

European Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1795.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL LORD GRAVES. And, 2. A VIEW OF PADDINGTON CHURCH.]

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THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
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For SEPTEMBER 1795.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ADMIRAL LORD GRAVES.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THIS Officer was the second Son of Admiral Thomas Graves, of Thanckes in Cornwall, who was himself of Yorkshire extraction, by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter of Gilbert Budgell, D. D. of St. Thomas's, near Exeter, and was born at Thanckes.

He went very young to sea with Commodore Medley, then governor of Newfoundland, and afterwards with his own father in the *Norfolk* of 80 guns to the siege of Carthagen, under Admiral Vernon, where this ship led the attack on the forts. The *Norfolk* returned to England in 1741, and was ordered to the Mediterranean to join Admiral Matthews, where in 1743 Mr. Graves was made Lieutenant of the *Romney*, and was in that capacity when the fight off Hieres took place in the beginning of the following year. He went afterwards as Second Lieutenant to Admiral Lestock upon the expedition against Port L'Orient; and on his death being removed into the *Monmouth*, Captain Harrison, was with him in the May and October fights under Admiral Anson and Sir Edward Hawke, in the latter of which actions the *Monmouth* suffered the most, and was the most engaged of any ship in the fleet.

During the peace of 1748 Mr. Graves, having a natural turn to the mechanical part of philosophy, applied himself to the study of gunnery, engineering, and fortification, and withal perfected himself in the French tongue. He went also twice to the Coast of Africa as First Lieutenant with the Commodores Buckle

and Stepney; and upon his return the second time in 1754 was commissioned by Lord Anson for the command of the *Hazard* sloop. At the breaking out of the war in the next year, he with others was ordered off Brest to look for the French grand fleet, under Mr. Macnamara, rumoured to be destined for North America; and he having the good luck to fall in with them returning into the port of Brest, he stood twice across their line, and ascertained so exactly the force of every ship, that he was able to transmit a circumstantial and positive account to Lord Anson at a critical moment. His Lordship immediately gave him Post as a mark of his satisfaction, and promised him his future friendship.

Mr. Graves was very active and took several privateers whilst in frigates, and in 1761 he was by Lord Anson appointed Governor and Commodore at Newfoundland. At his arrival on the American coast in the following year, he learned that a French Squadron under M. De Tiernay, with a body of land forces, had taken St. John's, and meditated the conquest of the whole Island. Upon this intelligence he pushed through a frozen sea filled with monstrous floating islands of ice, and at great risque, for Placentia, where he directly sailed into the harbour, and, contrary to the advice of the Captain of the man of war there, as well as of the Lieutenant-Governor and all the officers, landed, and assumed the supreme command, and by his spirit encouraged the military of both services into a resolution to defend the place

against the French forces, should they march, as was expected, to its attack. He instantly set about repairing the old fortifications and erected a new fort, and forwarded a detail of his situation to General Amherst and Lord Colville in America, and prayed their united aid towards the recovery of St. John's, and, if possible, the capture of the enemy's squadron. The General and Admiral lost no time in supplying a force for this purpose, Lord Colville coming himself with his squadron and the General sending his brother with a body of troops. So soon as they arrived off St. John's, Colonel Amherst called a Council to determine the proper place for landing his soldiery, but adopted the advice which the Commodore gave, although different from that of the other officers, and succeeded in all his operations. The French were defeated, and the town with its whole garrison taken; and M. De Tiernay, under favour of a dark night and the beginning of a North-west breeze, stole out of the harbour with all his ships, and made the best of his way for France, although they were much superior in force to the English. Mr. Graves acquired great credit for judgement and abilities during these transactions, and had many thanks from Colonel Amherst for putting him in a right way at first. This re-conquest was accomplished with so much alertness, that it preceded the peace then treating between the two Nations. And when Mr. Graves returned to this country, he proposed several new regulations with respect to the government and for the security of the island in future, which being approved were adopted by the Ministry. He had also the satisfaction, upon his voyage back, to save the Captain and crew of the Marlborough of 74 guns, then returning from the siege of the Havannah, just before the ship herself foundered at sea.

In the year 1764 the Merchants having made various complaints of the misconduct of the Governors of Forts on the coast of Africa, Lord Egmont, then at the head of the Admiralty, pitched upon Mr. Graves as a proper person to go there with a squadron for the purpose of inspecting the actual state of things; and he performed this service with so much discernment as to satisfy the Merchants and the Public, reformed several abuses, and occasioned the removal of some of the Governors.

During the rest of this short peace he only commanded guardships, and sailed from Plymouth to the royal naval review at Spithead. But he took advantage of the leisure it afforded to marry one of the daughters and co-heiresses of William Peere Williams, Esq. of Cadhay in Devonshire, and first-cousin to the present dowager-countess of Guildford, by which marriage he has had two sons and three daughters; and being chosen into Parliament for East Looe in Cornwall in 1775, he was appointed one of the Colonels of Marines.

The French soon taking part with the Americans, who had revolted against this country, and sending a fleet into their seas, Mr. Graves received orders for putting himself under the command of Admiral Byron, who was dispatched with a squadron in pursuit of them. The voyage proved uncommonly tempestuous, our ships were scattered by it, and they missed the enemy, although they followed them to the Leeward Islands.

Whilst there, Mr. Graves having an appointment to a flag, with directions to return to England, he came back with a very large and valuable convoy, which he had the good fortune to conduct safely to our ports, although the combined fleets of France and Spain had then made their appearance in the Channel. And in the spring of 1780 he was directed to equip eight ships of the line for N. America, which were soon ready, but from various accidents being delayed, and afterwards reduced to six, the Rear-Admiral had final orders on the 13th of May to proceed and join Admiral Arbuthnot at New York. He put to sea forthwith from Plymouth Sound with an adverse wind, but beat down the Channel against it, and performed his voyage with more speed upon the whole than had ever been done by a squadron before. He had a share soon afterwards with Mr. Arbuthnot in an action with a French fleet off the Chesapeak; and upon this officer's return to England the command of our ships in those seas devolving upon Mr. Graves, he used extraordinary exertions to get them into a proper state for service, by new regulating and quickening all the naval departments at New York. By these means the men of war on that station were fortunately in a good condition by the time that M. De Grasse arrived in America. This French Commander had

had come to Martinico in the end of April, where Sir Samuel Hood then was, and had been for six weeks before blocking up that island with eighteen or nineteen ships of the line; but not choosing to hazard a battle with these against 23 or 24 ships of the like force, he fled upon the enemy's approach, and was pursued by them for three days successively. In August M. De Grasse sailed with all his force for the Chesapeake, although our Naval Commanders in the W. Indies had imagined he would only go with or send there a part of it; and under this notion, Sir Samuel Hood, on our side, came to the relief of N. America with no more than fourteen sail, and in indifferent plight. No previous notice of the approach of either of these squadrons had come to Mr. Graves. In fact, the two fleets arrived upon the coast within a few days of each other. Upon this sudden crisis of things, Mr. Graves lost no time in getting over the bar at New York, with his five ships of the line and one of fifty guns, joined the Leeward Island Squadron of fourteen, assumed the command of the whole, delivered out his line of battle on the 30th of August, and directly pushed with a pressure of sail for the Chesapeake in quest of the enemy. On the 5th of September, as the mouth of that bay began to open, the frigate a-head descried M. De Grasse, and about one o'clock the signal being made for our leading ships (of Sir Samuel Hood's division) to lead more towards the enemy, our whole fleet pressed forward as fast as possible in a line a-head. About two o'clock the adverse fleet disclosed itself fully to view, and shewed twenty-four heavy ships of the line against our nineteen; and our fleet being soon after obliged, by the shoal on the middle ground, to wear, its vanguard fell to Admiral Drake, and the rear to Sir Samuel Hood, the division of the latter being at that time full two miles nearer than our center to the enemy.

Mr. Graves continued to push upon the enemy as hard as he could, frequently repeating the signal to his van to lead more towards them, and at a quarter after four o'clock he flung out the signal for forming at a cable's length one ship from the other. His own line now seeming to be well formed, and the five headmost ships of the enemy very particularly extended, many of their rear being close in with Cape Henry, he thought it a favourable moment for at-

tacking them, and made the signal accordingly for each ship to bear down, and close with her opponent; he himself having borne away much more, for he had never kept his own ship nigher to the wind than so as to bring it on the beam. The van and centre divisions of our fleet bore down accordingly, and engaged the enemy very near, but the rear division, by keeping the wind, kept out of gun-shot. Within a few minutes therefore Mr. Graves repeated the signal for closing with the enemy, and at eleven minutes past four o'clock hauled down the signal for the line a-head, that nothing might interfere with that for close action. However, at twenty-two minutes past four he hoisted again the signal for the line a-head, seeing his van not to be quite enough extended; but within five minutes afterwards he took in that signal, and never made it again during the day, immediately repeating with all the signals for close action, which he also flung out again, and displayed to the utmost at a quarter after five o'clock. Maugre all this, seven of his rear or sternmost ships never came into action, although M. De Grasse in his relation to his own Court speaks of no more than five, saying, *les cinq de l'arriere-garde Angloise ayant refusé de se mettre à portée*; by which fatality alone Mr. Graves failed of obtaining a complete victory over so superior a fleet; and the consequence was, that his van and centre suffered greatly, and one ship so much as to make it necessary to sink her, whilst the seven of his rearmost ships had not a rope torn nor a man killed or wounded. Had these ships come up, as the French van was broken, it would in all probability have been cut off and taken, and the remainder of their ships have been prevented from coming up to its assistance, and many of them perhaps been forced ashore; so that M. De Grasse, who had been so triumphant in the West Indies, would have been compelled to quit the coast of America with disgrace, and the army of Lord Cornwallis been relieved or brought off. The firing ceased on each side with the light. The beginning of this day had been a moment of great ambition with Mr. Graves, as he has often said, and he flattered himself, when the action began, that by the judiciousness of the time of his onset, and the scattered state of the enemy, he should have totally defeated M. De Grasse in spite of his superiority, and have fully repaid

repaid his triumph off Martinico. He knew, however, that his own success must entirely depend upon the whole of his fleet bearing down together with alertness at the critical moment, and doing their utmost; but he could not foresee that more than one third of his ships would take no share at all in the engagement. He bore, however, this disappointment with magnanimity, and suppressed his feelings against the causes of it for the sake of the Public, to which consideration he sacrificed every other, being conscious that he himself had done all that depended upon a Commander in Chief. With this state of mind he returned to New York to repair the shattered ships of his van and centre. Their re-equipment was expedited by the utmost assiduity and exertion on his part, and, when accomplished, he sailed again for the Chesapeake, after taking on board Sir Henry Clinton and his army. But this was all in vain; for Lord Cornwallis had surrendered before they could arrive; and nobody, in truth, could then have entertained any serious hope of success, as the French Naval force under M. De Grasse had been augmented by the junction of the Squadron under De Barras, and now formed all together a fleet of thirty-six sail of the line. The only persons who talked confidently of the matter were those who had done nothing upon the former occasion. But as a proof of Mr. Graves's merit individually, it may not be improper to take notice, that prior to this second sailing, Admiral Digby had arrived from England with a commission for commanding in chief in those seas. Soon after which a General Council of War of Sea and Land Officers was holden at the General's desire; where, after the measures had been resolved upon, Admiral Graves proposed resigning his command, in conformity to the orders of the Admiralty; but the General and the Officers of the two services were unanimous in declaring against it; saying they could do nothing without him, and that he must continue to act until the expedition was over: Admiral Digby concurring with the rest, Mr. Graves acquiesced upon this their united request.

At their return, however, to Sandy-hook, off the bar of New York, in pursuance of the orders brought to him by Mr. Digby, he departed for Jamaica, as

did the Leeward Island fleet for its former station in the West Indies. When Mr. Graves arrived at Port Royal, he was for a short time employed by the directions of Sir Peter Parker in the making of proper arrangements there for a state of the best defence it was capable of, in concert with Governor Campbell; but finding it was not intended by the Admiralty that he should have the Command in Chief on that station, he wrote very pressingly and frequently to the Board for leave to return to England.

This was at length complied with, and he sailed from Bluefields on the 25th of July 1782, having with him the *Ramillies*, in which was his flag, the *Canada* and *Centaur*, all of 74 guns, and the *Pallas*, of 36 guns, these being English ships of war; together with *La Ville de Paris*, of 110 guns, *Le Glorieux* and *L'Hebtor*, of 74 guns, and *L'Ardent*, *Le Canton*, and *Le Jason*, of 64 guns each, which were prize ships of war, and with more than 100 merchantmen in convoy. The King's ships were generally in bad condition, and very short of men; but the French prize ships of war were in a much worse state, and wholly unfit for a voyage to Europe in so tempestuous a season of the year as the autumnal equinox, when hurricanes might be expected. The detail of circumstances attending this fleet is here given, because the subsequent fate and dreadful catastrophe befalling it was such, as to call for some particular memorial; for the magnitude and extent of the shipwreck on this occasion by far exceeds that of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, or any other in the history of mankind, and at the same time the story will bear perpetual testimony to that extraordinary firmness of mind, coolness of temper, and possession of himself, for which the Commander in Chief has ever been so remarkable in all trying moments of sur-prizes, difficulty, and danger.

To resume therefore this narrative: The officers of the *Ardent* soon united in signing such a representation of her miserable plight, as induced Mr. Graves to order her back forthwith to Port Royal; and the *Jason*, by not putting to sea with the convoy, from want of water, never joined him at all. The rest proceeded, but the *Hebtor* lost company about the 26th of August in the Gulph stream, in the latitude of 34 N. and the whole convoy, after
those

those for New-York had separated, became now reduced to ninety-two or ninety-three sail. Upon the eighth of September the *Caton* springing a leak, made such alarming complaints, that the Admiral directed her, and the *Pallas*, which was also become leaky, to bear away immediately together, and keep company and make for Halifax, which then bore N. N. W. and was but 37 leagues distant. The afternoon of the 16th of September wearing indications of a gale and foul weather from the South-eastern quarter, every preparation was made on board the flag ship for such an event, not only on account of her own safety, but also by way of example to the rest of the fleet. The Admiral collected the ships about six o'clock, and lay-to under his main-sail upon the larboard tack, with all his other sails furled, and the top-gallant yards and masts lowered down. The wind soon increasing blew strongly from the E. S. E. with a very heavy sea; and about three o'clock in the morning of the 17th flew suddenly about the contrary point, blowing most tremendously, accompanied with rain, thunder and lightning, and taking the *Ramillies* by the lee threw her main-sail aback; her main-mast came away by the board, and the mizen-mast half-way up; the fore-top-mast fell over the starboard bow, the fore-yard broke in the rings, the tiller snapped in two, and the rudder was nearly torn off. Thus was this capital ship, from being perfectly tight before, reduced within some few minutes to a mere wreck, by the outrageousness of the blast and the furiousness of the beat of the sea, both acting in opposition to each other. She was pooped, the cabin where the Admiral lay was flooded, and his cot-bed jerked down by the violence of the shock and the ship's instantaneous revulsion, so that he was fain to pull on his boots half deep in water, without any stockings, to huddle on wet clothes, and get instantly on deck. On his first coming there, he ordered two of the Lieutenants to examine into the state of things below and to keep a sufficient number of the people at the pumps, whilst himself and the Captain kept the deck to encourage the men to clear away the wreck, which, by its constant surging and refluxing with every wave against the body of the ship, had beaten off much of the copper from the starboard side, and exposed the seams so much to the sea, that the decayed oak um

washed out, and her whole frame became at once exceedingly porous and leaky. Upon the dawning of light they perceived a large ship under their lee lying upon her side water-logged; her hands attempting to wear her by first cutting away the mizen-mast and then her main-mast, and hoisting withal her ensign with the Union downwards, in order to draw the attention of the fleet, but to no avail, for no succour could be given, and she very soon went down head foremost, with the fly of her ensign the last thing visible. This was the *Dutton*, formerly an East Indiaman, and then a store-ship commanded by a Lieutenant of the Navy, who in his agitation leaped from her deck into the sea, but, as might be expected, was very shortly overwhelmed by its billows: and yet twelve or thirteen of the crew contrived to slide off one of her boats, and, running with the wind, first endeavoured to reach a large ship before them; which not being able to fetch, and afraid of filling if they attempted to haul up for the purpose, they made for another ship more to leeward, who fortunately deserying them, flung over a number of ropes, by the help of which these desperate fellows scrambled up her side, and at last saved their lives. But out of ninety-four or ninety-five sail seen the day before, hardly twenty could now be counted. Of the ships of war there were discerned the *Canaisa* half hull down upon the lee-quarter, with the main-top-mast and mizen-mast gone, and the main-top damaged, with the main-yard aloft, and the main-sail furled; the *Centaur* far to windward without mast, bowsprit or rudder; and the *Glorieux* without fore-mast, bowsprit, or main-top-mast. Of these the two latter perished with all their crews, excepting the Captain of the *Centaur* and some few select people, who with him contrived to slip off from her stern in one of her boats, without being noticed, and so escaped the fate of the rest. The *Ville de Paris* appeared unhurt, and was commanded by a most experienced seaman, who had made twenty-four voyages to and from the West Indies, and had therefore been pitched upon to lead the fleet through the Gulph. Nevertheless she was afterwards buried in the same ocean, with all aboard her, consisting of more than eight hundred people. Of the convoy, besides the *Dutton* before mentioned, and the *British Queen*, seven others

were discovered without mast or bowsprit, eighteen lost masts, and several others had foundered. In the course of this day the *Canada* crossed upon and passed the *Ramillies* in the midst of her distress, but without paying the least attention to her. Some of the Trade attempted to follow the *Canada*, but she ran at such a rate that they soon found it to be in vain, and then returned towards the flag ship. The *Ramillies* had at this time six feet of water in her hold, and the pumps would not free her, the water-ways having worked out the oakum, and her beams amidship being almost drawn from their clamps.

The Admiral therefore gave orders for all the buckets to be manned, and every officer to help towards freeing the ship; the mizen-top-sail was set upon the foremast, and the main-top-gallant-sail on the stump of the mizen-mast, and the tiller shipped; and in this condition, by bearing away, she scudded on at so good a rate, that she held pace with some of the Merchantmen.

The day having been consumed in baling and pumping, without materially gaining on the water, the Captain, in the name of the officers, represented to the Admiral the necessity of parting with the guns for the relief of the ship; but he said there would then be no protection left for the convoy; however, at length, and with great difficulty, he consented to their disposing of the fore-castle and aftermost quarter-deck guns, together with some of the shot, and other articles of very great weight. The ensuing night was employed in baling, and endeavouring to make the pumps useful; for the ballast, by getting into the well, had choked and rendered them of no effect, and the chains had broke as constantly as repaired. The water had risen to seven feet in the hold, the wind from the westward drove a vast sea before it, and the ship, being old, strained most violently. Upon the morning of the 18th nothing could be seen of the *Canada*, she having pushed on at her greatest speed for England. The frame of the *Ramillies* having opened during the night, the Admiral was prevailed upon by the renewed and pressing remonstrances of his officers, although with apparent reluctance, to let six of the forwardmost, and four of the aftermost guns of the main-deck be thrown overboard, together with the remainder of those on the quarter-deck; and the

ship still continuing to open very much, he ordered tarred canvas and hides to be nailed fore and aft from under the fills of the ports on the main-deck unto the fifth plank above or within the water-ways; and the crew, without orders, did the same on the lower deck. Her increasing complaints requiring more still to be done, the Admiral directed all the guns on the upper deck, the shot both on that and the lower deck, with various heavy stores, to be hoven overboard; and a leakage in the light room of the grand magazine having almost filled the ship forward, and there being eight feet of water in the magazine, every gentleman was compelled to take his turn at the whips, or in handing the buckets, and the ship was frapped from the fore-mast to the main-mast. Notwithstanding their utmost efforts, the water still gained in the succeeding night, the wind blowing very hard with extremely heavy squalls; a part of the orlop deck fell into the hold, and the ship herself seemed to work excessively, and to settle forwards. On the morning of the 19th, therefore, under these very alarming circumstances, the Admiral commanded both the bower anchors to be cut away, all the junk to be flung overboard, one sheet, and one bower cable to be reduced into junk, and served the same way, together with every ponderous remaining store that could be gotten at, and all the powder in the grand magazine (it being damaged), and the cutter and pinnace to be broken up and tossed overboard, the skids having already worked off from the side. Every soul on board now bailed. One of the pumps was gotten up, but to no purpose, for by the shot lockers being broken down, some of the shot, as well as the ballast, had fallen into the well. And, as the weather moderated a little, every thing was made ready for heaving the lower deck guns into the sea, the Admiral being anxious to leave nothing undone for the relief of the ship. When evening approached, there being twenty merchantmen in sight, the officers united in beseeching him to go into one of them, but this he positively refused to do, "deeming it, as he said, unpardonable in a Commander in Chief to desert his garrison in distress, and that his living a few years longer was of very little consequence, but that by leaving his ship at such a time he should discourage and slacken the exertions

tions of the people, and set them a very bad example." The wind lulling somewhat during the night, all hands baled, the water being at this time six feet high both fore and aft. On the morning of the 20th the Admiral ordered the spare and stream anchors to be cut away, and within the course of this day all the lower deck guns to be hoven overboard. When evening came, the people in general, even the stoutest-hearted, began to fail in their spirits, and openly to express the utmost despair, together with the most earnest desire of quitting the ship, lest they should all founder in her. The Admiral hereupon advanced, and told them, "that he and the officers had an equal regard for their own lives; that the officers had no intention of deserting either them or the ship; and that as to himself, he was determined to try one night more in her; he therefore hoped, and intreated they would do so too, for there was still room to imagine that one good day, with a moderate sea, might enable them, by united exertion, to clear and secure the well against the encroaching ballast which washed into it; and if this could be done, they should be able to restore the chains to the pumps and use them, and that then hands enough might be spared to raise jury masts, with which they might carry the ship to Ireland; that her countenance alone, whilst she could swim, would be sufficient to protect the remaining part of the convoy; and, above all, that as every thing now had been done for her relief which could be thought of, it would be but reasonable to wait the effect; and he assured them moreover that he would make the signal directly for the Trade to lie by them during the night, which he doubted not but they would comply with." This temperate speech had the desired effect; the firmness and confidence with which he had spoken, and their reliance on his seamanship and judgement, and his constant presence and attention to every accident, had a most wonderful effect upon them. They became pacified, and returned to their duty and work. In reality, since the first disaster he had scarcely ever quitted the deck, which they had all observed, together with his diligence in personally viewing every circumstance of distress; they knew his skill and experience, and placed great trust in them. And he made forthwith as he had promised a signal for all the Merchantmen.

