the road, and from the road itself, an iron-bound coast, and the narrow Valley of St. James, promise little of refreshment or pleasure, after the fatigues and lassitude occasioned by a long passage from the East. And though every one acquainted with the island is full of its praises, it is to be questioned whether any man of curiosity and taste has found himself disappointed in the expectations which he had formed from the report of others, or left the scenes it exhibits without a conviction of their picturesque and terrible graces.---

"Beauty seated in the lap of Horror," might, perhaps, have been applied with more justice by Mr. Gilpin to these scenes, than to any that have hitherto fallen under his glowing pen; and tho' the pencils of the Messrs. DANIEL, now here, and that of Mr. ALEXANDER in the annexed drawing, will give the world a truer idea of the Views in this island than language can convey, I cannot refrain from touching on the most remarkable impressions that my mind received in riding through the different quarters of this circumscribed spot, whose utmost circumference cannot exceed thirty miles.

As St. Helena is of the first importance to the East India Company, for the refreshment of their homewardbound ships, which, in time of war, join a convoy here, its strength and security have been considered and attended to, and especially of late years. Several commanding batteries, cut out of the rock, and hanging over the sea, entirely bar the approach of any but friendly ships to the road, who are obliged to send their boats ashore to obtain permission to pass. The landing-place is also secured by a new and heavy battery; and the garrison at present consists of no less than 7 or 800 men, besides a company of artillery. As this measure has been chiefly effected by the foresight and activity of the present Governor, Colonel Brooke, without noise

noise or useless expence to his employers, it is natural to suppose, that the plan he suggested will be pursued, and his merits on this occasion, as well as his new modes of defence against an enemy, meet with public encouragement. The climate and advantages of this situation are so desirable to a soldier, that scarce any of the men who refuse to re-enter the service in India when their time is expired, but embrace the offer at this place, and would embark, on emergencies, for India again, as was the case during the late war with Tippoo Sultan, when a very seasonable reinforcement was dispatched to that quarter. In fine, either as a station for recruits for the East, whether raw from Europe, or veterans from India, or as a retreat for invalids who are past actual service, but might man her impregnable batteries, and cultivate her waste lands, to the emolument of the Company, those who have ability to decide on the subject appear to think that St. Helena is pointed out by nature and reason as an eligible spot.

The Valley of St. James wherein the town is buried, is about a mile in length, and rises by a gradual ascent from the sea. The principal street is broad, and not ill built, having the church on one side and the castle on the other, buildings of no contemptible size or appearance, fronting the road. It runs nearly north and south, by which direction the valley enjoys the advantage of the trade-wind; and is prevented being rendered close and uninhabitable by the sterile heights that overhang the town on either side. The barracks and hospital are at the upper end of the town, behind which the new gardens of the Company stand, which occupy a spot formerly a receptacle for all the filth of the place, but which now, by their verdure and shade, offer infinite relief to the eye, as well as amusement to the inhabitants of the stony vale. In the humane breast a more pleasurable sensation will arise, when it learns, that the sick, as well as healthy, owe the benefit they may derive from the produce of these gardens, to an experiment of the present Governor, who, aiming to draw public advantages from private offences, suffers the soldier to compound the punishment awarded him, for as many days labour in this spot as may appear adequate to his crime; an idea no less liberal than just, and worthy of imitation in every garrison.

Ladder-Hill, of which most people must have heard, is the western ridge of St. James's Valley; and though the battery at top is 900 feet above the town, the road is made far more easy than could be imagined, by three traverses, which cut the hill obliquely. To the eastern ridge, which is terminated on the sea-side by Munden's Battery, and divides Rupert from St. James's Valley, the ascent is still more ready, the road being carried by a gentle rise along the face of the hill, till it descends into the interior parts of the island; but as this road leads not directly to the more inhabited quarters, it is not so much frequented, or kept in such good repair as the former. From the battery on Ladder-Hill there is a bird's-eye view of the town and roads that is unique, but unpleasant. The houses appear like cards,

—“and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a
buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The mur-
muring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles
chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.”

But we need not have recourse to imagination for a picture, the natural terrors and dangers of which will be better collected from a real anecdote that occurred here about twenty years ago. The Boatswain's Mate of an Indian, strolling with his comrades to breathe the free air on this height, perceived his ship in the roads, to appearance, beneath his feet, and conceived the whimsical idea of throwing a stone aboard! The casual motives that influence seamen are, in general, not to be ascertained; they are more frequently the giddy offspring of humour than meaning; and it is well known, they are no calculators of possibilities. John took the silk handkerchief from his neck, which he had just bought in the Valley as a token for his Susan, to assist the velocity of the stone; and making a run, to hurl it with effect, he could not stop himself on the undefended brink, and, painful to relate! flew headlong to the fatal gulf before him! An old artillery-man, who was witness to the awful catastrophe, still relates the tale, and points out the very spot from which his hero was launched into eternity! Should he live to double his long residence on the rock, my readers will join in the wish,
that

that the veteran's garrulity may never be fed with another tragedy of the kind. The following attempt at an epitaph on our unfortunate mariner, will be an evidence, at least, of my feelings, and my opinion of a set of men, whose services cannot be too much cherished and honoured by their country.

E P I T A P H.

TRUE standard of a thoughtless race!
Whose loyal deeds their country grace,
Who wield her sceptre on the deep—
Thy memory this Rock shall keep.

But, to this age of murderous strife
Had fate spun out thy useful life,
That scorn of fear, that dread of shame,
Which mark the British sailor's name,
Had urg'd thy valour to oppose
Of rights and laws the frantic foes,
And, stretch'd on piles of Gallic dead,
Thy heart's last drop had willing bled!

Barrenness and deformity triumph on this precipice, and prove a timely contrast to the prospect that catches the eye, on reaching the highest point of the road, about a mile further on. Its direction is westerly; and, on either hand, the rock is scooped into gullies, which the rains have worn, and which seem to bid defiance to cultivation and industry. But the traveller is quickly repaid by the unexpected beauties of the Valley before him. Houses, surrounded by gardens and orchards, with stone-fences, and furze-hedges in full blow, are either perched on the sides of the hill, or immured in the depths of the dale. Their appearance is as comfortable as rural, being faced with mortar, with a roof of thatch. The road which is cut out of the rock, and broad enough for a carriage, though none but carts, drawn by oxen, travel on it on account of its general steepness and insecurity, continues to be bordered on the left by these plantations; until the Governor's demesne, which lies three miles from the town, according to the windings of the road, draws your attention to the opposite side. A new mansion has been lately erected here by COLONEL BROOKE, which is both handsome and commodious, and was certainly wanting, no less for the accommodation of his family, than the reception of the eminent public characters who are occasionally returning from the East, and can testify the hospitality and attention of the Governor and his amiable and accomplished lady, (who, un-

fortunately for us, is absent on domestic concerns) during their stay here. But the change that has taken place in the pleasure-grounds since the arrival of the present possessors, is a matter of surprise to every one who knew the spot but a few years ago. About fourteen acres have been laid out with as much taste as advantage; and as the principal scene of their exertions is an acclivity that backs the house, the wonderful creation of their hands is in a conspicuous point of view. Here the exotics of the four quarters of the world, the fruits, and shrubs, and flowers of Britain and China, of the Cape of Good Hope and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, flourish together in the open air, and evince the richness of the soil, and the temperature of the climate. And to what disadvantage did this nursery meet our eye, after a continual drought for three years; before which vegetation failed throughout the island, and the greatest part of their herds and flocks perished for want of support! As this dreadful scourge is past, and the present season has set in with favourable showers, it is to be hoped that such a visitation will not be renewed, to check enterprize, and depress the efforts of industry, in a place where it is yet new, and was, to appearance, never before encouraged by example.

But to return to our subject. In front of the house runs a glen, which has been planted with oak, and chestnut, and cypress, the aborigines, it is said, of the groves of St. Helena, and through which a stream winds over a pebbly bottom, and loses itself in a reservoir, where the water is detained for the use of the garden. The eye, overlooking this ornamented hollow, is carried along a ridge that divides Lemon Valley from another of less repute, and settles on the wide expanse of the Atlantic, which appears to the West, at the distance of six miles. Nor is his surface oftener vexed and disturbed by storms than the island itself, where thunder is unknown to scare the placid tenants of the field, or lightning to rive the stately monarch of the wood; a happy circumstance, unrecorded perhaps of any other habitable region. I passed two days in this delightful spot, and did not want the testimony of several persons of taste, in company, to pay this little tribute to its appropriate beauties.

To the S. E. and directly behind this place, lie the house and improvements

of Mr. WRANGHAM, where much has certainly been done, but where there is a field for more useful and picturesque designs. The fruit and kitchen gardens display the labour of many years, and are reckoned the finest on the island; but the grounds around are neither well dressed, nor well laid down; and some singular naked knolls in view seem to call aloud for a covering of ever-greens. It is not fair to censure the absent owner for the state of his farm; but it is a pity, that those who can afford experiments for the general good, do not prove to the islanders, how much is to be done with a kindly soil, by a little expence and management: and perhaps what may be considered with distaste from a stranger and superior, would be received with pleasure, and adopted with alacrity, when recommended by the example of a native and compeer. But the prodigious prices which fruit and vegetables fetch from the ships that touch at this island, of which number there have been forty Indiamen since the beginning of the year, render them contented with the profits of their gardens, when a similar attention to their pastures would feed at least treble the quantity of stock that they now support. When we are told, however, that a small garden in St. James's Valley nets upwards of 200*l.* per ann. in fruit alone, and that Mr. Wrangham's orchards might be rented for 200*l.* our surprize is somewhat abated at the indolence that prevails here. From this spot several hamlets are to be seen, in romantic and secluded situations, to which a bridle road winds along easy and verdant slopes through the extent of Lemon Valley, which opens to the sea at Horse-pasture Point, on the N. W. side of the island, and discharges a fine stream therein, to

which ships frequently send their long-boats for water, when the quay is occupied, as at present, with a croud of boats.

We will now return to the gate of the Governor's demesne, by which runs the direct road to Sandy-Bay, a vale, which, by the common consent of natives and strangers, is the most worthy of a visit; and affords the greatest scope to the fancy and skill of the painter, of any in the island. It lies about three miles S. of this gate, and six from the town. The road here is more level than before; and, running chiefly on a ridge, affords better footing for horses, which, except sedan chairs for the elderly ladies, are the only mode of conveyance. The best horses are a mixture of English and Arab; those from the Cape not possessing spirit sufficient to climb and descend precipices, which is their principal work, with safety to the rider; and the intrepidity and skill with which the young damsels of the Isle conduct their steeds over these dangerous heights, is a matter of surprize to those who reflect not, that fear, of every kind, is overcome by habit and practice. And since I have touched on this string, it may be allowed me to suggest, that this island is better known by the beauty and reputation of her females, than any other circumstance whatever. Some have shone in courts, while others have proved the ornament and delight of private life. And should the follies or extravagance of an individual or two have done no credit to her native soil, let not the Island, small and insignificant as it may appear on the scale of existence, be mentioned without respect, that gave birth to such accomplished and estimable characters as a Lady C— and a Mrs. M—.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ANECDOTES OF THE MOST REV. SIR RICHARD ROBINSON, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH; LORD BARON ROKEBY OF ARMAGH; BARONET; AND PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND; lately deceased.

[With a beautiful MEDALLION. See Plate II. No. 1.]

THIS nobleman, immediately descended from the Robinsons of Rokeby in the North Riding of the county of York, was born in 1709, and educated at Westminster school, from whence he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1726. After continuing his studies there the usual time, Doctor Blackburne, Archbishop of York, appointed him his chaplain, and collated him first to the rectory of Elton, in the

East Riding of Yorkshire, and next to the prebend of Grindal, in the Cathedral of York. In 1751 he attended the Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to that kingdom, as his first chaplain, and the same year was promoted to the bishopric of Killala. A family connection with the Earl of Holderness, who was Secretary of State that year, with the Earl of Sandwich and other noblemen related to him, opened

opened the fairest prospects of attaining to the first dignity in the Irish church. Accordingly in 1759 he was translated to the united sees of Leighlin and Ferns, and in 1761 to Kildare. The Duke of Northumberland being appointed to the Lieutenancy of Ireland in 1765, he was advanced to the Primacy of Armagh, made Lord Almoner, and Vice-chancellor of the University of Dublin. When Lord Harcourt was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1777, the King was pleased by privy seal at St. James's, February 6th, and by patent at Dublin the 26th of the same month, to create him Baron Rokeby of Armagh, with remainder to Matthew Robinson, of West Layton, Esq. and in 1783 he was appointed Prelate to the most illustrious order of St. Patrick. On the death of the Duke of Rutland in the government of Ireland, in 1787, he was nominated one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom. Sir William Robinson, his brother, dying in 1785, the Primate succeeded to the title of Baronet, and is the survivor in the direct male line of the Robinsons of Rokeby, being the eighth in descent from William of Kendal.

No Primate ever sat in the See of Armagh who watched more carefully over the interest of the church of Ireland, as the statute-book evinces. The act of the 11th and 12th of his present Majesty, which secures to Bishops and ecclesiastical persons repayment by their successors of expenditures in purchasing glebes and houses, or building new houses, originated from this excellent man, and must ever endear his name to the clergy. The other acts for repairing churches, and facilitating the recovery of ecclesiastical dues, were among the many happy exertions of the Primate.

But it was at Armagh, the ancient seat of the primacy, that he displayed a princely munificence. A very elegant palace, ninety feet by sixty, and forty high, adorns that town; it is light and pleasing, without the addition of wings or lesser parts, which too frequently wanting a sufficient uniformity with the body of the edifice are unconnected with it in effect, and divide the attention. Large and ample offices are conveniently placed behind a plantation at a small distance. Around the palace is a large lawn, which spreads on every side over the hills, flanked by young plantations, in one of which is a terrace, which commands a most beautiful view of cultivated hill and dale; this view

from the palace is much improved by the barracks, the school, and a new church at a distance; all which are so placed as to be exceedingly ornamental to the whole country.

The barracks were erected under the Primate's direction, and form a large and handsome edifice. The school is a building of considerable extent, and admirably adapted for the purpose; a more beautiful or better contrived one is no where to be seen; there are apartments for a master, a school-room fifty-six feet by twenty-eight, a large dining-room and spacious airy dormitories, with every other necessary, and a spacious playground walled in; the whole forming a handsome front: and attention being paid to the residence of the master (the salary is 400*l.* a year) the school flourishes, and must prove one of the greatest advantages to the country. This edifice was built entirely at the Primate's expence. The church is erected of white stone, and having a tall spire makes a very agreeable object, in a country where churches and spires do not abound. The Primate built three other churches, and made considerable reparations to the cathedral; he was also the means of erecting a public infirmary, contributing amply to it himself: he likewise constructed a public library at his own cost, endowed it, and gave it a large collection of books; the room is forty five feet by twenty-five, and twenty high, with a gallery and apartments for the librarian. The town he ornamented with a market house and shambles, and was the direct means, by giving leases upon that condition, of almost new building the whole place. He found it a nest of mud cabins, and he left it a well built city of stone and slate. These are noble and spirited works, in which the Primate expended not less than thirty thousand pounds. Had this sum been laid out in improving a paternal estate, even then they would be deserving great praise, but it is not for his posterity but the public good that his Grace was so munificent. A medal was struck by the ingenious William Maffop of Dublin, which has on one side the head of the Primate, inscribed "Richard Robinson, Baron Rokeby, Lord Primate of all Ireland." And on the reverse, the south front of the observatory at Armagh, erected by his Grace, with this admirable motto, "The Heavens declare the glory of God," MDCCLXXXIX.

TABLE TALK;

O R,

CHARACTERS, ANECDOTES, &c. OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND CELEBRATED
BRITISH CHARACTERS, DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

(MOST OF THEM NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

[[*Concluded from Page 294.*]]

EARL CAMDEN.

A Sketch of his Life and Public Character, concluded. With a comparative View between the Characters of Lord SOMERS and Lord CAMDEN.

THE Bill respecting Trials in Cases of Libel being carried in the House of Lords by a considerable majority, and principally through the zeal, perspicuity, and eloquence of Lord Camden, was one of those circumstances which was propitious to the political character of this illustrious nobleman.

It seemed to be a principle laid down since Lord Raymond's time, who was created Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1724, "That in all proceedings relative to Trials for Libels, the Jurors were only to be judges of the *fact*, whilst the question of *law* was left to the Court." Lord Camden from the earliest days of his professional life combated this doctrine upon constitutional grounds, and in the case of Owen the bookseller (now above forty years ago) he enforced so eloquently this axiom, "that Juries were judges of law, as well as the fact," that the Jury, under all the circumstances of the case, and feeling themselves assisted with that authority which was so ably laid down as their undoubted right, *acquitted the Defendant.*

We have already taken notice that it was this acquittal which was one of the first occasions of drawing out his Lordship's great abilities to public view; and this doctrine not being the result of a *temporary advice* to a client, but a *confirmed principle of his own*, he enforced and defended it in all the high stations of life he passed through, never once shrinking from it, but often calling on some of the most respectable sages of the law, who held the contrary doctrine, to meet him upon the ground of public discussion. How happy then it was for his Lordship's peace of mind, how gratifying to the interest he ever took in the constitution of his country, as well as how flattering to his earliest principles, to have this his favourite opinion at last sanctioned by an Act of Parliament, and principally through his means.—He seemingly wanted but

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this to crown a long life of honour and integrity, and to enable him to sing in unison with old Simcon—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

From the moment that the Libel Bill received the sanction of Royal authority (which he regularly attended through all the stages of its progress through the House) he never afterwards appeared in the House of Lords.—It was the climax of his political life, and he contented himself with performing his duty as President of the Council, which he regularly attended whenever his growing infirmities would permit him. About a year before his death he again solicited his Sovereign to resign—but as his Lordship's mind was fully competent to the discharge of that high office, his Majesty was graciously pleased to acquaint him, "that he claimed a continuation of his services whilst he was so well able to perform them."

In this interval to the time of his death, every indulgence was shewn him that was possible. Councils were often previously held at his house, and draughts of deliberations sent him down into the country, where he for the most part resided in the domestic enjoyments of his family, whom he always attended to with parental and affectionate attachment. Finding his health visibly decrease, about the beginning of the year 1794, he was removed from Camden-place in Kent (his country seat) to his town residence in Hill-street, Berkley-square; where gradually declining, more through the pressure of old age than any immediate disorder, he died at the advanced age of *eighty-one*, on Friday the 18th of April 1794.

To review even the prominent features of a character so able, so honest, so active and so distinguished, would be too extensive for the present sketch: indeed it is almost unnecessary, as his actions are too fresh in the recollection of his countrymen to be recited, and their effects too lasting and constitutional to be ever forgotten.

To those who recollect his early and spirited defence of liberty as Counsel at the bar—his perseverance in the same

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line when Attorney-general—his equal administration of justice, with his spirited and effectual condemnation of General Warrants when he presided in the Common Pleas—his manly efforts in favour of the rights of election whilst Lord Chancellor, with his perseverance in the protection of those rights, even at the loss of his high office—his unceasing efforts in support of the rights of Juries in cases of Libel, particularly the last splendid exertion of his eloquence (at the great age of seventy-nine), when the favourite doctrine of his life became the law of the land—when these great actions are recollected, together with his uniform attachment to the Constitution upon all occasions, every Englishman must acknowledge him as the faithful guardian of their rights and liberties.

He contrasted his public life with such an integrity and amiableness of manners in private life, as reflected credit on both. In the circle of his friends he was pleasant, easy, and communicative, carefully avoiding either the *lawyer* or the *statesman*, but mingling in the conversation with every degree of liveliness or gravity suitable to the subject. Amongst other companions of wit and humour, he was the intimate friend of Garrick, and frequently *badinaged* with that great actor, not only at the table, but on several excursions in and about this metropolis, which not only afforded present merriment, but presented scenes of nature not unbecoming the gravity and observations of philosophy.

Possessed of these great and various qualities, he was as it were the center of a wide-spread and illustrious friendship. He was consulted upon all occasions by his friends in some of the most momentous actions of their lives; and his Lordship's facility, as well as skill, in giving his advice, attached him more to their veneration of his character. We have heard many instances of this, and shall give one as a specimen: it was in the case of an opinion asked him by a nobleman of high rank and distinguished talents, relative to the education of his son:—it was done *impromptu*, at table, when after some hesitation Lord Camden expressed himself in nearly the following words:

“In respect to any particular mode of education, he said, it was impossible to decide, so far as to say which way may be the best—it must be varied according to the rank, the temper, and the situations of the children. There was one

general rule, which he thought seldom failed of producing salutary effects, and that was the *good example of parents*. Children are apt to look up to them in early life, from a variety of concurring circumstances, as the models for every thing:—a proper behaviour therefore should always be supported on the side of the parents, and leading principles so strongly inculcated, that when the root is properly struck, there will be no eradicating it ever afterwards.

“As plants receive their nutriment from the air and water which surround them, so children will likewise partake of those early habits, customs, and modes of thinking, practised by those whom they are instructed both by nature and religion to love and respect.

“This species of education should not come altogether by *precept*, it should be infused by *conversation*, and seemingly accidental—so that the character, when completed, will appear to be formed entirely by nature; and indeed it will become so very like it, as to make the distinction for the most part unobservable.”

We do not mean to give the precise words in which his Lordship delivered himself upon this occasion: we only mean to say this was the *substance*, which we had from a gentleman present, and which struck him in so forcible a manner, that he repeated it in the order we have set down.

Lord Camden has frequently been compared to Lord Somers, as perhaps the only Chancellor, whom from similarity of personal habits, talents, and circumstances, he nearest resembled. How far this opinion may be founded, will best be judged of, by attending to the particulars of both characters, and which we have attempted to sketch in the following parallel.

NATURE seems to take delight in all ages to produce those men, who, from their talents and integrity, are able to prolong the date of, and give celebrity to empires: no matter how distant the æras, the same characters are brought forward, possessed nearly of the same talents, the same integrity, and that similar impulse of mind which carry them through the greatest difficulties. Plutarch has rendered instances from the antients unnecessary. Modern history proves the fact sufficiently, and perhaps in few instances more than in a parallelism of character between Lord Somers and Lord Camden, two of the most

most illustrious persons that any nation hath given birth to, and who seemed born for the direct and immediate purpose of contributing, in a great degree, to the safety, the dignity, and constitutional liberty of their country.

In an excellence of intellectual powers, as in a spotless integrity of heart, none could more perfectly agree than those great men. Transcendent merit, unaided by private favour or party cabal, raised them both to the highest and most important office with which a subject can be intrusted. This office they both filled with the utmost dignity; adored by their friends—respected even by their enemies—and determined to render themselves useful to their fellow-subjects as long as it was possible, they, with a magnanimous disdain of the mortifications given them by the sycophants of a court, both held their high employments until it pleased their respective masters to demand a resignation of them.

It is true, Lord Camden appeared to have better prospects at setting out in life than Lord Somers, being the son of a Lord Chief Justice, whereas the latter was only the son of an attorney at Worcester. But, as we have before observed, Lord Camden was but the son of a second marriage, and his fortune, in consequence of that, little better than those of the younger branches of a private gentleman. His Lordship's father likewise died before the son grew into any notice: and such are the fading remembrances of friendship, that when high official characters cease to exist, and cannot leave Fortune as their representative, their power and influence generally accompany them to their graves. So that, these circumstances considered, these two illustrious characters, in respect to fortune and useful connexions, stood pretty much upon an equality; with perhaps this balance in favour of Lord Somers, that he had not those early demands of expence and appearance which Lord Camden had, and which might in that proportion have quickened his industry and ambition.

Lord Somers was some time at the bar before he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and shewing to the world those great constitutional and legal powers he possessed. Being employed as Counsel for Thomas Pilkington, Samuel Shute, and Henry Cornish, Esqrs. Ford Lord Grey, Sir Thomas

Player, and others, who were tried for a riot in the city, at the chusing of the sheriffs in the year 1682, he gave the first public specimens of his abilities, which were so far confirmed in the year 1688, when he pleaded as one of the Counsel for the Seven Bishops, that he was unanimously chosen one of the representatives of his native city of Worcester.

Lord Camden, as we before have observed, had a much longer trial at the Bar before he got into notice. The first great opportunity, however, unfolded his powers, which he cultivated with so much assiduity, integrity, and success, as to obtain a verdict for his client, in the case of a libel being charged upon him, in defiance of several of the great court lawyers of the time, and was soon afterwards called up to the House of Commons as one of the representatives of the city of Bath.

Soon after the accession of King William and Queen Mary Lord Somers was appointed Solicitor-General, and in the debate upon the Bill for recognizing their Majesties, and the A & of the Convention, he spoke with so much fluency, zeal, and ascendant authority, that it passed without any more opposition. In consequence of this great act of constitutional service he was made Attorney-General; the month following, Lord-Keeper; and in 1697 he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, under the title of Lord Somers, Baron of Evesham.

Lord Camden having passed through the office of Attorney-General, to which place he raised himself by the superiority of his talents and character,—was afterwards appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and in that high situation acquitted himself with such extent of legal information and firmness on the subject of *General Warrants*, as for ever endeared him to the love of the public, who looked up to him no less as the vigilant protector of the laws, than as the guardian of their rights, liberties, and properties.—From thence he was called up to the office of Lord High Chancellor of England, under the title of Baron Camden.

By the intrigue of parties who set their faces against the true spirit of a *Whiggish Government*, Lord Somers was removed from his post of Lord High Chancellor, and, through the efforts of the same intrigue, was the year following impeached of high crimes and

misdeemeanors:—but the justice of his character, aided by the spirit of the people, resisted this iniquitous business, and he was honourably acquitted upon trial by the House of Lords.

After four years unremitting attention to the duties of his high office, Lord Camden was suddenly removed from the Woolstack—and for what? For that which should be and was the pride of his character, and the glory of his political life:—for *giving an opinion in Council in favour of the Rights of Election*, and for which he said, “if he had not done so, he should look upon himself as a waiter to his trust, and an enemy to his country.” No impeachment, it is true, as in the case of Lord Somers, followed this removal; but other inconveniences arose—he was by this reduced to the narrow pension of fifteen hundred pounds per year to support the character of a Lord of Parliament.

Though Lord Somers was removed from office, his great mind was far from insensible to the wants and interests of his country. In 1706 he made a motion in the House of Lords to correct some proceedings in the Common Law and in Chancery that were both dilatory and chargeable; and by thus endeavouring to amend the profession he adorned, shewed himself greatly superior to little prejudices. He was thwarted in those laudable views by the abettors of “the law’s delay;” but he had the silent thanks of his country for his beneficial endeavours. The Union between England and Scotland was projected by him the same year; and it is principally to the unwearied assiduities of this great man that this salutary business was completed, as the malecontents in both countries exerted a spirit of silent intrigue and open opposition, which checked and embarrassed the Bill in all its stages.