At this period there was much ground

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for alarm, and but little for hope, it must be confessed; for every anchor and gun, excepting one, together with every other matter of any weight, had been cast into the sea, and yet the ship seemed not to feel any relief; the strength of the people was likewise so nearly exhausted, having had no sleep since the first fatal stroke, that one half only of the crew was ordered to bale, and the other to repose; and, although the wind was much abated, the water within still augmented upon them in spite of all the efforts they could make to reduce it, and the ship rolled and worked prodigiously in a most unquiet sea.

At three in the morning of the 21st, being the fourth night, the well being quite broken in, the casks, ballast, and remaining shot rushed together and destroyed the cylinders of the pumps; the frame and carcase of the ship began to give way in every part, both within and without; and the officers, carpenters, and whole crew, exclaimed it was impossible any longer to keep her above water.

In this extremity the Admiral now resolved within himself not to lose a moment in removing the people whenever day-light should come, but told the Captain not to communicate any more of his intention, than that he should remove the sick and lame at day-break, and for this end that he should call on board all the boats of the Merchantmen. Nevertheless he gave private orders to the Captain, whilst this was in doing, to have all the bread brought upon the quarter-deck, with a quantity of beef, pork and flour; to settle the best distribution of the people, according to the number of the Trade ships that should obey their signal, and to allot an officer to each division of them; to have the remaining boats launched; and, so soon as the sick were gotten rid of, to begin to remove the whole of the crew with the utmost dispatch, without risking too many in one boat. Accordingly, at dawn, the signal was made for the boats of the Merchant-ships; but no-body suspected what was to follow, until the bread was intirely removed, and the sick gone. About six o'clock the people themselves were permitted to go off; and between nine and ten o'clock, there being nothing further to direct or regulate, the Admiral himself, after shaking hands with every Officer, and leaving his barge for the better accommodation and transport of the remaining crew, quitted for ever the *Ramilles*,

which had then nine feet of water in her hold. He went into a small leaky boat loaded with bread, out of which both himself and Surgeon, who accompanied him, were forced to bale the water all the way. He was in his boots, with his furtout over his uniform, and his hair in a fillet under his hat, which was tied to a button-hole with a string, and his countenance as calm and composed as ever. He had, at going off, desired a cloak, a cask of flour, and a cask of water, but could only get the flour; and he left behind him all his stock, wines, furniture, books, charts, &c. which had cost him above one thousand pounds, being unwilling to employ even a single servant in saving or packing up what belonged to himself alone in a time of such general calamity, or to appear to fare better in that respect than any of the crew. He rowed for the *Belle*, Capt. Forster *, he being the first of the Trade that had borne up to the *Ramillies* the night before in her imminent distress, and by his anxious humanity had set such an example to his brother-traders as had a very strong influence with them, and was very generously followed by sixteen others. By three o'clock most of the complement were taken out, at which time the *Ramillies* had thirteen feet of water in the hold, and was manifestly foundering in every part; and at half an hour past four, the Captain, First and Third Lieutenants, with every other soul, except the Fourth Lieutenant, left her, and this latter Gentleman only tarried to carry into execution the Admiral's orders for setting fire to her wreck, when finally deserted. The carcase burned rapidly, and the flame quickly reaching the powder that was filled in the after magazine, and had been lodged very high, the decks and upperworks within thirty-five minutes blew up with a horrid explosion and volumes

of smoke, whilst the bottom was precipitated down towards the bed of the ocean. The Admiral at this time in the *Belle* stood for the wreck to see his last orders executed, as well as to succour any boats that might be too full of men, the swell of the sea being prodigious, although the weather had been moderate ever since the noon of the foregoing day. There were, however, at intervals some squalls, with threats of the weather soon becoming violent, which was actually the case; for within two hours after the last of the crew had gotten aboard their respective vessels, the wind rose to a great height, and so continued without intermission for six or seven days successively, inasmuch that no boat could, during that time, have lived in the water. On so small an interval depended the salvation of more than six hundred lives!—It had, indeed, for the four days next preceding this fatal catastrophe, blown so strong a gale, and so great a sea had followed the *Ramillies*, that it had been always necessary to keep her with the wind upon the quarter, with seldom more than the spritsail hoisted on the fore-mast, and at times with no sail at all; in which mutilated state she would run at the rate of six knots an hour. Whenever the main-top-gallant sail was set on the stump of the mizen-mast the commonly griped too much, so as to render the steering very difficult; and yet this had been carried whenever it could be, in order to keep speed with the Merchant-men, the dullest of whom went nearly as fast under their bare poles. Even in running thus the *Ramillies* rolled prodigiously, and as the grew lighter every day the more uneasy her motion became; so that the men could scarcely stand to their work, and could not keep their legs without having something to hold by: there was no such thing as real repose for them when

* Mr. Graves strove in vain to procure from Government some reward for this excellent man, to whom he made a present out of his private pocket of Fifty Guineas for a piece of plate;—but he had the satisfaction to learn afterwards, that Captain Forster reaped some advantage from his extraordinary merit on this occasion; for, in a subsequent year, while the *Belle* was detained at Jamaica for want of hands to get fitted and loaded in time to save the season, he bethought himself of applying for help to Mr. Gambier, the Admiral on the station, and of setting forth the service he had been of to the Navy in saving the crew of the *Ramillies*. So soon as this was mentioned to Mr. Gambier he sent for Captain Forster, and told him he had deserved so much from the Navy in general for saving to the service such an Officer as Admiral Graves, that there was no assistance in his power which was not at his command, and supplied him directly with all the hands he wanted to complete his ship for her return to England, and so enabled him to sail with the rest of the Trade, which he otherwise could not have done.

fitting or lying down upon the deck, nor steadiness enough to be procured to eat or drink with any security: no meat could be dressed; nor did any man or officer go into a bed. Until the afternoon of the 20th there was no venturing to bring her to, even for a boat to come aboard. But notwithstanding this anxious and desperate condition, when some were hourly dropping, through fatigue and want of sleep, and the decks covered with water, the whole complement behaved with most exemplary obedience, attention and sobriety, and remitted no possible exertions for the preservation of the ship. Upon their separation taking place, the officers, who were distributed with portions of the crew among the Jamaica-men, had orders respectively to deliver them to the first Man of War or Tender they should meet with, and to acquaint the Secretary to the Admiralty by the earliest opportunity of their proceedings; and a pendant was hoisted upon the *Belle* by way of distinction, to lead, if possible, the rest. Some of the Trade kept with her, and others made the best of their way, under a very natural apprehension of their being soon short of provisions by having so many more mouths to feed. The *Silver Eel* transport, who had sailed from Bluzfields with the invalids of Sir George Rodney's fleet, and was under the command of a Lieutenant of the Navy, and had been ordered to keep near the *Ramillies*, was accordingly nigh her on the 21st of September, the day of her destruction, and, by several deaths upon the passage, had room enough for the reception of all that were now ailing or maimed, and was therefore charged with them accordingly, being properly fitted for their accommodation. She parted from Mr. Graves in Lat. 42, 48. and Longitude W. 45, 19. after seeing the *Ramillies* demolished; and, being ordered to make for the first port, ran into Falmouth the 6th of October; on the afternoon of which day one of the Trade ships, with a Midshipman and sixteen of the crew of the *Ramillies*, reached Plymouth Sound, where also another ship of the same convoy, having a portion likewise of the same crew, with the Captain and First Lieutenant, anchored before day-light the next morning. But the *Canada*, having used her utmost speed, had, prior to all these, on the fourth of the same month, gotten to Portsmouth, where she spread the news of the dispersion of this miserable fleet; which flying to France, made

her privateers immediately put to sea in hopes of making a prey of them, and some of the Jamaica-men, with part of the complement of the *Ramillies*, fell accordingly into their hands. Two of these West Indiamen were captured in sight of the *Belle*, but she herself, with the Admiral and thirty-three of his crew, got safe, tho' singly, into Corke harbour on the 10th of October, where was the Myrmidon Frigate. The Admiral directly hoisted his flag aboard the latter, and sailing with the first wind arrived the 17th in Plymouth Sound, apparently in good health, but with a settled oppression upon his breast, from the having been so long and so dreadfully exposed upon the deck of the *Ramillies* in that horrid night when the fatal storm first lighted upon her, and this complaint he could not remove for upwards of six months. He had brought off with himself no more than some few of his private papers, the rest of his effects having partaken of the same fate with his ship; but he seemed most concerned that he could do no more for that worthy man Capt. Forster. He had recommended him in the strongest and warmest terms to the Board for some peculiar favour or bounty, for having been so instrumental in saving the complement of a 74 gun ship, but the Lords contented themselves with merely paying the respective Merchant ships at so much per head for the men of the *Ramillies* they had actually victualled upon the occasion.

After the peace, which now took place, Mr. Graves had no other employ than occasionally commanding at the port of Plymouth upon the outfit of men of war, in consequence of two or three alarms of hostilities, and of settling the ceremonial to be observed upon his Majesty's coming to Plymouth, which last, however, another Admiral had the luck to carry into execution. But, soon after the commencement of the present war, he was appointed to be second in command of the Channel Squadron under Earl Howe.

In the summer of 1794, when acting in this capacity, he commanded the van in the general and memorable engagement between the French and English fleets. His conduct throughout that action was conspicuous, and afforded a noble example of skill and discipline, as well as of the most consummate intrepidity. He seemed to be truly anxious to do the utmost that could be done, and

to act as if he thought no praise could be deserved, if any thing possible was left undone. The 29th of May, upon observing that the *Queen* of 90 guns lay totally disabled, and that the enemy, after wearing, pointed their heads towards her; which would have involved the *Royal George* and *Invincible* likewise; he gathered as many ships about him as he could, and placed himself between the enemy and them. The van of the enemy engaged this little phalanx as they came forward, and in succession bore away before the wind; by which means that gallant officer, Sir Alan Gardner, was saved from being taken. On the two following days, during the fog, the bulk of the fleet having been separated from Lord Howe, Mr. Graves kept them well together until they could rejoin the Earl. And on the first of June, when he perceived by the line of battle delivered out, that his own ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, stood opposed to a ship of 74 guns, and that our *Marlborough* of 74 guns, was opposed to *Le Terrible*, of 110 guns, he by signal made the *Marlborough* change places with the *Sovereign* before the action began, and put himself against the first-rate of the enemy. In bearing down to her, he made his men lie on the deck until his ship brought up, and then engaged very closely. The superiority of his fire was apparent after the second broadside, and he soon reduced *Le Terrible* to a mere wreck, with nothing more than her fore-mast standing, so that the mist soon have been forced to strike, had not the French Commander in Chief in *Le Montagne* come up, who engaged the *Royal Sove-*

reign for half an hour, and then bore away with the crippled French ships, and protected their retreat. For a little time, indeed, the *Sovereign* was obliged to fire her guns on both sides, which is what rarely happens in any engagement; and in this fight it fell also to the lot of the *Sovereign*, and of her alone, to engage two first-rates of the enemy, commanded by their first and second Admirals. None of her wounded, who were able to come to their quarters, were included in the return of wounded made to the Commander in Chief. It must also be mentioned, that in token of approbation of the gallantry of Mr. Graves's conduct on this day, several of our ships took an opportunity, after the close of the action, to testify their sense of his behaviour in it, by coming under the stern of the *Sovereign*, and cheering her for the exemplary part she had borne in the battle.

His gracious Master likewise was pleased to raise him to the Irish Peerage (to use the words of Mr. Pitt) "as a testimony of his Majesty's approbation of the distinguished services which he performed in the naval engagements under Lord Howe in the summer of 1794."— And there is the greatest reason to hope that he may yet do further service to the public, as it seems to be generally understood that he hath already declared he has no doubt, from the present state of his wounds, but that he shall be able to go to sea again, and that it is his most ardent wish and constant purpose so to do, for he already feels his bodily strength returning, and his mind is as vigorous as ever.

ANECDOTE OF FRANKLIN AND VOLTAIRE.

IN a Work lately published, intitled "Anecdotes of the French Nation," is the following interesting account of the illustrious characters who appear in it.

"When Voltaire arrived at Paris, an interview took place between him and Franklin. After the first compliments, which by the way were more adulative than comported with the character of an American, and above all of a stern Republican, the Doctor presented his grandson to Voltaire, in

soliciting for him his *blessing*. The Philosopher of impiety resisted the pleasantry; and to render the farce complete, he rose from his chair, and with a patriarchal air laid his hands on the head of the child, and solemnly pronounced, in a loud voice, these three words: *God, Liberty, and Toleration*. All the pious were shocked at the American, who, they said, burlesqued Religion in asking the *blessing* of Voltaire."

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SEND for insertion in your Magazine a Ballad written by Lord Chesterfield, which is not inserted in his Works, and which I do not recollect ever to have seen in print*. I found it, with many other pieces, some of which you will receive hereafter in a volume of manuscript Poems written by different hands, chiefly at an early period in this century. The transaction which gave occasion to this *jeu d'esprit* at the time made much noise. I shall therefore, first of all, state the circumstances attending it, in order that the allusions may be more clearly understood.

In the year 1717 a difference arose between George I. and his son, afterwards George II. then Prince of Wales, which took its origin in the following manner. On the 3d of November the Princess of Wales was delivered of a Prince at St. James's, and the King two days after paid her a visit, and returned to Hampton Court. The young Prince was baptized the 28th of the same month, and died not long after. This baptism occasioned the difference between the father and son. It appears the Prince had designed the Duke of York, Bishop of Osnabrug, the King's brother, to be one of the Godfathers, and had reason to believe the King was satisfied with his choice. But when the ceremony came to be performed, the Duke of Newcastle stood Godfather with the King, not as proxy for, or representing the Duke of York, but for himself, and in his own name and person. This the Prince took ill of the Duke, not as he acted in obedience to his Majesty's command, but as if the Duke had done, or at least seemed officious to do, something which he was not commanded. This proceeding sensibly touched the Prince, and raised his indignation to that degree, that he could not help shewing it; but as soon as the ceremony was over, spoke some warm words to the Duke, expressing his resentment at what he had done. Upon report of these words to the King, his Majesty thought fit to

give a sudden mark of his displeasure by sending his commands to the Prince to keep his own apartment till his pleasure was farther known: to which he immediately submitted. Soon after this his Majesty's farther pleasure was signified to the Prince, that he should leave St. James's: accordingly he quitted the Palace, the Princess going along with him, and retired to the house of the Earl of Grantham in Albemarle-street; but the children by the King's order remained at St. James's. In a short time his Majesty's pleasure was signified to all the Peers and Peereffes of Great Britain and Ireland, and to all Privy Councillors and their wives, that all persons who should go to see the Prince and Princess of Wales should forbear coming into his Majesty's presence. Besides, such as had employments under the King and Prince both, were obliged to quit the service of one of them.

After this difference had taken place some time, there was printed in the *Amsterdam Gazette* a Letter in French, said to be written by one of the Secretaries of State to the Foreign Ministers, dated at Whitehall, December 14, 1717, giving an account of the whole transaction; of which the Author of *THE CRITIC*, a weekly Paper of the time, published the following translation:

SIR,

HIS Majesty having been informed that several reports, for the most part ill-grounded, are spread abroad concerning what has lately passed in the Royal Family, he has ordered me to send you the inclosed account of it.

As soon as the young Prince was born, the King caused himself to be informed of what was wont to be observed in the like cases in this kingdom, in regard to the ceremony of baptism: and having found by the records that when it was a boy, and the King was godfather, it was the custom for him to nominate for second godfather one of the principal Lords of his Court, who for the most part was the Lord Chamberlain, he named for this func-

* In the year 1777 six or seven stanzas from memory, very imperfect and erroneous, were printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* by a person who regretted his inability to obtain a complete copy. *Editor.*

tion the Duke of Newcastle, who now bears that charge; naming, at the same time, for godmother the Duchefs of St. Alban's, First Lady of Honour to the Princefs. Nevertheless His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales conceived such a dislike at this, that on Thursday last, after the solemnity of the baptism was over, finding himself no longer master of his temper, he drew near to the Duke of Newcastle and gave him very reproachful words, upon the supposition that he had solicited that honour in spite of him. The King was still in the chamber, but not near enough to hear what the Prince said to the Duke. This last thinking himself obliged to inform the King of it, and the Prince having confessed the matter to the Dukes of Kingston, Kent, and Roxburgh (whom his Majesty sent to him the next day upon this occasion), his Majesty ordered him by a second message not to go out of his own apartment till farther order. On Saturday the Prince wrote a letter to the King, and the next day (Sunday) another. But his Majesty not finding them satisfactory, and having besides other reasons of discontent at several steps the Prince had taken, he caused him to be told yesterday in the afternoon, by the Vice-Chamberlain Mr. Cooke, that he should be gone from the Palace of St. James's; and to the Princefs, that she might continue in the Palace as long as she thought convenient; but that as for the Princefses her daughters and the young Prince, the King would have them remain with him in the Palace, and that the Princefs should be permitted to see them as often as she desired it. However, the Princefs, being unwilling to leave the Prince her husband, went with him to the house of the Earl of Grantham,

her Lord Chamberlain, where their Royal Highnesses lay last night.

This breach in the Royal Family continued until April 1720, when a reconciliation took place through the interference of the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Robert Walpole.

But it is time to produce Lord Chesterfield's Ballad, to which a few explanatory notes are added.

A NEW BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble King,
His Turks * and Germans all,
A woeful christ'ning late there did
In James's house befall.

To name a child, with might and main,
Newcastle took his way,
We all may rue the child was born,
Who christ'ned was that day.

His sturdy sire, the Prince of Wales,
A vow to God did make,
That if he dar'd his child to name
His heart full sore should ache.

But on a day strait to the Court
This Duke came with a staff:
Oh! how the Prince did stamp and stare!
At which the Duke did laugh.

Hereat the Prince did wax full wroth,
E'en in his father's hall;
I'll be reveng'd on thee, he said,
Thou rogue and eke rascal.

The Duke ran straitway to the King,
Complaining of his son;
And then the King sent three Dukes † more
To know what he had done.

Then queth the Prince, He is a rogue
Against my will to stand:
Then Roxburgh said, Great Sir, indeed
He did it by command.

* King George the First had an attendant about his person named Lewis Maximilian Mahomet, born a Mussulman, at Gauron in the Morca, where his father was Governor. He was taken at the siege of Buda, where the King signalized himself with great bravery. He attached himself to his new master, was christened, and continued the rest of his life at Court in great favour with the King. He died at Kensington, November 1, 1726, and was buried in the Savoy. To him Pope alludes in the following lines in *The Characters of Women*:

From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God and King;
Allow I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Malmesbet or plain parson Hale.

† The Dukes of Kingston, Kent, and Roxburgh.

By G— thou lyest; I know thy heart
And thy presumption too:
And then he added words of wrath:
So to the King they flew.

We saw the Prince, quoth Roxburgh—*Bon!*
To appease him we're not able;
He gave me, Sir, the lie—*Comment!*
And bid us kiss —*Diable!*

The King then took his grey-goose quill,
And dipt it o'er in gall,
And by Master Vice-Chamberlain
He sent to him this serawl:

Take hence yourself, and eke your spouse,
Your maidens and your men,
Your trunks and all your trumpery,
Excepting your children.

These heavy tidings being told,
Each snatch'd up something useful;
The Princess first to Clayton * cry'd,
Oh don't forget the close-stool!

The Prince secur'd with mickle haste
The Artillery Commission †;
And with him trudg'd full many a maid,
But not one politician.

Up leap'd Le Pel ‡ and frisk'd away
As tho' she ran on wheels,
Miss Meadows § made a woeful face,
Miss Howe bep— her heels.

But Bellenden || I needs must praise
Who, as down stairs she jumps,
Sung "O'er the Hills and far away,"
Despising doleful dumps.

Then up the street they took their way,
And knock'd up good Lord Grantham;
Higgledée-piggledée they lay,
And all went rantum-tantum.

Now Sire and Son had play'd their part,
What could befall beside?—
Why the poor babe took this to heart,
Kick'd up its heels and died!

God grant the King may profit reap
From all this senseless pother,
And send these folks may ne'er agree
Till they are at Hanover.

For your next Magazine, if you
will reserve me a place, I will trans-
mit another unpublished Ballad from
the same Collection, on the same sub-
ject, which has many marks of the
same Author.

I am, &c.

C. D.

LETTERS RESPECTING CAPTAIN COOK.

[Concluded from Page 114.]

[FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT TO
MR. MADISON.]
Philadelphia, Jan. 23, 1795.

DEAR SIR,

WILL you be so good as to read
the enclosed letter from Dr. Bel-
knap, and tell me, from your own re-
collection, of what passed in Congress
in 1779, 1780, and 1781. whether there
is any colour for the imputation cast
on our country by Dr. Kippis. I often
heard him in the pulpit, and fre-
quently met him in society, in London,
and ever conceived and entertained a
good opinion of his candour, and a
great idea of his information. I doubt

not he wrote what he believed, but
certainly he has been misinformed.

I doubt not he will readily correct
his error as soon as he shall be convinced
of it; and if you will be so obliging as
to recollect what passed within your
own knowledge, relative to Dr. Frank-
lin's recommendation, and write it to
me, I will convey it to Dr. Belknap,
and take some other measures to shew
that Dr. Franklin's liberality of senti-
ment was never censured, but on the
contrary was admired by his fellow-
citizens.

I have the honour to be, &c.
JOHN ADAMS.

* Mrs. Clayton, afterwards Lady Sundon.

† On the 23d of March 1714, the Artillery Company of the City of London voted an
Address to the King, and desired him to appoint them a Captain-General; in consequence
of which, as a mark of his particular regard, he named the Prince of Wales.

‡ Afterwards Lady Hervey.

§ Afterwards Lady Pembroke.

|| Miss Bellenden, married to General Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

[FOR MR

[FROM MR. MADISON TO THE
VICE-PRESIDENT.]

Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1795.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been induced to this delay in acknowledging your letter of the 23d ult. enclosing one to you from Mr. Belknap, by a desire to obtain from my memory all the information it might ever have possessed in relation to the error in Dr. Kippis's Life of Captain Cook.

I was not a Member of Congress until March 1780. It is probable, therefore, that if the directions to American Commanders, in favour of Captain Cook, issued, as is stated, in March 1779, they must have been transmitted to that body, and undergone its consideration, before I could have been present. After I became a Member, nothing was ever done on the subject, as far as my memory can inform me. I do not even recollect that the subject ever fell incidentally under any public discussion. I have, however, a pretty strong impression, that it occasionally entered into the conversation of the Members, as it often did into that of intelligent citizens out of doors; and that I never heard a sentiment uttered which did not applaud the magnanimity of the idea, which considered Captain Cook's expedition as consecrated to the general good of mankind, and consequently not included in the hostilities between particular nations.

With the highest respect and esteem,
I have the honour to be, &c.

JAMES MADISON, Jun.