Lord Camden was equally attentive and industrious in his retirement from office. During the whole course of the American War, he watched its progress, foretold its consequences, and by the best advice he could give, and by the most powerful eloquence, endeavoured to conciliate the differences which then subsisted between the two countries. In respect to the *Law of Liberty*, as it then stood, he from the infancy of his professional pursuit set his face against it, as an innovation on the constitutional rights of the subject; and his talents at the Bar often warded off

the effects of this pernicious doctrine. When his authority grew higher, from long experience and high official honours, he raised his voice against it in the same proportion; challenging the highest sages in the law to come forward on the occasion; daring them to prove their authorities; and offering himself as always ready to support the contrary doctrine, at the peril of his reputation and character.—Here Lord Camden at last was more successful than Lord Somers. The latter attempted *the reformation of the law’s delay* in vain: but Lord Camden, by his unremitting perseverance in this business, communicated the zeal of inquiry to other minds, when Mr. Fox, in conjunction with the Minister and other great characters, at last obtained a complete victory; his Lordship, seemingly forgetting the advanced age of *seventy-nine* upon this occasion, and with all the powers of manly eloquence sustaining the cause of liberty to the last.

In 1708 Lord Somers was made President of the Council, and by his advice and spirited direction, shared in all the victories of the great Duke of Marlborough; victories which raised England to the highest pinnacle of glory, and will ever remain as records of her military and political abilities. He was removed to make way for a Tory Ministry in 1710, and his infirmities some time after rendering him unfit for any other situation than a seat at the Council-Table, on the accession of George the First,—he died suddenly, full of age and honours.

Lord Camden was likewise made President of the Council, many years after his being Lord Chancellor of England; and it is but fairness to attribute many of the signal advantages which this nation has derived under Mr. Pitt’s administration, to the long experience and known wisdom of the President. A change in administration once ejected Lord Camden from this high situation; but another change soon after replaced him, where he continued to the hour of his death, discharging the duties of an able and faithful statesman.

Thus far we have drawn the parallel between those two great men in their *political actions*; we shall now detain our readers a little longer, in drawing it between their *writings*; together with a general abstract of their respective characters.

Lord Somers first distinguished himself as a writer, by a considerable share he had in a piece entitled, "A just and modest Vindication of the Proceedings of the two last Parliaments:" in answer to king Charles the Second's "Declaration to all his loving Subjects touching the Causes and Reasons that moved him to dissolve the two last Parliaments." Bishop Burnet says, "that this was at first sketched by Sydney; but a new draught was made by Somers:" who, as he afterwards observes, "wrote the last papers that came out at that time, though the titles of them are not known." His other political tracts (besides his translations from the ancient poets and historians) are, "The Security of Englishmen's Lives, or the Trust, Power, and Duty of Grand Juries of England;" and "The History of the Succession of the Crown of England, collected out of the Records:" the one, a vindication of the Grand Jury who threw out the bill against Lord Shaftsbury; the other, "*a proof of the Right of Parliament to settle the Descent of the Crown.*"

In respect to Lord Camden's political writings, though we have not the absolute authority of his Lordship's name to any, yet upon the best founded report, both of the public and his most particular and political friends, the much admired Letter "Upon General Warrants, and the Seizure of Papers," together with that masterly defence of the Rights of the Freeholders of England, entitled, "A fair Trial, &c." are ascribed to his Lordship's pen. His Lordship, we hear, was likewise not insensible to the charms of poetry, and sometimes amused himself in this line; but none of his pieces were ever published.

We now hasten to an abstract of the general characters of these two illustrious men. In respect to Lord Somers, we will partly take it from a cotemporary historian, who, from an opportunity of personally knowing him, must have greater opportunities of giving his character in detail. "He was," says Bishop Burnet, "very learned in his own profession, with a great deal more learning in other professions; in divinity, philosophy, and history. He had a great capacity for business, with an extraordinary temper; for he was fair and gentle, perhaps to a fault, consi-

dering his post; so that he had all the patience and softness, as well as the justice and equity, becoming a great magistrate."

A noble writer of our own times* calls him "one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, whilst all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the historians of the last age and its best authors, represent him as the most incorrupt lawyer and the honestest statesman, as a master orator, a genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views; as a man who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity."

Of all the great lawyers of his own time, Lord Camden seemed to possess the highest reputation; not perhaps so much from the mere superior knowledge of the profession, as for the liberal and manly use of it when applied to the support and investigation of our most excellent Constitution. He possessed this confidence of the public very early in his professional life; and, what is not often the case, it increased through all the gradations of office; as Attorney-General, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and as Lord High Chancellor of England.

He had, like Lord Somers, a great capacity for business, which he saw through with quickness and precision, at the same time that he possessed an extraordinary equality of temper, which permitted him to go through it (when necessary) with patience and deliberation. He was a very able speaker, both in the Courts and in Parliament, rather close and logical than florid or oratorical; but his manner, as well as his matter, always claimed the strictest attention. He had beside this singular felicity in speaking, that the audience always felt him to be *in earnest*, and as such were generally persuaded by the power of his discourse.

He attached himself with great sincerity to his political friends, and he had the good fortune to find these friends worthy of his choice. We have already noticed his connexion with Lord Chatham, and that connexion continued unbroken and unimpaired to the death of that illustrious nobleman, constantly supporting him in all his great political struggles for liberty, and

* See "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," Vol. II. 2d. Edit.

paying every eulogium to his memory that such virtue and abilities deserved.

In all the great political changes of his time, Lord Camden was always staunch to his party, going into office and retiring from office with those men whom he thought best calculated, by their integrity and abilities, to serve the country; and this reputation for *steadiness* so rounded his character, which was full of integrity to the nation, and candour to individuals, that the illiberality of party never risked the slightest reflection on his

character; which may be mentioned as a rare instance of strict justice done a great statesman during his own lifetime.

To enter into a farther detail of a life so active, so able, and so distinguished, would be as unnecessary, as too extensive, for the present sketch: his actions are too fresh in the recollection of the country to be forgotten. He will ever live in the remembrance of Englishmen, as the faithful guardian of their rights and liberties.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ON THE TENDENCY OF THE PAGAN MORALITY AND POLYTHEISM TO CORRUPT YOUNG MINDS.

IT hath been objected, that boys are too much confined to the Classics while at school, to the exclusion of more important matters. They may receive, it is apprehended, so deep a tincture from the Pagan morality and polytheism as to vitiate the little religion they have casually imbibed. To the former they must perpetually attend, while the latter is too generally neglected.

There is something solid in this objection; since not a regular grammar-school exists in the kingdom where Christianity divides with Paganism the attention of puerile minds. Six days in the week are devoted to the Classics—perhaps the seventh, to the Sacred Volume. This is the most favourable statement of the case; since, from many schools, the Bible and all religious books are utterly excluded; unless, indeed, the Greek Testament and the Septuagint are received, with a view to the language. But I think every master inexcusable, however circumstanced, who does not allot his seventh day to the religious instruction of his boys. The Sunday evening, at least, should be devoted to sacred studies. It seems, however, that boys are rather trained up to be Heathens than Christians.

In answer to this we are told, by the advocates for the present mode of education, that boys, at first, do not think at all, and that, as soon as they begin to think, they perceive the absurdity of those mythological inventions, which only amuse their fancies. But granting that they do not think at all, or turn to any purpose what they are taught, the seeds of fiction and of falsehood are gradually and imperceptibly sown in their minds; and these, though long dormant or springing up delightful to the eye,

are too often the principles of impurity.

The fact is, that boys often reflect, while their understandings open, on the novelties they meet with, in books as well as in the world: yet they do not instantly detect the error or absurdity of false reasonings or foolish fables. They begin to read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* when very young, contract a familiar acquaintance with his stories, and are easily prepossessed in favour of his divinities. They are rather charmed, as their taste improves and their passions and appetites gain strength, with the pleasing fiction, with the libidinous tale, than shocked at the indecency of the poet or the gross ignorance of the idolater.

Delusions, exerting so early an influence, may grow too powerful to be dispelled by the force of truth when late applied. The school-boy may contract so strong an esteem for the Pagan virtues and the Pagan religion, that, abandoned to his own reflections, he may even regard Christianity as rigid, mean-spirited, and weak! Possessing a mind thus impregnated with error, he cannot but admire the heroes and the gods who have so often soothed his senses, and flattered his young glowing imagination. The man of taste, on a retrospect of his puerile years, may recognize many an enthusiastic moment, when heathenism hath risen high in his esteem, to the degradation of a mild and meek religion. I do not say, that he hath ever coolly decided for heathenism, though viewed in its most alluring dress. I am inclined, however, to think, that, in consequence of having contemplated its specious and attractive beauties with too warm an admiration, the first of our

English writers hath given a false colouring to many parts of his inimitable History. It must be a very feeble or a miserably darkened mind that would embrace a single article of the Pagan creed as an object of faith. Yet I have lately seen a deep philosophical disquisition, in which the author seems to profess himself a convert to Paganism.

To pursue my subject—I cannot help observing, that boys are even obliged to adopt a train of false opinions and ideas, whether they are disposed to reflection or not, while masters seem studiously and painfully to inculcate into their minds a defective morality and a vicious polytheism. I shall particularize one glaring instance of partiality for heathen ethics, as exemplified by heathen characters. The preposterous veneration with which the Pagans are regarded will appear in the composition of themes. It seems to be an established rule in theme-writing, to draw every observation and example from heathen sources, nor ever to admit into the composition a sentiment or a character from the Gospel. The irrationality of this rule cannot be sufficiently exposed. In favour of it, I have never heard a reason advanced which deserves a moment's attention. Archdeacon Paley hath intimated, that no ethics are finished without the Christian dispensation. In the old morality, there was much false opinion, much ambiguity, many wide chasms, many defects! The Christian ethics were designed to correct the errors of the Pagan—to dissipate the obscurity—to discharge the blemishes—to supply the deficiencies—to purify and to perfect the whole. The true system of morals, therefore, is really inseparable from Christianity. Our ideas of the four Cardinal Virtues by no means coincide with those of the philosophers. Our motives to virtue are very different from theirs. Christianity hath introduced, in fact, new virtues into the system, which have thrown a softening lustre over the old. Take, for instance, the *Fortitude* of Regulus, and introduce her to St. Paul. She assumes, at once, a new shape: she appears in a light which a heathen could never have contemplated. With the Roman, she borrowed her support from Inflexibility, Disdain, and Pride: with the Apostle, she was sustained by Patience, Resignation, and Humility. Roman and Christian Fortitude are two opposite characters. To expect a boy, therefore, to adhere only to the morals of Socrates or Seneca, and

blame him for the slightest reference to those of Christ, seems to carry with it a degree of profaneness. To this charge, however, few schoolmasters, I fear, can plead not guilty. What must a school-boy think of Christianity, thus excluded from his thoughts? What must he think, if he have any ideas at all, of the censure that reprobates the least allusion to his religion? If he implicitly rely on his master's judgment, is it a wonder that he entertains degrading sentiments of the faith in Jesus?

There is another fault in the practice of many schools, to which I cannot but object. Young Gentlemen are not only obliged to read, on their first initiation into the Latin language, a great deal of absurd and impious fiction, and to exercise their minds full soon, by drawing out into composition the false sentiment they are continually imbibing; but in many seminaries of education they are compelled to turn actors, that they may acquire, I suppose, a theatric air, and (what is worse) they are absolutely called upon to personate vicious characters. This last circumstance is, doubtless, a most shameful indecorum, which cannot be too severely censured. The licentiousness, for instance, which pervades the Eunuch of Terence, must surely operate to inflame the corrupt appetites of our nature. To familiarize young people, therefore, to such a play, by obliging them to commit it to memory and represent it, hath so much the aspect of seduction, that one should hardly believe the circumstance to exist in a Christian country, under the sanction of grave and reverend Divines. Such, however, is the case. I need not endeavour to prove a fact so notorious by any particular notice of schools or schoolmasters. Let us look, for a few minutes, into the play itself. In almost every scene we have an unrestrained exhibition of licentious indulgence. The principal character communicates with his voluptuous Thais. We view him in full possession of his mistress. A rape is committed behind the scenes. The ravisher relates his story. And, in short, instead of any serious morality to counteract the ill effects of such transactions, we are presented with the most specious and imposing arguments in defence of sensuality and debauchery. Let the master of Westminster or Eton, or any other seminary of polite literature, whether conscious of having introduced the practice I have reprobated or not, consider the following passage from the Eunuch

Eunuch (and the rest is in the same strain), and decide on the propriety of its being impressed on the memories of boys, and associated with those impure ideas and heated affections which now begin to shew themselves, and the indulgence of which, at so critical a season, may determine their future characters in life :

- “ —Quem Deum ? Qui templa cœli
 “ summa sonitu concutit :
 “ Ego homuncio hoc non facerem ? Ego
 “ vero illud feci, ac lubens.
 * * * * *
 “ Interea somnus virginem opprimit : ego
 “ limis spectro
 “ Sic per flabellum clanculum, et simul alia
 “ circumspecto—
 “ Satin' explorata sint : video esse : pessu-
 “ lum ostio obdo.
 “ Quid tum ? — Quid ? Quid tum ? Fatue ?
 “ — fateor
 “ Egon ! Occasionem—tam brevem—tam
 “ optatam
 “ Amitterem ? tam pol ego is essem, qui
 “ simulabar.
 “ Sane, hercle, ut dicis.”

The conduct of Jupiter, the chief of the gods, was certainly a good excuse for the libertinism of a young Pagan, but not, it may be said, for that of a lad at Westminster. But, considering the situation of Chærea, who can hesitate to condemn this passage as highly indecent and inflammatory ? Many exceptionable lines, rendered more conspicuous and attractive by marginal asterisks in the Delphin editions of Horace or Juvenal, might as well be read and construed as the above libidinous description. A great deal of indecency follows in reference to the rape—*de Eunuch* et *de vitio virginis*. But it is time to dismiss the subject. I would only submit the question to the consideration of the serious, whether they who insinuate into the minds of boys such licentiousness and corruption do not contribute greatly to the diffusion of immorality among the mass of the people, and may not justly be deemed enemies both of our civil and religious Constitution ? Is it not natural to suppose, that they who are taught to look bashfully on the ground, like the character whom they personate, should secretly cherish the same feelings—that they should actually commit the same crime when opportunity offers—and that, when released from school, they should boldly launch out on the wide waste of debauchery, to the ruin of themselves, and the depravation of the general morals ?

To close the whole, then, with a view to what I have already observed—I would not banish the mythological poets, or the heathen moralists, from schools : but I would advise every preceptor to comment largely on both, as he reads them with his pupils—to pass over every licentious passage—to point out carefully every defect—to oppose the false notions of Pagan ethics or polytheism to the pure doctrines and sublime revelations of Christ—and, though he admire the Classics for their elegance, to dissipate from each obnoxious sentiment the beautiful lustre that surrounds it. I would wish, also, the Christian schoolmaster, when he gives out his thesis, to direct anew the composition of a theme. Let him no longer object to the Gospel graces because they are unclassical : Let him no more punish his boys for scriptural illustrations. And as to acting plays, let him exclude, at least, a Chærea from the juvenile stage. I should be better pleased if he would break up the whole drama—if he would utterly annihilate his theatrical school. For private entertainment of this sort, there is gone out a spirit among us that seems to brood no unalarming evils. The whole nation are playing off their stage tricks. Every boy and every unblushing girl assumes the mask, the buskin, or the sock. And I much question, whether the seeds of this universal mania were not originally sown in Westminster School.

In short, I would wish every one who hath undertaken the delicate, the momentous task of educating youth, to make that religion on which the happiness of this life and the next is suspended, the chief object of his attention and concern. Let him dedicate the Sunday, at least, to the study of the Scriptures. Instead of allowing his boys to sport away the evening of the Sabbath, let him confine them to religious books at school, read lectures to them on the Church Catechism, oblige them to take notes of what he reads, and give an account of the lecture from memory, assisted by their annotations. Let him explain the Greek Testament or the Septuagint, which they may peruse on other days with a view to the religious matter as well as to the language. And let him put into their hands some abridged account of the Ecclesiastical History ; so that, while they study the Revolutions of the Roman Empire, they may be somewhat acquainted, also, with the rise and progress of the kingdom of Christ.

DESCRIPTION OF A SINGULAR LITTLE ANIMAL.

[SEE PLATE II. No. 2.]

IN latitude fifteen degrees South, and fifteen degrees East longitude, we fell in with this very curious and beautiful inhabitant of the sea. Our attention was first attracted by a great quantity of yellow drift or scum upon the surface of the water, at a distance not unlike dry chaff, or the down of yellow leaves, carried out by the run of a river. Our seamen at first gave it the name of *robale's sparrow*; but on drawing up a bucket of this discoloured water, we were much pleased and surprized to find that this floating matter was made up of an assemblage of a small, beautiful, pellucid, gelatinous species of fish, or vermes, of an oblong, spheroidal figure, in dimensions about 9-tenths of an inch long, and about 2-thirds of its length in circumference. On the first view of it we thought it a species of the *Medusa*; but on a more attentive examination, there appears some reason to consider this little fish as an animal *sui generis*, which, as far as I know, has not been described. From the minuteness and exquisiteness of its parts; from its singular transparency while in the water, and its immediate change of shape when removed from its native element; it is difficult to convey a clear idea of this singular production to a person who has not seen it. The pencil of Sir Archibald Campbell has succeeded better, and exhibits a very accurate and distinct view of it; yet the perfect transparency of the *vesicula*, which is so pellucid that not the least trace of shade is to be seen in the composition, makes it impossible to represent this property by the finest drawing. The following description may perhaps make the resemblance of the drawing to the original better understood.

This animal is a small crooked worm, its extreme parts almost meeting, of a yellowish colour, about two lines (12.1 inch Paris) in length, placed in the center of a spherical pelta or shield, of a transparent gelatinous substance, about three lines in diameter, and round the edges with a double row of white bead-shaped knobs, and two fine long tapering *tentacula*, thicker near the root, and tapering out to small threads, about half an inch long. Annexed to *this*, which I conceive to be *the body* of the animal, is a pellucid, flexible ve-

ficula of the most delicate, membraneous texture, about 3-4ths of an inch long, which expands and collapses like arterial pulsations, as it pushes itself along in the water, and by this action its motion seems to be produced. Within this fine, filmy vesicula, are inclosed four or more series of small longitudinal fibres, which begin and terminate at the extremities: a few still finer and less perceptible fibres cross the others in direction of ribs. The extremity of the vesicula is furnished with a mouth or opening; and also in the convexity behind the shield, where the body of the animal is placed, is another aperture with a valve somewhat smaller. In swimming, the end where is the largest aperture or mouth, advances first, and the *tentacula* or horns, which are extended from the other or hinder extremity, seem to be of no other use than to balance or steady the motion of the vesicula as it ascends and descends. The transparency is so great, and the fineness of the film so extraordinary, that it was not in every position that the eye could distinguish the parts. They were best seen in a narrow glass or plate floating in some of the water in which they were drawn up. Over the extremity of the hinder part, and between the *tentacula*, with some difficulty we could perceive a beautiful, transparent, convex, membraneous cover, which had something the appearance of a very fine transparent crystal bead. The yellow spot in the middle, represented in a folding position, we conceive to be properly the vermes, or little animal; the middle or place of its bending is outward, and its head and tail are nearly together within the zone, and the convexity of the fine membrane forming a shield for it, something like a small canopy, terminating at the circumference of the radii, and closely connected with the other part of the bladder or membrane. I have mentioned, that the vesicula in the water is so pellucid; that it is not easy for the eye always to discover it; but on being brought out of the water it instantly loses that property, and assumes the consistency of fine clear condensed jelly, perfectly palpable, and full as material to the touch and eye as jelly. The progress of the vermes is evidently caused and produced by the action of the

vesicula, which collapses and expands like a pair of bellows; and the animal seems constantly employed in ascending to the surface and descending under water. It rises in an oblique direction to the surface of the water, where it takes in its stock of fresh air, and descends; and when that stock is expended or phlogisticated, it returns and throws it out, being no longer fit for the purpose of respiration, before it receives a fresh supply of respirable air. I watched its motion with great attention, and think that I am correct in this part of my description. The air it throws out does not immediately mix with the atmospheric air, but stands in a bubble or fine air bell, like a small transparent bead on the surface. I touched one of these bells with a pin, and it immediately burst: I observed, on voiding its phlogisticated air it collapsed, and extended itself on taking in its supply. I observed several of them in their motions with my watch, and found they seldom staid longer under water than two minutes and a half before they came on the surface for fresh air. Perhaps after standing some time in a confined quantity of water, the water becomes putrid and diseased, and thereby obliges them to have recourse to fresh air more frequently. I have mentioned that they are of the gelatinous consistence when taken out of the water. I cut one of them with a sharp knife, and the substance was separated like jelly. The animal appears to be of exquisite sensibility, and not only felt when touched, but I observed the vesicula shrunk back, or drew up, before the finger came in contact with it. When taken out of the water, and laid upon a table or board, none of those I tried lived longer than five minutes, in which time the transmutation was wonderful: after a quick, rapid, pulsatory, or arterial motion in the vesicula, the animal seemed to die, and in less than thirty minutes the gelatinous part became water, leaving the yellow speck, represented in the drawing which we took for the body of the worm, and the longitudinal and transverse fibres, reduced to a small size, but undissolved. Some I kept in a tumbler of water lived for four hours, none longer; and in a day the vesicula was dissolved, leaving the fibres or fine membrane encompassed in a cloud or film at the bottom of the glass. Spread out upon a piece of window glass, the gelatinous

part presently dissolves, running off in a clear transparent fluid; and the grosser or more dense parts, such as the interior fibres, are dried up into a kind of salt, which rubs dry between the fingers like fine powder. This *skeleton* adheres to the glass with *tenacity*, and can only be rubbed off with the finger. In the bucket of water a quantity of small yellow matter, like the floating down of the smallest yellow flower, proceeded from the insect and swam on the surface. I cannot speak with certainty to their being luminous; but from the appearance of those I kept in a tumbler, although the gelatinous part was consumed, I am inclined to think they are. There is also a representation of an assemblage of smaller ones in No. 10. which were inclosed in a still finer cover, not always perceptible to the eye: they rose and descended more frequently than the vermes above described, but I could not discover in them the action of throwing out water and taking in fresh, from the difficulty we had in discovering the fine membranous cover on its approach to the surface of the water. In the figure No. 1. there were ten of the little animals attached or adhering to one another, and inclosed in an oblong covering. I could not discover that they had distinct motion; but Fig. 3. represents one of these vermes detached from the others, and seeming to perform the functions of a distinct animal. From the best view we could get it appeared an exact resemblance of Fig. 1. only extremely small, and perhaps in the *first stage* of its animal existence. I lamented the want of my microscope, which was unfortunately in a part of the ship where it could not be got at, otherwise I might have been able to give a more accurate account of this singular production of nature. Numbers of still smaller and more minute *animalcules* were at times discovered in the bucket and glass of water in which the vermes had been drawn up, playing about, and sometimes resting upon the vesicula of the vermes, of most brilliant colours, some yellow, others red and blue, which had a most singular and beautiful effect. They were extremely small, and could not have been discovered but for the refraction of the rays of light. The most beautiful of that class, and which seemed to change its colour from yellow to red, was in shape something like a tadpole, but exquisitely small.

PLAN AND VIEW OF THE CHAPEL OF CASTLEMARTIN, IN
THE COUNTY OF KILDARE.

[SEE PLATE II. No. 3.]

NO. 3. is a Plan and View of the Ruins of the Chapel of Castlemartin, in the county of Kildare.—It was founded about 1200, by Richard Lord of Castlemartin, as a chapel dependent on the church of Kilocullen, and a mausoleum and chapel for his family, according to the custom of that age: and therefore, very small, being only twenty feet by sixteen. In the centre was the tomb of the founder (A), now almost destroyed. But what renders this chapel deserving of notice, is the singularity of the steeple, consisting of little more than two parallel walls. A door (a) from the chapel conducts, by six or seven steps, to a narrow passage between the walls, about three feet and a half wide; from which, opening into the chapel, is a door (b) about eight feet from the floor; and at the end of the said passage, by an ascent of four more steps, is a similar door (c), opening into the church-yard:—these doors are just sufficient for a man to stand in, and were evidently intended as portals to the pulpit, or passage (B), from whence the priest exhorted the congregation. The chapel being small, none were admitted

into it except the family of the founder; the others, as tenants and strangers, remained in the open air. From the portal (b) the priest preached to the congregation within; and from the portal (c) to those without.

Several such pulpits are in the churches on the Continent; but I do not know of any other in Ireland: if there are, I shall be obliged to any of your Correspondents for descriptions of them.

From the smallness of all the ancient Irish churches, I have sometimes thought that the doors of the round towers served for pulpit-portals, from whence the priests preached to such of the congregation as were not admitted within the church.

In the arched ceiling of the pulpit of Castlemartin is a round hole (marked p), through which, evidently, came the rope of a bell.—The original height of the steeple, from the ruins, cannot now be determined. The chapel, by its founder, was granted, in 1212, to the priory of Christ Church, Dublin, with seven acres of land. [Arch. Monast. p. 153-4.]

T H E
L O N D O N R E V I E W
A N D
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L,

For NOVEMBER 1794.

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

A Picture of the Isle of Wight, delineated upon the Spot in the Year 1793.
By H. P. W. 8vo. Egerton. 1794.

THIS Picture of the Isle of Wight, whose beauties however cannot be felt or known but by actually visiting the spot, is accurate, and sufficiently copious for the purpose intended. Mr.

Penruddocke Windham, the author, is already known to the public by his publication of Lord Melcombe's Diary, as well as by his Tour through Monmouthshire, which has been twice published.

lished, and the last time with great elegance in the year 1781. The present performance is intended as a guide and directory to such persons as wish to survey the beauties of this delightful island; which have lately become the objects of public curiosity in an extraordinary manner; and which will be more extensively so, through the means of Mr. Windham's labours now under our consideration.

"The following pages," says Mr. Windham, "being chiefly confined to local descriptions, I shall recommend those who may wish to be informed of the antient and modern history of the Isle of Wight, to the excellent publication of Sir Richard Worsley; in which they will find every thing that the most curious antiquary may be desirous of knowing." This eulogium will not be generally assented to, as we know many respectable antiquaries who consider Sir Richard's work as scanty and superficial. "I shall, at the same time," adds our author, "recommend the map which accompanies that History, and which may be purchased separately, to the inspection of my readers; as it is by far the most accurate of any that has been hitherto published of the island." To this recommendation we have nothing to object.

Mr. Windham observes, that the Isle of Wight cannot be even tolerably seen in less than three days; he therefore divides his account into what he calls three grand routes, and to execute this plan, he says, the days of Midsummer will not be too long.

We shall not follow Mr. Windham in any of these routes on the present occasion, though we should be glad to attend so intelligent a traveller when we actually make the tour. We shall, however, notice some particulars which struck us in perusing his work.

We apprehend the ladies will hardly think themselves much flattered in the following passage, p. 55. "Sandham Heath is, perhaps, more visited than any other spot in the island; and some ladies have most provokingly preferred it to the romantic cottages of the Undercliff, and to the luxuriant richness of the neighbourhood of Ryde. But here are some prints and some beautiful china, and among the former *des Bijoux Indiscrets, et des autres figures, qui parlent trop clairement.*"

The following observations on the vagaries of taste in building, are sensible,

and we think just: "When I reflect upon the various houses that have been erected upon whimsical and capricious plans; and when I have seen some founded upon the inconvenient designs of a gothic college; others resembling a church, with its tower and chancel; and one other, within the view of this island, upon the still more extravagant plan of a Turkish encampment, where the bed-chambers and offices start up from the earth in a division of separate tents, at a considerable distance from a lofty tower of several stages, of itself a beautiful building, and between which a long, dark, and subterranean passage forms a dismal communication of the apartments allotted for the day with those appropriated for the night—it has been matter of surprize to me, that no eccentric genius has ever conceived the idea of imitating the designs and elevation of the stern part of a ship of war; which, from the lowness of the cabins, and the little loss of space in the arrangement of its numerous apartments, would be capable of containing a large family, and might be erected at a much less expence than many of the modern and fashionable cottages. No spot could be more properly appropriated for the foundation of such an edifice, than several of the projecting rocks on the coasts of this Undercliff; where it might be so happily placed, that the views from the cabins should, if desired, be actually confined to the British Channel, while those of the outward-galleries should embrace the whole length, and command every point of the coast.

"Add to this, that notwithstanding the apparent exposure of our ship,

"The lanes and alleys green,
"Dingles, and bushy dells of these wild
"rocks,
"And all the bosky bourns from side to side,
"Might be our daily walk." MILTON.

The illiberality of the possessor of the Sea Cottage has been the subject of frequent complaint, and might have been censured in stronger terms than Mr. Windham has thought proper to use on the occasion.

"Near the Church of St. Lawrence Sir Richard Worsley has just completed a neat and elegant building, which, though the roof be slated and the windows slated, the fashion of the Isle of Wight requires to be called a cottage. It stands at a little distance below the
road,

road, from whence a serpentine shady lane leads to it. Many natural groups of respectable elms are here dispersed among the wide interstices of the divided rocks; and many grassy lawns wind their irregular passages amid these impenetrable barriers. One side of this cottage commands some partial views of the ocean, while the other opens to a circular, polished grass-plot, which is closely environed with thick coppices, that have, for time immemorial, taken full possession of the sides and summits of these antient fragments. A shallow pellucid stream, just bursted from its crystal spring, and trilling through this little verdant mead, works its channel towards the sea-cliff, from whence it falls in a considerable cascade on the shore. Surely Nature never combined such a heterogeneous assemblage of her various features in so small a compass before!

“A vineyard has lately been planted on an acre of this little demesne, under the inspection of a French *vignerou*, and if a scorching climate alone were sufficient to ensure its success, there can be no doubt of it; but whether the spray of the neighbouring sea may not blast the foliage of the vines, or whether the land may not be too moist and spongy for a plant that naturally affects the driest soil, a few years experience will ultimately determine.

“The novelty of a vineyard has, probably, attracted more company to St. Lawrence than the picturesque and romantic scenery around it; and, perhaps, more than is quite agreeable to the proprietor; for I was surprized, at a subsequent excursion to it, to see a painted board at the entrance with the following words, ‘*The Sea Cottage is not shewd*’; from which I understand that it was not to be seen. It is remarkable that there should be much the same forbiddance to the house at Appuldurcombe, and even to the road through the park; for though a ticket of admittance, for a particular day, is occasionally granted by Sir Richard’s steward at Newport, yet the application for it has been known to have been refused.

“This want of attention to the inquisitive traveller is, however, happily confined to Appuldurcombe and St. Lawrence; for such is the uncommon liberality of every other inhabitant of the island, that strangers are permitted to drive through their lawns, and even

to their doors, with a consciousness of giving no offence.”

The following remarks we present as a specimen of Mr. Windham’s philosophical speculations:

“No spot, perhaps, upon the terrestrial globe shews more evident proofs of the gradual secession of the seas, than this island. The numerous salterns, and the many narrow vallies, on the side towards Portsmouth, were indisputably antient creeks, or inlets from the sea; and the contracted creeks which still remain, have visibly left long tracks of deserted land above them; within the time of history, some of these are known to have been even ports or harbours: but I shall not carry my hypothesis so far, as to think that all these great secessions were made within the period that these Northern Countries were known to be inhabited.

“Moderate and slow secessions have, probably, been apparent for the last thousand years; but it is well known, that the now shallow harbour of Brading has been at different times much contracted; and has been partially embanked, according as the waters have seceded from it. May not then the waters, which, our religion teaches us, were let loose and covered the whole face of the earth, have gradually subsided from that period, within the bowels of its parent earth; and may they not still continue to subside, though proportionally in a much less degree than at the beginning, as the earth must now be the more nearly saturated with them?

“I need not attempt to refute the vulgar error, that supposes the sea to gain in one place what it loses in another, and that the quantity of its water remains the same; for as no natural level is so perfect as water, it must follow, that if the sea actually subsides in one place, it must consequently subside in all.

“Violent tempests and extraordinary inundations have sometimes, indeed, overwhelmed large countries, and have carried off on their retreat the superficial parts of its soil, while the lower and firmer ground still continues to be overflowed. Mountains and rocks have also been undermined by the sea, and huge fragments have occasionally been separated from them, and still appear in its waters. But these convulsions form no argument against the above stated hypothesis;

hypothesis; for unless it can be proved that the original height of the lands was still overflowed, they will prove nothing; and if that was a fact, it would necessarily follow, that no other land could ever have been deserted by the sea.

"I am aware that the situation of the old church of St. Helen's, which is mentioned at page 57, may be urged with some appearance of reason, against the theory. Part of this church-yard has actually been washed away by the waves, and the remnants of its tower are in danger of falling a sacrifice to their fury. But it is well known, that this church was originally erected at some distance from the shore; and that the land, which should have defended it from the violence of the distant waves, has been torn away by occasional inundations. It is also well known, that its foundations, though very low, are still higher than the highest water-mark in a calm sea; but that part of the land which protected the church, being washed away and now reduced to a high sand-bank, that projects over three-fourths of the harbour of Brading, the ruin is now, and has been for many years, wholly exposed to the raging swell of the storms; which is greatly increased by the check it receives from

the remaining neck of land, and by which the church is now closely and totally embayed.

"This church was founded about the year 1100; and the sea is not supposed to have subsided in any great degree, within the period of the last 800 years."

Mr. Windham has adopted a practice which is become too frequent, and which tends to introduce uncertainty and confusion hereafter, we mean that of describing persons by the titles of the offices they hold, without adding their names. Thus he informs the reader, page 45, of a delightful spot now tenanted and inhabited by the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. As there were two Chief Barons in the year 1793, when Mr. Windham's Picture was taken, none but a person acquainted with the island can tell which he means. If it should be said, that this is a matter of small importance; we reply, that if it is material to name the person at all, it is equally material to describe him so that he may be immediately known, and not mistaken for another.

This book, we may add, is handsomely printed; but the price, compared to other Directories, is too high for general use.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Seamanship; containing, General Rules for managing Vessels, with a moveable Figure of a Ship, so planned that the Sails, Rudder, and Hull may be made to perform the Manœuvre, according to the Rule laid down. To the above is added, a Miscellaneous Chapter on the various Contrivances against Accidents; and a Copper-plate of the Diagram and Figures explained in the Work. The whole forming a useful Compendium to the Officer to instruct him when Young, and to remind him when Old. By an Officer in the Service of the East India Company. pp. 112. 4s. Robinsons. 1793.

IT is somewhere written, that if every book were reduced to its quintessence, a folio volume would rarely be met with. The truth of this assertion is fully ascertained in the work before us, where the whole *Art of Manœuvring Vessels at Sea*, is scientifically treated in the compass of a pocket volume.—Among a variety of rational objections to the capricious modes adopted by many seamen, the author has aimed at a general system, which he has founded on the solid basis of geometry. *The moveable figure of the ship* is ingenious and useful; and the Index is sufficiently copious to give a clear reference to the manœuvres required. As a proof of the utility of this Treatise, we give the following description of a *bit-stopper*.

"An approved form for a *bit-stopper*, is to have it about four fathoms long, and tailed out, nipper-fashion, at one end, and knotted at the other; let this stopper be drove through the hole in the knee, before the main-bits. To pass it, let it be led aft, inside over the cable, then worm it round the cable before the bits. Now as the cable runs out, and it is required to check the ship, haul taught the worming, and by the cable's drawing forward, it will taugthen the stopper and bind the cable so close to the bits as effectually to bring the ship up. From the nature of this stopper it is not likely to jamb, therefore is extremely well calculated for bringing a ship up with ease; as by slackening or hauling taught the worming,

the

the table may be suffered to run out, or be checked, at pleasure."

In heaving up in a sea, when by a sudden pitch of the ship the messenger or nippers give way, this kind of stopper

will be found very serviceable; for upon these occasions the stopper may be always passed readily, and the bight triced up abast the bits, with a rope-yarn, clear of the cable.

The History of Devonshire. In Three Volumes. Volume the Second. By the Rev. Richard Polwhele. Folio. Cadell.

[Continued from Page 200.]

THIS volume, as we have already hinted, will appear dry and uninteresting to the generality of readers. Yet is not Mr. Polwhele's historical reputation affected thereby. What is here contained could not possibly be spared in a county history; and he has judiciously thrown these particulars into one collected view. The general history will thereby be kept from uselefs tautology and needless digressions. It is there, indeed, that we anxiously expect Mr. Polwhele; nor do we fear his success.

We now open this volume at the particular survey of the Archdeaconry of Exeter; and here we are presented with the following description:

"Exeter is encompassed with several vallies from the north round to the west, south, and south-east: but on the north-east the ground rises, and terminates about a mile and half from the town in one of our highest hills.

"The face of the country in the environs of Exeter is better viewed as we ascend this hill than from any other eminence in its vicinity. To the south, we have a view of the River Exe descending into the sea, and of the towns, villages, and seats situated on its banks. To the south-west, Haldon rises with a dark brown uncultivated hue, far above the eye, and regularly intercepts the prospect for five or six miles. More to the west, and round to the north, the hills, which are in general cultivated, appear lofty: but intervening vallies lengthen the view, and lead on the eye to the blue hills that meet the horizon. Nearer in the picture, we have a number of pretty villas: and the hedge-row trees often seem like woods with houses and villages in the midst of them. Where the ground lies open, we see rich land in high cultivation. The cathedral, and the castle with the grove around it, add much to the beauty of the scene.

"Open to the sea-breezes from the

south, and screened by hills on every other side, much of the land about the city is peculiarly fertile; and snow seldom lies long upon the ground.

"The luxuriance of the valley beneath the town immediately awakens the attention of strangers; and the general appearance of the country, as viewed from the lower part of the town in contrast with Haldon and other hills that close the prospect, hath a beautiful effect.

"For the city itself, its sloping scite hath often been admired: and it has generally been described as standing on the side of a hill environed with hills. There are many pleasant walks round Exeter, particularly on the river's side, and on the banks of the canal."

The particular description of parish-churches can afford little room for extracts.

Some of the monumental inscriptions are, indeed, curious, and such as are so we shall take the liberty of copying.

In the church of Tedburn St. Mary is the following Epitaph of Edward Gee, Parson of this Church, on the Death of his dear Wife Jane Gee, who deceased Sept. 21, 1613.

"O! that in Hymeneus books I ne'er had been inroll'd!

Woe! worth alas! my light, my Jane, lies here Iclad in mould.

Scarce ten years had we liv'd in blifs but Death rest Jane away:

Envious Death! woe! worth my light, my Jane lies here in clay.

Here Jane thou ly'st, to whom Admetus wife unequal was;

In faithfulness Penelope thou didest far surpass. Never was woman to her spouse or to her

imps more kind;

A more godly and a modest one than thee no man could find.

Therefore, O! happy soul, in peace eternally remain,

If heavens high, where now thou dost in blessed kingdom reign;

Yet

Yet shall thy feature, O! my Jane, out of my
heart then slide,
When beasts from fields, and fishes all out of
the seas shall glide.
Henceforth I will no more alight upon a fair
green tree;
But as a turtle which hath lost his dear mate I
will be."

But notwithstanding the extraordinary poignancy of his grief, and the vehemence of his protestations, this faithful widower left at his death, in 1618, a widow named Mary, "to turtle it after him as he had done before," says a quaint historian.

The parish of *Dreafleington* gives us some relief from the uninterestingness of genealogical detail, the succession of land-owner, and the description of churches. "To the fine scenery within this large parish," says Mr. Polwhele, "I have already had occasion to advert. But the banks of the romantic river Teign are more peculiarly attractive. The wildness of wood and rock, now washed by the Teign, now starting from the sides of the hills, seems, in a word, the discriminating feature. To instance one of the wildest spots. Where the Teign runs at the base of the "Moving Rock," we descend into the valley amidst vast masses of granite: and looking back, when we have reached the river, we see them, as it were, bursting asunder, and only prevented from falling by their chains of ivy. In other places, enormous ledges, overshadowed by oaken foliage, appear like the ruins of a castle. This is, particularly, the case in the vicinity of the Cromlech, where the berry of the mountain-ash, here remarkably luxuriant, has a beautiful appearance from chasms of rock encrusted with pale moss. The views from this spot are delightful. The eye reposes with pleasure on the richness of the woods of Whiddon, after contemplating precipices that seem ribbed with iron, and follows the receding hills, wave after wave, till they are lost in azure. Here should we love to linger, and call up the shades of the Druids—but let us dismiss the idea, lest fancy should occupy the place of truth."

We shall next extract the description of the parish of Bridford, for the sake of the beauties it exhibits.

"*Bridford* is in *Domesday terra Baldwini Vicecomitis, Brigeford*. This name occurs several times in *Domesday*. And we have *terra Baldwini Vicecomi-*

tis, Bredesford. *Bridford*, anciently *Bridgeford*, signifying the *Ford near the Bridge*, "lies (as *Risdon* expresses himself) in the trend of *Teign* river," washed by the *Teign* on the north-east side. This parish runs about three miles west, and from south to north about two miles. It is a hilly parish, having on the west commons and coarse grounds, and on the north-east extensive woods. Here too, as in the neighbouring parishes, is a great deal of moorstone rock. The parish roads are narrow, and ill made; and they are troublesome, also, on account of their hillsiness. But the romantic woodlands on each side in some measure compensate for this inconvenience. In a ride from *Christow* to *Bridford Church*, after passing through narrow lanes overhung with wood, that entirely excluded the prospect, I entered into a dingle, where suddenly I saw myself on a precipice to the right, with a deep vale at the bottom, in which a stream gurgled among mossy stones, and which was terminated by a mill amidst a cluster of cottages. Beyond the vale, vast ledges of rock were piled up on the opposite hill. My left was skirted with bold woods impending over an abrupt declivity, in which were several openings, whence from charcoal pits light wreaths of smoke slowly ascended through the trees. On *Coldstone Down* (in the way from *Bridford* to *Dunsford*) is a remarkable stone, called *Coldstone Rock*, just before we approach *Bridford Wood*, which is a fine coppice, clothing a very extensive and precipitous hill. The path winds beautifully through the woods. I observed the loose clouds hanging on the opposite heights, and the sun gilding the hills beneath them. Descending through this path to the bottom of the wood, we cross the river *Teign* at *Steps Bridge*, which is in *Dunsford* parish, and divides *Bridford* from *Dunsford*. *Bridford Bridge*, on the *Teign*, has three arches. It is repaired by the county. There is a hamlet near the church where cyder and other refreshments are largely dispensed: but, what is an unusual thing in our villages, no licensed house of public entertainment exists in *Bridford*. *Bridford* was taken from *Brithrick*, and given to the *Lady Baldwin*, *Baroness of Okehampton*, who held the same after two hides. In the time of *Henry the Third*, this manor belonged to the *Vaultorts* or *Valetorts*. Since, *Sir Alexander Okeston* was Lord of it; whose son,

Sir James Okeston, granted it to Richard Champernowne, as appears by a deed bearing date the eighth year of Edward, *fil. Edward*. It continued in the family of Champernowne, of Modbury, till Sir Richard Champernowne sold it to Sir Simon Leach. From Sir Simon Leach it (probably) came to Hall, and from Hall it came to Taylor, of whom it was purchased by Sir Robert Palk.—At present, “the old villas in Bridford and the neighbourhood are sunk into farm-houses: no gentleman resides in this parish—not even its minister. From a farm called *Helter*, in this parish, and not far from Moreton-Hampstead, *Helter Rock* takes its name; as it is situated on Helter Farm. It is, also, called *Whitstone*, and, with its companion *Blackstone*, has been already described from Risdon. *Helter* is supposed to be from *Heletorr—Healthy Hill*. Placed as they are on an eminence, these rocks are sufficiently inspiring, and the poets generally invoke health upon the mountain-top.”

The parish-church of Shillingford offers us the following singularly whimsical epitaph:

“*Hic situs est Whiting, cineres gaudete sepulti;*

In tumulis tacitis ille dolore vacat.”

O cruel fate, how fickle art to me,
First smile, and then bring me to misery!
So we are born, and presently we die,
No hour given, no reason given why.

Here under Whiting lays, troubles now cease,

We hope he's gone to everlasting peace.

The Rev. Mr. John Whiting, Rector of this Parish, died the 8th of June 1726.

In the neighbouring parish-church of Dunchidcock we are presented with something more interesting. “Directly opposite to the door in the north aisle is erected a magnificent monument of black and white marble, at the expence of Sir Robert Palk, to the memory of General Stringer Lawrence. There is a medallion of the General in white marble—under which, on a black marble table, we have the following inscription. “For discipline established, fortresses protected, settlements extended, French and Indian armies defeated, and peace concluded in the Carnatic. *Mon. by E. J. C. Westminster-Abbey.*” Below, on a white

marble table, is inscribed: “Major-General Stringer Lawrence, who commanded in India from 1747 to 1767, died 10th Jan. 1775, aged 78. The desperate state of affairs in India becoming prosperous by a series of victories, endeared him to his country; history has recorded his fame, the regrets of the worthy bear testimony to his virtues.

“*Cui Pudor et Justitiæ foror*

“*Incorrupta fides nudaque Veritas*

“*Quando ullum invenient parem!*”

“Under all, on a black marble table, we have these verses:

“Born to command, to conquer, and to spare,

“As mercy mild, yet terrible as war,

“Here Lawrence rests: the trump of honest Fame

“From Thames to Ganges has proclaimed his name.

“In vain this frail memorial Friendship rears;

“His dearest monument's an army's tears:

“His deeds on fairer columns stand engrav'd,

“In provinces preserv'd and cities sav'd.

“*A. MORE.*”

“This should have been *H. More*, the truly ingenious and accomplished Miss Hannah More, of Bristol.”

Of the neighbouring parish of Trusham take Mr. Polwhele's description as follows:

“The Teign washes the south-west side of Trusham. It is a small parish—remarkably hilly and rough. The hills are rocky, and almost perpendicular: the summits of which when we have reached, with extreme danger, by narrow and rugged paths, called parish roads, we look down on the deep dells immediately below, astonished at our rashness in ascending those heights on horseback. Low in a vale, a little to the north of the church, stands the village of Trusham, hoary through age: and its cottages, distinctly seen from the rock on which the church is situated, look extremely fantastic—some covered with moss that seems to occupy the place of thatch, and others curtained with ivy; whilst little gardens intervene, and trees of different kinds throw their branches over the chimney-tops.”

W.

(To be continued.)

An Inquiry into the Medical Efficacy of a new Species of Peruvian Bark, lately imported into this Country under the Name of Yellow Bark: including, Practical Observations respecting the Choice of Bark in general. By John Relph, M. D. Physician to Guy's Hospital. 8vo. 3s. Philips.

ANY new information upon a subject so important as that of Peruvian Bark cannot fail to prove peculiarly interesting to the medical practitioner. The author of this Inquiry has not only given a full account of that species which is the subject of his investigation, but has taken a circumstantial review of all that has been written respecting the natural or botanical history of all the species of cinchona. After reciting all that is to be learned from Arrol, Condamine, and Jussieu, he enters upon the examination of the varieties of cinchona since discovered in the West-India and South-Sea Islands, as well as those growing in Santa Fe and other parts of South America; all which he compares with their characters and arrangements, as lately published by Professor Vahl, at Copenhagen. For this part of the Inquiry, which evidently shews much botanical information, Dr. Relph acknowledges himself obliged to Dr. Woodville, the Author of "Medical Botany." At this stage of the Inquiry, Dr. Relph very judiciously draws the following observations:

(Page 54.). "Upon reviewing all these accounts on the interesting genus of cinchona, it must appear a task of the utmost difficulty to refer the Peruvian barks now medically employed to one or other of the species above-mentioned. Even the true officinal species of cinchona seems not yet precisely determined; and the lubricious or variable tendency of this genus (which the preceding information implies) may have been one cause of this obscurity. Had a botanical specimen of this tree always accompanied the importation of every different kind of bark, much might have been done; but unfortunately we have no botanical knowledge of some species, whose bark is justly in the greatest estimation; and on the contrary we are unacquainted with the bark of others, the botanical characters of which are well ascertained.

"From Condamine's account it appears, that those trees which he calls the best species of cinchona constantly affect situations at about an equal distance between the base and summit of mountains, and especially where they form such recesses or hollows as are screened

from the cold winds. Hence he concludes, that the best bark is collected from trees growing in the hottest places. But as these remarks were only applied to the mountains of Cajanuma, which are situated between two and five degrees of south latitude, it is probable that the same species, destined to grow at a greater distance from the equator, would require a less elevated ground, where they would still enjoy an equal degree of heat. Accordingly it is found, that the cinchona grows in very different parallels of latitude, both to the north and south; nor do mountainous situations seem to give any determinate character to its bark. For in the history of the Peruvian species, before given, it is positively asserted, that the cinchona trees, manifestly of the same species, and growing near to each other, produce barks which are widely different; and that this is the case with respect to the red and yellow bark, which are not to be distinguished while growing, till cut by the knife. It is, therefore, to be presumed, that the growth of the best bark is not to be circumscribed to any limited district: and indeed it has proved so in fact; for it appears upon unquestionable authorities, that little or none of the Loxa bark has been imported here for sale during the last forty years, though since that time we have had bark equally efficacious, or superior to the old bark first in use; consequently we have a well-founded hope, that the vast and unexplored forests of South America will continue, from century to century, to open new sources of this invaluable medicine: nor can it be deemed too presumptuous to suppose, that some species of cinchona may yet be discovered of more advantage to medicine than any which has hitherto been employed.

"I have been led to this consideration from lately using a species of Peruvian bark which, till within the course of last year, has been unknown in this country, and which promises, by the trials made with it, to surpass in efficacy all the others now used for the purposes of medicine."

Dr. Relph considers the yellow bark to be the same as the cortex chinæ, vel chinchinæ regius, seu cortex chinæ flavus

flavus of Murray, and describes it as follows :

(Page 61.). " This bark consists of flatish pieces, of about the length of a finger, the breadth of a thumb, and a line in thickness. Its colour is yellowish, inclining to that of the rust of iron. It partakes more of the ferruginous colour on its external than on its internal surface, owing to the close adhesion of the epidermis to the bark. Both in its fracture, and on the surface, it appears fibrillous, breaking so easily between the fingers, that it may be rubbed into a yellow powder. Its taste is intensely bitter, with a slight degree of astringency."

The chemical examination of the yellow bark, which was conducted by Mr. Babington with great judgment, and upon a large scale, exhibited the most satisfactory proofs that it contained a greater proportion of efficient and soluble matter than the best pale or even red bark now in use.

Though the superior powers of the yellow bark are fully established by the results of the various chemical tests to which it was put, comparatively with those of the best red and quilled bark, and are also manifest to the organs of taste ; yet Dr. Relph informs us, that it was solely from actual trials of the effects of this new species of bark in disease that determined him to recommend it to public notice. We find that it has been in general use at Guy's Hospital for a long time, not only by Dr. Relph, but by Dr. Saunders and Dr. Harvey, in whose hands it proved invariably successful. And in addition to their testimonies of its superior efficacy, many letters from professional men of great experience are subjoined to the *Inquiry*. So that we have little doubt but that this species of Peruvian bark must soon supersede all the other species now employed for the purposes of medicine.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF A MIXED GOVERNMENT.

" Est optime Constitutam Rempublicam, qui ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo et populari sit modice confusa."
CICERO.

WHEN the hirelings of a desperate and rebellious faction are endeavouring to trample down and destroy the enviable Constitution under which we live, it becomes us as good citizens to shew our detestation of the ruinous principles they propose, by standing forward, both theoretically and practically, in defence of those rights and privileges which, as Britons, we enjoy : and in contemplating the superior excellence of that Constitution under which we have the happiness to live, I find myself materially strengthened by an opinion so decisive and authoritative as that of the great Roman Lawyer before us, who, in an early age of civilization, and when Legislation was the chief study of that memorable people, has given his decided preference to a Constitution such, in every respect, as our own, viz. *" an regali, optimo et populari modice confusa."*

In considering this question I shall attempt to draw the attention of the reader to three points : First, the individual authorities of the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical forms of Government ; secondly, the consolidation of those authorities ; from whence I shall, thirdly, endeavour to advance

some few arguments in favour of such consolidation.

Common necessity was the author of common consent among the early inhabitants of the world to form themselves into classes and nations, and to repose in the hands of some individual or chief that power, which diversity of opinion, arising from inequality of rank and disposition, could not be exercised among themselves. Some, however, from a caution which the human heart ever feels when giving up and relinquishing its liberties, thought this power too great to be lodged in the hands of one individual, and therefore constituted and reposed that same power of government in the hands of an aristocracy, or set of nobles, who, according to the original derivation of the word, were supposed to consist not of the *richest* but the *best*, and those of the most exemplary virtue, in their several States.

A Democracy, or Republic formed of no settled and constituted authority, was but little known among primeval Legislators. Every clan among the Tartars—every newly-discovered island in the Pacific Ocean, seems to have had its Chief or King ; so that natural consent seems to have argued the impossibility

possibility of general happiness under general power. But in the more advanced stages of enlightened man, the nations of the world perceived the impolicy of submitting to the despotic sway of any man or set of men: they saw that power soon quenched every spark of public virtue, and so found the confidence abused which they had so implicitly bestowed. This gave rise to the idea, that however their security might depend upon the executive Power being lodged in the hands of one, yet that the Legislative Authority should exist in themselves; that a Democracy should have some rein over a Monarchy, and from thenceforth Kings began to govern by Law. The extensive interests, however, of the Nobles gave them a power independent of these two Estates; and for the promotion of general good and tranquillity, a portion in the Legislature was assigned to them; and by thus uniting all interests into one focus, these interests were rendered the same, and centered in one point, by consolidating private and public good: and under this model of consolidated Authority do we now live.

In descanting upon the merits of a *theory*, what stronger argument can be adduced in its behalf than its efficacy in *practice*? What stronger recommendation for a principle which has for its object general happiness, than that it has accomplished its desired end?

That the people should be themselves the framers and constitutors of the Laws they obey, is a just and equitable principle in Legislation which no consideration can ever overcome, or the hydra of Despotism invade; but so far as it were impossible in any State that a general Congress of the People should be held to watch over those Laws, or even to establish them, so it became a general maxim, that Delegates should be chosen from among them, and constitute and represent the people themselves.

Parliaments, therefore, constitute our Democracy, which by continual dissolution reverts to the people, and by frequent election they have opportunities of defending their liberties by dictating their sentiments to their Representatives. And here two points present themselves to our notice, which have involved in difficulty and perplexed Legislative Sages for ages past, viz. *frequent elections and universal suffrage.*

That able though crafty Minister

Sir Robert Walpole displayed much ingenuity and address in his combat for Septennial Parliaments; and although his opinions were strongly opposed, whether it be through want of patriotism, or through real conviction of their advantages, we find them still existing among us.