P. S. I have shewn the above to Mr. Muhlenburg, the Speaker, and to Mr. Boudinot, a Member of the House of Representatives. The former was a Member of Congress during the years 1779, 1780, and 1781; the latter from July 1780 to the Peace in 1783. Both of them concur in what I have stated, and recollect nothing more particular on the subject.

[FROM GOVERNOR ADAMS.]

Boston, March 30, 1795.

SIR,

I RECEIVED your Note, stating what Dr. Kippis had asserted respecting a recommendation of Dr. Frank-

lin, Minister from America to France in the year 1779, to the American cruizers, to treat Captain Cook, on his expected return from a voyage of discoveries, as a friend, and not an enemy; assuring them, that in so doing they would obtain the approbation of Congress; but that the Doctor was mistaken, for that Assembly, at least the greater part of them, instantly reversed the order of Dr. Franklin, and directed, that a special order should be taken to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity for doing it occurred.

You request me to give you a certificate respecting the matter, and to express the years when I was in Congress. I was a Member from the first sitting of Congress, in the year 1774, until the Spring of the year 1781. It was my constant practice, once in twelve or fifteen months, to make a short visit to my constituents. In the year 1779 I was detained in Boston a much longer time than usual by a fit of sickness; in which time I constantly received from Mr. Lovell and my other colleagues, information of the most material transactions of Congress. I do now declare to you, that I do not recollect, either while I was present in Congress, or from any of my colleagues while I was absent, that the orders he (Dr. Franklin) had given to the American cruizers, were instantly or ever reversed, or that it was directed by Congress, that a special order should be taken to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity for doing it occurred.

It appears to me that Dr. Kippis must have been misinformed.

I am, with respect,

Your friend and humble servant,
SAMUEL ADAMS.

Rev. Dr. Belknap.

[FROM JAMES LOVELL, ESQ.]

Boston, March 28, 1795.

SIR,

HAVING been constantly upon duty, as a Member of Congress, from the beginning of the year 1777 to the beginning of 1782, and for the most part of that time one of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and in some of the years upon a Committee for publishing the Journals, and having also been individually in the habit of corresponding with Dr. Franklin during the whole period, I feel no hesitation in declaring

Declaring the representation made by Dr. Kippis, in your extract before me, to be *false*, and though perhaps not *malicious*, yet most *disreputably inadvertent* in him, as the Author of *Biographia Britannica*. Dr. Franklin was so sure of the liberality of the Government under which he was employed, that I doubt whether he thought it necessary even to send a copy of his orders respecting Captain Cook, for the inspection of Congress.

I am, Sir,

With much esteem,

Your humble servant,

JAMES LOVELL.

Rev. Dr. Belknap.

[FROM ELBRIDGE GERRY, ESQ.]

Cambridge, April 3, 1795.

SIR,

IN compliance with the request of the President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, permit me to address you on the subject of an extract which he has transmitted to me from the *Biographia Britannica* of Dr. Kippis, who therein asserts, that "Dr. Franklin, acting as Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States in the year 1779, recommended to American cruizers, if they should meet Captain Cook on a return from a voyage of discoveries, to treat him as a friend and not as an enemy: that the Doctor was not supported by his masters in this noble act of humanity, of love to science, and of liberal policy; but that the orders he had given were instantly revoked; and it was directed by Congress, that special order should be taken to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity for doing it occurred."

If such a measure had been adopted by Congress, it probably would have occurred to me, as I was a Member of that Body, and constantly attended it, from September 1776 to March 1780: but I have no recollection of such an act, or any measure similar to it. Admitting, however, it had escaped my memory, it would certainly have appeared either on the Public or Private Journals of Congress, and I have the whole of the former and a copy of the latter to the period last-mentioned, but cannot find in either of them any such order as is mentioned by Dr. Kippis, or any entry which bears the semblance of it.

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That Congress, therefore, have neither passed nor sanctioned such an order, I conceive is demonstrable; and if this unmerited aspersion is productive of disgrace, on whom does it devolve unless on the author? If, then, to justify his conduct in this instance, the Doctor should endeavour to shew that he has been grossly imposed on in point of fact, the Public will determine whether this is a sufficient apology for his hasty and unjust reproach of the Government of a nation; or whether, as a professed friend to liberality and candour, he ought not to have presumed that Congress were incapable of such an illiberal act, until he possessed incontrovertible evidence to the contrary.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your friend and very humble servant,
E. GERRY.

To the Rev. Dr. Belknap, Corresponding Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

EXTRACTS of two LETTERS from CHARLES THOMSON, Esq. Secretary of Congress during the Revolution War, to the VICE-PRESIDENT of the United States.

Harrington, March 9, 1795.

SIR,

I DID not till yesterday receive your Letter of the 4th of February, with the enclosed Letter to you from Dr. Belknap, dated Jan. 7, &c.

Though on reading these remarks I could not hesitate a moment in contradicting them, because Congress never did express a disapprobation of the directions issued by Dr. Franklin, nor did they ever direct that especial care should be taken to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity of doing it occurred; yet I thought it might not be improper to pause, and try to find from what source this misrepresentation sprung.

It is true that in the year following, viz. on the 2d of May 1780, Congress passed a new form of a Commission for private vessels of war, and new instructions to the Commanders; in which the ships or vessels, with their cargoes, belonging to the inhabitants of Bermuda, and other vessels bringing persons with an intent to settle and reside in the United States, are expressly exempted from capture;

Y

capture; and *no notice is taken of Captain Cook*. But I very much doubt whether, at the time of passing this act, Congress had any knowledge of the directions issued by Dr. Franklin, and I am inclined to think, that upon examining the dispatches received from him, between March 1779 and this time, it will appear, that *they had not received any notice of them*.

Though from this act, in which there is no exception in favour of Captain Cook, an inference might be drawn, that Congress reversed the orders which their Ambassador had given; yet there is nothing in the commission or instructions, nor in any other act of Congress, which will warrant the assertions, "That it was directed by Congress, that especial care should be taken to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity of doing it occurred; and that all this proceeded from a false notion that it would be injurious to the United States for the English to obtain a knowledge of the opposite coast of America."

With regard to Dr. Kippis's Note of his having obtained the account from Sir Joseph Banks; as Sir Joseph could

not have given it from his own knowledge, but must have had it from others, I am led to conclude, that this has arisen from misinformation; or from some of those spurious pieces which were fabricated and published within the enemy's line, as acts and resolves of Congress, with an intent to vilify Congress, or to answer some hostile purpose.

I am, &c.

CHARLES THOMSON.

Harrington, March 17, 1795.

SIR,

THE day after receiving your favour of Feb. 4, I wrote the inclosed answer. But as my mind has been so long withdrawn from the occurrences in Congress, and so wholly bent on a different object*, I was not in haste to send it, until I had refreshed my mind by looking over the Journals. After all the search I have made, and the recollection I am master of, I see no reason to alter it.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CHARLES THOMSON.

HELPS FOR MEMORY.

AS memory is the storehouse of knowledge, it may be of use to point out a few methods for enlarging it, or accommodating its present size to a more convenient disposal of its contents. Those who labour under any defects in the nature of this faculty, should carefully attend to them, and apply suitable remedies.

The state of the memory principally depends on that of the brain; and if the latter be too hot or too cold, the former will suffer loss. A proper mixture of heat and cold is most favourable to memory. Lord Bacon, in some part of his works, prescribes particular medicines for restoring it to a just balance, where it is wanting. Our own experience, however, will teach us how to act in many cases. Too much sleep, by stupifying the head, and too little, by inflaming it, are extremes equally pernicious to the attainment of learning. The student must avoid

nightly watchings and morning slumbers, as he would intemperance, which is not less fatal to the mind.

Having seen how the brain is disposed by nature, our care must be directed to the application of it as it respects memory. We should be careful not to commit things to be remembered, till they are well digested, and accurately understood; the views of the mind should be clear and pointed. Every object of thought should be reviewed in succession, and canvassed with a scrupulous exactness. When there is an imperfect comprehension of ideas, the knowledge resulting is unimportant and transitory. There can be no extensive degree of retention, without understanding. The traces which ideas, passing through the brain, leave upon it, are deeper or fainter, in proportion to the vigour of conception. Men who think superficially, are seldom retentive: impressions follow one

* Mr. Thomson has employed himself in his retirement in translating the Septuagint, and in making a new translation of the Greek Testament.

another sufficiently quick, but, like circles in the water, they vanish as soon as they are made. Inattention is the source of this imperfection. They are at no pains to examine their ideas, to compare them with each other, and discern their agreement or difference. Hence their ideas are retained for a short time, and the mind is always kept in a state of *blank*.

Beside a just understanding, *method* is also necessary. It not only assists us in the act of committing to memory, but will serve to retain or recall ideas which appear to be lost. Every one's experience shews the advantages of method. For example, how easily the scholar gets off any passage from an author who observes a connection of thought; while the same number of lines, composed of independent sentences, cost him infinite labour, and perhaps are at last badly committed. When there is no bond of union amongst our conceptions, but only a random relation to each other, it cannot be expected that the mind should be ready in recollection, or dexterous in passing from one thing to another.

As man is constantly busy in amassing materials of knowledge, he would be embarrassed how to adapt the whole to useful ends, if he had not the art of *connecting ideas of the same species or class*. When any new idea is acquired, it should be immediately annexed to that bundle of them peculiar to it. Thus knowledge is divided into parts or sections, according to its quality; and, upon each addition, the mind takes a general survey of that part of it to which the newly-entered idea belongs. Hence arises a double advantage, viz. of imprinting fresh ideas, and recovering the memory of old ones.

Nothing can be more prejudicial to literary acquisitions than that hurry of mind to which some busy spirits are subjected. *Coolness and deliberation*, on which the formation of true ideas, as well as the retention of them, is dependent, belong to souls inclined to peace and tranquillity. How can memory exercise her powers amidst tumult and distraction! There must be no intellectual commotion while a train of thought is carried on; but the utmost composure should be studied.

Whatever is read, or thought, should become the *subject of conversation*. It is of inconceivable help to memory, by deepening impressions on the mind, and evincing how far our studies have been well digested. Conversation, like a mirror, discovers our imperfections in knowledge, and often removes the flattering opinions which we had formed of our powers.

Writing also has a very impressive tendency. Whoever is at pains to write out any thing in a fair legible hand, will facilitate the business of memory. The act of writing fixing the attention on each letter and word, the mind, in recollection, easily recalls them in the order of succession, and joins sentences or paragraphs, according to their relative places. It is, Plato, surely, who remarks that writing is apt to produce carelessness; and by releasing memory from the severity of her task, to weaken her capacity. But this objection holds not good in experience. Writing is generally found to strengthen weak memories, and to render strong ones accurate.

Care must be taken not to *overcharge* the memory. Small portions must employ its first essays, and a gradual increase be made, according to its power. If it be too much strained, it will lose its elasticity and force, and, like a weak body oppressed with weight, grow in imbecility. A few trials will convince a person to what point he may safely go; and to exceed it, is not only ineffectual to any good purpose, but, as before observed hurtful. Many teachers, from neglecting to estimate the strength of boys' memories, often do them a serious injury, for which nothing can compensate.

There have been many devices formed for assisting the memory, upon the ingenious scheme of Simonides: but all of them are tedious and confined. The best way for acquiring a sound memory, is by a moderate and constant exercise of that faculty. All habits are strengthened by practice; and memory will as soon yield the fruit of it as any other. To improve the power of retention, should be the constant care of the student, in order that industry and improvement may attend each other, as uniformly as cause and effect.

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 SEPTEMBER 1795.

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

Narrative of the Dangers to which I have been exposed since the 31st of May 1793; with Historical Memorandums. By John Baptist Louvet, one of the Representatives proscribed in 1793, now President of the National Convention. 8vo. 3s. Johnson, 1795.

IT is scarcely possible to peruse the adventures of any person without becoming interested for him, though one may grant him a very small portion of esteem, or entirely disapprove of his principles and conduct. The continued dangers and repeated escapes of the same being pursued by ill-fortune, and perpetually exposed to hardships and sufferings, insensibly familiarize us with him, till we feel a species of friendship in the concern we undergo for him. It is a maxim of Seneca, that we are so formed by the Gods, that we can approve and admire nothing so much as fortitude in affliction: "Ita constituti sumus," says he, "ut nihil æquè apud nos admirationem occupat quàm homo fortiter miser."—And undoubtedly M. Louvet possesses this natural claim upon us to a degree too strong to be refused to him. It is in spite, however, of the repugnance equally natural we feel towards taking any interest or concern in the fate of one of those mad or ambitious innovators who have set the happiness of all mankind at nothing in comparison with their own schemes and opinions. This is one of those delusions we frequently practise upon ourselves in the reading even of a novel or romance; for neither Tom Jones nor Gil Blas are entitled to our esteem; but we with well to them both, accompany them with trepidation through all their hazards and misfortunes, and rejoice to dismiss them safe and happy from the distresses and dangers which surrounded them.

We are not, however, at present, expatiating in the regions of fancy and

invention. Louvet and the companions of his dangers for a long time, filled the first parts upon the first theatre of Europe; and owing to the good-fortune which constantly protected him, and the rotation of parties in the eternal mill of revolutions, he himself has been restored to all his importance, and to whatever there is of dignity in the Chair of President of the National Convention.

As an Author, he has long been favourably received by the corrupted public of his own country, and unfortunately been welcomed into this, from which some remains of modesty and decency ought for ever to have exiled the libertinism and licentiousness he abounds with. *Faux Blas*, however, possesses considerable merit, and has at least that of establishing the reputation of a man of talents; though doubtless they have been prostituted in the search of it.

As a Politician, he appears to vary little from the opinions adopted by Brissot, Pethion, and the rest of the party distinguished by the appellation of Girondists, from the department and river of that name upon which the mercantile city of Bourdeaux is situated. But if he does not differ, he appears to exceed and surpass them in some of their tenets and opinions, whether by dint of time and perseverance they take a deeper shade, or that the necessity of defending the past induces some necessary gradation and climax for the future.

As a man, M. Louvet, as far as we may give implicit credit to his Narrative, appears to possess some very estimable

estimable qualities; of which the most prominent are fortitude, and a presence of mind which never forsakes him in the most difficult and trying circumstances. His morals appear exceedingly relaxed and uncertain, such as one would expect from a pupil of Jean Jaques Rousseau, and the general dissoluteness of manners which redoubled with his philosophy in France. The wife of M. Louvet, who shares many of his dangers, is married to him under the pressure of some of them, with no other ceremonies than the presence and testimony of some of his fellow-sufferers to the contract. It appears also, that this Lady has forsaken another husband for the affection she bears Louvet; and probably there were as few ceremonies and fewer witnesses to the divorce or elopement. To say that such a woman may not still be possessed of some good or amiable qualities, would favour of rigour and austerity; but undoubtedly he strives in vain to communicate the admiration he feels for her to his readers, or to awaken all the sensibility of his own bosom in favour of a person we cannot do otherwise than condemn. It is in vain that he tricks her out in the flowers of his partial fancy, or invests her with the name and title of *LODOISKA*, the amiable heroine of one of the epifodes in his romance. Fortunately, we cannot long or seriously be interested for anything but virtue; but we may deplore the general depravity and corruption of a country, where one of its leaders does not scruple to publish his scandalous amours; and where the men of letters both inculcate and vindicate, by precept and example, that dissoluteness of manners which they have found it too easy to naturalize amongst a turbulent and intoxicated people.

We shall endeavour to make our readers acquainted with M. Louvet in his own words, as they are given us by his Translator. Of the Translation we have little to observe, but that as it is sufficiently faithful, it were superfluous to look for any other merit in a work of this nature.

“Grotto of St. Emillion in the Gironde, the beginning of Nov. 1793.”

“Everything that could impart happiness to a man of sensibility, with a taste for simple enjoyments, was mine

before the Revolution. I lived in the country, to which I was passionately attached. There I composed works, the success of which had begun what I called my little fortune. In reality it was little, and my ambition was the same. Deeply enamoured of independence, at an early period I had learnt that the sole mean of securing its enjoyment was to narrow the sphere of my wants as much as possible. Luxury therefore, the offspring of the coquetry of my early youth, I had discarded; and I had embraced sobriety, necessary to the health of every one, still more necessary to the labours of a man of letters. I had so limited my expenses, that eight hundred livres (33l. 6s. 8d.) a-year were sufficient to answer them. The first seven volumes of my first work, printed on my own account, produced me a much larger income.

“Shut up in a garden, a few leagues from Paris, out of the reach of impertinent visitors, I wrote in the Spring of 1789 six small volumes, which accelerating also the sale of the former, were to constitute the basis of my little fortune. They would have produced me thrice the profit, but for those great events which in the course of that year attracted the attention of all: thus stifling works of mere amusement, and facilitating the operations of those piratical booksellers who live only on the spoils of authors. Apropos of my little book: I hope every impartial person will do me the justice to confess, that, amidst the levities with which it is filled, a great love of philosophy will be found; at least in the serious passages, where the Author himself comes forward; and more especially republican principles, rare as they were at the period when I wrote.

“We had some cause to dislike a Revolution which, if it did not destroy our hopes, must at least retard their accomplishment. But it was just, it was lovely. How could we avoid being enamoured with it, even though it wounded our dearest interests! I have only to write another work, said I to the friend of my heart, and pursue my labours a little longer. If the delay of our happiness produce the happiness of mankind, shall we not find pleasure in the sacrifice? My mistress applauded my sentiments.

“What a woman! what generosity! what greatness of mind! Well,

was the worthy of the immortal passion with which she had inspired me. We had been as it were brought up together. Our love was born and had grown with us. But when she entered her sixteenth year, she had been obliged to give her hand to a man of wealth, and he carried her three hundred miles from me. Six years after she returned. At this period, beholding each other again, that passion which will only die with us, displayed itself to us in all its force. Alas! perhaps it prepares for my beloved many dangers and many misfortunes."

M. Louvet, in a future part of his Narrative, informs, us that amongst the causes of his quarrels with the Maratists, was the impudence of Amar, who dared to say *foit things* to the counterpart of Lodoiska:—it is needless to say they were rejected by this virtuous Lady, since her husband is acquainted with them, and that the Citizen Amar become a great persecutor of the person for whom he was refused.

The book naturally divides itself into two heads; the personal dangers, and the political opinions or reasonings of the Author. We shall satisfy the curiosity of our readers with some extracts from each of these parts, from which they may form a very just estimate both of his own character, and of that of the principal of his friends and coadjutors.

The famous 31st of May put an end to the British Faction, and established the reign of the Mountain and Robespierre. But it was not till the 24th of June that M. Louvet abandoned the asylum which since that period had been afforded him by friendship at Paris. The affair of the 10th of March is however so curious and interesting upon a variety of accounts, that we should be inexcusable in not presenting it to our readers. It is extraordinary that Louvet should charge Dumourier with being one of the chiefs of this conspiracy.

"But what occasioned the failure of that dreadful plot of the 10th of March, well laid as it was? A concurrence of the most singular accidents: and as the reader proceeds, he will be astonished to this instance also at the great effects produced by little causes.

"That I might be near the Convention, I had taken a lodging in Honoré-street, very little above the Jacobins. About nine in the evening

my Lodoiska, who had gotten home and was expecting me, heard a frightful tumult and horrible cries. Ever anxious for me, who with most of my friends had lived for three months surrounded with dangers, constantly pursued, threatened, insulted, obliged to carry arms for my defence, and forced to keep every night from home, my dear wife came down, and went on till she came into the galleries of the Society, from which the noise issued. She heard a thousand slanders, a thousand horrid speeches uttered. She saw the lights extinguished and sabres drawn. She came out with an enraged multitude, who went to the Cordeliers for auxiliaries, thence to return forthwith and attack the Convention. Lodoiska just came back when I returned. Immediately I flew to Pethion's, where some of my friends were assembled. They were conversing calmly on certain decrees that were to be passed in the course of a few weeks. God knows how difficult I found it to rouse them from their security. At last I prevailed on them to refrain from appearing at the meeting already begun, and to assemble, with all the principal persons proscribed, in an hour's time, in a house where the conspirators would not expect to find us. I then repaired with speed to the Meeting, where I found Kervélan, Deputy from Finisterre. This brave man hastened to the farther part of the suburb St. Marceau, to alarm a battalion from Brest, which very fortunately arrived at Paris a few days before, and had been detained. This battalion remained all night under arms, ready to march to our assistance on the first request, or the sound of the alarm bell. In the mean time I went from house to house, to acquaint Valazé, Buzot, Barbaroux, Salle, and several others. Brissot went to inform the Ministers of what was passing; and the Minister at War, the brave and unfortunate Buzonville, having scaled the walls of his garden, had already joined some of his friends, with whom he formed a patrolle. After a ramble of two hours, in a dark night, and in the midst as it were of my assassins, I arrived at the place of rendezvous. Pethion was wanting. He was in much danger, however, if he remained at his own house. I returned to seek him, and a single incident that passed will depict his character. As I was pressing him

to come with me, he went to the window, and opened it; then having looked at the weather, he said, "it rains; there will be nothing done." Notwithstanding all I could say, he persisted in staying at home.

"It was not the rain that stopped the conspirators, but the two circumstances of our absence and the information given to the battalion of Brest. When they knew that the decree of impeachment which they would have obtained, could not be followed up by the sudden arrest of their victims, they hesitated; and their courage, always so mighty when nothing was to be done but assassinate, failed them at once when they found they must fight. They were only three thousand, the men of Brest were four hundred; could they venture to risk an attack? No: they durst not."

M. Louvet rejects all the past crimes and treacheries upon the Maratists, as it is natural for him to do. According to him, there were no Republicans in the Convention but his own party. Robespierre, Hebert, &c. were sold to the Confederated Powers: by him and his faction Toulon was surrendered to the English, who acted for extraordinary a part, and with such good faith towards their Allies in the Mountain, that it is perfectly impossible not to give it all the notoriety and circulation in our power.