Annual Parliaments, which have been much contended for, were undoubtedly a more dangerous extreme than the other. It would not be only a continual delay to public business, but would be laying the secrets of a Minister (and necessary secrets he must have) too much open to general investigation.

To do away and remove, therefore, the dissension which a suspense of this kind occasions, I am led to believe, that Parliaments chosen every fourth year would meet the approbation of all the moderate partisans of either system. By Septennial Parliaments a man has not an opportunity of giving a voice in the Legislation of his country above five or six times in his life; whereas by a moderately frequent appeal to the opinions of the people at large, all popular cry against the other two orders of the State must cease, and be buried in the conviction that, after the frequent appeals made to their opinions, no blame can attach for this conduct or the like, but upon themselves. Septennial Parliaments were undoubtedly preferable, however, to those chosen annually; for annual election, though it might tend to render the influence of the Crown over the Commons less, yet boroughs would become by that means more marketable than ever, as being more frequently to be sold; and the Aristocracy, being from their riches and consequence the best bidders, would, of course, possess a greater share of influence themselves in the Lower House than under Septennial Parliaments they do conjointly with the Crown.

In favour of universal suffrage much has been very ably said, but I fear without due consideration on the part of its supporters; for the most fatal day to the general liberties of a people would be that on which this dangerous theory were put in practice.

Liberty exists by independence; and bribery, therefore, strikes at its very existence. Would not corruption extend to an unheard-of length had every pauper a vote to sell? Could the man whose

whose family were pining for bread resist the temptation of a guinea, or such other sum as a Court Candidate should think proper to offer to tempt him with ?

Far am I from passing the smallest blemish on our patriotism ; but can patriotism, except in a few instances, withstand the gnawing call of dire necessity ? Universal suffrage then, I infer, would increase corruption in a twofold sense : first, in that it would increase the objects of corruption ; and who, secondly, from their poverty, might be easier corrupted than when the election resided in the hands of landholders to the value of forty shillings a year and upwards.

But leaving this subject, which I am contented to remain as it is, to heads better qualified for its discussion than my own, I shall proceed to my third position.

A fabric thus erected, when viewed by the people as its architects, must be pronounced perfect. Retaining in their own hands (that is, in the hands of their Representatives) exclusively, the power of granting supplies, and by restraining the Nobles from at all interfering in their disposition, they preserve to themselves a restraint over their Monarchy which blends its interests with their own. By being the primitive Legislators, and submitting their plans to the inspection and controul of the Aristocracy, they transmit into the hands of the Executive Government laws founded upon policy and necessity, and implying the general will and intention.

These three Powers then, thus consolidated, convey to our ideas the true essence of Civil Government. By thus cautiously avoiding the dangers of either, and selecting the benefits of all, do we constitute a model of Legislation founded upon rational principles of civil

subordination, and genuine principles of civil and natural liberty.

In our Constitution are they thus happily combined ; and while surrounding nations suffer from the discording and jarring interests of Despotism and Licentiousness, do we live secure, protected by laws formed by our ancestors and ourselves, executed by a King whose highest interest is to consult our wishes.

But far be it from me to build the truest emblem of our felicity upon two grounds so selfish as those now stated, viz. our excellence over other countries, and our restraint over our King ; for the former, though it may be a matter of boast and glory, cannot be to the generous heart of a Briton a matter of joy ; nor can the latter ever afford us other satisfaction than in idea, whilst we have the happiness of being under so mild and beneficent a Prince as now fills the throne of these realms, who has transferred that interest into a pleasure, and has been ever at once the *Father* whilst the *King* of his People. But the advantages which we enjoy, on the contrary, are general, and extend not only to ourselves, both as individuals and as a State, but in our commercial transactions and foreign engagements. The name of Briton is revered in every corner of the globe. And why ? Because he is the member of a State under whose flourishing auspices his heart has learned to glow with sentiments of real liberty, which expand his soul beyond the narrow and selfish ideas which slavery and licentiousness universally instill.

This then is our situation, and let us ever maintain it against internal and external foes, and so transmit to posterity, if *not improved* at least *unimpaired*, the superior blessings bequeathed to us by our ancestors.

HORATIO.

OF THE ORIGIN OF THE JATTES, INCLUDING SOME CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF THEIR CHIEF, THE BEGUM SOMBRO.

[FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF "OBJECTS INTERESTING TO THE ENGLISH NATION ;" A WORK LATELY PUBLISHED IN CALCUTTA.]

THE Jattes derive their origin from a single head of a family, whose name is Ram-gi ; he had thirty-four children, who gave him many grand-children, who all respected him as their father and prince. The eldest of the family, in direct line, has always been acknowledged as Ram-gi himself ; they were cultivators, thence their attach-

ment to agriculture. They remained in obscurity until the fall of the Mogul Empire ; they have seized on Agra, and extended their power as far as Siren, on the road to Lahor. Their Chiefs resided at Agra with the title of Rajahs. The first of them that acquired reputation, was named Jonas Sing ; his successor's name was Creten Sing ; and that

that of the last chief was Naval Sing. Since this nation has been defeated by Nadjur Khan, it has fallen into contempt and oblivion, for they have lost their conquests, and are now confined to Barpoor, which is the capital of their little country. But it is very strong: its ditches are of a breadth more than is usual elsewhere; they are fifty-six feet deep, and are always filled with water, that comes from a perennial spring. Their present chief, who now retains the title of Rajah, is called Ringet Sing, who is at the same time the chief of their religion, which is that of the Hindoos. This nation is the only one in India which sacrifices to Father Sun, and Mother Moon. One day of the year, answering to the first of our March, the Rajah goes through a ceremony similar to that of the Emperor of China on the day of his coronation. Their women are of a clear brown, are very fruitful, and generally cease child-bearing at thirty-five years of age. They are, perhaps, the least disgusting among the Indian women; they have eyes so lively, that one is not inclined to look at and give attention to their colour and leanness. The Jattes, at this time, could not bring together twelve thousand cavalry and infantry, but with great difficulty.

We find, in the country between the Seiks and the other nations, the lands possessed by the Begum Sombro, on condition of always keeping ready a certain number of troops and Europeans. The seven Jagheers that she has, are called the seven provinces: they are certainly in a state of the greatest fertility, and if that Lady had not such neighbours, her lands would produce to her much more. She is at present head and commandant of a party, whose foundation was laid by Sombro, a man unfortunately too well known at the time of the defeat of Szazed Allah, at Bocksaire. On that occasion Sombro retired to Agra, among the Jattes, but afterwards went from them and entered into the service of Nadjuff Khan, Regent of the Mogul Empire, who immediately granted him a portion of the lands which the Begum Sombro now possesses, under conditions advantageous to both parties. Sombro, after having done good and bad actions, died in 1771, and his Beighum seized on the government and the revenues of the lands, which she knew how to augment in the course of time. We cannot refuse her great qualities of soul and

mind: her courage is heroic, and she has been present several times at battles; the balls have whistled around her without her having shown the least fear. Her presence of mind is astonishing, and her dissimulation is extreme. No news, either good or bad, causes any alteration in her exterior: it is impossible to conjecture anything from her countenance or words; besides, she is generous, intriguing, secret, keen, and profoundly politick. Her manners are mild and engaging, her deportment and demeanour is noble and affable. She is incessantly occupied in business, and her connections with the Seiks, render her lands tranquil and secure from ravages. She loves dancing, music, and festivals, and whatever is magnificent. Her character is firm, great, and crafty. If she had greater revenues, she would infallibly execute great actions, and would in her magnificence and enterprises be comparable to the Russian heroine, with whom she may be compared from similarity of features and figure. Her revenues do not now exceed six lacks of rupees, of which a proportion is for the maintenance of the son of Sombro, whose name is Zaffergiab Khan, who resides at Delhi: he is a vain young man, thoughtless, proud, and fierce. Another portion is spent on his mother, now living in a little estate, oppressed by a disorder that has deranged her intellects.

The force of Sombro consists of only four battalions; there is besides about the number of sixty Europeans or gunners. They are generally encamped at Sardana, a tolerably strong town, protected by a fort that is not yet finished. Sardana is only thirty-five coss distant from Delhi, and the whole country, through which one passes in going there, by the road of Kikra and Bannoli, is nearly uncultivated, and infested by the Gegers. Scarcely do we enter on the territory of Bannoli, belonging to the Begum Sombro, but we find ourselves in safety, and the fields very well cultivated. Sugar is there in abundance, and of the best quality, it being as fine as that of Lahor. The Begum has a palace at Delhi, which she does not think proper to occupy; she has another at Agra, with a beautiful garden, and a Durbar. The village adjoining belongs to her likewise, but she rather chuses to reside in a camp.

The family of this Lady is from Cachemire; her parents were Mussulmen, who

who gave her being in Hindoostan, and whom certain circumstances of the times had reduced to live humbly. Owing to other circumstances after the death of her father, who commanded, they say, a corps of cavalry, she found herself in Sombro's Zenanah, whose mind was entirely governed by her. During his life she governed the State by her counsels and will. She afterwards became a Christian, and was baptized by the bare-footed Carmelites of Agra, who from that time have received from her generosity continual benefits. She has never borne children. Her manner of living is very decent, and her manners are unblemished—her enemies can only calumniate her. But on the other side, it is a great pity, that she can be reproached (with reason) for cruelty on some occasions. They accuse her of having put to death two young girls, at Calcutora, a royal garden at two cofs from Delhi, where she then dwelt, and two others at Feridabad. The crimes of those poor creatures proceeded from weakness, which even did not amount to commission. They were in love, and by a consequence as natural, were going to live with their lovers. This rigour has been detested in so much a greater degree, as it was commanded by a woman, who is not supposed to want the tenderness and sensibility of her sex, and, notwithstanding her own force of mind, must know that young girls un-employed, well fed, and continually present at dances, are therefore liable to hear expressive, seducing, and powerful songs, were not made to remain long enclosed in a Zenanah, surrounded with slender Kanates. Nothing can excuse this rigour, except the education of the Begum among the Mussulmen, who punish every where such a crime with death. Crime! O Nature! should it be called so?—This Lady has expiated that atrocity since; she has now accustomed herself to keep about her the daughters of the European Officers in her service. After the death of their fathers, she educates and maintains them in a genteel manner, and as soon as they are capable of being sensible, or weak, she marries them, gives them dowries, and declares them her daughters.

If any one was interested in the preservation of the government of Sombro, and could procure her the support of the English protection, he would thereby obtain the command of a body of

troops that has always acquired honour and glory. But it ought to be augmented to eight battalions, for which number the Begum has already procured fire-arms, and forty good pieces of artillery, without reckoning several mortars. Her officers are brave, and she is the bravest of all: she in person fought a bloody battle with Nadjaf Kouli Khan, the King of Delhi being present.—During the action, two thousand men unexpectedly came out of the fort of Gokelghur and fell on the forces of the Begum, who with a single gun, a 12 pounder, and a company of her sepoy, stood the assault, and fought the enemy: their commander was mortally wounded, and she conquered. The King Shah Allum, from whom she received the most flattering compliments on her victory, never believed himself in greater safety than in her tent. If her revenues should be augmented in proportion to the augmentation of her troops, they would be in a condition of becoming very useful, and of the greatest consideration; for they would be regularly paid, and would be reduced to a degree of subordination, which exists not at present. Sardana might become a place of consequence; its situation enables its possessor to have easily, and in a short time, every kind of communication with Anopsheer. The Begum is much attached to Europeans, and her good will has evidently manifested that she desires a fixed and solid connection with them. Her friendship for the English has appeared in her late conduct. In fine, she has all the highest titles of the Court of the Mogul; she has been declared daughter of the King with all the usual ceremonial. Scindia has in like manner declared her his daughter. But this last father would be very happy to ensnare his daughter, if he could do it with any decency, and without risk; therefore the daughter has but little confidence in her parent. She may now be nearly thirty-eight years of age; her shape is plump, her height is five feet, her features are regular, her eyes lively and such as impress respect, have large eyelids and eyebrows, with a countenance always serene, and almost quite white; magnificently clothed, and adorned with a quantity of pearls and gems. She is in the enclosure of her dwelling as a petty Queen, served by eighty and ninety women, some of whom have titles and honours.

TAMERLANE AND AIDAR : AN ORIENTAL ANECDOTE.

BY JOSEPH MOSER.

AFTER Tamerlane had extended his conquests over great part of Asia ; after he had defeated and taken Bajazet prisoner, and had almost daily added town to town, and province to province, till the names and descriptions of his acquisitions could scarcely be contained in a hundred volumes ; upon his return to Persia, he was attended by a Cheick of the name of Aidar ; who was not only a man of the greatest religion and virtue, but also of a pleasant disposition, fond of domestic enjoyment and innocent hilarity.

As the Emperor, at certain times, chose to unbend and seek the society of his subjects, he one day entered the house of Aidar. It was upon a family festival ; the whole of his children, their offspring and relations were assembled. The disguise of Tamerlane secured him from the observation of any, except the master of the feast ; who, after the salutations were over, taking the company into a large saloon, which opened into a beautiful garden, began a discourse, in the course of which, with great art, he introduced something which glanced at the advantages that each of his auditors enjoyed in their present situation ; the pleasure and merit of confining our wishes to things within our reach. He explained to them how, by the assistance of œconomy, mediocrity might be converted into affluence ; and concluded with an eulogium upon benevolence ; upon the adoration we should pay to the Omnipotent ; and the relative duties we should observe as members of the same state, province, or neighbourhood. To this mental entertainment succeeded a collation, at which the most undisguised mirth and genuine satisfaction seemed to reign. The younger part of the company arose to dance on the grass-plats in the garden : the elder retired into arbours, furnished with cooling liquors, and passed their time in conversation.

Tamerlane was enchanted with the day ; it brought to his mind the pleasures of his youth, which the years that had since elapsed had, in some degree, erased from the tablets of his memory,

and he fancied himself again enjoying the family scenes that had passed in the place of his nativity.

Next morning, when remembrance recalled the pleasing vision, he thus spoke to the Cheick : " Would to Allah that I could divest myself of care ; I could spend my days in the same hilarity that I experienced in your domestic circle of yesterday ! " " There was a time, O Tamerlane ! " replied Aidar, " when thou mightest have done it : but alas ! that time is past. " " What hinders me from retrieving it ? " said the Emperor.

" Ambition, " replied the Cheick, " a rage for foreign conquest, and the consequences of that passion. Great would be the merit of Tamerlane, in descending from the Persian throne, and becoming the Chief of a Parthian village, had he no duties to perform except those which relate to himself : but when he considers the confusion which his abdication would create ; that benevolence which extends to all his subjects, that protection which it has been the business of his life to acquire a right to dispense to them, precludes him from the attempt ; and he must continue to hold the sceptre, long after that toy has lost its novelty, a martyr to the repose, the safety, the good of the public. Happier ! far happier is the man, who having run his race without deviating from the common course, sits down in the evening of his day, contented with the few things which Providence hath been pleased to allot him ; and from the midst of his domestic circle, his friends and connexions, views the bustle of the world and the contention of mankind, as he would those of a market or fair in which he is no longer desirous of becoming a purchaser ; whose wishes, bounded by the narrow space of his own dwelling, retire into his breast, in expectation of that awful moment which will render his mortal part the inhabitant of a still narrower mansion."

D R O S S I A N A.

N U M B E R L X I I .

ANECDOTES of ILLUSTRIOUS and EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,

PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES!

HAMLET.

(Continued from Page 258.)

CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE Puritans affected to believe that Charles was attached to the Catholic religion, by way of rendering him odious to the people of England; yet when he was setting out on his romantic expedition to Spain, with the Duke of Buckingham, his father, James the First, told Dr. Wren, who was Chaplain to the Embassy, "I wish you to have a care of Buckingham: as touching my son Charles, I apprehend no fear of him. I know him to be so well a *grounded Protestant*, that nothing can shake his religion." One of Cardinal Olivarez's early speeches to Charles was, "Sir, I doubt not but your Highness is come here to change your religion?" Charles replied coolly, "I came not hither, Sir, for a religion, but for a wife." Charles, in one of his speeches to his Parliament, advises them to "be very cautious not to shake too far the frame of an *ancient government*. An ancient government," added he, "is like a watch, which if it be put asunder, can never be made up again, if the least pin be left out." Hume's History of the reign of this unfortunate Prince seems a comment upon the following passage in the Italian Prospective, written in 1647 by James Howell, Esq. "If," says this learned writer, "this King's (Charles the First) reign were paralleled to that of Queen Elizabeth (who was the *greatest minion* of a people that ever was), one will find that she stretched the prerogative much farther. In her time (as I have read in the Latin legend of her life) some had their *hands* cut off for only *writing* against her matching with the Duke of Anjou. Others were *hanged* at Tyburn for traducing the Government. She pardoned thrice as many Romish Priests as this King did; she passed divers monopolies; she kept an agent at Rome; she sent her Serjeant at Arms to pluck out a Member then sitting in the House of Commons by the ears, and clapt him up in prison. She called the House of Commons *saucy*

fellows to meddle with her prerogative, or with the government of her household. She managed all foreign affairs solely by her Privy Council, yet there was no murmuring in her reign, and the reason I conceive to be, that there was neither Scot nor Puritan had then any stroke in England."

LORD FAIRFAX.

The chief part of the persons who have been the most active in promoting revolutions in kingdoms, have in general, after their experience of the dangers and miseries consequent upon them, been very open in proclaiming this to the world. Lord Fairfax, the celebrated Parliamentary General in Charles the First's time, says, in the Memoirs which he left of the part which he took in those times of trouble and confusion, in speaking of the execution of his Sovereign, "By this purging of the House (as they called it), the Parliament was brought into such a consumptive and languishing condition, that it could never again recover that healthful condition which always kept the kingdom in its strength, life, and vigour. This way being made by the sword, the trial of the King was easier for them to accomplish. My afflicted and troubled mind for it, and my earnest endeavours to prevent it, will, I hope, sufficiently testify my dislike and abhorrence of the fact. And what will they not do to the *shrubs*, having cut down the *cedar*?"

SIR WILLIAM WALLER.

who was General of the Parliamentary Forces in 1647, thus dismisses the affair of reformation of government in his time:

"To be short, after the expence of so much blood and treasure, all the difference that can be discerned between our former and present estate is this, that before time, under the complaint of a slavery, we lived like freemen, and now, under the notion of a freedom, we live like slaves, enforced by continual

taxes and oppressions to maintain, and feed, our own misery. But all this must be born with patience, as in order to a reformation, of which there cannot be a birth expected in reason without some pain and travail. I deny not but possibly some things in the frame of our State might be amiss, and in a condition fit to be reformed. But, is there no mean between the tooth-ache and the plague? between a fore finger and a gangrene? Are we come to Asclepiades's opinion, that every distemper is the possession of the Devil? that nothing but extreme remedies, nothing but fire and sword, and conjuring, could be thought upon to help us? Was there no way to effect this without bruizing the whole kingdom in a mortar, and making it into a new paste? Those disorders and irregularities which through the corruption of time had grown up amongst us, might, in process of time, have been well reformed, with a saving to the preservation and consistency of our flourishing condition. But the unbridled insolence of these men hath torn our heads from our shoulders, and dismembered our whole body, not leaving us an entire limb. *Inque omni nusquam corpore corpus.* Like those indiscreet daughters of Peleus, they have cut our throats to cure us. Instead of reforming they have wiped though not yet cleansed the kingdom, according to that expression in the scriptures, "As a man wipeth a dish and turneth it upside down."

Sr W. Waller's Vindication.

Sir William was buried in the Abbey Church at Bath, under a very superb monument with his effigies upon it. The tradition current in that city is, that when James the Second visited the Abbey, he defaced the nose of Sir William upon his monument, where appear, however, at present no traces of any disfigurement.

JAMES HOWELL, ESQ.

This learned writer was the first person who took up his pen in favour of Charles the First. His work is entitled

"A Dialogue between Patricius and Peregrini." According to the learned Morhoff, in his "Polyhistoricum," the best account, as well as the most concise one, of the different languages of Europe, is to be met with in Mr. Howell's "Familiar Letters." Mr. Howell, in one of his political pamphlets, entitled, "The Sway of the Sword," has this sensible observation upon Regal Government: "Touching the originals of ruling power, unquestionable the first amongst mankind was that natural power of the father over his children, and that despotical domestique surintendance of a master of a house over his family: But the world multiplying to such a mass of people, they found that a *confused equality*, and a loose unbridled way of living, like brute animals, to be so inconvenient, that they chose *one* person to protect and govern, not so much out of *love* to that person *, as for their own convenience and advantage, that they might live more regularly, and be secured from rapine and oppression, as also that justice might be administered, and every one enjoy his own, without fear and danger. Such governours had a power invested accordingly in them, also, as to appoint subservient able Ministers under them, to help to bear the burden." Howell, in speaking of the Puritans of his times, draws this horrid picture of their government, which will suit extremely well the present Government of France:—"I pray God," says he, "that these grand refiners of religion prove not *quack-salvers* at last; that these upstart politicians prove not impostors, for I have heard of some things they have done, that if Machiavel were alive, he would be reputed a saint in comparison of them. The Roman Ten, and the Athenian Thirty, Tyrants were babies to these; nay, the Spanish Inquisition, and the Bloet-Rada (that Council of Blood) which the Duke of Alva created in Flanders, when he swore that he would *drown the Hollanders in their butter-tubs*, was nothing to this, when I consider the prodigious power they have assumed to

* The learned Selden, in his "Table Talk," makes nearly the same observation, article King. "A King," says this great man, "is a thing men have made for *their own sakes*, for *quietness sake*; just as in a family, *one* man is appointed to buy the meat. If *every* man should buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to *one*, he, according to his discretion, pleaseth all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it on the next, or something as good."

themselves, and do daily exercise over the bodies, the estates, and the souls of men." Mr. Howell afterwards mentions what led to this horrid state. "It is," says he, "a long time that both Judges, Bishops, and Privy-Councillors have been muttered at, whereof the first should be the oracles of the law, the other of the Gospel, and the last of State Affairs. It was common for every ignorant Client to arraign his Judge, for every puny Curate to censure his Bishop, for every shallow-brained home-bred fellow to descant upon the results of the Council Table: and this spirit of contradiction and of contumacy has been a long time fermenting in the minds of the people." One of the best antidotes, perhaps, to the spreading of opinions like these, is to be met in the "Letter to the Sans Culottes, or Ragged Breeces of England," by Mr. Harington *, son of the ingenious and learned Dr. Harington, of Bath, just published.

Was there ever a more complete instance of the Bathos than in the following lines of this very learned and amusing writer (Howell), made on the execution of Charles the First:

So fell the Royal Oak by a wild crew
Of mongrel Shrubs, which underneath him grew;
So fell the Lion by a pack of Curs,
So the Rose wither'd 'twixt a knot of Burrs;
So fell the Eagle by a swarm of Gnats,
So the Whale perish'd by a shoal of Sprats.

*In the Prison of the Fleet,
25 February, 1648.*

J. H.

What Mr. Howell says of the blessed effects of the pretended reformation of Government in his time, may be recommended to the consideration of all persons who seriously, and in good faith, without either malignity or views of interest, appear to wish in our times for any change in the British Government.—"The King's subjects," says he, "are now become perfect slaves; they have fooled themselves into a worse slavery than Jew or Greek under the Ottomans, for they know the bottom of their servi-

tude by paying so many Sultaneesses for every head, but here in England people are now put to endless unknown tyrannical taxes, besides *plundering* and *accuse*, which two words, and the practice of them (with storming of towns) they have learnt of their pure Brethren of Holland; and for *plunderings*, these *Parliamentier Saints* think they may rob any that adheres to them as lawfully as the Jews did the Egyptians! 'Tis an *unfomnable* masse of money these *Reformers* have squandered in a few years, whereof they have often promis'd, and solemnly voted, a public account to satisfise the kingdom; but as in a hundred things more, so in this precious particular, they have *dispens'd* with their votes; they have consum'd more treasure with pretence to purge *one* kingdom, than might have served to have purchased *two*; more (as I am credibly told) than *all the Kings* of England spent of the public stock since the Saxon Conquest. Thus they have not only † beggar'd the whole Island, but they have hurl'd it into the most fearful *chaos of confusion* that ever poor country was in. They have torn to pieces the reins of all Government, trampled upon all Laws of Heaven and of Earth, and violated the very dictates of Nature, by forcing mothers to betray their sons, and the sons their fathers; but specially that *Great Charter*, which is the pandect of all the Laws and Liberties of the free-born subject, which at their admission into the House of Parliament they are solemnly sworn to maintain, is torn to flitters: besides these several oaths they forged themselves, as the Protestation and the Covenant, where they voluntarily swear to maintain the King's honour and rights, together with the establish'd laws of the land. Now I am told, that all Acts of Parliament in England are Laws, and they carry that majesty with them, that no power can suspend or repeal them but the same power that made them, which is the King sitting in full Parliament; but these mongrel Politicians have been so notoriously impudent as to make an inferior *Ordonance* of *their's* to do it,

* It is a preface to a pamphlet, entitled, "Desultory Thoughts on the atrocious Cruelties of the French Nation." Printed for J. Bell, in the Strand, 1794.

† A poor woman was asked by one of the Puritanical Leaders, if she did not think the Government of her country much better by the system of reform made by his party? Her answer was, that she only perceived one effect from it, which was, that her taxes were trebled, and she paid them monthly instead of yearly.

which is point-blank against the fundamentals of the Government of England and their *own Oaths*, which makes me think that there never was such a pack of perjured wretches upon earth, such *monsters of mankind*."—"An Italian Prospective, thro' which Great Britain (without any multiplying *art*) may clearly see her present Danger, and foresee her future Destruction, if not timely prevented. By James Howell, Esq." 1647, with this motto—"Perditio tua ex te Anglia; England, thy destruction can alone arise from thyself."

FRANCIS OSBOURNE, ESQ.

in his Advice to his Son, published in the beginning of Charles the First's time, gives him this advice respecting government:—"Contract not the common distempers incident to vulgar brains, who still imagine more ease from untried government.

"It is happy for the present, 'tis no better than madness to endeavour a change; if but indifferently well, folly; for though a vessel may yield the more for tilting or stirring, it renders all in it unpleasant for present use; the die of war seldom turning to their advantage that first cast it. Lucan observes that, before the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey,

Hinc usura vorax, rapidumque in tempore sænus
Hinc concussa fides, et multis utile bellum.

The leaders, in general, of seditions are these

Whose beggar'd fortunes debts and interests press

With every exigence of wretchedness;
To these commotions hopes of gain afford,

These pant to draw the murdering civil sword;

Their brethren and their friends to meet as foes,

Their own o'erwhelming in their country's woes.