"This due time arrived. Toulon, hitherto violently Jacobinical, declared on a sudden for the Republic, and soon betrayed it. Toulon was delivered to the English: and, for reasons which it will probably be forced to explain on some future day, the Committee of Public Safety propagated, and permitted to subsist for six months, a report that the English had hanged Beauvais. The other Deputy, Bayle, killed himself in prison.—Bayle was a passionate and vulgar man, whom the exaggerations of the Mountain had till then deceived. Probably, when he perceived with his own eyes that this Mountain had delivered Toulon to the English, and that he must become either the instrument or the victim of this execrable Machiavelianism, he had recourse to suicide: or perhaps he would not hold his tongue, and was killed to prevent

noise. The English however, masters of Toulon, kept it as long as the defence of Bourdeaux and the siege of Lyons continued. Had they given up Toulon too early, the troops that besieged it, composed almost entirely of Anti-Jacobins, before the faction had time to work upon them, would have declared for Lyons, instead of going to fight against it. Lyons at length fell. Still the Jacobins must have time to massacre the best of the Republicans, always *composed* of Royalism; and to achieve by famine the conquest of Bourdeaux, where the worthiest citizens were to be treated as those of Lyons, Marseilles, Paris, and everywhere else*. This done, the English kept their promise; and it was their interest to keep it: for it must be remembered, the Mountaineers, generally detested, carried the day, on the 31st of May, against men beloved, esteemed, and very popular, I will not say throughout Paris, but throughout all France. To disarm the general indignation, to frighten the weak, to gain the wavering, to lead the multitude, who reason not upon events, it was necessary that the Combined Powers should consent to suspend their successes, and even submit to defeat, at the time when their agents were become the Tyrants of the Representative Body, and had the whole Government at their disposal. For the Many, who are always led by appearances, would say,—"When Pethion, Brissot, Guadet, and their colleagues, were in the Convention, we were frequently beaten by the enemy; now when they are no longer there, and Robespierre, Barrere, Marat, Collot, and the rest, have alone the management of affairs, we are everywhere successful: the former therefore must have been leagued with the Combined Powers, and the latter are our real defenders."

"Thus it was the interest of the English to keep their promise *not to put a sufficient garrison in Toulon*, and to permit it to be retaken: and when the English nation with astonishment demanded the motives that could determine its Generals to lose Toulon, Pitt answered, that *sound policy required it*. The same *sound policy*, much about the same time, granted the

* "This justice must be done Tallien, that he prevented much mischief after the taking of Bourdeaux. Had it not been for him, this city would have been treated with the same barbarity as Lyons."

victories of Dunkirk and Maubeuge to pretended Republican Generals, under the War Ministry of the First Clerk, Vincent, the accuser of the unfortunate Custine. The same *sound policy* suddenly struck motionless the victorious army of Cobourg, which having cut to pieces all the garrison of Cambray, might have rendered itself master of the place, yet remained a quiet spectator of the civil war now begun, fully resolved to do nothing if the Mountain should remain triumphant, but to rush on like a torrent should the Republicans prove victorious. In fine, it was the same *sound policy* which permitted Hoche to retake the lines of Wissembourg; Hoche, now known for an agent of Marat, and consequently of the Combined Powers; that General Hoche who was in fact a violent Jacobin."

M. de Puyfay has lately acted too considerable a part on the peninsula of Quiberon, and is upon too many other accounts entitled to be well known in this country, for us to omit that part of the Narrative which relates to him.

"The Mountain, greatly-disturbed, had at length collected at Paris eighteen hundred foot, the good wishes of at least half of which were for us, and seven or eight hundred vagabonds, as cowardly as thieves. All these had just thrown themselves into Vernon. It was not till then Wimpfen talked of attacking this city; and all at once one Mr. de Puyfay, who had never been heard of before, was introduced to us by the General as a true Republican and able soldier. Him Wimpfen directed to attack Vernon; and undoubtedly he well followed his private instructions.

"To surprise the enemy, he marched

out in broad day, with drums beating. Having exposed his soldiers all day to a fervent sun, he made them pass the night in the open air, without a single tent, tho' few of them had ever before slept even in a camp. The next day he wasted in the attack of a little fort, which he had the honour to carry. Then, the enemy being thus well and duly informed in every way, to give it still more advantage, he halted at the entrance of a wood, not two miles from Vernon, laid up the cannon, as it were, one behind another along a wall, left all the little army in the greatest disorder, did not even appoint sentinels, and went to sleep in a cottage a mile distant. In an hour's time, a few hundred men suddenly appeared, and fired three rounds with their cannon on our men, completely surpris'd; but according to all appearance the guns were only loaded with powder, for all this was evidently a concerted matter of form. Be it as it may, our soldiers, who knew not with whom they had to encounter, who could scarcely find their arms, and who called in vain for their leader, were soon put to the rout. So speedy was the flight, that but for the bravest of the troops of Isle and Vilaine, who stood their ground a few moments, not a single cannon would have been brought off. However, not one man received so much as a scratch; and the enemy did not advance thirty yards to pursue this easy victory. This prevented not M. de Puyfay, whom the Administration of Eure intreated not to abandon it, from declaring that Evreux was not tenable; and in fact next day he retreated upwards of thirty miles, thus giving up a whole Department without a single shot."

[To be concluded in our next.]

La Revolution Française à Geneve; Tableau Historique et Politique de la Conduite de la France envers les Genevois, depuis le Mois d'Octobre 1792, au Mois de Juillet 1795. Par M. D'Ivernois. Seconde Edition, considerablement augmentée. Londres, P. Elmsley, Strand; J. Sewell, Cornhill. 1795.

THIS important work, a translation of which we have already very distinctly considered, is now before the public in a second edition, with a very considerable accession of matter. Besides the Introduction and the Supplement, which begins at page 98 and continues to the end of page 174, the First Part of this *historical and political*

picture has been enriched with many interesting and useful additions.

On the subject of an event pregnant with such mighty consequences as a National Revolution to the present age and to posterity, we can calculate very imperfectly *à priori*, what will be the effects produced by the collision or combination of such a multitude of minds;

minds; and general history will afford us but a faithless and scanty record. It is only from narratives like the present, liable it is true to some partialities, but for many reasons not likely to contain any material falsifications, that we shall be able to derive solid instruction for the present and succeeding generations.

The hour will at last arrive, may it not be very distant! when both France and her too-faithful imitator Geneva, will be ready to cry out with the Poet,

Eheu cicatricum et sceleris pudet,
Fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? Quid intactum nefasit
Liquimus? Unde manus juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris?

Philosophy contemplates this perspective with complacency, even while surrounded with wide and stupendous ruins; and is delighted by the employment of all the means in her power that may enable men to draw near to it.

The Author of this work informs us in the Introduction, which is dated London, 25th July 1795, that the three Letters which compose the pamphlet were addressed to an American, at the time when emissaries from France preached openly to the Republic of the New World the same principles of insurrection by which Geneva had so lately been overturned. Immortal thanks be given to Washington! He founded the *toesin* of Law and Government, and the friends of Liberty hastened from afar to his command.

Wherever the French had succeeded in raising the standard of Rebellion, which they call *the tree of Liberty*, it has been torn up with indignation by the armed citizens, and from one extremity of America to the other this symbol of the French Revolution is known by no other name than that of *the ensign of Anarchy*.

“Since the recital of the Revolutionary calamities of Geneva is become useless to the Americans, I feel myself,” says he, “urged to address it to the *Girondine* party in France. Let it behold and acknowledge its own work. The most sure method of unmasking those Leaders who fill all Europe with their complaints against the persecution they endured under Robespierre, is to publish the history of the persecu-

tions which they themselves excited at Geneva to *Revolutionize* us; and to inform all Europe, that in this little Republic, pure till that time, those very *Girondines* exercised the same tyranny which they have since suffered, and committed themselves the same atrocities which were committed afterwards against them by Marat and Robespierre.”

In order to prove how little the inhabitants of Geneva wanted any improvement in their ancient Government, Mr. D'I. records in a note to the 7th page the following honourable instance of moderation.

“I cannot pass over in silence a circumstance very much to the credit of my country, and which, to speak in the cant of the Girondine party, proves how much the character of the Genevese had been elevated to the heights of liberty, at the very time when Brissot had condemned it to the loss of that blessing.

“When the Genevese militia was assembled on the 10th of October 1792, not only to testify its entire approbation of its Magistrates, so violently menaced by France, but to enter into an engagement to perish along with them, its officers called on every individual to come out of their ranks who should be unwilling to contract this solemn covenant. They took care previously to promise, *that no injury or insult whatever should be offered to those who should refuse it*; and declared repeatedly, *that every man informed of the true state of things had a right to judge of them according to his abilities*. Three or four individuals only separated themselves from the rest of their countrymen; and notwithstanding the national enthusiasm and patriotic elevation of mind, which in such an open aggression of France united every loyal heart, these deserters of the common cause received no sort of insult from their brethren in arms: they continued to live in entire security in the very bosom of that country which they had resisted, but which punished them only by contrasting their conduct with its own energetic and disinterested exertions.”

From the additions to this second impression of the three Letters of M. D'Ivernois, we shall make no extract; for though they are, as he truly says, very considerable, yet they consist of reasonings more than of facts, and will

not appear to proper advantage when removed from their original situation. The purpose of the Supplement is to enforce and to illustrate, by the help of subsequent occurrences, what had been already laid down on the subject of the Revolution at Geneva.

In a note at the 119th page, we have a farther account of Bouquet, whose enormities we had detailed at length in our former review of this work.

"Bouquet," says our author, "has at length descended from his little Revolutionary throne, in order to explain his conduct, and support the title which it gives him to the gratitude of every true Genevese. He calls those *crocodile's tears* which the picture I had painted of their calamities had caused them to shed.

"However disgusting it may be for a man of honour to dwell upon the *apology* of this miserable wretch, I unquestionably owe the public an extract from it; since this composition, which is entitled *An Historical Detail of his Conduct*, is intended as an answer to the *Picture* which has been displayed to the reader. Besides, if I am not very much mistaken, his work will be infinitely more instructive than mine; and such confessions ought to be deposited among the collection of pieces which may contribute to furnish materials for the history of *Revolutions*. Thus it begins:

"In tempestuous seasons, every man who happens to be placed at the helm of public affairs becomes generally a *problem* to be explained; enthusiasm exalts him to the skies, calumny tries to depress him. I had intended to observe a profound silence, had not mine eyes fallen by chance upon a pamphlet which circulates here clandestinely, and in which I am scandalously abused. Calumny then still attempts secretly to poison my reputation; the antidote must be applied; and I must oppose publicly to the darkness of falsehood the evidence and splendour of truth. This anonymous libel, called *A Picture of the French Revolution at Geneva*, is levelled against all the political changes which have happened there during the last five years. The principles recommended in the work are those of a declared enemy of political equality, of a dull declaimer in favour of the miserable modifications made in 1789 of the form of 1782.

The author, who resides in London, has taken it into his head, among other matters, to relate at that distance to the United States of America the Revolution of the month of July. He pretends to lay open the whole mystery, though it is certain that eye-witnesses themselves, those at least who would wish to be just, have hitherto suspended their judgment on the subject, and wait for ampler information. I shall take no advantage of the extreme convenience which people find at present in exclaiming against Robespierre and the Jacobins; I shall leave it to history and to posterity to describe the *services* and the crimes of this famous man of this celebrated Society.— I shall confine myself to the relation of what I have done with Robespierre and with the Jacobins, while they were yet at the head of affairs."

"Having thus," continues our author, "scattered some flowers on the tomb of Robespierre, his Apologist (the only writer who has dared since that tyrant's death, in any part of Europe, to speak openly of his *services*) recites the *revolutionary services* which he has himself rendered to Geneva. When an honest man," says he, "has no other arms about him but his innocence, it then becomes him to solicit for an inspection of his conduct.

"The limits of this work will not permit me to follow him step by step in the account he has given of this Revolution; the particulars of it are too well known: it may suffice to say, that he tries to cast all the odious part of it on the only man who, being far from Geneva and in a dungeon, is no longer able to contradict him. "*The fatal destiny of Geneva*," exclaims he, "*bad brought within its walls the most artful and the most abandoned of men (Soulavie), and had invested him with an inviolable character.*"

"Without doubt he is right. But this Minister from France would never have been able to accomplish his infernal work in Geneva, if he had not found a Genevese proper to become the *Satan* in the tragedy he was preparing to act. The last scene in the part of this performer is not that which proves the least how worthy he was to be the confidant of *Soulavie*, who is now in the toils of a decree of arrestation, and whom *Bouquet* accuses openly of having produced *one of the most*

most wonderful assemblages of artifice, malice, and duplicity, that the diplomatic annals can furnish.

“After having thus opened his Apology, Bouquet solemnly protests, that he precipitated himself into the revolutionary gulph to second the useful intentions of the insurgents, if there were any, and to counteract the devices of the perverse, whose secrets could not be discovered but by penetrating to the bottom of the abyss. He assures the world, that he engaged himself in insurrection only to regulate the movements of it, and to direct its hazards; that he proposed the Revolutionary Tribunal to prevent the abominable massacres of the persons detained, who, if one would believe him, would have had left only carcases to try, if they had delayed one day longer to erect a Tribunal, which, says he, was a measure of safety. I shall always acknowledge without shame, adds he, that I was concerned in its institution, and I will spare my fellow-citizens the description of what the necessity of being a Member made me suffer. I fear not moreover to confess, that I very strongly supported the measure of levying an extraordinary tax. I have a full conviction that it has saved Geneva; that it will, if it continues, secure her repose, and contribute considerably to her re-establishment; and that without it the Republic is menaced either with a violent death or with decay, &c. &c.

“One may pronounce on the general purpose of this composition,” says Mr. D'I. “by one of the assertions which concludes it, and which contains an honest confession of every thing I have laid to the charge of this second Robespierre.

“At my return from Paris, when I beheld near at hand the calamities which overwhelmed Geneva, and the dangers which threatened her, I endeavoured to draw her from the critical situation in which she was placed, by organizing, in conjunction with several citizens, certain wise, strong, and well-combined measures, proper to accomplish this object without danger and without convulsion. Is it enquired of me what I intended to do? I answer, that I had at that time no fixed plan: but as I have no fear to discover the very bottom of my soul, I will declare, that my mind revolved in general on three principal points: the banishment of the chiefs of the two factions which were ruining the Republic; the expulsion of Soulavie; and the levy of an extra-

ordinary contribution. I meant that this plan should be pursued and realized without violence, by the single declaration of the wish of a mass of patriots strongly expressed.”

“He concludes by lamenting that this event has been accompanied by what he calls some melancholy accidents.”

“What an acknowledgment!” Subjoins our author. “There are then wretches whose confessions are still worse than the list of their crimes.—What is one to think of a robber and assassin, who, when carried before his judges laden with pillage and covered with blood, should pretend to demonstrate his innocence by solemnly declaring that he had no intention to murder his victim, if he had delivered his purse as soon as the wish for it had been strongly expressed? Besides, the numerous victims of the horrible Bouquet, surprised in the midst of their slumbers, did not even attempt the least resistance!! What degrading and brutal ferocity!”

We learn from a subsequent page in our author, that *this Bouquet* has now quitted Geneva, and like Cain in ancient, and Dumourier in modern times, is doomed to seek an asylum in foreign lands,—and to seek one in vain.

Mr. D'Ivernois relates an occurrence in the 129th page, which proves that civil order is very far from being re-established in Geneva,

“On the 27th of May a letter being received from Paris which announced the complete triumph of the Convention over the Jacobins of that capital, some of these latter, who were at Geneva, resumed their aggressions in order to shew that they did not think themselves enfeebled by this catastrophe; and accordingly they attacked in a public place a young man who wore a green cravat, a species of rallying signal, which some Genevese, declared enemies of anarchy, have adopted, as at Lyons, as a mark that they still hope. The youth drew a dagger, and killed his assailant, a Member of the celebrated Revolutionary Tribunal, and wounded also one of his companions. Government, which had foreseen some disturbance of this sort, and had even taken measures to prevent it, very prudently ordered all the militia to take up arms. They immediately obeyed without hesitation, excepting only the insurgents of the night of the

19th of July, who, to the number of 120 or 140, took possession of the city batteries, threatening to take vengeance with their own hands, if Government did not exact punishment for the murder of their companion. They manifested themselves to be in open insurrection by this single evidence; that the post on which they had seized did not belong to them, and besides they refused expressly to lay down their arms, when Government issued the general order for it. This was a glorious opportunity to attack them, since there was even amongst the Revolutionists themselves, a sufficient number of citizens who would have been very glad, without doubt, of an honourable pretext to clear themselves from innocent blood by the blood of those who were really guilty: and this illustrious vengeance, taken with arms in their hands, would have been sufficient to re-establish their character in the estimation of Europe. Government was afraid to concur in this measure, either from real weakness or perhaps prudence: it preferred, like all other timid Governments, a negotiation with the insurgents. The insurgents yielded up the batteries on condition that the young man, who had given the first example of a resistance so useful to public order, should be tried the same day. Luckily he had escaped; and the judges condemned him to death for contumacy; imputing it to him as a crime, not that he had defended himself, but that he had made use of a dagger prepared for that purpose, rather than of a knife or some occasional weapon.

"If this incident has demonstrated the inefficiency of the Government, the reunion of all parties to assist it with their strength against the faction of Anarchy has been sufficient to convince these last of their extreme weakness. Every thing now is restored to its pristine order, only that the emigrations have augmented; that a villain less exists; that his associates have been stricken with salutary apprehensions; and that, according to all appearance, they will not dare to begin again those individual aggressions which have so much disgraced Geneva for these last three years."

Mr. D'Ivernois proceeds to give a succinct account of three separate parties which are in Geneva at the present moment, and correspond very exactly to the three which divide France. The

Ultra-Revolutionists or *Jacobins*, the Revolutionists, and the third party, stigmatized by their opponents by the name of *Aristocrats*; as if there could exist in the universe an aristocracy more oppressive than that which they have been employed in exercising themselves for three years! This detail is followed by an account of the original Constitution of Geneva; very interesting, it is true, and very clear and distinct, but too minute to be inserted here. Mr. D'I. goes on to make the following remarks, which are of more extensive and momentous importance.

"Having thus stated what Geneva was before the French Revolution in it, what it is become during the progress of this tempest, and how desirous all its inhabitants are of returning into harbour, permit me to cast a look backward on the whole of this picture. The recollection will not perhaps be without its uses for those Frenchmen who had ordered Geneva to repeat on its little theatre their own bloody tragedy. In truth, the smaller this theatre is, the more easily one may comprehend the whole, as well as the component parts of the piece; nothing remains concealed; one may observe the catastrophe, the actors, the play of all the passions, and the connection of the scenes. Geneva is a sort of model, which represents in miniature all the true proportions of the Revolution in France.

"Each of these two political dramas may be entitled, *Absolute Equality discovered by its Enormities*. When the curtain is drawn up, one discovers at first but a small number of actors, moderate in appearance, who in their philanthropic language represent equality of rights as a religion which would secure the return of *Astrea* to the earth.

"If we would believe them, this pure and beneficent religion would dissipate every prejudice, break the bonds of every species of superstition, and restore man to his primitive dignity. Those who promulge it, begin by acknowledging no other title than the modest and innocent appellation of *Citizens*; they soon perceive the multitude of their followers increase; and they make no delay in the proclamation of their doctrines. At the Second Act a Convention appears, busied in forming the establishment of this new faith. This Convention employs itself chiefly in the

the demolition of ancient opinions; it attacks without scruple all long-established notions; it invents a new civic language; and even begins to announce openly intentions of an intolerant nature. Towards the Third Act a *Central Club* appears to dispute with the Convention on its credit, its principles, and its functions. Here the Ministers of the new faith become divided into two sects. In the Fourth Act, these two sects discover that they are under the dominion of the dregs and rubbish of their followers. The *Central Club* itself is suspended and dispersed in its turn by the more audacious of its Members, who form themselves into a *Revolutionary Tribunal*, and compose it exclusively of active characters, persons of abandoned morals, loaded with debts, who have every thing to gain, and nothing to lose, by an universal confusion. It is no more the bait of political equality which these demagogues exhibit to the people; it is that of equalization of property: they invite the multitude to begin the attack; they conduct them to it, and drag them from crimes to crimes. Here begin enormities of every species, and cruelties of the most gratuitous nature. They steal, they pillage, they assassinate, they pass sentence. The revolutionary axe lays level every thing before it. Those honest men who survive are glad to escape by flight; and the majority, stupified and alarmed, remain mute spectators. It is in the Fifth Act that this insatuated majority endeavour to raise their heads, which hitherto they had basely bowed; that they begin to demand an account from their new rulers of all the crimes which they had suffered them to commit. The Rulers, whose first care it had been to involve them in the responsibility by associating them in the same crimes, reply to them coldly, that these crimes are their work. The Assembly of the *People* has approved and sanctioned every thing, exclaims with effrontery the Apologist of the Genevese Revolution*; exactly as Barrere and the ferocious Collot d'Herbois replied to their accusers in the Convention; *The people seconded us in every thing.* A

useful and important comparison this of the uniform system of tactics of modern Revolutionists. How strongly I feel myself impressed with the desire of unfolding it to the nations of the earth, to whom they have still the audacity to preach their doctrine of absolute equality; to whom they protest that the crimes of the French Revolution are not owing to this doctrine itself, but to the resistance which Europe had opposed to it."

Mr. D'I. now quotes, in confirmation of his theory, a passage from a speech of Lord Sydney's to the same purpose, delivered on the 3d of Feb. 1795, which the reader perhaps has already seen.

He then proceeds to the conclusion of his animated comparison.

"In truth, this view is a view not only of the little Revolution at Geneva, but of the great Revolution in France; it will be also that of the Revolution in Holland, which is arrived only at the second of those five epochs which I have described; but ere long it will pass through the three that remain. In one word, the horrible picture which I have just drawn presents beforehand, and line for line, a picture of all future Revolutions whose object is the triumph of absolute equality."

Towards the end of the Supplement our author mentions the various contrivances of their good neighbours and friends the French to deprive the Genevese of the manufactory of watches and clocks, the source of their former riches and independence.

The pamphlet finishes with an Address, of ten pages, to the Genevese Revolutionists, sent into Switzerland six months ago, but which considerations of prudence, no longer remaining, prevented from publication. In this Address our author denounces *Bonfquet*, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal; *Gasse*, President of the Conspiring Syndics; and *Bourdillon*, President of the Commission of Liquidation.

A Translation of this political history, which may now be considered as a new work, will not, we hope, be long withheld from the public.

H—R.

* *Refutation of a Letter written by Mr. David Chauvet to the Commission of Liquidation.* By Isaac Bourdillon. Geneva, May 1795.

Travels, chiefly on Foot, through several Parts of England in 1782. Described in Letters to a Friend. By Cha. P. Moritz, a Literary Gentleman of Berlin. Translated from the German, by a Lady. Octavo. 3s. 6d. Robinsons. 1795.

THE remarks of an intelligent Foreigner upon the manners and customs of England acquire a considerable importance with us, if written with candour, and from actual observation, and we took up the present volume with an anxious curiosity, which has not been wholly disappointed. The author writes with an apparent sincerity; he derives no assistance from books; what he records he saw; and when he describes, the original was before him. Pleased with the scenery and manners of this country, when compared with those of his own, he has not learned to flatter, nor to conceal, out of complaisance, what he thought amiss. He does not, indeed, surprize with profundity of observation, nor does he magnify little things by the imposing cant of philosophy. The character given of him in the Preface, by the Translator's friend, may be adopted without reserve.