The same writer has this acute remark upon the institution of Tythes amongst the Israelites. "Grudge not Tythes to the Teachers of the Gospel, assigned for their wages by the Divine Legislator; of whose institutes this was none of the least *profound*, that the Tribe of Levi were prohibited all other revenue than what was deducible out of the tenth part of the other eleventh's

increase, setting bounds thereby to all the improvement their wisdom, and the tie the Priesthood had over the people's consciences, might in the future possibly make, in causing their maintenance to rise and fall proportionable to the general standard of the Nation's felicity, which this limitation obliged them to *promote*, and for their *own sakes* to oppose all encroachments likely to interrupt their brethren's utility."—In speaking of his own education, he tells his son, that his grandfather by keeping him at home made him lose the advantage of his most docile time; "for not undergoing the *same discipline*, I must needs come short of their *experience* who are bred up in Free Schools, who by plotting to rob an Orchard run through all the subtleties required in taking of a Town, being made by use familiar to Secrecy and compliance with Opportunity, qualities never afterwards to be obtained at cheaper rates than at the hazard of all; whereas these see the danger of trusting others, and the rocks they fall upon, by a too obstinate adherence to their own imprudent resolutions, and all this under no higher penalty than that of a *whipping*."—In speaking of foreign travel, he says, "Some to starch a more serious face upon wanton, impertinent, and dear-bought vanities, cry up Travel as the best accomplisher of youth and gentry, though detected by experience, in the *generality*, for the greatest debaucher, adding affliction to folly, and infidelity to the curiosity of many not well-principled by education; such Wonderers imitating those factors of Solomon, that together with gold returned *apes and peacocks*."

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

Bishop Burnet preached the sermon at the coronation of this illustrious Prince (the Deliverer of England from arbitrary government), from the Twenty-third Chapter of the Second Book of Samuel: "The God of Israel said, the rich of Israel spake to me: He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God, and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even as a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth, by clear shining after rain." The reverse of the Medal struck for William's Coronation, represents Phaeton whirled from the chariot of the Sun by Jupiter, with this motto, which

which may well be applied to the present *Confederation against the French, "*ne totus absumatur orbis*"—To prevent the destruction of the universe.

LORD BACON.

How wonderfully well has this great man defined the philosophy of the ancients, who were but too apt to admit principles without facts to support them: "*Verba otiosorum senum ad imperitos juvenes.*" The philosophers were too indolent to make the proper experiments on their theories, and their hearers had not knowledge enough to detect their fallacies, and the ignorance of their teachers.

MR. LOCKE,

in a letter of his not generally known, addressed to Mr. Bold, who in a letter to Mr. Locke had complained that he had lost many ideas by their slipping out of his mind, tells him, "I have had sad experience of that myself, but for that Lord Bacon has provided a sure remedy. For, as I remember, he advises somewhere never to go without pen and ink, or something, to write down all thoughts of moment that come into the

mind. I must own I have often omitted it, and have often repented of it. The thoughts that come unsought, and (as it were) drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again. You say also, that you lose many things because your thoughts are not steady and strong enough to pursue them to a just issue. Give me leave to think, that herein you mistake yourself and your own abilities. Write down your thoughts upon any subject, as far as you have pursued them, and then go on again some other time, when you find your mind disposed to do it, and so till you have carried them as far as you can, and you will be convinced, that if you have lost any, it has not been for want of strength of mind to bring them to an issue, but for want of memory to retain a long train of reasonings, which the mind having once beat out, is loth to be at the pains to go over again, and so your connection and train having stopped the memory, the pursuit stops, and the reasoning is neglected before it comes to the last conclusion."

ACCOUNT OF MRS. CIBBER.

[*Continued from Page 245.*]

THE disgraceful verdict Mr. Cibber had obtained had no other effect than to irritate the parties towards each other. Mrs. Cibber, in February 1739, was brought-to-bed of a daughter †, and continued secreted from her husband, who, if we are to credit his Counsel in a subsequent trial, had offered to forgive and receive her again. It appears, she was at this time supported by Mr. Sloper, whose visits to her were conducted with so much circumspection, that no evidence could be produced of any intercourse between them. The place of her retreat, however, was discovered, and her husband, with great brutality, forced himself into her apartment, and carried off with him what

ever valuables belonging to her he could lay his hands upon. Soon afterwards, he brought another action against Mr. Sloper for the loss he had sustained by the detention of his wife from her employment in the Theatre, and laid his damages at 10,000*l.* This action was tried on the 4th of December 1739; and on this occasion he found the jury more liberal than their predecessors. He obtained a verdict for 500*l.*

During the next two years, there is a chasm in Mrs. Cibber's life which we are unable to fill up. It is certain, however, that she was, during that time, totally lost to the public, and without any theatrical employment. It is most probable she depended on Mr. Sloper

* England has been blamed by some politicians for having joined this Confederacy. The Duke of Brunswick, however, no inconsiderable judge of European politics, however unfortunate his expedition into France turned out, during that expedition used very often to say to a young Englishman of talents, who visited his army as a matter of military curiosity, and to improve himself in that profession,—"So, your countrymen have not yet joined us? They must do it at last, but it may then, perhaps, be too late."

† In September 1756 the newspapers mention the death of Miss Cibber, daughter of Mrs. Cibber, who was greatly indispersed from the loss of a most amiable and only child.

for subsistence, and lived secluded from the world. The authority of her husband still remained in force, and he was in no way disposed to permit her to exercise her talents for her own advantage. She therefore left England, and went to Dublin, where she made her first appearance Dec. 21, 1741, in the character of Indiana, in "The Conscious Lovers," to Mr. Quin's Young Bevil. Her agreement was for 300*l.* a sum the Managers were well enabled to pay from the money she drew, though to her first night there was not ten pounds*.

The performances of Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber were very successful. Chamont and Monimia they repeated several times. They also played together Comus and the Lady, the Duke in "Measure for Measure" and Isabella, the Spanish Friar and Elvira, Horatio and Calista, &c. with uncommon applause †, and generally to crowded houses ‡. It was in Dublin, also, that her musical talents were again brought before the public. Mr. Handel, after an unsuccessful struggle with fortune in England, took refuge in Ireland, and there first produced the Oratorio of "The Messiah." Finding Mrs. Cibber in the capital of that kingdom, he engaged her assistance, and took great pains to improve the abilities he found in her. The first performance was in December 1741. "No person of sensibility," says Mr. Sheridan §, "who has had the good fortune to hear Mrs. Cibber sing in the Oratorio of "The Messiah," will find it very difficult to give credit to accounts of the most wonderful effects of music produced from so powerful a union. And yet it was not to any extraordinary powers of voice (whereof she has but a moderate share), nor to a greater degree of skill in music (wherein many of the Italians must be allowed to exceed her), that she owed her excellence, but to expression only, her acknowledged superiority in which could proceed from nothing but skill in her profession." Dr. Burney also bears the like honourable testimony. Speaking of Rubinelli's

singing, "Return, O God of Hosts," in "The Messiah," he says, "Indeed, I missed several apoggiaturas which I remember Mrs. Cibber to have introduced, who learned to sing the air from the composer himself; and who, though her voice was a thread, and her knowledge of music very inconsiderable, yet, from her intelligence of the words and native feeling, she sung this admirable supplication in a more touching manner than the finest opera-singer I ever heard attempt it; and Monticelli, Guadagni, Guarducci, and Pachierotti, were of the number ||." At one of the performances of this Oratorio, Dr. Delany ¶, the friend of Swift, was so affected with her manner, that, unable to restrain his feelings, he started up, and, throwing his arms towards her, in a loud voice exclaimed, "*Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!*"

In the summer of 1742, Mrs. Cibber returned to England. By this time, it may be presumed, she and her husband were become weary of harassing each other, and were sensible of the folly of it. He had been pestered with suits in the Commons and in the Court of Chancery, and she had been prevented from performing on the Stage. They, therefore, agreed to a suspension of hostilities, and she was allowed to engage at any Theatre she pleased, and to be mistress of her own income. She, in consequence of this agreement, resumed her station in London, and appeared at Covent-Garden, 22d Sept. in the character of Desdemona, to Mr. Quin's Othello. On this occasion, the audience were so surprized with the uncommon energy with which, in the character of Desdemona, she asserted her innocence, that it produced a burst of applause seldom heard in a Theatre**.

In the season of 1744-45 she removed to Drury-Lane, at which Theatre Mr. Garrick also was engaged. In this year she first performed the part of Constance in "King John," which she executed in so superior a manner as to extinguish the merit of every other performer,

* Hitchcock's View of the Irish Stage, p. 115.

† See Verses to her on her acting at Dublin. Gent. Mag. 1742. p. 158.

‡ Hitchcock's View, p. 116.

§ British Education, 8vo. 1769. p. 395.

|| Burney's History of Music, vol. iv. p. 526.

¶ This is asserted on the credit of Mr. Sheridan, sen. who was present. Mr. Davies, in his Life of Garrick, vol. ii. p. 110. calls him a certain Bishop; but this is one of the many errors to be found in that work.

** From the information of a person present.

though Mr. Garrick represented the King. "Of all the variety and extent of the tragic passions, I know of none," says Mr. Victor *, "equal to that of Constance, in "King John." Mrs. Cibber surpassed all that have followed her in that character. When she entered with dishevelled hair and wildness in her eyes, having lost her son—"her pretty Arthur," the Cardinal and others attempting to comfort her, she sunk on the ground, and looking round with a dignified wildness and horror, said,

"Here I and Sorrow sit! this is my throne!
"Let Kings come bow to it."

Nothing that ever was exhibited could exceed this picture of distress; and nothing that ever came from the mouth of mortal was ever spoken with more dignified propriety. The late Mrs. Woffington, who was excellent in many parts of this character, could never succeed in this particular passage. Mrs. Cibber never executed it without a burst of applause from the whole audience. With Mrs. Woffington it was less noticed than many other parts of that character; and though I had the pleasure of being very intimate with that agreeable actress, and often mentioned this circumstance to her, and have been often with her when she has tried to execute what I have described, yet on the Stage it ever failed." So excellently was this character acted as even to extort praise from her husband, who spoke of it as an inimitable performance at a time he was in no manner inclined to think of her with much kindness †. In this season "Tancred and Sigismunda" was first acted, and Mrs. Cibber performed Lady Townley for her own benefit.

The next season she was unemployed at either house; but in December 1745 she displayed her loyalty by performing Polly, three nights, in "The Beggars Opera," for the benefit of the Veteran scheme, a plan at that time set on foot for the benefit of the soldiers, similar to that now established at the Crown and Anchor Tavern ‡. On the 5th of that month she put forth the following Advertisement. "Whereas I published an Advertisement, on Saturday last, in the London Courant and Daily Advertiser, making an offer of playing the part of Polly, in "The Beggars Opera," at Drury-Lane Playhouse, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday se'nnight, provided the Manager agreed that the profits of the house for those three nights should be paid to the Veteran scheme at Guildhall; I accordingly wrote a letter the same morning to the Manager for that purpose; but receiving only a verbal answer from him, late at night, which was to defer the performance one day; and Mr. Rich having yesterday sent me the offer of his house, proposing generously to give the whole receipts for the three nights into the said scheme, I think it my duty to accept of it, as it will be of more service, and by his consent shall play the part of Polly, at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, Saturday the 14th instant, and the Monday and Tuesday following.

"S. M. CIBBER."

The Opera was accordingly performed on those nights, and produced 602l. 7s. od. all the performers giving up their salaries on this occasion, and the tallow-chandlers furnishing the candles gratis.

[We are obliged to postpone the conclusion until next month.]

ESSAY ON DREAMS.

THE substance of the following Essay has already appeared before the public, but in a very rough and imperfect form. As the subject is new, and, for a matter of idle speculation, not devoid of interest, I have endeavoured to digest my ideas upon it a little more

carefully, and to render them less unworthy a place in the European Magazine. What I have advanced, after all, must be considered only as a feeble attempt to shoot a glimmering and doubtful ray into the realm of Chaos and Old Night; and it would be with pleasure

* Victor's History of the Theatres, vol. iii, p. 81.

† See his Serio-Comic Apology, subjoined to Romeo and Juliet, published 1748, p. 92.

‡ It was first begun by Mr. Samuel Smith, a merchant, in Cateaton-Street, who submitted it to the public in some letters signed "A Veteran," from whence the plan received its name. The subscription was opened at Garraway's Coffee-House, and produced above 19,500l. exclusive of 20,000 flannel waistcoats supplied by the Quakers, and 400 watch-coats furnished by the Vestry of St. James's, Westminster,

that I should resign the hypothesis I have offered, to a more natural and satisfactory solution.

THAT we are more vividly affected both with the pains and pleasures of the mind, and with the emotions resulting from these affections, in our dreams than when awake, is a fact which every one, I should suppose, must have occasionally experienced. There is often a liveliness, a strength, a touching glow of hue, in our nocturnal visions, and in the feelings they excite, which we are conscious, when the illusion is fled, that no real adventure ever attained. If the scene be korrer—if we are abandoned on some strange and uncouth wild, if the storm howls, if we encounter a hideous and ghastly phantom, if it hunts us with a murderer's knife to the perilous edge of some beetling precipice rocked by a surge of blood, if we shriek for some near help and utterance is denied, there is a degree of anguish, and wretchedness, and heart-shaking fear in our sufferings, transcending far, I apprehend, what any mortal ever endured from real distress. If it be a scene of sensibility—if we recognize some long lost friend; if we meet, after hapless separation, the blooming partner of our hopes; if we hold sweet intercourse; if we mingle heart with heart and pour out all our fondest wishes, the melting soul dissolves in a deliquium of tenderness, which I doubt whether the warmest friend or the most passionate lover ever experienced. We feel when we awake from such visions, and while their effects still vibrate on the mind, that every thing in this life is stale and flat and tasteless in the comparison. It is related of that justly celebrated performer and composer Tartini, that he once dreamed he had entered into a compact with the Devil, who, to give him a specimen of his powers, played him a solo so divinely on the fiddle that the musician waked with transports, seized his violin, tried to catch the floating idea, but felt his utmost efforts so poor and spiritless in the contrast that he dashed his instrument to the ground, and declared he should never have brought himself to touch corgut again, if he could possibly have gained a livelihood without it. This story is by no means incredible; though probably had Tartini heard when awake the same notes that ravished him in vision, he would have formed a very different

opinion of them. I have always found, at least, when I have endeavoured to collect anything, a piece of eloquence for instance, which has charmed me beyond measure in a dream, that it has appeared very puerile or uncouth. For a time indeed, and whilst the intense idea still breathes its charms or its horrors on the mind, the delusion may continue: I have shook with alarm, when awaked, at the refiguration of a scene which a few hours afterwards only served to amuse me: I have wept at the memory of a friend, for whom at common moments I felt no particular concern.

This curious phenomenon, which seems to have escaped enquiry, may admit perhaps of this satisfactory solution: In sleep we give ourselves up entirely to the impression of the moment: whatever affects us, either with suffering or joy, in this state, affects us unalloyed by any other sensation or reflection; it occupies the whole mind, and produces upon it the whole effect which such a cause operating on such a substance is capable of producing. This is never the case when we are awake. If we are in distress, the mind naturally turns to its resources; it looks backward, it looks forward; it adopts some fortifying reflection, it encourages some seductive hope, and abates its present suffering by the powers of consolation or the prospect of deliverance. In our happiest moments our joy is not undulterated; some obtrusive care, some obscure suspicion, some lurking reflection on the instability of human prosperity, some cruel thought that all this bliss must soon end and may be interrupted, taints our very purest enjoyments. Our predominant idea, in real life, whether it be of pleasure or pain, is for ever dilated with some retrospect of the past or anticipation of the future.

A consideration of two or three cases something analogous to dreaming, may tend perhaps to give some degree of credit to this simple solution.

The susceptibility of little children to gratification or distress is obvious to every one. Children have little to look back upon, and they look forward still less; their minds are almost entirely engrossed with the occupation, whatever it is, of the moment. The morning of life therefore is something like a dream. A child, who has its favourite plaything taken away, suffers more than a Monarch from the dismemberment of his empire.

empire. The Monarch, indeed, by summoning before him all the consequences of his loss, his diminution of revenue, of power, and reputation; may protract his sufferings longer; I cannot but think, however, that the little urchin who shrieks and stamps his foot, and is convulsed with grief, endures for the time more real anguish and vexation than the unhappy Sovereign, who eats his dinner very calmly, and partakes, though somewhat cloudy perhaps, of his ordinary amusements. "I despair, says Mr. Burke, of deriving from the most finished composition the pleasure which I received when a child from works which my maturer judgment disdains." Mr. B. ascribes this to the fastidiousness which a mind acquires from cultivation. This doubtless in some measure solves the phenomenon; but not, I think, entirely. There are many persons who pass in the world for men of good understandings and common taste, who are just as incapable, I apprehend, of discovering the blemishes of a first-rate composition (one of Mr. B.'s speeches for instance) as a child is of detecting the nonsense of Tom Thumb; yet I question whether that speech will afford him half the pleasure. A child is not only blind to the faults, but sensibly alive to the charms of what he reads. When I read Robinson Crusoe in the first opening of life, the remembrance of it is still refreshing to my mind: I went along with him completely; I was absorbed in his adventures; I sailed with him on the raft; I saw the print of the foot upon the sands; I startled at every bush; I prattled with Friday. The most devoted novel-reader never can attain this: if he does, he may reckon himself as happy as a child. Far otherwise is the general tenour of life. As we advance in years, we come to be less touched with the present moment, and to live almost in the remembrance of the past or provision for the future. That keen sensibility which gives to youth its frankness and its fire; which lights up the fervours of impassioned friendship; which makes the smile of beauty Heaven, and absence insupportable despair; old persons have no sort of sympathy with: they are out of all temper with such extravagancies and follies, and terrified at the imprudent measures they may lead to.

Ebriety, like sleep, induces an oblivion of the past and neglect of the fu-

ture. I am not sure that it disposes to hilarity in any other than this negative way: Those who besot themselves privately are often sufficiently grave, and conscious of no other effect from their potations than the dispersion of care. Men assemble at the table on purpose to be gay, and festivity usually accompanies the social circulation of the bottle: our hearts expand; we are delighted with trifles; we are charmed beyond measure with a joke, which our returning reason disdains; our mirth is intemperate, boisterous, and altogether disproportioned to the cause. Wine, in this case, operates like a dream; it opens the soul to the joyous impression of the moment, by closing it to every thing besides. It is not, however, to *joyous* impressions only that wine quickens us, but to the predominant impression, whatever it may be. Joy usually prevails at the table, because it is preconcerted that it should do so: this convivial arrangement, however, is sometimes disturbed: men are often exquisitely sore and irascible in their cups, whether replenished with Falernian or Champagne; and, though certainly more rare, and somewhat ridiculous, I have witnessed scenes of drunken grief and tenderness, surpassing, apparently, what sober sensibility ever felt.

Though it be difficult to speculate on a condition of our unhappy species which we never experienced, and whose afflicting presence, wherever it prevails, we approach with trembling and horror, yet as far as we can explore this obscure and dreadful visitation, there seems a striking analogy between insanity and dreaming. In both cases, an unreal vision is presented to the fancy, which extinguishing memory and foresight, and arresting the whole attention of the mind, induces the deluded patient to think, and reason, and act in a way which, however consistent with the scene before him, appears to the waking and rational spectator in the highest degree incoherent and preposterous. In dreams, indeed, these apparent extravagancies are usually veiled; they are not however always so. There are persons who preserve in sleep a sufficient knowledge of their actual situation to rise, dress themselves, and perform many of the ordinary functions of life, though actuated all the time by a phantastic illusion: such persons exhibit the picture of madness. When Lady Macbeth, under the visitation of those "ter-

rible dreams" that "shake her nightly," seizes her taper and stalks forth; when she sees and smells the blood upon her hand, which is not there; when, in vacancy, she communes with her husband—nothing is wanting but "to sleep on" to constitute her mad. The maniac perceives perhaps more clearly the real situation of things around him: his external senses are commonly perfect and acute; nor is there visibly anything in the construction of his organs calculated to distort the representations they transmit; it is the vision *within* that disturbs him. Partly this vision confounds the real representation, and assimilates it to its own phantastic forms; partly it should seem incapable of completing the delusion. The lunatic perceives that things about him are not as, according to the phantasm that possesses his mind, they ought to be: this distracts his hurried fancy; every thing around him seems wild and discomposed; his nearest friends appear his bitterest enemies; the order of nature, to his imagination, is subverted; he feels oppressed by a general conspiracy of his species; and is filled with those dark, jealous, and malignant suspicions, which are considered, I believe, by those conversant with this revolting calamity, as, above all others, the most decisive feature of insanity. As insanity bears this resemblance to dreaming, so it seems to partake of that distempered sensibility, and to be exposed to that excess of delight and sorrow which is the subject of this Essay. That there are joys in madness which none but madmen know, has been affirmed by one who is supposed to have felt them, and is attested by the tumultuous and frantic transports which some maniacs exhibit. We shudder indeed

at beholding them; and Gray's image of

Moody madness, laughing wild
Amidst severest woe,

is amongst the most affecting that poetry presents: *the woe*, however, seems altogether confined to the spectator, who is naturally shocked at witnessing such insensibility to the heaviest affliction with which it has pleased the Almighty to humble the arrogance of man: the maniac himself seems perfectly and eminently happy. As there appears in some sorts of madness a vacancy from care and a swelling rapture of heart, surpassing, apparently, the most pleasurable emotions a sane mind ever feels; so, in other descriptions of this deplorable malady, there seems a settled and brooding melancholy, a deep despair, whose gloomy horrors no art can divert, no consolation can assuage, and of whose unutterable anguish the sound imagination, it may be presumed, can form no idea whatever. The mind shrinks with dismay from the aspect and contagion of a woe, which, as it springs from no visible cause, admits of no discoverable relief; nor can we easily account for the exorbitance of misery, any more than for the extravagance of joy, in disordered intellects, but by supposing (as in dreams) a total absorption of the soul in the scene immediately before it, and an entire seclusion from the influence of those palliative principles, which, in a waking and sober and rational agent, produces a sort of equanimity through all the vicissitudes of existence, and, if they deaden our sensibility to some of the most endearing and exalted pleasures of life, seem designed too, in the constitution of our being, to mitigate its insupportable afflictions. G. N.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 23.

THE RAGE! a Comedy, by Mr. REYNOLDS, was acted the first time at Covent Garden. The Characters as follow:

| | | |
|----------------------|---|----------------|
| Gingham, | - | Mr. Lewis. |
| Darnley, | - | Mr. Holman. |
| Sir Paul Perpetual, | - | Mr. Quick. |
| Flush, | - | Mr. Munden. |
| Sir George Gauntlet, | - | Mr. Middleton. |
| The Hon. Mr. Savage, | - | Mr. Fawcett. |
| Ready, | - | Mr. Davenport. |
| Signor Cygnet, | - | Mr. Bernard. |

| | | |
|--------------------|---|----------------|
| Clara Sedley, | - | Mrs. Mountain. |
| Lady Sarah Savage, | - | Mrs. Mattocks. |
| Mrs. Darnley, | - | Mrs. Pope. |

SCENE,

BATH, and the COUNTRY round it.

PLOT OF "THE RAGE!"

Darnley has retired with his wife to a small farm, where an old friend and brother officer of his, Sir George Gauntlet, pays him a visit, for the secret purpose of seducing the affections of Mrs. Darnley.—Lady Sarah
Savage

Savage and her brother are Darnley's affluent neighbours, and Darnley stopping Lady Sarah's horses when they had run away with her in her phaeton, produces on her part a regard for Darnley, and she and her brother invite him and his wife to Savage house.—This suits Sir George's schemes, and he advises Darnley to accept of an assignation with Lady Sarah, in the hope of persuading her not to marry her uncle, Sir Paul Perpetual.—At this period Sir Paul (who is in pursuit of a lost child) arrives at Savage-house, where he is so tormented by Mr. Savage and his riotous friends, that after disguising himself, and being detected in Lady Sarah's dressing-room, instead of Darnley, he leaves the house, determined to break off the marriage.

In the third Act, Gingham arrives at Bath on a visit to his father, Mr. Flush, who is a modern money-lender.—Gingham so offends his father by *speaking the truth*, that he is turned out of doors, and disinherited.—In his distress, he is met with by Sir Paul, who, swearing he is his son, adopts him.—Gingham is then introduced to Lady Sarah as her husband, and offends her, by taking her for a man in woman's cloaths.—He afterwards goes to Sir G. Gauntlet, to deliver up a bill of exchange of Mr. Darnley's to his wife, and finding Sir George offering violence to Mrs. Darnley, he fights with him and is wounded.—Sir George seeing Darnley entering, hides himself behind his library.—Darnley seeing his wife binding up Gingham's arm with her handkerchief, and having been previously made suspicious by Lady Sarah, grows jealous, and charges Mrs. Darnley with falsehood:—she then accuses his friend Sir George; and Gingham, after various struggles, pulls him from the library, and convicts Darnley of his wife's innocence, and his friend's villainy.

In the last Act, Sir Paul and Flush, who are joint guardians to Clara, dispute about whose son shall marry her, and they agree to let her choose for herself.—She names Gingham, and then the mystery of the two fathers is explained.—Sir Paul had lived with a girl who quarrelled with him, and married Flush.—Four months after the marriage she was delivered of a boy.—Sir Paul accidentally heard of this, and consequently claimed the child, which Flush, for a bribe, easily gives up.—Gingham is then united to Clara, and Sir Paul, with great liberality, settles a large part of his fortune on Mr. and Mrs. Darnley.

This piece possesses both the beauties and faults of Mr. Reynolds's former Comedies. In the present, however, he has taken a bolder flight, and, in imitation of Mr. Foote,

is more than supposed to have introduced living personages into his scene. Public report assigns Old P. to a noble Duke; Mr. Savage to another Peer of equal rank, whose passion for pugilistic science has long outraged decency. In Signor Cygnet may be traced the musical husband of a celebrated Singer; and in Flush one, though we fear more than one, notorious money-lender. Conjecture has also fixed on a noble Marchioness for Lady Savage; and through the whole performance there are many allusions and references to the incidents of the passing day.

It was received with great applause, and has since been acted with success.

28. *Emilia Galotti*, a Tragedy, translated from Lessing, was acted the first time at Drury-lane. The Characters as follow:

| | | |
|--------------------|---|-----------------|
| Duke of Guastalla, | - | Mr. Kemble. |
| Marquis Mainelli, | - | Mr. Palmer. |
| Camillo Rota, | - | Mr. Aickin. |
| Galotti, | - | Mr. Wroughton. |
| Battista, | - | Mr. Barrymore. |
| Ciuseppe, | - | Mr. Caulfield. |
| Angelo, | - | Mr. Phillimore. |
| Perio, | - | Mr. Maddocks. |
| Countess Orfina, | - | Mrs. Siddons. |
| Claudia, | - | Mrs. Powell. |
| Emilia, | - | Miss Miller. |

This Play is founded on a story similar to that of Appius and Virginia, and exhibits in a strong and forcible manner the horrors arising from the unrestrained exercise of power, as well as the unrestrained indulgence of the passions. The subject is not, however, well chosen, though in many parts the spectator was interested very powerfully in the fate of the different characters, which in all the parts were well performed. The new Actress, Miss MILLER, has been often seen as a Chorus Singer. In this, her first attempt in acting, she exhibited talents which by care and attention we have little doubt will ripen into excellence.

The following Prologue and Epilogue, the first written by Mr. CUMBERLAND, and the other by Mr. COLMAN, were spoken by Mr. WHITFIELD and Mrs. SIDDONS.