"Our German does not deal in the marvellous; neither does he affect to be sentimental. On a fine prospect, it is to be owned, he loves to dwell, and describe with some degree of rapture; but he does not bewilder himself or his readers in the fairy scenes of picturesque beauty. His matter is not always highly important, yet it is never beneath the notice of even a wise man; for, although we may perhaps but rarely admire his genius, we cannot but respect his good sense."

These Travels were performed in 1782, a period of considerable interest to the political world. We shall therefore give a specimen of the Work from Mr. Moritz's account of the Parliament.

"I had almost forgotten to tell you that I have already been to the Parliament House: and yet this is of most importance. For had I seen nothing else in England but this, I should have thought my journey thither amply rewarded.

"As little as I have hitherto troubled myself with politics, because indeed, with us, it is but little worth our while, I was however desirous to be present at a meeting of Parliament, a wish that was soon amply gratified.

"One afternoon about three o'clock,

at which hour, or thereabouts, the House most commonly meets, I enquired for Westminster-Hall, and was very politely directed by an Englishman. These directions are always given with the utmost kindness. You may ask whom you please, if you can only make yourself tolerably well understood; and by thus asking every now and then, you may with the greatest ease find your way throughout all London.

"Westminster-Hall is an enormous Gothic building, whose vaulted roof is supported, not by pillars, but instead of these there are on each side, large unnatural heads of angels, carved in wood, which seem to support the roof.

"When you have passed through this long Hall, you ascend a few steps at the end, and are led through a dark passage into the House of Commons, which below has a large double door, and above there is a small stair-case, by which you go to the gallery, the place allotted for strangers.

"The first time I went up this small stair-case, and had reached the rails, I saw a very genteel man in black standing there. I accosted him, without any introduction, and I asked him whether I might be allowed to go into the gallery. He told me that I must be introduced by a Member, or else I could not get admission there. Now as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a Member, I was under the mortifying necessity of retreating, and again going down stairs; as I did, much chagrined. And now, as I was suddenly marching back, I heard something said about a bottle of wine, which seemed to be addressed to me. I could not conceive what it could mean, till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me I should have given the well-dressed man half-a-crown or a couple of shillings for a bottle of wine. Happy in this information, I went again the next day, when the same man who before had sent me away, after I had given him only two shillings, very politely opened the door for me, and himself recommended me to a good seat in the gallery.

"And thus I now, for the first time,

time, saw the whole of the British Nation assembled in its Representatives, in rather a mean-looking building, that not a little resembles a chapel. The Speaker, an elderly man, with an enormous wig, with two knotted kind of tresses or curls behind, in a black cloak, his hat on his head, sat opposite to me on a lofty chair, which was not unlike a small pulpit, save only that in the front of this there was no reading-desk. Before the Speaker's chair stands a table which looks like an altar; and at this there sit two men called Clerks, dressed in black, with black cloaks. On the table, by the side of the great parchment acts, lies an huge gilt sceptre, which is always taken away and placed in a conservatory under the table as soon as ever the Speaker quits the Chair; which he does as often as the House resolves itself into a Committee. A Committee means nothing more than that the House puts itself into a situation freely to discuss and debate any point of difficulty and moment, and while it lasts the Speaker partly lays aside his power as a Legislator. As soon as this is over, some one tells the Speaker that he may now again be seated; and immediately on the Speaker's being again in the Chair, the sceptre is also replaced on the table before him.

"All round on the sides of the house under the gallery are benches for the Members, covered with green cloth, always one above the other, like our choirs in churches, in order that he who is speaking may see over those who sit before him. The seats in the gallery are on the same plan. The Members of Parliament keep their hats on, but the spectators in the gallery are uncovered.

"The Members of the House of Commons have nothing particular in their dress; they even come into the House in their great-coats, and with boots and spurs. It is not at all uncommon to see a Member lying stretched out on one of the benches while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season. There is no end to their going in and out; and as often as any one wishes to go out, he places himself before the Speaker, and makes him his bow; as if like a school-boy he asked his tutor's permission.

"Those who speak seem to deliver

themselves with but little, perhaps not always with even a decorous, gravity. All that is necessary is to stand up in your place, take off your hat, turn to the Speaker (to whom all the speeches are addressed), to hold your hat and stick in one hand, and with the other hand to make any such motions as you fancy necessary to accompany your speech.

"If it happens that a Member rises who is but a bad speaker, or if what he says is generally deemed not sufficiently interesting, so much noise is made, and such bursts of laughter are raised, that the Member who is speaking can scarcely distinguish his own words. This must needs be a distressing situation; and it seems then to be particularly laughable, when the Speaker in his Chair, like a tutor in a school, again and again endeavours to restore order, which he does by calling out, *to order, to order!* apparently often without much attention being paid to it.

"On the contrary, when a favourite Member, and one who speaks well and to the purpose, rises, the most perfect silence reigns; and his friends and admirers, one after another, make their approbation known by calling out *hear him!* which is often repeated by the whole House at once: and in this way so much noise is often made, that the speaker is frequently interrupted by this same emphatic *hear him!* Notwithstanding which, this calling out is always regarded as a great encouragement; and I have often observed, that one who began with some diffidence, and even somewhat inauspiciously, has in the end been so animated, that he has spoken with a torrent of eloquence.

"As all speeches are directed to the Speaker, all the Members always preface their speeches with *Sir*; and he, on being thus addressed, generally moves his hat a little, but immediately puts it on again. This *Sir* is often introduced in the course of their speeches, and serves to connect what is said: it seems also to stand the speaker in some stead, when any one's memory fails him, or he is otherwise at a loss for matter. For while he is saying *Sir*, and has thus obtained a little pause, he recollects what is to follow. Yet I have sometimes seen some Members draw a kind of memorandum out of their pockets, like a candidate who is at a loss in his sermon: this is the only instance

stance in which a Member of the British Parliament seems to read his speeches.

"The first day that I was at the House of Commons, an English Gentleman who sat next to me in the gallery very obligingly pointed out to me the principal Members; such as Fox, Burke, Rigby, &c. all of whom I heard speak. The debate happened to be, Whether, besides being made a Peer, any other specific reward should be bestowed by the Nation on their gallant Admiral Rodney? In the course of the debate, I remember, Mr. Fox was very sharply reprimanded by young Lord Fielding for having, when Minister, opposed the election of Admiral Hood as a Member for Westminster.

"Fox was sitting to the right of the Speaker, not far from the table on which the gilt sceptre lay. He now took his place so near it that he could reach it with his hand; and, thus placed, he gave it many a violent and hearty thump, either to aid or to shew the energy with which he spoke. If the charge was vehement, his defence was no less so. He justified himself against Lord Fielding by maintaining that he had not opposed this election in the character of a Minister, but as an individual or private person; and that, as such, he had freely and honestly given his vote for another, namely, for Sir Cecil Wray; adding, that the King, when he appointed him Secretary of State, had entered into no agreement with him by which he lost his vote as an individual: to such a requisition he never would have submitted. It is impossible for me to describe with what fire and persuasive eloquence he spoke, and how the Speaker in the Chair incessantly nodded approbation from beneath his solemn wig; and innumerable voices incessantly called out *bear him! bear him!* and when there was the least sign that he intended to leave off speaking, they no less vociferously exclaimed *go on!* and so he continued to speak in this manner for nearly two hours. Mr. Rigby in reply made a short but humorous speech, in which he mentioned of how little consequence the title of Lord and Lady was without money to support it, and finished with the Latin proverb, "*infelix paupertas,—quia ridiculos miseros facit*"—after having first very judiciously observed, that previous enquiry

should be made, whether Admiral Rodney had made any rich prizes or captures; because, if that should be the case, he would not stand in need of further reward in money. I have since been almost every day at the Parliament House, and prefer the entertainment I there meet with to most other amusements.

"Fox is still much beloved by the people, notwithstanding that they are (and certainly with good reason) displeas'd at his being the cause of Admiral Rodney's recall; though even I have heard him again and again almost extravagant in his encomiums on this noble Admiral. This same celebrated Charles Fox is a short, fat, and gross man, with a swarthy complexion, and dark; and in general he is badly dressed. There certainly is something Jewish in his looks: but upon the whole he is not an ill-made nor an ill-looking man; and there are many strong marks of sagacity and fire in his eyes. I have frequently heard the people here say, that this same Mr. Fox is as cunning as a fox. Burke is a well-made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken. Rigby is excessively corpulent, and has a jolly rubicund face.

"The little less than downright open abuse, and the many really rude things which the Members said to each other, struck me much. For example: when one has finished, another rises, and immediately taxes with absurdity all that *the Right Honourable Gentleman* (for with this title the Members of the House of Commons always honour each other) had just advanced. It would indeed be contrary to the rules of the House flatly to tell each other that what they have spoken is *false*, or even *foolish*: instead of this, they turn themselves as usual to the Speaker, and so, while their address is directed to him, they fancy they violate neither the rules of Parliament, nor those of good-breeding and decorum, whilst they utter the most cutting personal sarcasms against the Member or the measure they oppose.

"It is quite laughable to see, as one sometimes does, one Member speaking and another accompanying the speech with his action. This I remarked more than once in a worthy old citizen, who was fearful of speaking himself, but when his neighbour spoke he accompanied every energetic sentence

tence with a suitable gesticulation, by which means his whole body was sometimes in motion.

"It often happens that the jett or principal point in the debate is lost in these personal contests and bickerings between each other. When they last so long as to become quite tedious and tiresome, and likely to do harm rather than good, the House takes upon itself to express its disapprobation; and then there arises a general cry of, *the question! the question!* This must sometimes be frequently repeated, as the contending Members are both anxious to have the last word. At length, however, the question is put and the votes taken; when the Speaker says, "Those who are for the question are to say *aye*, and those who are against it *no!*" You then hear a confused cry of *aye* and *no*: but at length the Speaker says, "I think there are more *ayes* than *noes*; or more *noes* than *ayes*. The *ayes* have it; or the *noes* have it;" as the case may be. But all the spectators must then retire from the gallery; for then, and not till then, the voting really commences. And now the Members call aloud to the Gallery, *withdraw! withdraw!* On this the strangers withdraw, and are shut up in a small room, at the foot of the stairs, till the voting is over, when they are again permitted to take their places in the gallery. Here I could not help wondering at the impatience even of polished Englishmen: it is astonishing with what violence and even rudeness they push and jostle one another as soon as the room door is again opened; eager to gain the first and best seats in the gallery. In this manner we, the strangers, have sometimes been sent away two or three times in the course of one day, or rather evening; afterwards again permitted to return. Among these spectators are people of all ranks, and even not unfrequently Ladies. Two short-hand writers have sat sometimes not far distant from me, who (though it is rather by stealth) endeavour to take down the words of the speaker; and thus all that is very remarkable in what is said in Parliament may generally be read *in print* the next day. The short-hand writers whom I noticed are supposed to be employed and paid by the Editors of the different Newspapers. There are, it seems, some few persons who are

constant attendants on the Parliament, and so they pay the door-keeper beforehand a guinea for a whole session. I have now and then seen some of the Members bring their sons, whilst quite little boys, and carry them to their seats along with themselves.

"A proposal was once made to erect a gallery in the House of Peers also, for the accommodation of spectators: but this never was carried into effect. There appears to be much more politeness and more courteous behaviour in the Members of the Upper House. But he who wishes to observe mankind, and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters most strongly marked, will do well to attend frequently the Lower rather than the other House."

Not less simple and amusing is his description of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Theatres, the Westminster Election, and various other scenes which London presents. One remark will appear particularly singular to a native of the metropolis.

"By the side of the Thames were several porters, one of whom took my heavy trunk on his shoulders with astonishing ease, and carried it till I met a hackney-coach. This I hired for two shillings; immediately put the trunk into it, accompanying it myself *without paying anything extra for my own seat*. This is a great advantage in the English hackney coaches, that you are allowed to take with you whatever you please; for thus you save at least one half of what you must pay to a porter, and *besides go with it yourself*; and are better accommodated."

This, however, is an advantage which is too common for a Londoner to regard with the primitive gratitude of a foreigner, in whose country no such conveniences are to be found.

M. Moritz's journey to Oxford and Derby shires will be found in many parts very interesting. But our limits will admit of only one short extract, which will shew how much may be made of a familiar scene. On his way to Oxford, he went to attend Divine Service at Nettlebed.

Page 151. "At length came the Parson on horseback. The boys pulled off their hats, and all made him very low bows. He appeared to be rather an elderly man, and wore his

own hair round, and decently dressed, or rather curling naturally.

"The bell now rung in, and so I too, with a sort of secret proud sensation, as if I also had been an Englishman, went with my prayer-book under my arm to church, along with the rest of the congregation; and when I got into the church, the Clerk very civilly seated me close to the pulpit.

"Nothing can possibly be more simple, apt, and becoming, than the few decorations of this church.

"Directly over the altar, on two tables, in large letters, the Ten Commandments were written. There surely is much wisdom and propriety in thus placing, full in the view of the people, the sum and substance of all morality.

"Under the pulpit, near the steps that led up to it, was a desk, from which the Clergyman read the Liturgy. The responses were all regularly made by the Clerk; the whole congregation joining occasionally, though but in a low voice: As for instance; the Minister said, "Lord have mercy upon us!" the Clerk and the congregation immediately subjoin, "and forgive us all our sins." In general, when the Clergyman offers up a prayer, the Clerk and the whole congregation answer only *Amen!*

"The English service must needs be exceedingly fatiguing to the officiating Minister, inasmuch as, besides a sermon, the greatest part of the Liturgy falls to his share to read, besides the Psalms and two Lessons. The joining of the whole congregation in prayer has something exceedingly solemn and affecting in it. Two soldiers, who sat near me in the church, and who had probably been in London, seemed to wish to pass for philosophers and wits; for they did not join in the prayers of the church.

"The service was now pretty well advanced, when I observed some little stir in the desk: the Clerk was busy, and they seemed to be preparing for something new and solemn; and I also perceived several musical instruments. The Clergyman now stopped, and the Clerk then said, in a loud voice, "Let

us sing to the praise and glory of God, the forty-seventh psalm."

"I cannot well express how affecting and edifying it seemed to me, to hear this whole orderly and decent congregation, in this small country church, joining together, with vocal and instrumental music, in the praise of their Maker. It was the more grateful, as having been performed not by mercenary musicians, but by the peaceful and pious inhabitants of this sweet village. I can hardly figure to myself any offering more likely to be grateful to God.

"The congregation sang and prayed alternately several times; and the tunes of the psalms were particularly lively and cheerful, though at the same time sufficiently grave, and uncommonly interesting. I am a warm admirer of all sacred music; and I cannot but add, that that of the Church of England is particularly calculated to raise the heart to devotion. I own it often affected me even to tears.

"The Clergyman now stood up and made a short but very proper discourse on this text—"Not all they who say Lord, Lord! shall enter the kingdom of Heaven." His language was particularly plain, though forcible; his arguments were no less plain, convincing, and earnest; but contained nothing that was particularly striking. I do not think the sermon lasted more than half an hour.

"This Clergyman had not perhaps a very prepossessing appearance: I thought him also a little distant and reserved; and I did not quite like his returning the bows of the farmers with a very formal nod.

"I stayed till the service was quite over, and then went out of the church with the congregation, and amused myself with reading the inscriptions on the tomb-stones in the church-yard; which, in general, are simpler, more pathetic, and better written than ours."

Upon the whole, we think we can venture to recommend this little volume as agreeably calculated to fill up a leisure hour, as well as to excite reflections upon subjects, which, by being familiar to us, pass more unregarded than they ought.

The Environs of London : being an Historical Account of the Towns, Villages, and Hamlets, within Twelve Miles of that Capital : interpersed with Biographical Anecdotes. By the Rev. Daniel Lysons. M. A. F. A. S. Vol. III. 4to. Cadell and Davies.

(Concluded from Page 33.)

THIS Volume contains accounts of the following places : Hendon, Heston, Hornsey, Isleworth, Ilington, Kenfington, Kingbury, Limehouse, Marybone, Newington, Northall, Norwood, Paddington, Pancras, Shadwell, Stanmore Magna, Stanmore Parva, Stratford Bow, Teddington, Tottenham, Twickenham, West Twyford, and Wilfdon. It has also corrections of the former volumes, and a comparative state of population treated of in the last two volumes.

From the volume now under our consideration we shall proceed to make some extracts for the entertainment of our readers.

In the parish of Isleworth the following instance of fortune may be produced as a contrast to that extracted in our last from the parish of Hackney.

“ On the south side of the chancel is a very handsome marble monument (by Halfpenny) to the memory of Mrs. Anne Dash, better known by the name of Tolson, a great benefactress to the parish. Her history, as recorded in her epitaph, is very singular. She was daughter of George Newton, Esq. of Duffield, in the county of Derby; and having been twice married, first to Henry Sisson, afterwards to John Tolson, was in her second widowhood reduced to narrow circumstances, and obliged to set up a boarding-school as a means of procuring a livelihood; but blindness having rendered her unfit for that employment, she became an object of charity. In the mean time Dr. Caleb Coatsworth, a physician, who had married a relation of Mrs. Tolson, died (Anno 1741) having amassed in the course of his practice 150,000l. the greater part of which, being upwards of 120,000l. he left to his wife, who, surviving him only a few hours, died intestate; and her large fortune was divided between Mrs. Tolson and two others, as the nearest of kin. With a due sense of this signal deliverance and

unexpected change from a state of want to riches and affluence, she appropriated by a deed of gift the sum of 5000l. to be expended after her decease, in building and endowing an alms-house at Isleworth, for six poor men and six women. This lady died in the year 1750, aged eighty-nine; having married, subsequent to this deed of gift, a third husband, Mr. Joseph Dash, Merchant. The monument was erected, pursuant to her own desire, by Gilbert Joddrell, Esq. at the expence of 500l. It is ornamented with a bust in white marble of Mrs. Tolson, and medallions of Dr. and Mrs. Coatsworth.”

To our account of Archibald Bower, Vol. XXV. page 263. we may now add his epitaph from Marybone church.

“ Here lie the remains of Archibald Bower, author of “ The History of the Popes; ” a man exemplary for every social virtue, justly esteemed by all who knew him for his strict honesty and integrity; a faithful friend and a sincere Christian. He died Sept. 3, 1766, aged 80.”

“ False witnesses rose up against him, and laid to his charge things that he knew not. They conspired together, and laid their net to destroy him guiltless. The very subjects came together against him; they gaped upon him with their mouths. They sharpened their tongues like a serpent, working deceitfully. They compassed him about with words of malice and hatred, and fought against him without a cause.”

“ He endured these reproaches with fortitude, suffering wrongfully.”

The following account of Canons, the celebrated Seat of the Duke of Chandos, is in the parish of Stanmore Parva.

“ The magnificent mansion built upon this estate, about the year 1712, by Mr. Brydges, afterwards Duke of Chandos, has been frequently celebrated in verse * and prose. It stood

* Samuel Humphreys wrote a poem upon Canons, addressed to the Duke of Chandos, folio 1728. It speaks of the place in terms of general panegyric, but contains little of description. There is another poem on Canons by Gilden.

at the end of a spacious avenue, being placed diagonally so as to shew two sides of the building, which at a distance gave the appearance of a front of prodigious extent. Verue describes it as a noble square pile, all of stone; the four sides almost alike, with statues on the front: within was a small square of brick, not handsome; the out-offices of brick and stone, very convenient and well disposed. The hall richly adorned with marble statues, busts, &c. The ceiling of the staircase by Thornhill. The grand apartments finely adorned with paintings, sculpture and furniture *." The columns which supported the building were all of marble, as was the great staircase, each step of which was made of an intire block, above twenty feet in length †. The whole expence of the building and furniture is said to have amounted to 200,000l. ‡. James of Greenwich was the Architect. Dr. Alexander Blackwell, author of a Treatise on Agriculture, was employed to superintend the works without doors §; and it is probable that he laid out the gardens and pleasure-grounds, which abounded with vistas, lakes,

canals, and statues, in the taste then prevalent. The Duke's manner of living corresponded with the magnificence of his mansion, and fell little short of the state of a sovereign Prince. When Pope's well known satire against false taste came out, it was immediately supposed to have been directed against Canons and its noble owner, there characterized under the name of Timon §. Dr. Johnson in his Life of that Poet says, "from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. He was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavoured to make that disbelieved which he had never the confidence openly to deny ¶. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions * *." There is a print of Hogarth's in which he represents Pope white-washing the Earl of Burlington's house, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's carriage as it passes by. Admitting what there is little doubt of, the Poet's application of his

* MS. in the Earl of Orford's collection at Strawberry Hill.

† Defoe's Tour through England.

‡ Hawkins's History of Music, Vol. V. p. 198.

§ Gentleman's Magazine, September 1747.

¶ The most striking passages in the satire applicable to Canons are the following:

Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought:
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down.
The suffering eye, inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut like statues, statues thick as trees.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r.
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
But hark the chiming clocks to dinner call,
A hundred footsteps grace the marble hall.

¶ There is certainly something equivocating in what he says in the Prologue to his Satires:

Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there.

There is no doubt if he intended at all to disguise his satire he would introduce some extraneous circumstances. After all, I think the chapel is the most characteristic feature in the portrait.

* * Lives of the Poets, Vol. IV. p. 89.

satire to Canons, his concluding lines are singularly prophetic :

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land *.

“ When the Duke of Chandos died, this magnificent mansion being thought to require an establishment too expensive for the income of his successor, after fruitless attempts to dispose of it entire, was pulled down, and the materials sold by auction in the year 1747. The grand staircase is now at Lord Chesterfield's house in May Fair. An equestrian statue of George the First, which stood in the park, is now in the centre of Leicester Square. The site of Canons, with a considerable lot of the materials, the park and demesne lands, were purchased by William Hallet, Esq. who built the present villa. His grandson sold it to Dennis O'Kelly, Esq. the well known possessor of the famous horse Eclipse, whose bones lie buried in the park. Canons is now the property of Patrick O'Kelly, nephew of Dennis †.

“ The parish church is dedicated to St. Lawrence. It was rebuilt (the tower excepted) at the expence of the Duke of Chandos, about the year 1715, but the internal decorations were not finished till 1720. It was opened on the 29th of August that year, for which occasion it is probable Handel composed his sacred Drama of Esther, which was certainly performed at Canons in 1720, when Dr. Randall of Cambridge, with Beard and Savage the celebrated vocal performers, were among the boys who filled the chorusses ‡. The ceiling and walls are painted by Laguerre, the Nativity and a dead Christ on each side of the altar by Belluchi. Behind is a recess for the organ, supported by columns of the Corinthian order; in the back ground are paintings of Moses receiv-

ing the law, and Christ preaching. Whilst the Duke of Chandos lived at Canons, the church service was performed with all the aid of the best vocal and instrumental musick. Handel, who resided at Canons as chapel master, composed the anthems, and Pepusch the morning and evening services, several of which are now in the library belonging to the Academy of Ancient Music. On the 25th of September 1790, a grand miscellaneous concert of sacred music, selected out of the works of Handel, was performed in this church in honour of that great master; when among other pieces some parts of anthems composed by him at Canons, were sung by Signora Storace, Mrs. Crouch, &c.— The profits were intended for the benefit of the Sunday schools in some adjoining parishes, but it did not turn out productive.”

We think with Mr. Lysons, that Pope equivocated in his public declaration concerning the Duke of Chandos, and it is more than probable that the satire was originally directed against that Nobleman. The clamour of the public seems to have intimidated the Poet, and there is no doubt he wished to avoid the odium which his poem had brought upon him. As more than one edition of this author is now preparing for the public, this transaction we doubt not will be fully canvassed and decided. It is certain Pope was not backward in denying the charge amongst his particular friends, and it would be gratifying to the world if the letter to the Duke of Chandos before mentioned were published. It is probably still in being, if application was made to the representatives of the family. In the following extract of a letter from Pope to Aaron Hill he rejects the imputation in a very decided and unqualified manner.—“ As you are a man of tender sentiments of honour, I know it will grieve you

* It is a remarkable circumstance, that Warburton in his first edition of Pope's works admits the application of the satire to Canons, by observing upon this passage, that “ had the Poet lived three years longer, he had seen his prophecy fulfilled.” In a future edition, as if anxious to explain away what upon consideration he thought might confirm a charge not creditable to his friend, he alters his observation thus : that “ he would have seen his general prophecy against all ill-judged magnificence displayed in a very particular instance.”

† Dennis O'Kelly, Esq. was buried at Whitechurch, in the parish vault, Jan. 7, 1788.

‡ These Gentlemen sung (not merely in the chorusses) in Esther, but certainly at a later period than 1720. EDITOR.

to hear another undeservedly charged with a crime his heart is free from: for if there be truth in the world, I declare to you I never imagined the least application of what I said of Ch—s, than whom there is scarce a more blameless, worthy, and generous, beneficent character, among all our nobility: and if I have not lost my senses, the Town has lost them by what I heard so late as but two days ago, of the uproar on this head. I am certain if you calmly read every particular of that description, you will find almost all of them point blank the reverse of that person's villa. It is an awkward thing for a man to print in defence of his own work, against a chimæra: you know not who or what you fight against. The objections start up in a new shape, like the armies and phantoms of magicians; and no weapon can cut a mist or a shadow. Yet it would have been a pleasure to me to have found some friend saying a word in my justification against a most malicious falsehood. I speak of such as have known by their own experience these twenty years, that I always took up their defence when any stream of calumny ran upon them. If it gives the Duke one moment's uneasiness, I should think myself ill paid if the whole earth admired the poetry; and, believe me, would rather never have written a verse in my life, than that any one of them should trouble a truly good man." (See Collection of Letters by Pope and others to Aaron Hill, 12mo. 1751, page 25). It is not unworthy of notice, that Aaron Hill seems to have paid no regard to the hint in Mr. Pope's letter of defending him.

In the parish of Teddington we find the following epitaph to the memory of Mrs. Woffington, which may be added to our account (See Vol. XXVII. p. 80.) of that lady.

"Near this monument lies the body of Margaret Woffington, Spinster, born

October 18, 1720, who departed this life March 28, 1760, aged thirty-nine years." Arms—Or, three Leopards faces, Gules.

In the parish of Twickenham we have the following epitaph to the memory of Mrs. Clive, written, as we are informed, by her pupil and successor on the stage, Miss Pope.

"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Catherine Clive, who died Dec. 7, 1785, aged 75 years.

"Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,
Her moral virtues and her well-earn'd fame;
In comic scenes the stage she early trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
In real life was equal praise her due,
Open to pity, and to friendship true:
In wit still pleasing, as in converse free
From aught that could afflict humanity:
Her generous heart to all her friends was known,
And e'en the stranger's sorrows were her own.
Content with fame, e'en affluence she wou'd,
To share with others what by toil she sav'd;
And, nobly bounteous from her slender store,
She bade two dear relations not be poor.
Such deeds on life's short scenes true glory shed,
And heavenly plaudits hail the glorious dead."

We intended to have presented our readers with Mr. Lysons's accurate account of Strawberry Hill, but find that our limits will not admit it.

Mr. Lysons's three volumes, notwithstanding a few oversights which we have remarked, will not disappoint the curious reader, who will observe a great deal of new materials distributed in a clear and perspicuous manner. The stile is well adapted to the nature of the performance, unornamented and easy; and the author appears to have spared no pains to render his work useful, entertaining, and deserving of praise.

AN ESSAY ON DILIGENCE.

NOTHING can be compassed without diligence; it is necessary to all great undertakings, and mingles with every art or design. There is nothing worthy the pursuit of a rational being, which is not connected with the exercise of either body or mind. All our

pleasures are bought by labour, and owe to it their power of pleasing.—Without this fine seasoning, the business of life would be dull and tasteless. We should pass over our existence without any satisfaction, except what arose from the prospect of its conclusion.

It is, perhaps, wisely ordered by Providence, that nothing great or excellent can be produced from a state of indolence. Enterprize and activity have distinguished all those who shine in any department of the arts and sciences. Historians, poets, orators did not spring from among the lazy classes of mankind, but are to be numbered with the most industrious part of our fellow-creatures.

The historian, for example, acquired his abilities for recounting the transactions of mankind, by deep study and application to the various parts of his task. His manner, method, and style were formed, not at once, but by degrees, after many trials and long experience.

The poet, allowing him all the advantages of genius, had many things to attain, before he arrived at the point of excellence: his imagination, doubtless, suffered many prunings; his judgment was often rejudged, his versification underwent many corrections.—Dryden is an instance of a fine genius oppressed by incultivation. He was, in vigour of imagination, superior to Mr. Pope, but for want of correctness, fell beneath him in harmony of versification, and all those qualifications which depended upon labour.

The orator only succeeded to command the passions of men, when he had exerted himself to acquire the powers of speech, and the knowledge of mankind. Demosthenes, the father of orators, laboured incessantly, till he overcame the obstacles which Nature herself seemed to have thrown in his way. The badness of his articulation, he corrected by speaking with pebbles in his mouth; to accustom himself to the noise of an assembly, he spoke aloud on the sea-shore; and to improve himself in style, he copied over Thucydides six times with his own hand. Cicero, his rival in eloquence, also applied himself with unceasing attention to the qualifications proper for his profession. After he had acquired all the learning and knowledge his

own country afforded, he travelled into Greece, and made Athens the scene of his activity. From thence he went into different parts, and wherever he met a famous master, he submitted himself to his instructions. In short, the life of this great man was one entire uninterrupted series of labours to acquire that divine eloquence for which his name is deservedly immortalized.

I mention these to prove, that some of the greatest men have been most remarkable for their diligence, and that it is not, as many foolishly imagine, the mark of a low genius to study hard: on the contrary, it affords a proof of a great spirit, and is in general a noble prophecy of shining qualities in the person who exercises himself with that intenceness. And if dullness is sometimes found united with diligence, the fact is not very common; and where it happens, Nature is improved, and her imperfections covered over. It is worthy of remark, that genius unrestrained by reason or judgment, always acts a kind of strange, irregular, idle, inconsistent part. From a want of early cultivation, it will not submit to be governed by rule. While the man of ordinary talents is content to move in the same dull circle, to sag a difficulty, and patiently to wait for bright ideas, upon an obscure passage;—the man of genius is dissatisfied and discouraged in his attempts, if the light of inspiration does not always assist him; or he is led away, perhaps, by other amusements, or stops to trifle amidst the most serious engagements. If this be the true character of many men possessing genius, their complaints of bad success are ridiculous and unavailing. It is not from the endowment of talent, but the vigorous application of it, that men will advance their fortunes; the exertion of very moderate parts, in all cases, will outweigh the indecisive qualities of the brightest.

C.

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM THE SIGHT OF RUINS OR ANCIENT STRUCTURES.

IT is no wonder that learned men are fond of the study of antiquity, which offers such liberal rewards to the diligent antiquarian. Curiosity, the strongest principle of rational be-

ings, here meets with constant matter for gratification; it often feeds on something unexplored before, and the feast receives a zest from its novelty. But there is no part of this study more
deser-

deserving attention, than that comprising the history of ancient buildings, as castles and abbeys. The pleasure arising from such sights is beautifully described in the following lines :

“ I do love to see ancient ruins,
Where every step one treads
One walks o'er some reverend name ;
And here in this open court, which lies
Exposed to the injuries of stormy weather,
Some lie interred
Who loved church well ; and freely gave,
Thinking it should have canonized their
bones
Till domefday ; but all things have an end ;
Cities and churches like diseases have with
men,
And all must die like them.”

No one of the least sentiment or imagination can look upon an old or ruined edifice without feeling sublime emotions ; a thousand ideas crowd upon his mind, and fill him with awful astonishment. As this pleasure is of a mixed kind, it arises probably from the beautifully picturesque situation of the place. The scenery, perhaps a fine rich valley with a large hanging wood in the back ground, a river running near, with a fine rich prospect to the eye of the spectator, in every direction, gratify the love of natural beauties ; while the still retirement of the spot, added to the fertility and verdure spread about it, give it an air of solemn enchantment. We admire the judicious taste of the Monks in selecting a scene for their monastery so well adapted to please and tranquillize the mind, and to prepare it for receiving holy impressions with an easy unruffled temper.

But the appearance of the ruins, their

shattered fragments, the broken decayed aspect of every part, the various passages, rooms, cellars, and winding stair-cases, with a profusion of luxuriant ivy creeping along every stone of the building, give it an air of rude sublimity. A thousand fancies enter the mind of the pensive beholder. He sometimes returns in thought to the period when the Abbey shone in prosperity ; he sees the Abbot and the Monks carousing at table, feeding upon delicate dishes, and dyeing their skins with wine ; or he reviews them, as they pass, in procession, to morning and evening prayers, dressed in the manner of their order ; he retires with them into their private apartments, and observes some employed in holy exercise, and others devoted to wine and debauchery.

Again, the beholder is absorbed in thoughts more elevating. He is reminded by the venerable ruin of the lapse of time ; of the vast revolution in men and things which have taken place since it was first erected ; how many races of mankind have fluttered and died within its walls, and how the same fate is awaiting others, and with them himself. Such reflections impress the mind with awful seriousness, combined with pleasure.

Besides, it is impossible to contemplate a large pile in ruins without regretting its defaced beauties, and silently lamenting the ravages of time. While we admire the remains of labour, skill, and strength, displayed in the Architecture, we are put in mind of the vanity of human grandeur, the abased glory of our ancestors, and the necessity of seeking out for a *tabernacle not made with hands*.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF JOHN MILTON.

FROM AUBREY'S MSS. IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM AT OXFORD.

“ I HAVE been told that Milton's father composed a song of four-score parts for the Landgrave of Hesse, for which his Highness sent him a medal of gold, or as noble present. He died about the year 1647, and was buried in Cripplegate church from his house in Barbican.

“ When Milton went to school, and when he was very young, he studied very hard, and sat up very late, commonly till twelve or one o'clock, and

his father ordered the maid to set up for him, and at those years composed many copies of verses, which might well have become a ripper age. He was a very hard student at the University, where he perform'd all his exercises with very good applause. His first Tutor there was Mr. Chapel, who, receiving some unkindness, whipt him ; he was afterwards (though it seemed against the rules of the College) transferred to the tuition of one Mr. Tovell,

Tovell, who died Parson of Lutterworth.

“ He lies buried in St. Giles’s Cripplegate chancel, at the right hand. His stone is now removed, for about 7 years since (Nov. 1681) the two steppes to the Communion Table were raised. Ighaffe, Jo. Speed, and he, lie together.

“ His harmonical and ingenious soul did lodge in a beautiful and well proportioned body.

“ *In toto mens quasi corpore munda fuit.*

“ His mother was a Bradshawe.

“ Milton wrote a Dictionary called “*Idioma Linguæ Latinæ;*” from Mr. Packer, who was his scholar.

“ He wrote “*Idea Theologiæ;*” in MS. in the hands of Mr. Skinner, of Mark-lane.

“ Two Religious Opinions do not well upon the same boulder,” he said of one of his wives who was of a different opinion from him in Religion.

“ John Dryden, Esq. Poet Laureate, who very much admired him, went to him to have leave to put his *Paradise Lost* into a Dramatick Poem. Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tagge his verses.

“ Milton’s widow assures me, that Mr. Hobbes was not of his acquaintance, but he would acknowledge him to be a man of great parts, and a learned man.

“ His sight began to fail him at first upon his writing against *Salmasius*, and before it was fully completed one eye absolutely failed him.

“ He was visited by learned men much more than he did desire.

“ He was mightily importuned to go to France and Italie. Foreigners came much to see him, and much admired him, and offered him great presents to come over to them. The only inducement of several foreigners that came over to England, was chiefly to see Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector, and Mr. John Milton. They would see the house where he was born. He was much more admired abroad than at home.

“ He married his second wife before the sicknesse (the Plague); a great person, and of a peaceable and agreeable humour.

“ He was scarce as tall as I am (says Mr. Aubrey); he had light brown hair, his eye a dark graie, his face ovall. The pictures before his bookes

are not like him. His widow has his picture, drawn when he was a Cambridge Scholar, very like him, and which ought to be engraven.

“ His first wife, a Royalist, Mrs. Powell, was brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c. and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary, no company came to her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten. This life was irksome to her, and so she went to her parents. He sent for her home after some time. As for wronging his bed, I never heard the least suspicion of that, nor had he of that any jealousy.

“ He went to travel about the year 1638, and was abroad about a year’s space, chiefly in Italy. Immediately after his return he took a lodging at Mr. Russell’s, a taylor, in St. Bride’s Church-yard, and took into his tuition his sister’s two sons, Edward and John Philips (the first 10, the other 9 years of age), and in a year’s time made them *capable of interpreting a Latin author at sight*, and within three years they went through the best of the Latin and Greek Poets, *Lucretius Manilius;* and (with him the use of the Globes) of the Latins, *Hesiod, Aratus, Dionysius Afer, Oppian, Appollonii Argonautica, Quintus Calaber, Cato, Varro,* and *Columella de Re Rusticâ,* were the very first authors they learned.

“ As he was severe on one hand, so he was most familiar and free in his conversation to those whom he must serve in his way of education.

“ N. B. He made his nephews songsters, and sing from the time they were with him.

“ His familiar learned acquaintance were Mr. Andrew Marvell, Mr. Skinner, Dr. Pagett, M. D.

“ He was pleasant in his conversation, but satyirical. His exercise was chiefly walking. After dinner he used to walk two or three hours at a time: he always had a garden where he lived. He was an early riser, yea after he had lost his sight (*ſc.* at four o’clock *marçè*). He had a man read to him. The first thing they read was the Hebrew Bible, then he contemplated. At seven his man came to him againe, and read and wrote for him till dinner (the writing was as much as the reading) His daughter Deborah could read to him Latin, Italian, French, Greek (the

was very like her father). He went to bed about nine. He was temperate, rarely drank between meals. He pronounced the letter R very hard. He had a delicate tunable voice, and had good skill. His father resembled him. He had an organ in his house; he played on that most.

“From Mr. Abram Hill.

“Memorandum.—His (Milton’s) sharpe writing against Alexander More, of Holland, upon a mistake, notwithstanding he had given him, *by the Ambassador*, all satisfaction * to the contrary.

“To enquire of Mr. Allan, of Edmund Hall, Oxon, of Mr. J. Milton’s *Life*, writt by himself.

“He had a very good memorie, but I believe his excellent manner of thinking did much helpe his memorie.

“He lived in severall places; Holbourne, near King’s Gate. He died in Bunhill, opposite the Artillery Garden wall. He seldome tooke any physick, only sometimes he took manna. He was very † healthy, and free from all diseases; and towards his latter end he was visited by the goutte. He would be chearful even in his goutte, and sing. He died of the goutte struck in.

“I heard (says Mr. Aubrey) that after he was blind he was writing a Latin Dictionary. The widow affirms, that he gave all his papers (amongst which was his Dictionary) to his nephew: That he brought up his sister’s son Philips, who lives near the Maypole in the Strand. She has a great many letters by her from learned men of his acquaintance, both of England and beyond sea.

“M. Theodore Haake, R. S. S. hath translated half his Paradise Lost into High Dutch, in such blank verse as is very well liked by Germanus Fabricius, Professor at Heidelburgh, who sent Mr. Haake a letter upon his translation, in which he says, “Incredibile est quantum nos omnes affecerit gravitas styli & copia beatissimorum verborum.”

“In the Third Book of Paradise Lost there are about six verses of Satan’s Exclamation to the Sun, which E. Ph. remembers about 15 or 16 years before his poem was thought of, which were intended for the beginning of a Tragædie which he had designed, but was diverted from it by other business.”

D R O S S I A N A.

N U M B E R LXXII.

ANECDOTES of ILLUSTRIOUS and EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,

PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

[Continued from Page 113.]

DR. JOHNSON

WAS extremely averse to the present foppish mode of educating children, so as to make them what foolish mothers call elegant young men. He said to some Lady who asked him what she should teach her son in early life, “Madam, to read, to write, to count; grammar, writing, and arithmetic; three things which, if not taught in very early life, are seldom or ever taught to any purpose, and without the knowledge of which no superstructure of learning or of knowledge can be built.” He always advised his friends, when they were inclined to marry, to make choice of a religious woman. “A man,” added he, “may be kept in some degree of order by common sense, by pride, by fear of the censure of the

world, or by many other motives; but if a woman has no religion, you have no hold upon her mind.”

The Doctor used to say, that he once knew a man of so vagabond a disposition, that he even wished, for the sake of change of place, to go to the West Indies. He set off on this expedition, and the Doctor saw him in town four months afterwards. Upon asking him why he had not put his plan in execution, he replied, “I have been returned these ten days from the West Indies. The sight of slavery was so horrid to me, that I could only stay two days in one of the Islands.” This man, who had been once a man of literature, and had been a private tutor to some young men of consequence, became so extremely torpid and careless

* Viz. That the book (called *Clamor Cœli*) was written by Peter du Moulin. Well if that was all one, he having writt it, it should goe into the world; one of them was as bad as the other

† The learned Huetius says, that studious men live as long or longer than other men, if they will take care not to overload their stomachs with meat and drink.

in point of further information that the Doctor, when he called upon him one day, and asked him to lend him a book, was told by him, that he had not one in the house.—Dr. Johnson, on learning the death of a celebrated West India Planter, said, “He is gone, I believe, to a climate in which he will not find the country much warmer, and the men much blacker, than that he has left.”—One of the happiest applications of a passage from a classical author that I remember, is the quotation from Lucan’s Pharsalia, applied to Voltaire in Dr. Johnson’s excellent Preface to Shakespeare; a piece of criticism, according to Dr. Adam Smith, the most manly and original that the ingenuity and acuteness of man has ever produced. So great was the fecundity and readiness of the Doctor’s mind, that this celebrated Preface was composed in ten days time. Two-and-thirty pages in octavo of the Life of Savage, the Doctor said he had written in one day, I believe hardly without stirring from his chair. The Doctor had indeed in his composition much of that property which the Philosophers attribute to matter, the *vis merita*. He was not easily put into motion, but when once he was put into motion, he continued to roll on. He had too much of that active disposition without which nothing great or considerable can be produced; the *animus acer, qui quidquid vult, valde vult*.

JAMES HOWELL, ESQ.

in one of his Letters to Lord Bristol, dated May 20, 1629, says,—“God send us an honourable Peace, for, as the Spaniard says, “*Nun cavi tan mala pazque no fuisse mejor, que la mejor guerra.*” There cannot be any Peace so bad, but that it is preferable to the best War.

“It cannot,” says he, “much benefit Hans (that is the Dutch) to have the French amongst them, “*Ayez le Francois pour ton amy, & non pas pour ton voisin,*” says the old proverb, Have the Frenchman for your friend, but never have him for your neighbour. Indeed, to do the French justice, they have never come into any country without making themselves detested in it. The term *Monsi* in Italy is, at present, and has been for these three centuries, a term of the greatest contempt and disgrace.”

In his “Land of Ire,” he says, “The

Irish have an old prophecy amongst them, which one shall hear up and down in every mouth, “That the day will come when the Irish shall weep upon Englishmen’s graves.” This they apply to the Scotch nation, it seems. It might very well apply to them, perhaps, were they to admit the French amongst them.”

JAMES THE SECOND.

This Prince, when Duke of York, visited Oxford with his Duchess, in 1683. Dr. Charlett, in a letter to Lord K——, thus describes their visit:

“Their Highnesses were pleased to visit every College beside Pembroke, the Duchess declaring her intention to see the whole University. At their parting, the Vice-Chancellor presented to his Highness Wood’s Antiquities; to the Duchess Dr. Plot’s History of Oxfordshire and the Cutts of the Colleges; to the Lady Anne an English Bible, which the Duchess, looking into, commended the fineness of the print, saying, she read the English and Latin Bible dayly. The Duke declared his readiness to shew the University any kindness in the highest terms, adding, that the Church must support the Crown, and the Crown the Church, that their interests were the same, not divided; that as he had effectually (he hoped) secured the Church of Scotland, so it should be his endeavour to doe the same here in England, declaring his approbation of every thing in the University, except Exeter College, where the Communion Table was placed at a distance from the East end, in a manner very irregular and indecent, adding, that he feared there was much of Presbyterianism in that College, and this was a relique of it.”

WILLIAM PITT EARL OF CHATHAM.

“William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,” says the learned Abbé Brotier, “who died in 1773, was one of the greatest Statesmen that England ever produced. Although he had been for a long time at the head of affairs, he had always a very moderate fortune. His country was at the expence of his public funeral in Westminster Abbey, where there is a magnificent monument erected to him at the expence of his country, who at the same time provided fortunes for the children of this great man.”

He was dying when his son was appointed to go to serve at Gibraltar.

This generous Citizen thus addressed him :

“ Go, my son, go wherever your country calls you ! Never have any thing but your country in your mind and at your heart. Do not bestow upon a poor old man who is dying, those moments which are due to the service of your country.”—*Paroles Memorables recueillies par l'Abbé Brotier. Paris, 1790. 12mo.*

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

This honest Patriot equally opposed the tyranny of Charles and of Cromwell, and was equally persecuted by both. With what zeal he served Charles the Second when he was recognized lawful Sovereign of these kingdoms, the following letter from him to Mr. Harington, an ancestor of the learned and excellent Dr. Harington, of Bath, will most fully evince.