PROLOGUE.

TO the Dramatic Genius of our isle,
And you, its patrons, we devote this pile.
High as our hopes we pitch th' aspiring plan,
And wide as your munificence the span:
Not that our humble scenes this night demand

The splendid polish of the Painter's hand;
Nature can hold her converse with the soul,
Tho' the proud metaphor forbears to roll;

*Tis to reflect your graces on the sight,
Not for ourselves we keep our mirror bright.

The venerable fathers of our stage
Walk'd in the gloom of a benighted age ;
Nature they had to reach the loftiest part,
But there was wanting Nature's hand-maid,

Art:

Mean was the plank that Shakespeare's bus-
kin trod,

A straw-built temple held the Drama's God ;
So vast his scope, so quick his fancy wrought,
That apprehension wou'd not catch his
thought:

No glimm'ring twilight warn'd the clouds
away,

Flaming he rose, and pour'd the flood of day ;
The dazzled world look'd up to him aghast,
Ere they regained their sight the flash was
past.

But now shou'd this eventful time inspire
A second Shakespeare with a *Muse of Fire*,
Our Theatre will be prepared to yield
His future Agincourt an ampler field ;
And here, perhaps, in this illustrious round
The Heroes of that Drama may be found :
Here too the unconscious Bard, that shall
rehearse

Their glorious triumphs in immortal verse—
And he shall come—for where can Poet find
Themes to provoke such energy of mind ;
Horrors so deep, disasters, feuds, and fears,
And deeds, which told, shall drown his stage
with tears ?

The incidents are ready to his hands,
Diction is all his Tragedy demands.

Amidst the Nation's wreck kind Fate has
giv'n

One proof that man is yet the care of Heav'n,
One spot of earth, by partial Favour blest,
On which the wearied Dove of Peace may
rest ;

Snatch'd from the general deluge, we embark
The family of Muses in our ark :
So when reviving Nature springs anew,
Genius shall owe its second birth to you.

EPILOGUE.

WRETCHED the state, and fatal is the
hour,

When headstrong passion nerves the arm of
power.

Cheak but the source whence Virtue's streams
should flow,

The current stops, and all is foul below.

He, then, thrives best who best can fawn and
cozen,

And up start *Marinelli* by the dozen :

Up starts to many Englishmen unknown)

The titled Pandar to the lawless throne.

Blest England ! long may Virtue's silken band
Unite the rul'd and Ruler of thy land.

Be it thy boast to doubt, or doubt to boast,
If rul'd or Ruler love each other most !
To boast, no factious art, no force, can wring
A virtuous People from a virtuous King !
Galottis here no scepter'd vice can dread,
No soul invader of the nuptial bed.
Can he disturb the subject's wedded life,
Whose mark'd example bids him love his
wife ?

Is he to ruin others' children prone,
Who has—so many children of his own ?
Can the fond father well his trust discharge,
And not protect his family at large ?
Oh, No !—the Nation's welfare is his plan,
Whose private worth shines through the pub-
lic man.

Blest England ! cast thine eye across the flood,
Where wild confusion marks its way in blood ;
Where Speculation Anarchy maintains,
And Philo sophic murders drench the plains ;
While Gallia's sons beneath such horrors
groan,
Lament their state, and glory in your own.

30. *Arrived at Portsmouth*, an Operatical
Drama, by Mr. PEARCE, was acted the first
time at Covent Garden. The Characters as
follow :

| | | |
|------------------|---|----------------|
| Wildfire, | - | Mr. Quick. |
| Captain Pendant, | - | Mr. Johnstone. |
| Captain Tropic, | - | Mr. Bowden. |
| Magnet, | - | Mr. Inledon. |
| Piccaroon, | - | Mr. Munden. |
| Ferret, | - | Mr. Fawcett. |
| Major Drummond, | - | Mr. Townshend. |
| Ensign Somers, | - | Mr. Clermont. |
| Landlord, | - | Mr. Davenport. |
| Mat, | - | Mr. Rock. |
| Waiter, | - | Mr. Burton. |
| Louisa Bowers, | - | Mrs. Mountain. |
| Fanny Pendant, | - | Miss Hopkins. |
| Mrs. Ferret, | - | Mrs. Henley. |

The scene of this slight performance is laid
at Portsmouth, and the Author's purpose is
to celebrate the glorious event of the First
of June. In a Drama of this kind loyalty must
be admitted as a substitute for plot and inven-
tion. Two characters, however, are intro-
duced, though not new ones, with consi-
derable effect ; the one a Lawyer, and the
other a boasting Poltroon. On the first night
the audience were surprized with a military
funeral procession, which has since been laid
aside. The music by SHIELDS will not dis-
credit that Composer, and the scenery shews
the liberality of the Manager.

Nov. 1. *The Wedding Day*, a Farce, by
Mrs. INCHEALD, was acted the first time at
Drury-lane. The principal Characters by
Messrs. King, Barrymore, C. Kemble,
Packer, and Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Hopkins,
and

and Miss Tidswell. The principal circumstance in the piece is the return of Lady Constance, the wife of Sir Adam, after fifteen years absence, and on the very day that her husband, supposing her dead, had taken a young bride. The embarrassment of the

Knight, and the joy of the young Lady on this occasion, afford scope for the comic powers of Mr. King and Mrs. Jordan, tho' we cannot consider this piece as one of the luckiest efforts of Mrs. Inchbald's fertile Muse.

P O E T R Y.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

THE following Poem by Dean SWIFT, describing Dr. Sheridan, not having been printed in his Works, I beg a place for it in the European Magazine.

I am, &c.

C. D.

TOM was a little merry grig,
 Fiddled and danc'd to his own jig;
 Good-natur'd, but a little silly:
 Irresolute, and shally shilly,
 What he should do he could not guess,
 They mov'd him like a man at Chess.
 Swift told him once that he had wit;
 Swift was in jest, poor Tom was bit;
 Thought himself son of second Phœbus,
 For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus.

He took a draught of Helicon,
 But swallow'd so much water down,
 He got a dropsy: now they say 'tis
 Turn'd to poetic diabetes;
 And all the liquor he has past
 Is without spirit, salt, or taste.
 But since it past, Tom thought it wit,
 And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
 He writ the Wonder of all Wonders;
 He writ the Blunder of all Blunders:
 He writ a merry farce for Poppet,
 Taught actors how to squeak, and hop it:

A Treatise on the wooden Man*,
 A Ballad on the Nose of Dan†,
 The art of making April fools,
 And Four-and-thirty punning Rules.
 The learned say, that Tom went snacks
 With Philomaths for almanacks;
 Though they divided are; and some say,
 He writ for Whaley, some for Compnay‡.
 Hundreds there are who will make oath,
 He wrote alternately for both:
 For tho' they made the calculations,
 Tom writ the monthly observations.

Such were his writings: but his chatter
 Was one continued clitter clatter.

* The sign of a wooden man in Essex-street, Dublin.

† A person remarkable for a Nose of an enormous size.

‡ Two almanack-makers in Dublin.

Swift slit his tongue, and made him talk,
 Cry ' Cup of sack, and Walk, knaves, walk;'
 And fitted little prating Poll
 For wiry cage in common hall:
 Made him expert at quibble jargon,
 And quaint at selling of a bargain.
 Poll he could talk in diff'rent linguos,
 But he could never learn distinguos
 Swift tried in vain, and angry thereat,
 Into a spaniel turned his parrot:
 Made him to walk on the hind legs,
 And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
 Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,
 Lies close, will whine, and creep and lick.
 Swift puts a bit upon his snout,
 Poor Tom he dares not look about:
 But soon as Swift once gives the word,
 He snaps it up, tho' it were a ****.

SONNET,

BY MR. THOMAS ADNEY.

THRICE happy he, who on life's fickle
 stage,
 Can with due praise each lofty part sustain;
 Thrice happy he, who roll'd in virtue's page,
 Treads with sure feet, and bears a blame-
 less name!

For, in this world, how little do we know!
 How weak to shape an even course along!
 Pride and Ambition prove the source of woe,
 As oft as man is ready to do wrong!

Then happy he who marks his path aright,
 Amidst this world of trouble, grief, and
 care,
 Prudence alone can give the mind delight,
 She dictates truth, and guards us from
 despair.

Then turn, my heart — from trifling grandeur
 fly—

“ The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die!”

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON AN EMINENCE NEAR THE
HOT WELLS, BRISTOL, IN OCTOBER.

BY JAMES JENNINGS.

HARK! thro' the dale beneath the waters
roll,
With rustling noise, o'er rocks that would
control

Their fleeting current, yielding to the ear
The voice of pleasing murmur thro' yon
dells,

With craggy cliffs beset, the rays appear
Of the departing Sun:—the red-breast swells,
In the slow-fading wood, his little throat
Alone; for other birds have dropp'd their
note;

The rustle foliage of the various trees
Hangs doubtful—trembling to the swelling
breeze:

Whilst all around solemnity commands,
And spreads an awful pleasure o'er the
heart:

But ah! pale Winter at his portal stands,
To rend from us the scene with which we
sighing part.

THE FAREWELL. A FRAGMENT.

BY THE SAME.

THE dear LÆTITIA, and my bosom
friends,

Around me stood; then took I my farewell;
Not with a cold parade of fulsome words,
But looks, high charg'd with eloquence, that
spoke,

Tho' silent, more to every feeling breast
Than e'er did tongue of mortal man impart.
With sympathy of soul and poignant grief
Each heart was fill'd; she whom I love was
mute;

And silence reign'd, save when a sigh escap'd,
On every tongue. The tear, sad emblem!
sole

From dear Lætitia's visual orbs, which shone
With tenfold lustre as her grief increas'd;
Then, from its diamond sluice, o'er rubies ran
That deck the fair-one's cheek, and as it fell
My napkin caught the dear delicious pearl:
Mid sighs, a kiss, a sweet embrace I took,
And went—but left my better part behind.—

TO A FRIEND AND HIS AMIABLE
BRIDE, ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

HALL, wedded pair! whom love has
join'd

In nuptial bands to live:

May you all the pleasures find
That heav'n and earth can give!

O may transcendent joys be found,
Your mutual love to bless;
And may those joys be ever crown'd
With mutual happiness!

While, as in love and bliss you live,
May Heaven on you bestow
A beauteous offspring, that may give
New joys, new hopes below!

Methinks I see the prattling boy
Now lisping call his fire;
Methinks I see, ecstatic joy!
In him the father's fire.

Methinks I see her mother's arms
The smiling girl enfold;
Now glowing with her mother's charms,
Delightful to behold.

As up your rising offspring grow,
Your pleasures will increase:
Nor end they in this life below,
Nor in eternal peace:

For there your wishes meet their fill,
And joys supreme arise;
Your mutual love increases still
That 'gan beneath the skies.

O may you live to length of days
In joy and happiness,
That far transcend these feeble lays
To sing, or tongue to express!

PETRARCH, SONNET CL.

S'AMOR NON È, &c.

IF 'tis not love, what is it that I feel?
And if it is, ye Gods, say what is love?
If it be good, why should it cruel prove?
If love be bad, why such sweet torment
yield?

If I this evil court, why then lament?

If it pursue me, I lament in vain.

O living death! O most delightful pain!

A pain so sweet to lose I should repent.

In a small bark, and with an adverse gale,
Thus on the seas whose foaming billows
roar,

Without a pilot vent'rously I sail,
Impell'd by Folly's blast, not Reason's
breeze,

I would, and yet I would not, seek the shore;
In winter's night I burn, in summer's sun
I freeze.

OE. 1794.

J. W.

WILLIAM AND MARIA.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO W. H. V. ESQ.

FROM Indian climes I send these friendly
lays,

Thou lov'd companion of my early days!

Thrice

Thrice happy days! when painted forms and
flow'rs

Engag'd the summer day's delighted hours!

Thrice happy days! when, with destructive
aim,

The little fowlers mark'd the fluttering game;
When angling patiently, and laying snares
For the brown linnet, were our chiefest
cares.

Thrice happy days of innocence and mirth,
When ignorant of the villainies on earth!

Farewell, farewell, ye hours unknown to
strife,

Farewell, farewell, that gilded morn of life!
A pleasing dream the retrospect appears,
Which forms sad contrast with our latter
years:

But childhood's pleasing vision flitted o'er,
Man views that blissful state he'll know no
more.

In that soft season of light joy 'twas then,
Ere yet the boys had ripen'd into men,
We oft had view'd, when courting evening's
breeze,

Sweet Altavilla peeping thro' the trees,
And prais'd the hill, array'd in lively green,
Where the straw thatch and white-wash'd
wall were seen;

Where young Maria pious toils engage,
To smooth the widow'd bed of tottering age:
Her mother yet respir'd a feeble breath,
Her sire long slumber'd in the shades of
death;

And next to God, attentive cares were paid
To that lone mother by the dutious maid:
Haply too fair—for Heav'n had bless'd her
mind

With sense superior to the rich refin'd.
Her form by Nature's nicest hand was fram'd,
Unmark'd by fashion, free, and unconstrain'd;
The kindred Graces sweet deportment prov'd,
And all who saw, or reverenc'd her or lov'd.
Like heav'n's pure azure her bewitching eyes,
She far more sweet than Ceylon's spicy
skies!

Such charms Maria had in blooming years,
But beauty's dreaded tyrant soon appears,
Ploughs the pure crimson on her lovely face,
And wraps that form in ruthless Death's
embrace.

On eagle wings the dismal tidings roll,
Which pierc'd the deep recess of William's
soul.

Fleet as the antelope the lover flies,
Where Altavilla, rural cottage, lies;
But, ah! too late, o'ercome with fever's
fires,
She in extremity of pain expires.

Have we not both the solemn church-yard
trod,
To place the clay-cold maid beneath the sod;

Supported William in the torch-light gloom,
Where virtue's reliques grace the humble
tomb?

Forgive, my friend, the free but feeling strain,
Which leads remembrance back to sense of
pain.

Have we not seen distracted William
mourn,

A pious pilgrim at her early urn;
The piercing cold of fullen winter brave,
When the tall verdure whiten'd round her
grave?

At Heav'n's severe decree he sadly cries
Two tedious moons, with sorrow-streaming
eyes; [move,

The third, for friendship can't his pangs re-
lieve fell a martyr of unhappy love!

To thee, my friend, from India's sickly
climes, [rhymes,

O'er a vast watry world approach these
Which try again thy pitying heart to move,
At poor Maria's fate, and William's love.

Nov. 2, 1793.

J. H.

From Benares, the chief City of the Hindoo Religion.

To M. MOSNIER,

PAINTER TO THE LATE KING OF FRANCE.
OF DEVONSHIRE-STREET, PORTLAND-
PLACE, ON HIS

PORTRAIT OF LADY MANNERS.

PAINTER of elegance and taste,
To Britain's happy island haste;
For ever quit the Gallic shore,
The din of arms, the rabble's roar,
Where rages war, more deadly far
Than each fam'd murd'rous civil war;
Where, 'midst those scourges of mankind,
Nor age nor sex compassion find;
Where (each known horror to exceed)
Two Sov'reigns on the scaffold bleed.
Scenes like to these but ill agree
With thy sweet mind's amenity.
Thy palette's gaily-tinted hues
Delight and rapture should diffuse.
Leave then, O leave the dæmon's seat,
In Anglia fix thy safe retreat;
Anglia, to whom the Fates impart
Each gift of nature and of art;
The land of Angels, * long since nam'd,
By Rome's High Priest in story fam'd;
Well-nam'd, for there with radiance bright
Each mode of beauty charms the sight:
There, to its powers thy pencil true,
May catch the loveliness of hue
(Unknown at Paris or at Rome)
Mocking the peach's downy bloom,
That decks the British virgin's cheek;
Whose blush her inmost soul bespeaks;
How ill exchang'd, ye tasteless fair,
For the vermilion's lurid glare!
There, then, my friend, each charm combine
That gilds the human face divine;

* By Pope Gregory VI.

The lip of lovely crimson dye,
 The liquid lustre of the eye,
 The bosom with young rapture warm,
 The roseate finger's gracile form,
 The snowy arm, the tap'ring waist,
 The mouth where ev'ry grace is plac'd;
 The neck of shining burnish'd white,
 Too dang'rous for frail mortals sight,
 That with its varied turns pursues
 The Swan's bright undulating hues:
 These, these alone, should own thy skill,
 These, these alone, thy canvas fill.
 'Tis well, my friend (abstract of all
 That men or fair or beauteous call)
 The accomplish'd *ETHELIND* demands
 The efforts of thy matchless hands—
 'Tis done. Thy work may now compare
 With Guido's dignity of air,
 With Titian's nature and his truth,
 Albaro's purple light of youth;
 With what of grace Corregio's soul,
 Prometheus-like, from heaven stole*.
 'Tis done; and now we see combin'd,
 To Venus' form Minerva's mind.

S.

A PROTESTANT UNCLE TO HIS PROTESTANT NIECES, ON their visiting WARDOUR CASTLE in WILTS, the Seat of LORD ARUNDEL, on St. Peter's Day 1794.

'TIS not the splendid House of Prayer,
 The burnish'd gold's well-order'd glare,
 The Altar's beauteous form emboss'd
 With marbles from each distant coast,
 The clouds of incense that arise
 And waft their fragrance to the skies;
 'Tis not the flood of burning day
 The taper's daz'ling lights display:
 'Tis not the lengthen'd notes and slow
 The Organ's diapasons blow,
 The sounds the pious Virgins breathe
 To the enraptur'd crowd beneath,
 As they their tuneful voices raise
 To accents soft of prayer and praise;
 'Tis not the Priests, in glittering show,
 That at the Sanctuary bow,
 Whilst, offspring of their magic hands,
 A present Deity acknowledg'd stands:
 'Tis not the young and beauteous band
 Before the holy place who stand,
 Like Samuel's sons of early grace,
 Th' † Acolothysts' well-nurtur'd race,
 Who, taught from life's first blushing morn
 These sacred functions to adorn,
 With steady step and decent mien
 Add lustre to the solemn scene;
 'Tis not each effort to express
 The charms and grace of holiness,
 That, to its destination true,
 This lovely spot can bring to view;

'Tis not † Ribera's wond'rous art
 Such power to canvas to impart,
 As grand in form, and bright in hue,
 To bring to our astonish'd view
 The Lord of Life, torn, pale and dead,
 Who for vile man's transgressions bled,
 Whilst weeping Angels hovering o'er,
 The mystery of love explore:
 'Tis not, my Girls, such things as these,
 That for your faith destroy my ease—
 Your minds, I know, from earliest youth,
 So train'd to wisdom and to truth,
 From your externals can command
 The proper notice they demand
 Yet one thing frightens me, I own,
 Secure of all, but that alone—
 The noble Tenants of the place
 My fears alarm, my quiet chase;
 Their piety without pretence,
 Their goodness, their benevolence;
 Their minds unspoil'd by wealth or state
 (Those common tempters of the great);
 Their charity, that knows no bound
 Where man and misery are found,
 And cherishes in these sad times
 The unfortunate of other climes;
 Priests from their native altars torn,
 Their ruffian country's jest and scorn.
 Your hearts, dear Girls, so well I know,
 To sympathize at other's woe,
 Of worth so fond, so good, so true,
 So chann'd with virtue's every view,
 That I am sure you will enquire
 What principles such acts inspire—
 What faith so fervent and so bright
 Keeps lives so fully in the right?
 Nay more, my tortur'd soul to vex,
 The more to harass and perplex,
 Of manners kind, demeanour meek,
 See § FORRESTER the Pulpit seek,
 And on St. Peter's very day,
 Of Rome's fam'd Head the prop and stay,
 So candidly his subject treats
 (How fitted for religious heats),
 That with attention's well pleas'd air,
 Sarum's good Prelate's self might hear.
 At Wardour then no longer stay,
 There all we meet will fears convey.
 Then fly ye couriers fleet as air,
 To || Bemerton we must repair,
 Fam'd long for Pastors of good learning,
 Of great acuteness and discerning,
 Who in Polemics deep and strong,
 Rome's faith have labor'd to prove wrong—
 Where HERBERT, NORRIS, HOMES, and
 COXE,
 Have given the Catholics some knocks.
 'Tis this will save ye from the lurch,
 And keep ye true to Mother Church.

S.

* See the learned Mr. Barry's Treatise on Painting.

† The Attendants on the Priests at the Altar so called.

‡ Spagrolet, so called.

§ Domestic Chaplain to Lord Arundel.

|| Bemerton, near Salisbury. Its Incumbents have been occasionally very distinguished persons, as Mr Herbert the Poet, the Ideal Norris, the learned Mr. Homes, and the celebrated

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

[FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 1.

Letters from the Right Hon. Lord Hood, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Fleet in the Mediterranean, to Mr. Stephens, of which the following are Extracts, were last night received at this Office.

[DUPLICATE.]

Victory, Martello-Bay, August 5,
1794.

MY Letter of the 15th of June would inform you, that having forced the French ships on the 11th, which sailed from Toulon on the 5th, to seek their safety within the shoals in the Bay of Gourjean, and under the protection of the batteries of the islands of St. Honora and St. Margaretta, and on Cape Garoupe, that I had left Vice-Admiral Hotham to watch them; and that I was returning to Corsica, to join Lieutenant-General Stuart for the reduction of Calvi, which I have the honour to acquaint you is now, I believe, on the point of surrendering to the arms of his Majesty.

Upon my junction with Vice-Admiral Hotham off this port, on the 9th, I detached Captain Nelson, in the *Agamemnon*, to Bastia, with orders to embark the troops, and proceed with them to Martello Bay, where Lieutenant-General Stuart embarked on the 15th; and expressing a wish to proceed to the attack of Calvi immediately, Captain Nelson complied with it, and on the 19th all the troops were landed, under the direction of Captain Cooke, in a small cove, about three miles from Calvi.

I anchored in Marrello Bay on the 19th; and so soon as I had embarked the ordnance and other stores the General had desired, which the boisterous weather some days prevented, and had forced the *Agamemnon* and several of the transports from their anchors; but his Majesty's smaller ships, and the rest of the transports, which were close under the land, and had not room to get under sail, very fortunately rode the gale out, without any accident to either, the wind not blowing home to the shore with so much violence.

On the 26th I sailed, having previously sent Captain Hollowell and Captain Serocold (who were eager volunteers for the service, as were also the

Lieutenants Ferriers and Morgan), with as many able seamen as the *Victory* could then spare, to assist in dragging up the ordnance, and serving the batteries.

The Journal I herewith transmit from Captain Nelson, who had the command of the seamen, will shew the daily occurrences of the siege, and whose unremitting zeal and exertion I cannot sufficiently express, or of that of Captain Hollowell, who took it by turns to command in the advanced battery twenty-four hours at a time; and I flatter myself they, as well as the other officers and seamen, will have full justice done them by the General; it is therefore unnecessary for me to say more upon the subject: but I have to lament, and which I do most sincerely, the loss of a very able and valuable officer, Captain Serocold, who was killed by a grape shot, whilst getting the last gun in its place, soon after the enemy had discovered our battery. The King has not a more meritorious young Captain in his Majesty's Navy: he commanded the floating battery, which was burnt by red-hot shot, before Bastia, and afterwards served, with infinite reputation, at the batteries on shore. Independent of my regard and esteem for him, I feel his loss to be a public one.

Much credit is due to the Captains Wolfeley, Hood, Sir Charles Hamilton, Sir Harry Burrard, Cunningham, Macnamara, and Robinson, for their vigilance in keeping succours out, by a steady perseverance in preserving their respective stations, under manifest difficulties; and I ought not to omit to mention my tribute of praise to Mr. Gibson, commanding the *Fox* hired cutter, of whom all the Captains speak in the handsomest manner for his diligence and punctual obedience to orders. For near two months they did not receive at Calvi any intelligence from the Continent until the night of the 29th, when four boats got in, the port not being then so well and closely guarded, having been obliged to send off three frigates to Naples and other places for stores, which the General pressed for, and the night's being dark.

On the 27th I arrived off Calvi, and have kept close off the port ever since, in order to receive the wants of the

army every morning, having stationed a frigate at anchor off Cape Revalata, and another off Point D'España. I have landed from this ship seven of her lower deck guns; and, from time to time, all requisitions, for various other stores as well as for men, the General has made, have been complied with, under great inconvenience, that the operations of the army should not stand still.

On the 29th of last month I had the honour of a visit from General Stuart, who brought letters that had passed between him and the Commandant of the French troops relative to a truce for twenty-five days, which appearing to be inadmissible, in the afternoon of the 30th of July our batteries were opened; and on the morning of the 1st instant the white flag was displayed on the citadel, under the national one, and the firing ceased.

Victory, off Calvi, August 9, 1794.

I Herewith have the honour to transmit, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, duplicates of my dispatches of the 5th, from Martello Bay.

I sailed on the 7th, and got off here the next morning; and herewith transmit a copy of Captain Nelson's Journal from the 28th of last month to the 8th of the present one; also the copy of a letter I have received from him, highly creditable to Lieutenant Harrison, a transport agent, as well as to Mr. William Harrington, master of the *Williamington*, and the transport's men, who were all anxiously eager either to serve on shore or on board his Majesty's ships.

I have ordered Captain Wolfely to take possession of the *Melpomene* and *Mignonne* frigates; the former is one of the finest ever built in France, and carries forty guns; the other only thirty-two; and I have received an account from the Consul at Zante, that his Majesty's frigates which I have sent into the Levant, under the command of Captain Montgomery, have taken the *Sibelle*, twin-sister to the *Melpomene*.

Captain Cunningham, who has cruized with infinite diligence, zeal, and perseverance, under many difficulties, for three months past, off Calvi, is charged with my dispatches, is competent to give any information their Lordships may wish to have; and I beg to

recommend him as an officer of great merit, and highly deserving any favour that can be shewn him.

Victory, off Calvi, August 10, 1794.

Having received from Lieutenant-General Stuart the Articles of Capitulation * he made with Calabianca, the Commandant of the French Troops at Calvi, I have the honour herewith to transmit a copy thereof.

Extract of a Letter Sir John Borlase Warren, K. B. Captain of his Majesty's Ship Flora, to Mr. Stephens, dated Falmouth, August 29, 1794.

I Beg you will inform their Lordships, that I put to sea, with his Majesty's squadron under my command, on the 7th instant, and on the 14th in the evening stood to the northward, to obtain information of a French squadron of frigates that were supposed to be cruizing to the westward and northward of Scilly: but not having seen them, I stretched over towards the P marks, and on the 23d, at four A. M. I discovered one of the enemy's frigates, made the signal for a general chase, and continued the pursuit until four P. M. when his Majesty's ship *Diamond*, in company with the *Artois*, *Santa Margaritha*, and *Diana*, engaged and run her on shore near the Penmark Rocks, where they left her on beam ends, disabled, and irrecoverably lost. I understand, from the report from the several officers, that she was *La Felicite*, of 40 guns, upon a cruize, and had left Brest six days.

Having seen two ship corvettes to windward of Point de Ras, I gave chase in company with his Majesty's ship *Arethusa*, when the enemy stood into the Bay D'Hodierne, and anchored off the *Gamelle* Rocks: perceiving my intention of closing with them, they got under weigh, and run aground under cover of three batteries. The two ships continued engaging till a quarter after six P. M. when the corvettes made went by the board, and the crews got on shore.