To JOHN HARINGTON, Esq. at
KELSTONE, near BATH.

“ SIR,

“ The Commissioners for disbanding the Army have thought fit to put your selfe and Major Long, together with Major Butler, to disband and pay off Colonel O'Neale's Regiment of Horse at Bath, where the Treasurer at Warre shall attend you with money out of Bristol, Dorset, Hampshire, Gloucestershire, Sumersetshire & Wiltshire, which we have ordered to be drawn thither by the day of disbanding, which will be on Thursday the 6 of Decr. where you shall receive orders and instructions to effect this good work, which we hope you will readily undertake for the country's ease, having hereby notice thereof from your assured

“ Friend and Servt.

Westminster, 27th Novr. “ W. M. PRYNNE,
1660.

“ I pray communicate these lines to Major Long.”

PARAVICCUS

says, that the usual lesson given to young Physicians in his time by their Instructors in the Art of Healing was,

Dum ager ait Ah, ah,

Tu dicito, Da da.

From all my ails, the sick man cries,
Good Doctor, set me free.

'Tis very well, the Leech replies,

But first, my fee, my fee !

Some French Poet says,

“ Galen à nos maladies

Doit le tresor de sa santé,

Justinian à nos folies

Sa sagesse & son equité.

Portons bien & soyons sages,

Nos verrons sur ces personages

Retomber notre infirmité.”

Our sickness on the Doctor health bestows,

The Lawyer wisdom to our folly owes.

Cease then deluded mortals to be blind,

Be temperate in body and in mind,
Avoid excess, and each base passion

shun, [done.]

The Doctor dies, the Lawyer is un-

DR. SHAW,

in his Travels into Barbary, tells us, that the old adage, “ That Africa is ever producing something new” (mentioned in Mr. Bruce's Travels), is to be met with in Aristotle's History of Animals, book 8, chap. 28. which adage that great Philosopher thus explains:—
“ Ideo, se propter *inopiam* aquarum (ad paucos amnes congregantibus se feris), *multiformes* ibi animalium partus, varii, *foeminis* cujusve generis mares, aut vi, aut voluptate miscentes. Unde etiam vulgus dicitum semper aliquid *novi* Africam afferre.”

DR. BURTON.

How extremely difficult it is to write in a dead language, from the want of knowing the force and meaning of many of the words in it ! yet how many pedants pretend to judge of the merit or demerit of any composition in Greek or Latin, with more confidence than a well educated Englishman would assume in judging of any work in his own. Dr. Burton, of Eton, was a very elegant writer of Latin, and affected the greatest indignation when he met with any expression that he did not think classical. One day, at the putting up of some pictures in the College, the late Dr. Barnard cries out to him, “ Domine, non posuisti picturas in bono lumine.” “ Ah !” says Dr. Burton, laughing, “ I think I never heard a better piece of Dog Latin in my life.” “ Dog Latin do you call it ?” says Dr. Barnard ; “ it is to be met with in Tully.” So turning to the works of that author, he shewed it to him, to the Doctor's great astonishment.

SIR THOMAS MORE, LORD CHANCELLOR.

When this great and good man was
one

one day upbraided by his children for not having given them places of lucre and emolument, he said, "I will do justice to any man for your sake, and will leave you my blessing." He used to say, The world is undone by looking at things at a distance; that the greatest punishment to a man was, to have every thing that he wished. He wished three things to Christendom—An universal Peace; an uniform Religion; and a Reformation of Lives, rather than of Religion.

PIERRE PETIT, M. D.

This learned French Physician wrote a Latin Poem on Tea; it is entitled, "Théa Sinensis." It is printed in the first volume of "Poemata Didascalica," Paris, 1749. He thus describes the exhilarating yet secure effects of this elegant beverage, after having mentioned the more dangerous and baleful effects produced by the exhilaration of wine:

"Non unquam tales blandis (mihi crede) furores [quoque venis
"Accendet tibi Théa comis, licet hæc
"Dum subit, insolitos volvit sub pectore motus, [tissima musis
"Scit planta innocua, & nostris grati
"Virtuti sequare fidem, dat gaudia menti
"Sed casta, & nullum culpæ incussura pudorem."

"Tea and coffee," said a learned Physician, are the opium and the spirits of elegant and delicate persons; like opiates too, when drank in large quantities, they enfeeble after having stimulated, and are said peculiarly to induce paralytic tendencies of the stomach and bowels.

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IN my Life of Captain James Cook, after having recited Dr. Franklin's requisition to the Captains and Commanders of American armed ships, not to consider that great Navigator as an enemy, if he should happen to fall into their hands, I have said that Dr. Franklin's orders were instantly reversed, and that it was directed by Congress to seize Captain Cook, if an opportunity of doing it occurred. This representation I gave upon what I deemed unquestionable information and authority. It appears, however, from a letter addressed to me by the Rev. Dr. Belknap of Boston in New England, and from a number of other letters, inserted in the Columbian Centinel of May the 13th, 1795, that no such directions were given by Congress, as I was led to be-

THOMAS HOBBS

used to say, that evil Government was like a tempest which may throw down a tree, here and there a fruitful tree; but civil war, or anarchy, like a deluge would sweep all away before them.

"The Papacy is the Ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave. It is a shuttle-cock kept up by the difference between Princes.

"Ambitious men wade through the blood of other persons to their own power.

"Words are the counters of wise men, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of Cicero, Aristotle, and Thomas Aquinas."

ANTHONY EARL OF SHAFTSBURY,
LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND,

A Life of this extraordinary person is a *desideratum* in English Biography. Many curious MS. papers of his are in the possession of the family. The only authentic account we have of him is "Memoirs relating to the principal Passages of his Life," in folio, printed by Samuel Lee, 1681.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

Some ignorant Frenchman, and indeed of all Nations they are the most ignorant, as well as the most conceited, asked this celebrated Nobleman one day, "Sacre t'on les Rois en Angleterre, mi Lor?" He replied, "On les sacre & les massacre aussi," alluding to the execution of Charles the First, to

lieve. I do, therefore, readily acknowledge the misinformation; and I assure you that I have much greater pleasure in confessing than in adhering to an error. The zeal expressed by so many Gentlemen on this occasion for the Honour of their Country gives me great satisfaction; and I regard it as an agreeable omen of the liberality with which it may be hoped that future Wars will be conducted. Thus much may be sufficient to say upon the subject at present; but I intend more fully to state the matter in the Addenda to be prefixed to the Sixth Volume of the Biographia.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,
AND. KIPPIS.

Westminster, Sept. 5, 1795.

RE-

REMARKS ON THOMSON,

AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

Monumentum Ævo perennius.

HOR.

ANY attempt to call forth the beauties of an author, or to illustrate the excellence of composition, may be a laudable, and perhaps useful undertaking; and to second the efforts of those who have aimed at the introduction of elegance, the brilliancy of taste, and justness of thought, will be only fulfilling that office which we, as rational beings, should be prompt and eager to perform. There is nothing, perhaps, in the moral theatre which has resounded so much, and flourished so long, as literature and philosophy; the one an object of extensive utility, the other a subject of exalted refinement. Though Judgment and Criticism have so often plucked the fairest flower from the brows of an author, yet those who have escaped its severest censures, and claimed the tribute of applause, it should be our duty to peruse, and our endeavour to exalt.

I am impertinent enough to think, that the sword of Prince Arthur, comparatively speaking, has not caused greater havoc than the spleen of Dennis with the united force of Johnson. The field of literature has been so often trod, so often contended for, and so often strewn with the labours of the indefatigable, the productions of the wit, the compositions of the author, and the attempts of the poet, that it affords a scene full of curious speculation and promiscuous slaughter. Long and stubborn must the contest be when judges assail in the front, and critics bring up the rear. For my own part, I must confess I would rather sit composed, like Edward in the wind-mill, than espouse either party, or mix in the fray. It is astonishing to think what weapons are handled, what efforts displayed, and what feats achieved. Partiality, prejudice, shallow judgment, and spleen, are the goddesses which generally hover round the party of the critics, while pedantry, self-conceit, ignorance, and a broken-down genius, encourage the authors with equal fire and impetuosity. The critics when defeated generally make an able retreat, but the authors are knocked down and put to the sword without mercy. Those, indeed, who have triumphed, generally happen to the temple of Minerva, and there deposit the instruments of war, as an obla-

tion or sacrifice for the victory. The one invokes the manes of Longinus, the other the departed shade of Gibbon, while it remains in the power of Minerva to reject or accept the presents of either party.

Of all those who have decked the altar of literature, none have conferred upon it a more brilliant ornament than THOMSON, the author of *The Seasons*. When our country boasts of her authors, philosophers, and poets, she always includes him among the number of her favourites, and caresses him with the same fondness and care as she does those of longer acquaintance, or who have shared more abundantly of her favours. Though I confess myself wholly deficient in examining his beauties or detecting his faults, after the efforts of learned and popular critics, yet as I am led to the task by an honest enthusiasm of his merits, I trust I shall be pardoned in any humble attempt to display them.

The age had long been accustomed to admire the manly harmony of Milton, and looked with cold indifference at the introduction of a rival, who might excel in melody of numbers, though not in flights of the same poetic sublimity. Thomson had well studied the turn of that great poet, his variety, his pauses, and his diction, though he himself produced numbers of a different growth, and pauses of a new disposition. Before, however, we take into consideration the merits of his verse, his genius and poetical talent, which form the principal, and almost sole ingredient in the composition of the poet, should first invite our attention. His turn of thought and bent of genius were not calculated to represent a hero, a consultation of Divinities, the decrees of Fate, the subversion of the rebellious, and the establishment of the pious; all which form such ample matter for the fabric of an epic poem. A discriminating judgment, a philanthropic philosophy, and a transcendent taste were the predominant features of his mind. Though his talents were not trained for the great and arduous composition of the drama, the drawing of the many-coloured scenes of life, yet he has left the favourite of Nature not far behind him in point of tenderness, delicacy,

cacy, and sensibility of soul: his characters, the few of them that he has, are drawn with a soft and expressive pencil; not starting into exuberances, or ambitious of the sublime, but delineated with exactness and mellowed into perfection. He knew very well that rhyme was a fetter to freedom of expression, he therefore wisely rejected its adoption. Yet his harmony, his elegance of verse may dispute the palm with either Cowley or Pope. Though it may appear too high an encomium to give him the preference, yet he is by no means inferior, and stands upon a noble equality with both. He chose a field which few had before trodden, and has searched into those recesses which few had hitherto the curiosity to explore. The novelty of his subject was as agreeable as it was instructive. He looked on Nature with an eye truly philosophical. "Enamoured of her beauties," he has described as he found her. He knew that few excrescences could be lopped off, and of few deficiencies which might call for the assistance of art. His delicious harmony in description well resembles the ease and elegance of each object, and faithfully depicts the blending and variety of Nature. His philosophy is of the purest and most rational kind. His ideas were not shackled by partiality, or cramped by pedantic imitation. The fulness of his numbers demonstrates the warmth with which he considered, and the ease with which he wrote. He seems to have treated Nature, if I may be indulged in the comparison, not only as a mistress who partook of his warmest affections, but whom it was his delight to captivate by the sonnet of love and strain of panegyric. She has certainly found in him a faithful lover, and an able defender. She has freely opened to him her stores of philosophy, and her possessions of refinement and taste, and he has convinced the world what an excellent choice he has made.

Having considered him in a more extensive view, and bestowing rather the language of panegyric than the admonitions of cool judgment, I shall now, as ably as I can, take into a smaller compass the consideration of his respective Seasons, and then observe, after a more confined speculation, whether he be entitled to that fulness of applause which it has been the object of this Essay to maintain.

The criticisms on the merit of The Seasons have been various; some preferring the Spring, others supplanting the Summer, some the Autumn, and others the Winter, as the best finished of all his performances. It is known that he wrote

his Winter the first, and of course it is natural to suppose that he bestowed upon it the greater attention, and polished it with more diligence and care. The gloom of the Heavens, the awful sublimity of wintry scenes, the howling of the winds, the wide expanse of snows, the probing severity of the weather, all form matter of unbounded discussion and happy description. He has left no part unfinished. The analogy it bears to more moral scenes, to human fates, the altered state of Nature compared to the reverse of fortune, and uncertainty of earthly events, are finely described and masterly finished. He seems to have roamed in the field of Winter, not only as a favourite amusement but as a useful study. One feels a pressing curiosity to persevere, and a noble sympathy to engage our feelings. The cruel face of things, the severe aspect of Nature, take the strongest possession of the reader's fancy. His winter amusements and philosophical associates, together with the grandeur of the conclusion, renders this Season the most important, and, perhaps, the most poetic of any; while every one feels a desire to read and an ardour to practise the philosophy and sound morality it contains.

His Spring, which breathes all that softness and serenity peculiar to the season, he has rendered as delightful and entertaining as any. His flowers, vegetation, the passion of the groves, with his reflections upon domestic love and happiness, are finely conceived and faithfully painted. In short, the whole of this poem will rise superior to the rest, in proportion as its subject may be more favoured and carested. It has certainly received some of the best strokes of the artist, and glows with some of the richest conceptions of the poet.

The oppressive heat of Summer, and its effects in various parts, and upon various objects, form a grand and pleasing subject. His thunder-storms, his tales, his group of herds and flocks, his solemn grove, and woodland retreat, form beautiful and sublime paintings. This is the first Season in order, where the objects of description are diversified with an introduction of some legendary or imaginary tale; an innovation masterly vindicated in his story of Celadon and Amelia, Damon and Musidora; though the main object of the latter is only a swain finding his mistress's bathing "close by the covert of an hazel copse." Yet so charming is the tale, and so well painted the incidents, one might assert that Arcadia could never have boasted of a fairer nymph, or the Golden Age have produced

produced a happier swain. His colouring of *Mufidora* is fine to a degree; and I must be bold enough to declare, that *Praxiteles* may envy us a *Venus* in verse, though his is so immortalized in marble. The conclusion of this poem in praise of philosophy keeps pace with its other beauties, and serves to convince us the more of the noble soul and exalted ideas of its author.

In Autumn, the first thing that takes the strongest hold upon the fancy is the tale of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*. If any objection can be raised to this story, it may, perhaps with some propriety, be in that part where the discovery of her is too sudden and too artificial. It partakes too much of the poetic trick, calculated, no doubt, to answer the design, but with as much improbability as there may be of probability in it. Laying this objection aside, the other parts are so exquisitely told, that I am loth to give it its equal in either of the Seasons. His fox-hunting and drinking feast are replete with facetious humour and description; and the sportsman will perhaps find himself as much indebted to Thomson on this subject, as to all the riotous and unmeaning songs which are continually bawled in their praise. His *Orchard Fruit* may vie with the fairest apple that the garden of the *Hesperides* can boast. His *Panegyric on the Power of Philosophic Melancholy* is a highly finished and sublime performance. I trust I may be pardoned in quoting the following lines among the many excellent ones with which the piece abounds. *Congreve* in the famous passage of the ruins in his "Mourning Bride," and *Pope* in his celebrated "Description of Melancholy in *Eloisa*," have neither of them to boast of superiority.

"Oh bear me then to vast enbow'ring
 "shades,
 "To twilight groves and visionary vales,
 "To weeping grottos and prophetic
 "glooms,
 "Where Angel-forms athwart the solemn
 "dusk
 "Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep
 "along,
 "And voices more than human, through
 "the void

"Deep sounding, seize th' enthusiastic
 "ear."

His *Eulogium upon Nature*, which he carries all along with him with such ardour and enthusiasm, makes the conclusion of this book in the following rhapsody:

"————— From thee begin,
 "Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude
 "my song, ["thee."
 "And let me never, never stray from

On the whole, I am inclined to believe, that Thomson is a poet of the first eminence; that his manner of thinking was original, his taste unfulled, and his genius and poetry equally great and beautiful; that he has deposited upon the altar of Literature a valuable gift, which will ever be read with admiration of his abilities and gratitude to his memory; and that he will always sit in the Temple of Fame as a star of permanent splendour, whose rays will never undergo an eclipse from modern excellence or ancient renown. As a writer, we must take into consideration his other poems, his *Britannia*, *Castle of Indolence*, *Liberty*, and various miscellaneous odes. Of these, it is neither my design or business to speak; it is sufficient that they coincide to set off and enhance, as most beautiful ornaments, his grand and first work, which is called *The Seasons*.

Although I may have protracted my Essay to an unnecessary, and perhaps unengaging length, yet I must honestly confess, that in drawing to a conclusion I am every moment inclined to break out in some fresh fally of encomium, or some new subject of applause. I have, however, to hope, that the world will have candour enough not to mix this with the mass of panegyric which is perpetually forming from venal pens and prejudiced minds. From no motives whatever have I intruded this upon the attention of mankind, but from those which make me desirous of promoting classic worth and national celebrity. The task of praising those who have contributed to either, should meet with censure and discouragement from no man, particularly so in celebrating one who must ever be considered great as a philosopher and immortal as a poet.

CASTOR.

ON POPE'S HOMER.

MY DEAR P.

WRAP up in admiration of our English Homer, you are, I know, very little disposed to allow him in any instances inferior to the Grecian. This tran-

slation I have at all times considered with you as a great work, and the execution such as excites at once our wonder and applause. Yet I am not so dazzled by its general excellencies as not to perceive that there

there are passages wherein Pope's usual judgement or his usual powers seem to have failed him. The elegant writer of Fitzosborne's Letters, amidst his general admiration, has ventured to mark a few instances, in which he acknowledges the Author's meaning to have been, if not misunderstood, certainly misrepresented. One of these I will here mention, as it will lead to the consideration of some others, where, in sentences of nearly the same import, the Translator has made the very same mistake :

Τοις δὲ Νέστορ

Ηδύπητος ANOPOUSE. II. 1. 247.
Blew from his seat arose the Pylian sage.

'Now a more unfortunate word,' says this discerning critic, 'could scarcely have been joined with *arose*; as it destroys the very spirit of the piece, and is just the reverse of what both the occasion and original required.' It appears rather extraordinary that Pope should have fallen into so great an inaccuracy; as this very expression is quoted by an old Scholiast, and defended in form against any objections which might possibly be made to it. If Pope did not understand the Greek scholium, for there was no translation of it, his annotator and coadjutors should, one would think, have pointed it out to him, and explained its meaning. The note is curious, and you must allow me to confront it with the translation.

Πως ἐν τῷ ΑΝΟΠΟΥΣΕΝ ἐπὶ τῷ Νέστορι ὁ ποιητὴς τῷ ἔξωρῳ ἠδὴ ἐχρησάτο; ἐπὶ νεῶν γὰρ εἰκος ἦν τῆτο λεγέσθαι. Καὶ ρητέον, ὅτι τὸ προσηγορικὸν τῶν ὁμοφώνων βαρυνικὴ αὐτῷ περιττὴ κίνησις. Οὐδὲ γέροντα κυβερητὴν μεμφοῖτο ἀν τις, κινδυνεύοντος σκαφῆς, ὑπερ τοῦ δέου κινεμένου. Καὶ ἀλλως. Ρητέον ὅτι εἰώθεν αἰεὶ ἡ τῆς τιμῆς προσθήκη μὴ μόνον τῆς τετῆς, ἀλλὰ καὶ τῆς γερωντῆς, μεταπέθειν πρὸς τὸ καὶ παρὰ δύναμιν ἐγκραίνειν τὴ ποιεῖν: μᾶλλον δὲ τὸν Νέστορα ἐν τῷ δημηγορεῖν διαφέροντα τῶν λοιπῶν, καὶ εἰδοτὰ μὴ ἀπαρεσχομένους τῆς Ἑλλήνας πρὸς τὰ λεγόμενα.

How happens it then that the Poet should apply the word ANOPOUSEN, *started up*, to Nestor, now so far past his prime? an expression more properly applicable to young men. In answer to this it may be said, that the foresight of distant harm, which belongs to age, gives Nestor in this place the eagerness and quick movement of youth. No one would find fault with an old pilot who should be represent-

ed as exerting himself in the moment of danger with more than customary activity. It may be said further, that the attribution of honour induces not only young men, but even the aged, to make attempts beyond their natural powers. Nestor especially may be supposed to have been influenced by such motives, who was acknowledged to possess a superior excellency in speaking, and was conscious that he should be heard with pleasure.

This unfortunate mistake is still more extraordinary, as there is a later commentary in a language which Pope certainly did understand. Ut in re magnâ et periculosâ non placidè assurgentem facit, sed prorumpentem senem quoque. Cam.

Fitzosborne has quoted this note; and Horace, as he judiciously observes, in plain allusion to this passage, expresses the same action by the word *festinat*:

Nestor componere lites

Inter Peleiden *festinat* & inter Atreiden.

With such sources of information, how happens it that Pope should miss the sense of so pointed a passage? The truth is, his head was filled with the idea of a venerable old man. Agreeably therefore to his own conceptions, without attending to his author, he describes Nestor as rising with all the majesty and solemnity of an aged Senator, in a grave assembly, convened in times of tranquillity to debate at leisure on affairs of importance: whereas this was a hasty and tumultuous meeting of high-spirited soldiers, wherein the principal speakers had already discovered so much heat and violence, that furious threats had been thrown out on each side, and one of the parties had half drawn his sword, as preparing to execute immediate vengeance on his opponent:

Ἔως ὅγε ταυτ' ὀφραίνε κατα φρενα καὶ
κατα θυμόν,

Ἐλκετο δ' ἐκ κόλπου μέγα ξίφος.

Just as in anguish of suspense he staid,
And half unsheath'd appear'd the glittering blade.

But there are other instances, it was hinted, of the same mistake. I will present you with one noticed by Mr. Wood, in his learned Essay on the Original Genius of Homer. It occurs in the third book:

Ὡς εἶφ' ἄντ' ἔχραη μέγα μύ-
θον ἀκυσσας;

Καὶ ῥ' ἔμεσσαν ἰων, Τρωῶν ἀνεεργί' Ἰφαιαγγαῆς,
Μεσση δ' ἄρος ἑλάν. = II. 3. 76.

C c

He

He said; the challenge Hæctor heard with
 joy,
 And with his spear refrain'd the youth of
 Troy, [foe,
 Held by the midst athwart; and, near the
 Advanc'd with steps *majestically slow*.

I do not know whether there be any ancient commentary from which Pope might have drawn information on this passage. But there is a note supplied by his own annotator, which presents the translation in so striking a point of view, that I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it:

'Hæctor stays not to reply to his brother, but *runs* away with the challenge *immediately, with steps majestically slow*.'

In a writer so celebrated as Pope has generally been by poets and critics for judgement, correctness of taste, and diligence, who would expect to have found such strange inconsistencies as these. Suffer me to add one more not less extraordinary than those already considered.