I immediately ordered our boats, manned and armed, with directions to put themselves under Sir Edward Pellew's orders, and to set the enemy's ships on fire, or otherwise destroy them; which service was fully performed. He having represented to me that there were from twenty to thirty killed and wounded in the *Alert*, and a great num-

* The Heads of which were given in our last Magazine, page 304.

ber in L'Espion; and that it was impossible to remove the wounded to the two frigates, as many of them must have suffered in so doing; for the sake of humanity, I judged it proper to let them remain, as the enemy's vessels were bulged and scuttled, the rocks appearing through their bottoms; and it being impossible to get them off, it would have occasioned much delay, being then only nine leagues from Brest. I therefore brought away fifty-two prisoners, and stood to sea.

I have great pleasure in saying, that the destruction of the French vessels was obtained with very trifling loss, as will be seen in the margin*, and that every effort was made by the officers and men in the different ships in the execution of their duty, which was performed with the utmost alacrity, and will, I trust, meet with their Lordships' approbation.

I beg leave to add, that the squadron on the 27th instant, recaptured the Queen, of London, from Jamaica; also the Mary, a brig from New Orleans, bound to London, laden with furs, indigo, &c. &c.

A List of French Ships of War destroyed by the Squadron under the Command of Sir John Borlase Warren, K. B. on the 23d of August 1794.

| | Guns. | Weight. | Men. |
|--------------|-------|-------------|------|
| La Felicite, | 40 | 18 pounders | 350 |
| L'Espion, | 18 | 9 ditto | 200 |
| Alert, | 18 | 9 ditto | 200 |

The two last ships were formerly in our service.

HORSE-GUARDS, SEPT. 2.

By a dispatch which has been received by the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from the Right Honourable Lord Mulgrave, dated Flushing, August 29, 1794, it appears, that the garrison of Sluys surrendered to the enemy on the 26th of that month. The terms of the capitulation have not hitherto been received.

HORSE-GUARDS, SEPT. 21.

A Dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was this morning received from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Head Quarters at Grave,

SIR, Sept. 17, 1794.

In my last letter of the 13th instant I acquainted you, for his Majesty's information, with a report, which I had just received, of the enemy's having made a movement towards Oosterwyck. It appeared, however, by the account of the next day, that this corps had fallen back in the night. The same accounts, confirmed by the reports of deserters, assured us, that a very considerable detachment, amounting to fifteen thousand men, had been made towards Maestricht.

On Sunday afternoon a sudden attack, in which it appeared that the enemy were in great force, was made upon all my posts of the right; and that of Boxtel, which was the most advanced, was forced, with considerable loss to the Hesse-Darmstadt troops, who occupied it.

As the line of my out-posts upon the Bommel could not be maintained, while the enemy were in possession of Boxtel, it appeared necessary to regain it; at the same time, the degree of resistance which the enemy would make would serve to ascertain whether this attack was supported by their army, with a view to a general attack, or was merely an affair of out-posts.

I therefore ordered Lieutenant-General Abercromby to march with the reserve during the night, with directions to reconnoitre the post at day-light, and to act as he should judge best, from what he should discover of the force of the enemy.

Lieutenant-General Abercromby having advanced as directed, found the enemy in such strength as left little room to doubt of the proximity of their army, and he accordingly retired, but in such good order as prevented the enemy from making any impression, although they followed him for some distance.

About this time I received private information, upon which I could rely, and which was confirmed by the observation of my patrols, and the reports of deserters, that the enemy had been reinforced by the corps which had hitherto been acting in West Flanders, as well as by a column of the army which had been employed before Valenciennes and Condé. The same information

* Diamond, five wounded. Santa Margaritta, one wounded.

assured me, also, that the column which had been marching towards Maestricht had suddenly returned towards us.

From these accounts, and what I knew of the previous strength of the enemy, it appeared that the actual force now advancing against me, and whose object could only be an attack upon my army, could scarcely be less than eighty thousand men.

The hazard of an action with such a very great disparity of numbers, could not but become a matter of the most serious consideration; and, after the most mature deliberation, I did not think myself at liberty to risk, in so unequal a contest, his Majesty's troops, or those of his Allies serving with them. I had the utmost reliance on their courage and discipline, and I had no doubt but that these would have enabled me to resist the first efforts of the enemy; but it could scarcely be expected that even by the utmost exertion of these qualities they would be able to withstand the reiterated attacks, which the vast superiority of the enemy would enable them to make, and which we know, from experience, is a general principle upon which they act.

Actuated by these reasons, and the further information which I received about noon, that the enemy were marching considerable columns towards my left, in which part my position was most vulnerable, I determined on retreating across the Meuse. The army accordingly marched at three o'clock, and, without any loss whatever, took up a position, which had been previously reconnoitered, about three miles in front of this place, from which they crossed the river yesterday morning.

The loss in the attack upon the outposts has fallen chiefly upon the Hesse-Darmstadt troops, with some of the foreign troops newly raised for his Majesty's service. I have not as yet, however, received the return.

Enclosed I send that of the British.

I am, &c.

(Signed) FREDERICK.

Total of the Killed, Wounded and Missing of the Army under the Command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, the 15th of September 1794.

6 Rank and file killed; 2 serjeants, 12 rank and file, wounded; 2 officers, 4 serjeants, 1 drummer, 64 rank and file, missing.

Captain Bristow, of the 1st Guards, taken prisoner.

Lieutenant Eustace of the 12th Foot missing.

Capt. Rutherford, of the Royal Engineers, Assistant Deputy Quarter-Master General, taken prisoner.

The Light Cavalry being on the advanced posts, their return has not yet been received, but their loss is very inconsiderable.

The 89th regiment was engaged, and lost several men. Their return has not yet been received.

(Signed) J. H. CRAIG, Adj. Gen.

Extract of a Letter from Lieutenant Governor Simcoe to Mr. Secretary Dundas dated Navyhall, August 30, 1794.

I TAKE the opportunity of sending this dispatch by means of Mr. Hammond, to whom I lose no time in giving information of the important event, that Mr. Wayne, with the army of the United States, penetrated to the Fort of the Miamis, which he summoned to surrender; and upon Major Campbell's refusal, at present, appears to have retreated.

It is impossible to express the sense I entertain of Major Campbell's most wise, firm, and temperate conduct in his very peculiar and difficult situation: Such notice as the military part of it highly deserves, I presume will be offered to you by Lord Dorchester, who must be fully competent to judge of its merit; but I should do injustice to myself did I not state to you, Sir, my humble and earnest hope that the conduct of this gentleman, which in substance may have prevented the greatest miseries to the Province under my Government, and who, in his manner and language, has, in a very trying situation, most nobly supported the national character, will recommend him to your attention, and be found worthy of his Majesty's approbation.

WHITEHALL, OCTOBER 26.

A Dispatch of which the following is a copy, was this day received from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Head Quarters, Nimeguen,

SIR, *October 20, 1794.*

YESTERDAY morning the enemy attacked the whole of the advanced posts of my right wing, in very great force, particularly that of Drutin, which was defended by the 37th regiment, and that

that of Appelthorn, where the Prince of Rohan's light battalion was posted. Nothing could exceed the gallantry with which the whole of the troops of the advanced posts (particularly those two corps) behaved: but at last the post on the left of the 37th regiment, which was occupied by a detachment of Rohan Hussars, having been forced, Major Hope, who commanded the 37th, and who distinguished himself exceedingly, was obliged to retreat upon the dyke along the Waal, which he continued for some time, without being much annoyed by the enemy. Unfortunately, however, a strong body of the enemy's hussars being mistaken for the corps of Rohan, the regiment allowed them to come upon them unmolested, when the hussars immediately attacked, and the narrowness of the dyke, which, on every other occasion, must have afforded a security to the infantry, in this instance acted against them, as they were driven off it by the enemy's charge, and I am sorry to say, have suffered very considerably.

As they were upon the advanced posts, I have not as yet received an exact return of their loss; but I understand that Captains Baird, Hendley, and Duff, Lieutenants Mitchell, Thompson, Colquhoun, and Murray, with the Quarter-Master Mr. Duxall, were made prisoners: of which number Captain Duff, Lieutenants Mitchell and Colquhoun, are wounded. All the prisoners who were taken agreed in the intelligence that the enemy had brought over thirty thousand men; and at the same time I received the report that a very considerable body of them having passed the Meuse between Ruremond and Venlo, were advancing upon my left flank, and had already taken possession of Cleves.

Under these circumstances (never having intended to risk an action in my present position, which I only kept in order to preserve a communication with Grave, and to cover the reparations which were intended to have been made in the fortifications of this place), I determined to pass the Waal, and to take up the different cantonments, which were already marked out for the defence of the river, leaving General Walnôden, with a corps, to cover the town.

Part of the troops began their march yesterday evening, and the remainder

this morning, without any molestation from the enemy. I am, &c.

FREDERICK.

P. S. I am sorry to add, that Lieutenant Wadman of the light infantry of the 37th regiment, who was upon picquet, and had distinguished himself by his intrepidity and prudence, is also dangerously wounded, and was brought in the evening to this town.

Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas, &c. &c.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 27.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Edward Pellew, Captain of his Majesty's Ship the Arcturusa, to Mr. Stephens, dated off the Start, the 24th Instant.

SIR,

I BEG you will be pleased to inform their Lordships that I sailed with the ships under my command, as per margin*, agreeable to their orders, on Sunday morning the 19th, from Cawland Bay; and the wind having given me the opportunity, on the following evening I shaped a course for Ushant, with the hope of falling in with any ships which might leave the port of Brest on the commencement of the easterly wind: The success of this intention affords me the pleasure of begging you to acquaint my Lords Commissioners, that, at day-break in the morning of the 21st, Ushant bearing East about eight or ten leagues, we had the good fortune to fall in with the French National frigate La Revolutionnaire, to which the whole of the Squadron gave chase. The advantages of being to windward permitted our cutting her off from the land; and the superior sailing of the Artois afforded to Capt. Nagle the happy opportunity of distinguishing himself by a well-conducted action of forty minutes, when La Revolutionnaire struck her colours to his Majesty's ship Artois, which she was induced to do by the near approach of the rest of the Squadron; and perceiving the Diamond in the act of taking a position under her stern to rake her, the ship's company refused to defend her any longer. She had scarcely surrendered when the breakers of the Saints were discovered a-head, although very hazy weather.

The distressed and crippled state of the enemy allows me the opportunity of saying, that the resistance could have been of no avail, had the Artois been alone; and if an Officer of nearly the

* Arcturusa, Artois, Diamond, and Galatea.

same standing may be permitted, without presumption, to offer his sentiments on the conduct of another, I should not confine myself in my expressions of approbation on the behaviour of Captain Nagle; and I have much pleasure in adding, that he speaks in the highest terms of the gallantry and good conduct of his Officers and ship's company, lamenting, as we all do, the loss of a very gallant and worthy Officer in Lieutenant Craigy of the Marines, who, with two men killed, and five wounded, are the sufferers on this occasion.

La Revolutionnaire is a remarkably fine new frigate, most completely fitted, and of large dimensions, being 159 feet long and 41 feet seven inches wide, built at Havre de Grace, and never before at sea. She sailed eight days since on her way to Brest, and was commanded by Citizen Thevenard, mounting 44 guns*, 28 on her main deck, and 16 on her quarter deck and fore-castle, and manned with 370 men, eight of whom were killed and five wounded; among the latter is her Captain, slightly.

Lieut. Pellew, who will have the honour to deliver this letter to their Lordships, will be able to give any further information required; and will inform their Lordships of my intention of going to Falmouth to land the prisoners, who have the small-pox among them.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
ED. PELLEW.

HORSE-GUARDS, NOV. 3.

BY dispatches this morning received from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, dated Arnheim, the 28th of October and 1st and 4th of November, 1794, it appears that the enemy, on the 27th ult. made an attack on the British outposts in front of Nimeguen, which were driven in; a new position was in consequence taken up opposite to the left of the town, against which a heavy fire has since been kept up by the French, who, the same evening, attacked the outposts of Fort St. Andre, which fell back to the Fort. Lieutenant-General Abercrombie and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Clarke were slightly wounded in this skirmish; and Captain Pickton, of the 12th regiment, was also wounded, in a sally made from Nimeguen on the morning of the 28th. On the 1st of November the enemy broke

ground, but it does not appear that they have since made any considerable progress in the siege. The same dispatches mention that Venlo surrendered on the 28th. The garrison is allowed to march out with the honours of war and ten pieces of cannon; and is not restrained from serving again. Coblenz has been in the possession of the French since the 21st ult.

HORSE-GUARDS, NOV. 3.

By a dispatch which has been received from Major-General Williamson, dated Jamaica, the 1st of September 1794, it appears, that the persons to whom the defence of the post of Petite Riviere, in the island of St. Domingo, had been entrusted by General La Vaux, commander in chief of the troops of the Convention in that island, made an offer to Lieutenant-Colonel Brisbane, commanding his Majesty's forces at St. Marc, to place the post of Petite Riviere, with the parish of that name, and the adjacent plain of Artinobite, under his Majesty's authority. This offer was accepted by Lieutenant-Colonel Brisbane, and a capitulation to this effect was signed on the 19th of August 1794. The terms of capitulation, and the means by which it was effectuated, were concerted with M. De Villanuova, commanding the forces of his Catholic Majesty in that part of the island, who appears, on this occasion, and in the execution of some military operations which had previously taken place, to have co-operated in the most cordial and friendly manner with his Majesty's forces.

HORSE-GUARDS, NOV. 15.

A Dispatch, of which the following is a copy, has been received from his Royal Highness the Duke of York by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Head Quarters at Arnheim,

SIR, *Nov. 7, 1794.*

ON Tuesday afternoon, as the enemy had begun to construct the batteries, Count Walmoden made a sortie, with a party of the troops in Nimeguen, consisting of the 8th, 27th, 28th, 35th, 63d, and 78th regiments of British infantry, under the command of Major-General De Burgh, and two battalions of Dutch, supported by the 7th and 15th British light dragoons, the Hano-

* 28 Eighteen-pounders, 12 nine ditto, and 4 forty-two ditto.

verian horse-guards, one Squadron of the 2d regiment of Hanoverian horse, one Squadron of the 5th regiment of Hanoverian dragoons, one Squadron of the 10th Hanoverian light dragoons, and the Legion de Damas, in the Dutch service.

This fortie had every success which could be expected from it. The troops advanced to the enemy's trenches under a severe fire, and jumped into them without receiving a shot.

The loss of the enemy was almost entirely by the bayonet, and amounted to 500 men; that of the British and Hanoverians will be seen by the inclosed return.

I am persuaded that the gallantry of the troops upon this occasion will merit his Majesty's approbation.

Count Walmoden speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of Major General de Burgh, whose wound, I am happy to find, is very slight.

This fortie had the effect of checking the enemy's operations till yesterday morning, when they opened two batteries upon the bridge and one upon the town. The effect of the former, which very easily sunk one of the boats, determined me to withdraw every thing from the troops posted in the town, beyond what is barely necessary for its defence; and Lieutenant Popham, of the navy, having repaired the damage done to the bridge, all the artillery of the reserve, with the British, Hanoverian, and Hessian battalions, marched out last night, without any inconvenience, leaving pickets, under the command of Major General De Burgh, to the amount of 2500 men; which, with the Dutch forces, has been judged sufficient to maintain the place, till the certainty of the Austrian movements can be determined.

I am, Sir, Your's,
FREDERICK.

The return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in the fortie from Nimouguen, under the command of the Hon. Major-General De Burgh, on the 4th of November 1794, amounts in the whole to 12 rank and file, 5 horses, killed; 1 Field-Officer, 5 Captains, 6 Subalterns, 149 rank and file, 14 horses wounded; 1 serjeant, 19 rank and file, missing.

Officers wounded.—8th Foot, Captain Bland; 27th foot, Lieutenant Baker; 55th foot, Captains Bruce and Quin; 63d foot, Lieutenants Wemyss, Barclay,

and Rutledge; 78th foot, Major Malcolm, Captains M'Kenzie and H. Munro, Lieutenant Bayley, and Ensign Cameron.

The return of the killed and wounded of the German troops, amounts in the whole to 1 Captain, 1 Subaltern, 1 serjeant, 5 rank and file, killed; 4 rank and file, 22 horses, wounded.

Officers killed and wounded.—Horse-guards, Captain Count Oynhausen, killed; Prince of Wales's, Lieut. Niemeyer, killed; Horse-guards, Captains De Maydel and De Schenk, wounded.

[HERE END THE GAZETTES.]

[FROM OTHER PAPERS.]

October. So multifarious are the proceedings and successes of the French armies, that we can only give the following as the substance of their late operations: On the 9th, they made themselves masters of Sechelles, Odunbach, and the city of Velsheim. On the 10th, the armies of the Rhine and the Moselle formed a junction at Lautreck. On the 14th, they took the towns of Auterberg, Rozenhausen, Lausberg, Abzem, and Obenhoufe. On the 15th, the towns of Gelheim and Graustadtz yielded to the army of the Rhine; and to the army of the Moselle, the towns of Trorback, Borgcastle, Birkenfeld, Oberstein, Kirn, and Mifenheim. They then marched against Creutznach, from which they were to proceed against Ruidalheim, Leifaltheim, Pedersheim, and Worms. On the 17th, Frankendal was taken, and on the 18th, in the evening, they entered the beautiful episcopal city of Worms. Bengen opened its gates to the French on the 20th; General Marceau, who was ordered by General Jourdan to march against Coblentz, reached that place on the 23d, and, after defeating the Austrians, took possession of it.

Hulst, Sans-de-Gand, Phillippine, and Axelle, have been in the hands of the French since the 23d. In the sitting of the 29th, Merlin of Douay announced the capture of Venlo.

Concerning the late siege and surrender of Venlo, we have received the following authentic information:—On the 4th of October, at the first approach of the French, the whole garrison of Venlo, and the spacious Fort of St. Michael, consisted of no more than 1200 men fit for service; their duty, of course, was extremely fatiguing. On the 15th, the time when the place was completely invested,

invested, the above number was considerably lessened, many of the soldiers having been wounded, taken prisoners, or deserted. On the 21st the enemy had pushed their works within a pistol shot of the pallisades of the covered way before the gate leading to Ruremonde, and from these works their grenadiers and chasseurs killed and wounded several soldiers of the garrison on their posts. A small fortie was therefore determined upon. A detachment of 130 volunteers, commanded by Capt. Rost, of the regiment of Panhuys, and 25 horse, executed this duty with as much valour as success. The French having been driven out of their first entrenchments, were pursued to their second and third; while Capt. Ter Horst, with his pioneers, levelled and destroyed the first. This success, however, was not obtained without loss; three officers were wounded, and 59 non-commissioned officers and privates either wounded or killed. We took a French captain and four men prisoners. The enemy, however, soon re-established their works, and pushed them on with so much activity and spirit on both sides of the town, that on the 23d our guns were no longer able to hurt them, and they killed and wounded many of our soldiers in the out-works of the place. The garrison being now dwindled to the number of 950 men, many of whom for five, six, and seven days together, had been constantly on duty, it was found impossible any longer to defend the out-works; they were of course abandoned in the night between the 23d and 24th of October, and the defence confined to the body of the place. In this situation the town was summoned to surrender on the 24th of October. A capitulation was drawn up, the 5th article of which purported, that the garrison should be allowed to serve against the enemies of the United Netherlands. This article having been rejected, it was determined to defend the town to the last extremity, which determination, however, caused the French General, Laurent, to agree to the above article, and the capitulation was signed on the 25th of October.

Amsterdam, Oct. 15. This morning a considerable number of people assembled before the Town-hall, headed by three persons of this city, who were charged to present a request to the Council of the city, relative to certain measures to be pursued under the present circumstances. The three persons who undertook to present the request were, Mr. Van Staphorst, a merchant; Mr. de Visscher, late Pensionary of the city, who was dismissed from his post on the entrance of the Prussians in 1787; the third, a Mr. Goldberg, an insurance Broker.

As it was known that it was intended that the request should be presented this day, all the guards were doubled, and the whole military force had orders to be in readiness if necessary. As soon as the people began to assemble in the square before the Town-house, the Burgomaster caused to be proclaimed, with the usual ceremony, an ancient law of the Republic, forbidding the presenting of requests or remonstrances in times of trouble or danger. This did not intimidate the three Deputies of the people, who entered the Burgomasters chamber, followed by a considerable body of their party, who waited in the outer-hall, while many hundred of the Burgliers assembled in the great square below.

When the three Deputies entered the chamber where the Burgomasters were sitting, and had made known the object of their mission, the Magistrates asked them, whether they were apprized of the proclamation of the law prohibiting such requests under circumstances similar to the present? Mr. Van Staphorst replied, they were ignorant that the law had just been proclaimed, but that they were ordered by their constituents to present the request, which he begged to lay on the table. The President of the Burgomasters then took the request, and after having read it over, observed, that, as it was addressed to the Council, it should be presented to them at their first meeting; but "with respect to the first article of the request," said the Burgomaster, "the grand inundation, the measure, so far from being adopted, has not yet been discussed in the Council; and with regard to the second, the admission of foreign troops into Amsterdam, the Council have taken no determination on that point." The Deputies then withdrew, and, when they were in the great outer hall, they told the people who were crowding about them to be informed of the issue of their deputation, that it was very satisfactory.

The people dispersed very peaceably.

Extract of a Letter from General Ferrand.

"Worms, Oct. 18.

"Frankendal was taken yesterday, and this evening we entered the fair Episcopal city of the Bishop of Worms; one would have thought that the worthy Prelate had conjured up against us all the elements, rain, hail, our horses sinking in the ploughed land, all the roads inundated; but the genius of the Republic had conjured up in our favour courage and contempt of all dangers. Our troops were received at Frankendal as deliverers. The inhabitants were eager to anticipate their wants by procuring them victuals, and going to meet them with cordiality. At Worms, it seems, they will be equally

equally well treated. I have been here only half an hour. Live the Republic?

“FERRAND.”

Paris, Oct. 19. There are still symptoms of jealousy visible in the debates of the Convention, the members of which continue to accuse each other as the supporters of Robespierre's system; but the principal feature of novelty in their proceedings is the following decree passed on the 16th of October.

“The National Convention, after having heard the united Committees of Public Safety, General Security, and Legislation, decrees:

- I. All clubs and federations, as well as all correspondences, in a collective name between Societies, under whatever denomination they may exist, are prohibited, as subversive of the Government, and contrary to the unity of the Republic.
- II. No petitions or addresses can be made in a collective name. They ought to be signed by each individual.
- III. The Constituted Authorities are prohibited from forming resolutions on addresses or petitions made in a collective name.
- IV. Those who, as Presidents or Secretaries, shall sign addresses or petitions made in a collective name, shall be apprehended and imprisoned as suspected persons.
- V. Immediately after the publication of the present decree, each Society shall make out a list of all the members of which it is composed. This list shall contain the names and surnames of the members, their age, the place of their birth, their professions and residences before and since the 14th of July 1789, and the date of their admission into the Society.
- VI. A copy of this list shall be addressed, within two decades of the date of this decree, to the National Agent of the district.
- VII. Another copy shall at the same time be transmitted to the National agent of the Commune in which the Society is established. It shall be pasted up in the place in which the Municipality holds its sittings.
- VIII. In Paris it shall be pasted up in the Hall of the Committee of Administrative Police.
- IX. This plan shall be followed every third month. And
- X. All who shall contravene any disposition of this decree, shall be apprehended and imprisoned as suspected persons.

Paris, Oct. 21. The Convention continues to be agitated by the parties contending for power. Cambon has accused Tallien as one of the chief promoters of the horrid massacres. He particularly ascribes to him the murder of the 300 ecclesiastics in the church

of the Carmelites in Paris, and declares that he was a leader of the party who compelled the legislative assembly to pronounce that Louis had forfeited the crown; in order to put in his place that contemptible wretch the Duke of Orleans.

Tallien, in his defence against this charge, gives a sketch of the horrid scenes of blood which have disgraced the Revolution. He thus retaliates upon his opponents. ‘As my own conduct is impeached, I challenge inquiry. I am not one of those men who have inundated the departments with blood; who, by shooting and by drowning the feeble citizens, have rendered the Revolution odious. If you will call the attention of the people to your own crimes, if you will remind them of the banks of the Loire and of the Seine, I will call their attention to my conduct. Since you accuse me of massacring refractory priests, I call the attention of the people to the thousands of victims you have massacred in the South, and drowned in the Loire. I have wished to avoid every thing that might revive dissention; but since you invoke the public vengeance upon me, I invoke the public vengeance upon you, former members of the Committee of Public Safety; upon you, former members of the Committee of General Safety; upon you, Commissioners to the departments of the Pas de Calais, of the South, and the banks of the Loire. Let the people pronounce between us; between you and the patriots, who are now daily exposed to the poniards which you and your satellites point at their breasts. Never was innocent blood shed by my orders; never did the idea of it disturb my sleep. Ask the inhabitants of Bourdeaux, if among them I committed extortions, or punished any but the guilty? Ask the inhabitants of Nismes, of Nantes, and various other places, and see what answer you will receive? These accusations, I think, will not be renewed: but if they are renewed, I declare that, without waiting for the usual forms, I will go before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and carry my accuser thither along with me.’

These dissentions among the parties have brought to light an act of barbarity that filled the whole audience in the galleries of the Convention with horror and indignation. Merlin of Thionville related the story. He said, that the Adjutant-General Le Febvre ordered, in the month of February last, 41 persons, of whom two men were 78 years of age, 12 women, 12 young girls, and 15 young children, 5 of them at the breast, to be embarked on board a vessel, of which citizen Mace was the captain; these unhappy

people were taken out to sea, and at six o'clock in the evening were all thrown overboard, as being rebels to the law; such was the pretext. Merlin then demanded that Le Febvre should be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, where he shall disclose, says Merlin, the atrocious tyrants to whom the country was to have been abandoned. This Adjutant-General would not have conducted himself thus, if he had not had powerful support.

The Representatives of the people are assuming the appearance of great lenity and moderation. They seem ashamed of the system of cruelty lately in practice. Tallien, in a speech he made in the Convention a day or two ago, expressed himself in a language that would have rendered him a suspected character some months past. 'In a Revolution,' says he, 'we ought never to look back, but forward, making the example of the past prevent errors in the future. Let us make wise laws and repress private vengeance; let us make justice and the virtues the objects of our imitation and our delight, and the French at length will enjoy the fruit of their sacrifices.'

At the downfall of Robespierre the ruling party seized 71 members of the Convention whom they supposed in the opposite interest, and have kept them ever since in close confinement. A motion has been lately made to release them if innocent, or to execute them if guilty.

Poznania, [Poland] Oct. 22. The particulars of the battle between the Russians and Poles, which happened on the 10th instant, are as follow: The battle lasted from seven in the morning till twelve o'clock in the day, and Kosciuszko appeared in it more glorious, though the event happened to prove almost the entire destruction of his army, than ever any hero of former times. Where the greatest danger was, he placed himself, and three horses were killed under him. At last a Cossack wounded him from behind with a lance, without knowing who he was, till his attendants, when he fell, in their confusion, called him by his name. Kosciuszko recovered himself so much, that he ran a few yards, when a Russian officer cut him across the head, and he fell a second time to the ground, seemingly lifeless. He will hardly live to be informed of the misfortune which befel those who were under his command. Before the battle, he gave orders to his soldiers, that, in case he should fall into the hands of the enemies, they might if possible shoot him, to prevent it, which was actually attempted by some of them, and had they not called out his name, in their consternation, he would not have been known, for he was in a peasant's

dress, which he never, since the beginning of the confederation, had put off. The Russians are now on their march for Warsaw; and in all parts of Poland through which they pass they assemble the States to effect a counter-revolution, in which they generally prove successful.

Relative to the action which happened between the Maese and the Waal, near Druten and in its environs, we learn by a letter from Nimeguen of the 21st inst. that it was very bloody, and that the right wing of the allied army was repulsed on that occasion; several British regiments suffered considerably; on the other hand, the Hanoverian dragoons cut off a corps of French hussars, and cut the greatest part of them in pieces.

Immediately after, the allied army retreated closer to Nimeguen, and the French army appeared on the 20th inst. on the heath of Winchem, and on the 21st on the sluice called the Teersch Sluice.

On the same day the best part of the artillery had been sent over the Waal. The British and Hanoverian troops, and even the Dutch garrison, had also mostly crossed that river; and the latter proceeded to Rhunen, to defend the lines of the Greb. On the 22d the head quarters of his Royal Highness were at Arnheim. No letters of any later date from Nimeguen have since been received from Holland.

The French entered Cleves at eleven o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 19th inst. consisting of 600 troopers; and on the 20th they appeared in small bodies along the Rhine. They took up their quarters in the Menagerie at Cleves, in consequence of which the two principal houses suffered considerably; they also demanded a great quantity of forage, namely 170 sacks of oats, 6000 rations of hay, each of 15 pounds, which is to be furnished every day on waggon, and delivered up at their head quarters at Strahlep, till the 25th of November next. They have also exacted supplies from the villages.

On the 20th at night they left Cleves, but their head-quarters were hourly expected there again.

The French have taken both Traabach and Kim; and there is great reason to fear that Coblantz is also in their hands. They entered Kochem, near this latter city, on the 12th inst. and on the 13th a smart action took place on the Moselle.

On the Upper Rhine they are advancing in great force; Prince Hohenloe has evacuated Grunfladt and Worms; the baggage of the Prussians has also crossed the Rhine. The French advance with immense force in
the

the district of Hundsrucken; and the road to Metz is covered with fugitives. The allies seem to be unwilling to risk an action in that quarter. The French head-quarters are at Frankenthal and Tunkeim, and another column advances from Lautern to Kirkeim.

In the attack upon the Duke of York's posts on the 19th, the 37th regiment suffered so severely that only Major Hope and about 50 men escaped; there is, however, reason to believe, that as eight of the officers were taken prisoners, the greater part of the privates were so too, and that the number of killed is not so great as was at first imagined.

The prince of Rohan's battalion (French emigrants) is said to have lost 400 men; and the 5th regiment suffered very severely.

The following address from the Prince of Orange has been printed and distributed in the Provinces of Holland and Guelderland:

“ TO THE BRAVE INHABITANTS OF
GUELDERLAND AND HOLLAND.

“ MY illustrious Father has empowered me to call upon every good citizen for their assistance in the defence of the confines, and to contend for the preservation of their religion and their country; I therefore call upon all the brave inhabitants of Guelderland and Holland, to unite and stand up for the defence of their houses and lands, their lives and properties. Here are arms, powder and ball—take them with a good heart, and use them with a strong hand. Not a man of you, unless he chuses, shall go out of his Province, but let each of you, in your respective districts, prevent the enemy from advancing any further. Brave and faithful countrymen!—let us fight one and all for our dear country. Soldiers, citizens, and peasants!—let us all unanimously assemble under the same banner; I will fight with you for the salvation of the country, and may God give us the victory!”

The most important piece of intelligence brought by the mail of Tuesday comes from Amsterdam, where several letters had been received so late as Saturday last, which agree in stating, that on the 10th the Polish General Kosciuszko had been completely defeated by the Russians, and himself and all his principal officers taken prisoners.—The victorious army, it is added, were on their direct march to Warsaw. We have only to observe respecting this news, which, if true, is of a magnitude at this present period to give a material turn to the affairs of Europe, that it is not mentioned in the Berlin Gazette of the 17th instant.

Hamburgh, Nov. 6. In consequence of the defeat of Kosciuszko, the Russian General, Count Fersen, sent a letter to the King of

Poland, demanding the *immediate release of the Russian Minister and all the officers, &c. attached to this nation, now in confinement at Warsaw.* To which the King returned for answer.—*That he could not comply with this request on any other condition than as an exchange of prisoners, and that he was resolved to stand by the revolution.* As the loss of General Kosciuszko, who was so dear to the Poles, and was the very soul of the revolution, threatened to produce some alarming consequences at Warsaw, an address has been published on the part of the Supreme Council to the people, assuring them that the chiefs of the revolution would remain firm at their posts. General Wawrezeweki is appointed to succeed Kosciuszko in the command of the Polish army.

On the 12th of Nov. Mr. Lauzun, one of his Majesty's messengers, arrived with dispatches from his Royal Highness the Duke of York, dated at Anheim on the 7th inst.

These dispatches bring a detail of the force made by the garrison of Nimeguen.

At five precisely, the troops marched out of Nimeguen. They consisted of five British battalions, a Hessian, and two Dutch, with some corps of cavalry.

The latter went round a wood, and came in rear of the French works, while our troops drove the enemy from their entrenchments with the bayonet.

The loss of the French consisted in about five hundred killed. Only three Frenchmen were made prisoners.

The whole loss sustained by the allies, consisted in about two hundred men killed and wounded; of these, one hundred and seventy four were British.

Thirteen British officers are wounded, most of them slightly. Major-General De Burgh, we are sorry to say, is amongst the killed.

The enemy's works are very much injured, and would have been completely destroyed, had not the Dutch workmen ran away.

On the 5th the enemy returned, and erected a formidable battery against the bridge, near which they sunk two boats.

On the evening of the 6th, the troops were withdrawn from Nimeguen, four thousand men excepted, the half of which are Dutch.

In addition to the above intelligence, we have the mortification of stating, that Nimeguen was completely evacuated on the 7th.

Maastricht surrendered on the 4th Nov. The garrison, by the articles of capitulation, are not to act against the French until exchanged.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Extract of a letter from Cork, Oct. 23.

“ON Saturday last a dispute arose between John Augustus Crosbie, Esq; one of the candidates for the county of Kerry, and Sir Barry Denny; it was agreed that they should go out next day, and decide the matter; they accordingly met on Sunday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately took their ground; they fired together: Mr. Crosbie's ball entered Sir Barry's head over the left eye, which killed him almost instantly. Mr. Crosbie was attended to the ground by Capt. Gockrey, and Sir Barry Denny by Mr. Knight of Kerry. This melancholy event makes a second vacancy for that county.”

Letter to a Gentleman in Edinburgh, from on board the Contractor East-Indiaman, dated Jun. 7, in lat. 6 N.

“I have nothing particular to inform you, only your friends Messrs. Muir, Palmer, &c. on board the Surprise, Botany-Bay ship, had got the Chief and Second Mates of the ship to take her and carry her to America, but were found out in time: and the two Mates are now prisoners on board the Suffolk.”

Nov. 5. This day ended the trial of Thomas Hardy, on a charge of High Treason; when, after a sitting of eight days, the jury returned a verdict of “Not Guilty.”

Extract of a letter from Plymouth, Nov. 13.

“Last night, about eight o'clock, an accident happened at the house of Mr. Cragg, gentleman farmer, near Buckland, about four miles from hence. He had purchased a quantity of damaged gunpowder, which he had placed in a room over the kitchen, and unfortunately several pounds being put in a bag near the fire to dry, were taken up and placed on a table. Unluckily a candle fell down on the bag of powder, which blew up immediately, and communicated to the larger quantity above, and destroyed with a violent explosion, the inside of the house. Mrs. Cragg was blown out of the house, her clothes on fire, and was taken up in flames by a person passing by, who plunged her into a pond in the court-yard, but she was so dreadfully

burnt, that it is thought she cannot recover. Mr. Cragg was much hurt, and seven apprentices and servants had their arms and legs miserably burnt and broken, two of whom most likely will not survive. Fortunately, Miss Cragg, a young lady of about fifteen years of age, ran out of the house on the first explosion and escaped.”

22. Was concluded, after a sitting of six days, the trial of John Horne Tooke, Esq. on a charge of High Treason. Verdict, “Not Guilty.”

For the Hooping Cough.

The following is a simple and effectual remedy: dissolve a scruple of salt of tartar in a quarter of a pint of water, and add to it ten grains of cochineal finely powdered, sweetening this with fine sugar; and give to an infant the fourth part of a table spoonful four times a day; to a child of two or three years old give half a spoonful, and from four upwards a spoonful may be taken: the relief is immediate, and the cure in general within five or six days.

Recipe to cure sheep of the scab, and to kill the hypoboscæ ovina, or Sheep fagg.

One quart of train oil, a quarter of a pint of oil of turpentine, two ounces of stone brimstone finely powdered, and mixed well together, will cure the scab, and kill the sheep-fagg; with these advantages over mercurial unctions, that there is no risk of salivating; it is much more cheap, can be made up and applied by the most ignorant without danger, and being a liquid will spread over the surface of the skin more readily than any ointment, and will nourish the wool as well.

As it will also kill the maggots on sheep, I hope it will entirely prevent the old and bad practice of applying that corrosive mixture of sublimate and water for that purpose, the pernicious effects of which both to the skin of the animal and the wool, every person who has used it in his flock must have experienced.

Northumb, Oct. 30.

W. PACEY,

PROMOTIONS.

THE Earl of Chesterfield and the Earl of Leicester to the office of His Majesty's Postmaster-General.

The London Gazette of Sept. 9. contains a list of lieutenant-colonels in the army appointed to be colonels, beginning with William Rotheram, of the marines, and

ending with James Hartley, of the 75th foot; of majors to be lieutenant-colonels, beginning with George Vaughan, of the invalids, and ending with Stan P. Dalrymple, of the 71st foot; and of captains to be majors, beginning with David Forbes, of the 34th foot, and ending with Robert Stiel, of the

24th foot—making 43 new colonels, 93 new lieutenant-colonels, and 243 new majors.

Colonel Hugh Montgomerie to be lieutenant-governor of Edinburgh castle, vice Lord Elphinstone, dec.

The Right Hon. George Augustus Earl of Guildford to be high-steward of Banbury.

The Rev. John Vickers, M. A. fellow and tutor of Trinity-hall, Cambridge, to be one of His Majesty's preachers at Whitehall.

MARRIAGES.

EDMUND Smith, esq. to Miss Ducane, daughter of Peter Ducane, esq. of Horsham.

The Rev. Dr. Walker King, preacher of Gray's-inn, &c. to Miss Dawson, only da. of the late Edward Dawson, esq. of Long Whaddon, Leicestershire.

Thomas Plumer, esq. one of His Majesty's counsel, to Miss Turton, eldest da. of John Turton, esq. of Sugnall-hall, Staffordshire.

Robert Graham, esq. of Jamaica, to Mrs. Lowe, late of the same island.

John De Mierre, esq. merchant, to Miss Susanna Turner, and Robert Williams, jun. esq. of Birch-lane, banker, to Miss Frances Turner, da. of John Turner, esq. of Putney.

The Rev. Charles Hales to Miss Anna Maria Byng, da. of the Hon. John Byng.

G. Pigott, of Cookham, in Berks, to Miss Archer, of Welford, in the same county.

At Brangling, Herts, the Rev. R. Harvey, jun. vicar of St. Laurence in Thanet, to Miss Ann Wade, of Brangling.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Hereford to Miss Maria Digby, third da. of the late Dean of Durham.

Mr. Edmund Peel, merchant, to Miss Grace Peel, da. of Jonathan Peel, esq. of Accrington-house, near Blackburn, Lancashire.

Mr. David Hunter, of Broad-street, to

Miss Helen McClure, da. of Mr. David McClure, merchant, Liverpool.

Henry Lafcelles, esq. second son of Edward Lafcelles, esq. member of parliament for Northampton, to Miss Sebright, sister of the present Sir John Sebright.

Henry B. Cuniffe, esq. son of Henry Cuniffe, esq. of Jamaica, to Miss Martha Jones, youngest da. of Thomas Jones, esq. merchant, of Bristol.

The Right Hon. Lord Saye and Sele, to the Hon. Miss Eardley, eldest da. of the Right Hon. Lord Eardley.

Nathaniel Blgrave, esq. of Bartlett's-buildings, to Miss Bisson, da. of the late Daniel Bisson, esq. of West-Ham, Essex.

Peter Currie, esq. captain in the East Middlesex regiment, to Miss Hubbard, da. of lieutenant-colonel Hubbard.

The Rev. David Jones, rector of Langan, Glamorganshire, to Mrs. Bowen Parry, relict of the late John Bowen Parry, esq. of the former place.

William Poyntz, jun. esq. of Midgham, in Berks, to the Hon. Miss Browne, sister to the late Viscount Montague.

Thomas Anlon, esq. of Shugborough, Staffordshire, to Miss Ann Coke, youngest da. of Thomas William Coke, esq. of Holkham, Member for Norfolk.

John Newbury, esq. of Broad-street, merchant, to Miss Sophia Wagner, niece of Sir Thomas Pryce, bart.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

AUGUST.

AT Jamaica, Sir James Hay, bart. lately from England.

Also William Belford, esq. Aid du Camp to the Commander in Chief, and senior Lieutenant of the 20th Regiment of Light Dragoons.

In SEPT. At Port Royal, Jamaica, Capt. Roberts, of his Majesty's ship Success.

Also Capt. Hills, of his Majesty's ship Hermione.

OCT. 11. At Shrewsbury, the Rev. Mr. Waring, clerk in orders of St. James's parish, Westminster, and Lecturer of Bishopgate.

Mrs. Hardy, relict of the Rev. Samuel Hardy of Enfield.

13. The Rev. Mr. Mosley, Vicar of Painfwick, county of Gloucester, aged near 90.

14. At Axwell, near Newcastle, Sir Thomas Clavering, bart. many years Member for the county of Durham.

Lately, Dr. Anselm Bayley, Subdean of the Chapels Royal, and formerly Minor Canon of St. Paul's.

He was of Christ Church College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B. C. L. June 12, 1749; D. C. L. July 10, 1764; and was the Author of "The Antiquity, Evidence, and Certainty of Christianity canvassed on Dr. Middleton's Examination of the Bishop of London's Discourse on Prophecy." Svo. 1750.

(2) "A Practical Treatise on Singing and Playing with just Expression and real Elegance: being an Essay on—1. Grammar—2. Pronunciation, or the Art of just Speaking—3. Singing—its Graces—their Appli-

Application—on Cathedral Compositions." 8vo. 1771.

(3) "A plain and complete Grammar of the English Language; to which is prefixed the English Accidence, with Remarks and Observations on a short Introduction to English Grammar." 8vo. 1772.

(4) "A plain and complete Grammar of the Hebrew Language, with and without Points." 8vo. 1774.

(5) "The Old Testament, English and Hebrew, with Remarks critical and grammatical on the Hebrew; and Corrections of the English." 4 vols. 8vo. 1774.

(6) "The Commandments of God; in Nature, Institution, and Religious Statutes in the Jewish and Christian Churches. Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford Oct. 12, 1777." 8vo. 1778.

15. The Rev. John Perfect, Vicar of Sopworth, Wilts.

Wentworth Parsons, of Elen Grove in the King's County, Ireland, son of the late Sir Lawrence Parsons, bart. and brother of Lord Oxmantown.

16. The Rev. Mr. Brooke, Rector of Fryern, Barnet, Middlesex, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales.

17. Dame Elizabeth Harington, relict of Sir James Harington, bart. father of the present Sir John.

George Phelps, esq. at Hereford.

Lately, in his 36th year, Edw. Filmer, esq. eldest son of the Rev. Mr. Filmer of Cundall, Kent.

18. At Southampton, Lady King, widow of Vice Admiral Sir Richard King.

Mr. Thomas Gumbrell, carpenter and upholsterer at Richmond.

Lately, at Cariscoat Hall, Northumberland, in his 84th year, William Shafts, esq.

19. At Brighton, James Hodge, esq. contractor for supplying the troops encamped throughout the kingdom.

At Shooter's Hill, Col. John Williamson, of the Royal Artillery.

20. Mr. Edward Dawson, Field-court, Gray's Inn.

At Sibel Hedingham, the Rev. Baxter Col.

Mr. John Boulton, the oldest cashier of the Bank of England, aged 87.

James Adam, esq. of Albemarle-street, architect. The Adelphi Buildings and Portland-place will remain monuments of his taste and abilities.

At Tunbridge Wells, Mr. James Hewitt of Wood-street, London.

21. At Bath, the Countess of Howth, Lady of the Earl of Howth of the kingdom of Ireland.

At Meggerland, Archibald Hope, esq. Collector of Excise.

Mrs. Fector, wife of Peter Fector, esq. of Dover.

Lately at Amsterdam, the Rev. Dr. Richard Buchanan, Minister of the English Church in that city, and formerly Governor of Watson's Hospital, Edinburgh.

22. John Spink, esq. of Bury, Receiver-General of the land-tax for the Eastern division of the county of Suffolk.

At Salisbury, the Rev. H. P. Baker, eldest son of Edw. Baker, esq. of that city.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Llanmihangel-y-Pennant, Montgomeryshire. He was drowned by accident.

23. Thomas Knight, esq. of Godmersham Park, Kent.

Mrs. Nares, wife of the Rev. Robert Nares, of James-street, Westminster.

Lately at Ringstead in Norfolk, aged 87, the Rev. Sir Edward Castleton, bart. Vicar of Thornham with Holme, near the sea.

Lately at Southgate, Samuel Wood, esq. aged 90. Until the last two years he used to ride on horseback to London every week, and transact business at Goldsmiths Hall, being the father and oldest member of the Company.

24. The Hon. Miss Cathcart, sister to Lord Cathcart and the Countess of Mansfield, and one of her Majesty's Maids of Honour.

26. George Drummond, esq. of Gower-street, late one of the Committee of Public Accounts.

27. At Livesay near Blackburn, Lancashire, aged 100 years, Mr. William Clayton, who worked at the last harvest, winded twine, and retained his senses till a little before his death.

28. At Eltham in Kent, Lady Shaw, relict of Sir John Shaw, bart.

At Sidmouth, Devonshire, Francis Hall Capper, esq. late Lieutenant of the Army.

29. At Pallinsburn House, John Askew, esq. Justice of Peace for the counties of Durham and Northumberland.

Lately, Lord Daer, eldest son of the Earl of Selkirk.

30. At Lurgan in Ireland, the Right Hon. William Brownlow, father-in-law to the present Lord Darnley. He represented his native county in the Irish Parliament near 40 years.

Mr. William Howard, surgeon, of Gray's Inn Place, Holborn.

31. Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes, of Park-lane, Liverpool, aged 110 years.

Lately at Painswick in Gloucestershire, Mr. William Knight, an eminent clothier.

Nov. 1. In the King's Bench Prison, the Hon. Mr. Curzon, son of Lord Scarfdale.

2. Miss Percy, of Baker-street, Portman-square, daughter of the late Duke of Northumberland.

At Drumsheugh, near Edinburgh, Elizabeth Dowager Baroness of Colville of Culros.

At Stirling Castle, Major Alex. Joass.

At Epfom, the Rev. Mr. Francis Plumer, of Twickenham.

At Worcester, Dennis Kelly, esq of Castle Kelly in Ireland.

At Lee in Kent, Mr. John Battie Call, eldest son of Sir John Call, of Whiteford, Cornwall.

Lately at Portarlinton in Ireland, Mrs. Cavendish, sister of the late Sir Henry Cavendish, bart.

Lately at Pimlico, Mrs. De la Fite, relict of the Rev. Mr. De la Fite, late Chaplain to the Princess of Orange.

4. At Cambridge, Edmund Holt, M. A. Fellow of King's College.

Major-Gen. Robert Johnston, of the 3d reg. of Foot Guards.

Elborough Woodcock, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Register of the Affidavits in the Court of Chancery and Secretary of Bankrupts.

5 In Great Titchfield-street, the Rev. John Dry.

At Galloway, North Britain, Alexander Spalding Gordon, esq. sheriff of that county.

Lately, Mr. William Yalden, clerk of Ripley Chapel, Surrey, aged 78 years.

6. Henry Tomkins, esq. Lieutenant Col. of the Buckinghamshire Militia, and one of the Benchers of the Middle Temple.

At Fyfield, Hants, Francis Delap Halliday, esq. brother of the late Major Halliday.

At Isleworth, in her 77th year, Lady Mary Wortley Montague Stuart, Countess Dowager of Bute, and in her own right Baroness Mount Stuart.

7. Mr. Joseph Andrews, commission warehouseman and auctioneer in Russia row.

9. At Shermanbury place, Suffex, John Challen, esq.

At Exeter. Mr. G. A. Gibbs, formerly a furgeon, and father of Mr. Gibbs, Recorder of Bristol.

Mr. John Grier of Bucklersbury.

11. — Hodfoll, esq. son of the late Mr. Hodfoll, banker, of the Strand.

Mrs. Catherine Walkinshaw, late bed-chamber woman to her Royal Highness the late Princess Dowager of Wales.

William Cheson, esq. of Brighton.

Mr. Isaac Robinfon, common councilman of Doncaster.

12. Captain Thomas Boyton, commander of the Dover Post-Office Packet Courier, lately stationed between Harwich and Helveotfluyts

At Stanwix, Northamptonshire, Mrs. Proby, wife of the Rev. Charles Proby, rector of that place.

Lately, at Hatton Court, Somersetshire, Charles C. Brent, esq.

Lately, in Bedlam, the Rev. Mr. Bailey, in which place he had been confined 49 years 11 months and 1 day.

13. John Stephenson, esq. of Bedford-square. He was suffocated in a tun at the Horse shoe Brewhouse, into which he accidentally fell.

Major General Allan Campbell, who was formerly in the East Indies.

14. At Walworth, Mr. Mudge, late a watch-maker in Fleet street

15 Lady Fielding, relict of Sir John Fielding, kn't

Mr. Joseph Hodson, Cheapside, lincndraper.

16. Mr. Thomas Cox, Winchester street, aged 70.

18. Lady Frederick, wife of Sir John Fredewick, bart.

Lately, the Rev. William Green, M. A. Rector of Hadingham, in Norfolk, and formerly Fellow of Clare-Hall, where he proceeded A. B. 1787, A. M. 1741

Mr. Green was the Author of the following Works.

(1) "The Song of Deborah reduced to Metre; with a new Translation and Commentary. To which are added, Notes critical and explanatory." 4to. 1753.

(2) "A new Translation of the Prayer of Habakkuk, the Prayer of Moses, and the 139th Psalm; with a Commentary, &c." 4to. 1755.

(3) "A new Translation of the Psalms from the Hebrew Original; with Notes critical and explanatory. To which is added, a Dissertation on the last prophetic words of Noah." 8vo. 1763.

(4) "A new Translation of Isaiah vii. 13. to the End of liii. From the original Hebrew; with Notes critical and explanatory." 4to. 1776.

(5) "Poetical Parts of the Old Testament newly translated from the Hebrew; with Notes critical and explanatory." 4to. 1781.

Hadingham, of which Mr. Green was Rector, is in the gift of the Master and Fellows of Clare-Hall.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR NOVEMBER 1794.

| Days | Bank Stock. | 3 per Ct. reduc. | 3 per Ct. Confol. | 3 per Ct. Scrip. | 4 per Ct. 1777. | 5 per Ct. Ann. | Long Ann. | Ditto, 1778. | S. Sea Stock. | Old Ann. | New Ann. | 3 per Ct. 1751. | India Stock. | India Scrip. | India Bonds. | New Navy. | Exche. Bills. | English Lott. Tick. | Irish Ditto. |
|------|-------------------|------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------------|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------|----------|-----------------|-------------------|--------------|--------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------------|--------------|
| 25 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 26 | Sunday | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 27 | | 65 | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 81 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | | | | 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | 2 dif. | 13s. pr. | 20l. | 7l. 13s. 6d. |
| 28 | | | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 81 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 101 | 19 5-16 | | | | | | 192 | | 13 pr. | 2 | 16s. pr. | 20l. | 7l. 14s. 6d. |
| 29 | | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 9 | | | | | 191 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | 2 | | 19l. 18s. 6d. | |
| 30 | | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 | 20 | 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | | | | | 2 | 16s. pr. | | 7l. 14s. 6d. |
| 31 | | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 | 9 | | | | | | | 15 pr. | 2 | 17s. pr. | | 7l. 14s. |
| 1 | 155 $\frac{7}{8}$ | | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | 9 | | | | | | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 17s. pr. | 19l. 19s. | |
| 2 | Sunday | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 3 | 155 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 11-16 | 9 | | | | | 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 16s. pr. | 19l. 12s. | |
| 4 | | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | | | | | | | | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 16s. pr. | 19l. 19s. 6d. | |
| 5 | 155 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 9-16 | 8 15-16 | | | | | 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 15 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 16s. pr. | 20l. | 7l. 16s. 6d. |
| 6 | | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 9-16 | 8 15-16 | | | | | 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 15 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 15s. pr. | | 7l. 16s. 6d. |
| 7 | | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 15-16 | | | | | 191 | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 16s. pr. | 20l. | 7l. 16s. 6d. |
| 8 | Sunday | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 9 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 10 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 11 | 157 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 | 19 11-16 | 9 | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | | 193 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 15 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 16s. pr. | | 7l. 17s. 6d. |
| 12 | 156 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 8 15-16 | | | | | 192 | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | | 20l. 00s. 6d. | 7l. 16s. 6d. |
| 13 | 155 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 101 | 19 7-16 | | | | | | 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 15s. pr. | 20l. | |
| 14 | 155 | 66 | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 7-16 | 8 15-16 | | | | | | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 15s. pr. | 20l. | 7l. 16s. 6d. |
| 15 | 155 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 7-16 | 8 15-16 | | | | | 190 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 17s. pr. | | |
| 16 | Sunday | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 17 | | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 9-16 | | | | | | 191 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 15 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 17s. pr. | | 8l. 4s. |
| 18 | 155 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 66 | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 102 | 19 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 9 | | | | | 191 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 14 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 17s. pr. | 0l. 8s. 6d. | |
| 19 | 156 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 67 | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 83 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 | 19 13-16 | 9 | | | | | | | 15 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 17s. pr. | 20l. 8s. 6d. | |
| 20 | 158 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 68 | 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 | 20 | 9 | | | | | | | 15 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 16s. pr. | 20l. 9s. | |
| 21 | 152 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 68 | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 | 20 | 9 1-16 | | | | | | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 16s. pr. | 20l. 10s. 6d. | |
| 22 | | 68 | 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 | 20 | 9 | | | | | | | 17 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 17s. pr. | 20l. 9s. 6d. | |
| 23 | Sunday | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 24 | 152 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a | 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 19 15-16 | 9 | | | | | 194 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | 16 pr. | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | | | |

N. B. In the 3 per Cent. Confol. the highest and lowest Price of each Day is given; in the other Stocks the highest Price only.