In the last book of the Iliad Iris is sent by Jupiter to summon Thetis to the skies, that she may receive his commands to prepare her son for an interview with the unhappy Priam, who was soon to appear before him in person, in order to ransom the body of Hæctor.

In the following lines we have the answer of Thetis on receiving the message, with a description of her consequent behaviour:

ΤΥΤΤΕ ΜΕ ΚΕΙΝΟΣ ΑΥΩΓΕ ΜΕΓΑΣ ΘΕΟΣ; ΑΙΔΕΟ-
 ΜΑΙ ΔΕ
 ΜΙΣΤΥΣΘ' ΑΒΟΙΛΑΤΟΙΣΙΝ, ΕΧΩ Δ' ΑΧΗ' ΑΚΡΙΤΑ
 ΘΥΜΩ·
 ΕΜΙ ΜΕΝ· ΕΔ' ΑΛΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΣ ΕΣΤΕΙΝ Δ', ΙΤΑ ΚΕΝ
 ΕΠΟΙ.

Ως αρα φωνησασα, καλυμμ' ελε δια θεων
 Κυανου, τωδ' ετι μελαντερον επλετο εσθος.
 Βη δ' ινα, προσθεν δε ποδινηρες κκεα Ιρις
 Ηγειτ'· αμφι δ' αρα σφι λαχεται κυρα θω-
 λασης.

Ακτην δ' υσαναβασαι ες υρανον αιχθητην.
 ll. xxiv. 90.

—And why, the Dame replies,
 Calls Jove his Thetis to the *bated* skies?
 Sad object as I am for heav'nly sight,
 Ah, may my sorrows ever shun the light!
 Howe'er, be Heaven's Almighty Sire
 obey'd,
 She said; and ve'ld herself in fable *shade*;
 Which, *flouring long, her graceful person*
clad;
 And forth she pac'd *majestically sad*.

That you may see how little disposed I am to carp at trifling faults, I pass over

the strange construction of the third couplet, and the unusual application of the word *shade*; which used, as it is here, without an article, if it have any meaning at all, can only signify the shade of darkness: and it must surely be by no common figure of speech that such a shade is said *flouring long to clothe her graceful person*.

But I object only to such parts of the version as convey a sense, not only different from, but even in direct contradiction to that of the Author; which on a little examination we shall find to be the case in the lines above.

In Homer you will observe Thetis and her attendant are described with every circumstance of hurry and expedition. No superfluous word or action is admitted. The Goddess immediately on the summons takes her black veil, and they set out together, and, springing through the divided waters, ες υρανον ΑΙΧΘΗΤΗΝ;

Reach with *momentary* flight the skies; as this expression is rendered with equal propriety as spirit, in terms much at variance with every other part of the preceding description, in which Thetis appears loaded with the cumbrous trappings of ostentatious sorrow, and is represented as pacing forth with the solemn and majestic gait of a chief mourner at a modern funeral.

The feeblest of majesty and dignity seem to have taken strong hold of Pope's imagination; and he applies them without distinction of place or circumstance to every character of superior order. A God or a Hero must in his conception at all times and on all occasions appear in state. Thus Nestor in the moment of alarm, the spirited Hæctor hurrying to discharge his commission, and Thetis in haste to obey the commands of Jupiter, are all made to move with the same majestic pace.

But in the version of these lines there is a fault of another sort, which Pope very often repeats by the arbitrary insertion of foreign ideas not found in the Author. This practice, you will say, the constraint of Rhyme sometimes renders unavoidable. Besides, additional thoughts and circumstances, judiciously thrown in, serve to explain and illustrate the text. Perhaps you will go even so far, which others have done, as to affirm that such additions may occasionally be considered as improvements, giving often a strength and beauty to a passage beyond what appear in the Original.

I am, you know, not much disposed to agree with the warm admirers of this wonder-

wonderful performance in an opinion, which has always appeared to me extravagant, and contradictory to the first principles of translation. I cannot easily bring myself to think that the accumulation of adventitious ideas, even when they are consistent with those of the author, can give any thing either of strength or beauty. To me they have always appeared rather to load and incumber, than either to embellish or invigorate the sentence. Much less can I admit the addition of ideas not strictly conformable to the sense and spirit of the Original; which in any degree tend either to interrupt the train of thought, or to cast a different colour on the sentiment suggested, or the action described; on the general character or present temper of the agent or speaker.

Under this last class I consider the epi-

thet *hated*, which Pope has put into the mouth of Thetis, applied to the skies :

And why, the Dame replies,
Calls Jove his Thetis to the *hated* skies ?

The term *hated* is an expression of peevishness or resentment, rather than of pensive sorrow; very ill-suited to the temper of the speaker's mind, who is represented as having with the most guarded respect; and fearing, even with a degree of bashfulness, under her present afflictions, to mingle with the Gods :

αἰδομαι δὲ

Μισγέσθ' ἀθανάτοισιν.

I will close with this fragment; and, imitating in some sort the delicacy of the respectful Goddesses, αἰδομαι, I have too much reverence for you to trespass any longer on your time. Adieu. O. P. C.

ON THEOCRITUS.

THEOCR. Id. 15. L. 134 and 135,
are thus translated :

Solutisque crinibus, & veste ad talos
demissa,

Pectoribus apertis, sonoram incipiemus
cantonem.

These words, ἐπι σφυραὶ κέλιπον ἀνέισαι, express the *attitude* of the women assembled to perform the rites of lustration to Adonis on his festival. They carried his εἰδωλον or image to the sea-side, and stooping down dipped it in the water, singing as they performed the ceremony; for Adonis's wound was represented as still bleeding; and it was the annual custom thus to cleanse it :

—————luctus monumenta manebunt
Semper, Adoni, mei: repetitaque moris
imago

Annua plangoris peraget simulamina
nostri.

Ov. Met. Lib. 10.

Were a painter to delineate the figures of those women, they would appear on the canvass as they are here described, *gremio* ad talos demissa. The version renders κέλιπον by *veste*. Whatever senses κέλιπος may possibly admit, the ordinary acceptation of it is in this instance the true one. The women's garments are not mentioned. Had these made a part of the description, the poet would have described them as girded up. Women, occupied as they were by the sea-side, were certainly not dressed in flowing robes. Besides, it was not the custom to appear, on the first day of this festival, splendidly attired; but with hair unbound, and every indication of sorrow. None of the commentators, antient or modern, have taken notice of this passage. The Latin version has been admitted without censure, and the English translators have followed it.

E.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

A SEASON barren of novelty, with a Company much inferior to what a London audience has a right to expect, we are sorry to observe, afford the Public but little expectations from the new Manager (new at least

on his own account) of the Summer Theatre. Last month, for the first time, we had nothing to record. We mention this circumstance that it may not be supposed the omission has been owing to our neglect*.

* Since the last Season, by deaths or dismissions, the Company has lost Mr. Parsons, Mr. Baddeley, Mr. Palmer, Mr. R. Palmer, Mrs. Goodall, Mrs. Brookes, and some others. To supply their places, no other performer has been engaged, except Mr. Wathen. In the first season of Mr. Colman senior's management, 1777, the Company then consisted of Foote, Henderson, Parsons, Edwin, the two Palmers, Baddeley, Bannister, Digges, Aicken, Miss Barfanti, Miss Farren, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Hitchcock, and others. We forbear to make any comparison.

AUGUST 3. Miss Logan, a sister of Mrs. Gibbs, appeared the first time on any stage, in the character of Nerissa, for that lady's benefit, Shylock by Mr. Bannister jun.

29. Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, with a laudable affection for a deserving relation, whose exertions have been the chief support of the Theatre this summer, performed Douglas and Lady Randolph for her benefit. A motive so praise-worthy, joined to the admirable performance of their respective characters, drew, as it ought, an uncommonly crowded house. In times like the present every tribute to domestic affections should be peculiarly marked.

Afterwards LOVE and MONEY, or the Fair Caledonian, a musical piece of one act, attributed to Mr. Benson, was performed with applause

SEPT. 2. THE THREE and THE DEUCE, a Musical Piece by Mr. Prince Hoare, was performed the first time at the Hay-Market. The characters as follow :

Mr. Milford	Mr. Benson.
Justice Touchit	Mr. Suett.
Pertinax Single	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Peregrine Single	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Percival Single	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Mac Floggan	Mr. Johnstone.
Humphry Grizzle	Mr. Fawcett.
Frank	Mr. Wathen.
Renard	Mr. Caulfield.
Freeman	Mr. Bannister.
Pinch	Mr. Cross.
Tippy	Mr. Ledger.
Cramp	Mr. Abbot.
Waiters	Messrs. Waldron jun. and Lyons.
	Peace-Officers, Servants, &c.
Emily Milford	Mrs. Gibbs.
Phebe	Miss Leak.
Taffline	Mrs. Bland.

Scene, Cheltenham, and the adjacent country.

Three brothers, of one birth, of exact resemblance in person and voice, but of very different dispositions, arrive by chance at the same Inn, soon after the death of their father, for whom they are in mourning; one attended by a French valet; another by an old English servant; and the third, who is deficient in understanding, by a travelling tutor, an Irishman. The mistakes resulting from the resemblance of the three brothers, and the various surprises it occasions, form the chief interest of the Piece. *Phebe Woodbine*, a simple country girl, to whom one of the three brothers had paid great attention, arrives at the Inn in pursuit of him. *Emily Milford* receives the addresses of the elder brother, but being offended in consequence of the mistake of a letter, rejects him. The general reconciliation and denouement is brought about by the sagacity of a facetious magistrate, who interferes to prevent a duel between the lover of *Phebe* and her brother.

In the management of this little plot the author seems to have studied giving scope to the extraordinary talents of Mr. Bannister, jun. for personifying different characters. Unfortunately he has carried this too far. Mr. Bannister has so much to do, and does every thing so well, that he gets complete possession of the audience, to the utter extinction of all interest in the progress of the drama, and of all attention to the other characters. Yet the other characters were well supported, and some of the music, although none of the newest, was well adapted to the scene.

In the progress of this piece some curtainments have been made which had a good effect on it.

PADDINGTON CHURCH.

(WITH A VIEW.)

THE Church belonging to this parish being in a ruinous condition, and from its small size, very inadequate to the number of parishioners, an Act of Parliament was obtained in the year 1787 for taking it down, and building a new Church upon a piece of waste adjoining to the church-yard, then given to the parish by the present Bishop of London, under the authority of the said Act, and added to the old in-

closure. The first stone of this edifice was laid on the 20th of October 1788, and it was consecrated on the 27th of April 1791. It is a handsome building, upon the Grecian model, with a portico of the Doric order towards the south, and a cupola on the top. The whole expence of re-building this Church, with inclosing the new ground, obtaining the Act, and other incidental charges, amounted to 6000l.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

L I N E S

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN, EARL OF BUTE, K. G.
Ob. Mar. 1792.

Interdum Vulgus rectum videt; est ubi peccat.
HOR.

FAREWELL, illustrious and much injur'd
PEER!

The requiem of the Just attend thy Bier!
With too much worth and virtuous pride
endued,

No care was time to court the *Multitude*;
That restless herd that, like the troubled Sea,
Still fluctuates in contrariety.

Thus ARISTIDES, an illustrious name,
(The glory of his country and the shame)
Stern in his virtues, was pursued with hate,
By headstrong faction and a blinded state.

Yet in *these* days when tongues tumultuous
rail,

And evil thoughts and evil deeds prevail,
Oh! let at least *one* honest Muse be found
That dares the eulogy of truth rebound!

Unmade for power, unlikely long to rule,
Train'd rigidly in virtuous Honour's school,
Patrician sentiment and letter'd sense

Forbade thee stoop to meanness or pretence.
Yet did the *spite* that banish'd thee from state,
Reveal a soul more exquisitely great;

Since *science* crown'd the evening of thy days,
And *piety* diffus'd her softest rays;

Whilst *patience* want of gratitude supplied,
And *conscience* gave what *ignorance* denied;

Enough for thee that such as *think* approv'd,
The just rever'd thee, and thy SOVEREIGN
lov'd. B. WALLER, April 1792.

A BURLESQUE DESCRIPTION OF A YOUNG
MAN'S CONCERT.

A Description of the Young Man himself.—
An Account of the Supper—A Cat intro-
duced with Tears in her Eyes for the Loss
of her Meal.—The Departure of some old
Maids, and Conclusion of the Evening's
Diversions.

THEN since my Henry bids me trace

The manners of a Fiddler's race,
Fain would I now the muse employ
To sing of wild extatick joy,
Such joy as Poets feign to lie
In Hebe's cheek or Chloe's eye.
No, d—n the Muse, I'll scorn the lay,
And tell the story my own way.

Within a street, no matter where,
There dwelt a Fiddler debonaire;

Spruce he was, and sometimes drest
In all the pride of outward vest.
But Nature fram'd him on the smallest plan,
A little Fiddler and a little Man.

Now, pen, direct thy course on high
Th' express nocturnal revelry;
Tell how, though Time was on the wing,
Some Fiddlers met to play and sing.
Had I been Time, and passing there,
Floating soft through ambient air,
These Fiddlers made so curs'd a noise
With dashing hand, and croaking voice,
'Twould so have frighted me, that I
Had dropt to black eternity,
And left the world to jumble as it might,
Drawing the curtain of eternal night.

These Fiddlers met, and sang and play'd,
And still they sang, and still they stay'd:
Thus staying, it was surely proper
The household one should give a supper.
A supper then was introduc'd,
Not such to which a Poet's us'd.
Ah luckless Bard! who's doom'd to dine
But once a day upon cold chine,
And make a small and-measur'd slice
At once for every meal suffice,
Nor knows the pleasures of a sumptuous
feast,

Like theirs imported from the distant East.

But soft! ye Cats that boast nine lives,
If ye detest the name of Wives,
Oh! one for once your pardon bend,
Who never willing would offend,
'Though he, poor bard, through inattention
Your Lutes may forget to mention,
Or you dislike the Poet's plan,
Go scratch the muse, but spare the man—
When those old maids, your kind protectors,
Who grac'd the concert with their lectures,
And sweetly warbling o'er again
Renew'd the pleasures of the strain,
Extol'd the Fiddlers for their shakes and graces,
Kiss'd the young Orpheus, and then took
their places.

Oh Horace, had I but thy lyre
To kindle some poetick fire,
Could I in numbers soft as thine
But sing of sweet Albanian wine,
Or with such Epicurean zest
Describe the raptures of a feast,
How would I now in verses shew
The supper of this Fiddling crew;
Depict antique Dianas plac'd,
And thus with young Apollos grac'd,

Whose

Whose Io Pæans swelling to the skies
 Astound the Gods, and heavenly ears sur-
 pise.

The first grand course, for courses then
 Were much in vogue, so says my pen,
 Was neither lamprey nor John Dory,
 Such things they'd scorn to set before ye,
 But sweetly little favour'd sprats
 Were round the table plac'd on mats,
 And as a garnish for the fishes,
 Were lemons slic'd around the dishes :
 Yet lest that any one their go'st
 Dislike, for sprats are strong, tis true,
 A dish of water-resses bore
 A strong resemblance to the Fiddlers store ;
 The cress, which Antients say was wont
 t' inspire
 A sacred flame unmix'd with mad desire.

The second course, oh muse, be thine
 The task to sing in gentle rhyme.
 Say, if thy numbers ever flow
 Estrang'd from where the violets grow,
 If unquester'd in the vale
 Thou e'er couldst tell the artless tale,
 Or uninspir'd by Delia's charms
 Canst wake the breast to soft alarms,
 Forget thy pleasing native plains,
 And try for once the courtly strains,
 Such strains as, swell'd with solemn pride,
 Gay playful nature throws aside,
 Rejects as numbers only fit
 To urge the metaphor of wit,
 And aim to move the stern Belinda's heart,
 That knows no pleasure but results from art.

Ye Muses Nine, in chorus sing,
 And to your aid the Graces bring ;
 When as you strike the festive strain,
 Let Cupids wanton in your train,
 For love and harmony should join
 In bonds as strict as love and wine.
 Come, Muses, all awake the lay,
 And the next course in verse display :
 Tell how the liver sweetly fate
 Upon the flow'r-enamell'd plate,
 And happily stuck with parsley sprig
 Shew'd like Apollo's laurel twig,
 Dispatch'd from Heaven or Britain's Howe
 To grace to me Fiddler's happy brow.
 But lo ! Melpomene appear,
 The lovely maid of languid tears ;
 She comes in poor Grimalkin's shape to say,
 'Tis' gone, 'tis gone, my dinner of to-day.

Now say, Thalia, hither bend
 Thy course, for Muses will contend ;
 Come thou and end the rich repast
 Whilst midnight's shadowy curtain last ;
 Come with thy hand in sportive play,
 Drive Maids, Cats, Fiddlers, all away ;

For here I am, ah curst doom !
 Writing in midnight's horrid gloom,
 Compell'd with weary'd hand to finish
 What without thee will ne'er diminish.

Bid Cynthia hide her pallid face,
 For lanthorns could her fires disgrace ;
 Tell her that light which she perceiv'd,
 At whose resplendency she griev'd,
 Was lanthorns borne by Kates and Betty's
 To usher home these time-worn Lettys ;
 That musick which the spheres were glad in,
 Was nothing but old Dolly's patten ;
 And what the Gods for Phœbus took,
 Was nothing but an Old Maid's cloak.
 Then to the tell tale world defer
 How thou mad'st these Fiddlers cry,
 Some trembling with uxorious fear,
 And some to murky dungeons drear,
 There doom'd with tearful melancholy
 To penance for their midnight folly.

Now to the little Fiddler bear
 Th' exercise of the Muse's care ;
 Tell him in pity to his years
 She fram'd the lay to calm his fears,
 Lest time o'er this had made a blot,
 And Billy's fate had been forgot.
 At length thy course, Thalia, bend
 To Henry as a much-lov'd friend.
 There carry mirth and jollity,
 Youthful pleasures, sportive glee,
 And in his breast thy station take,
 Which Lizy presses for her Henry's sake ;
 So shall a bumper of champaign be thine,
 Each midnight offer'd at thy sacred shrine.

TREVOR PARK.

T. S.

SONNETS TO MATILDA.

BY JAMES JENNINGS.

I.

WHOSE is the tender heart, the feeling
 breast,

The placid eloquence, the virtuous mind ?
 Whose is the sigh for indigence oppress'd,
 And whose the tear of sorrow for mankind ?
 Whose is the languid smile with patience
 fraught,

The throbbing bosom with devotion pure ?
 Whose is the soul, in early virtue taught,
 To soothe the sad, the wounded heart to
 cure ?

'Tis thine, Matilda ! charming gem of soul !
 On thee my hopes, my happiness depend :
 Ev'n day and night their varied course may
 roll

Without attention from thy dearest
 " friend." [move ?

Oh ! call me more ! Will rought thy bosom
 To thee my bosom swells with purest love.

II. When

II.

WHEN hope first taught affection fond to smile,

How glow'd my bosom with pathetic fire !
When love energetic, deep conceal'd crewhile,
Burst forth in eloquence of pure desire ;
When absence taught my breast what 'twas
to love ;

When virtue, patience, pathos, every grace,
On all thy actions sat my choice to approve ;
When generous smiles of sympathy thy face,
In virtuous modesty, without alloy,
Redeck'd ; what felt my passion-throbbing
soul ?

Oh ! who can say ? Weak language, thou
enjoy

Thy partial reign ; I would not thee control :
My feelings when or how can I impart ?

Ah ! who can *spe*ak the feelings of the
heart !

III.

WHY lives my soul with rapture o'er thy
form ?

Why, in my pillow'd visions, dwells serene
Thy imag'd softness ? Why, amid the scene
Of earth-wrought turmoil, or the rending
storm

Of murky passions, sits my soul compos'd ?
Why loves my ear to list to converse sweet
From thy blest tongue, with melody replete ?

Why oft remain these love-fraught eyes un-
clos'd,

When slumber woos them on her downy
bed ?

Why doats fond memory o'er the love-spent
day,

When fate benign expands her guardian ray
On placent sweetness ? Why, Matilda ! led
By female excellence, in thee, I find
My utmost wish on earth, a *virtuous mind*.

IV.

CAN frigid zones impart the glowing heat
Which Afric's shores, with burning sands re-
plete,

Afford ? Can vice e'er virtuous acts perform ?
Can stultness reign amid the howling storm ?
Can high esteem contempt e'er generate ?
Can purest love exist with envious hate ?
Can truth or virtue pure be e'er possess'd
At once with vice by any human breast ?
Can age recall the years of pleasure past,
Or make this day more ample than the last ?
Ah ! no, Matilda ! futile then the thought
To expect, in absence, one so highly fraught
With love can meet content : I find no
 charms,

Save when I fold thee in my longing arms.

SONNET TO THE OWL.

WELCOME, thou lone companion of my
night !

Well fill'd the Bird of Wisdom ! wise to scan

With decent scorn the misery-mocking light,
And all the sights of woe beneath the sun !

From bustling danger thy still quiet woune
Is free from all the fatal lures of day :

In solitary safety thou may'st run
Thy race, and life untroubled wear away.

For wretchedness alone the light can shew,
Or seeing good—that we can ne'er attain ;

Or, if a gleam of passing joy we know,
How soon does Sorrow's gloom return
again !

But here, with contemplation, night, and thee,
If I myself am sad, no other grief I see !

R. J* M* * * S* N.

E P I T A P H

TO THE MEMORY OF THE POET COLLINS.

A MONUMENT of most exquisite work-
manship has been erected by public sub-
scription to the memory of the Poet Col-
lins, who was a native of Chuchester, and
died in a house adjoining to the Cloisters.
He is finely represented as just recovered
from a wild fit of phrenzy to which he was
unhappily subject, and in a calm and re-
clining posture, seeking refuge from his
misfortunes in the divine consolations of
the Gospel, while his lyre and one of the
first of his poems lie neglected on the
ground. Above are two beautiful figures
of Love and Pity entwined in each other's
arms. The whole was executed by the
ingenious FLAXMAN, lately returned from
Rome ; and if any thing can equal the ex-
pressive sweetness of the sculpture, it is
the following most excellent Epitaph,

WRITTEN BY MR. HAYLEY.

YE who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb where COLLINS' hapless
name

Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Tho' Nature gave him, and tho' Science
taught,

The fire of Fancy, and the reach of Thought,
Severely doom'd to Penury's extreme,
He pass'd in madd'ning pain Life's feverish
dream ;

While rays of Genius only serv'd to shew
The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe,
Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records of this grateful stone ;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise :

For this the ashes of a Bard require,
Who touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's
lyre ;

Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
Who in reviving Reason's lucid hours
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deem'd the Book of God the
best.

S T A T E P A P E R S.

No. I.

PROCLAMATION OF LOUIS XVIII.

LOUIS, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, KING
OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

TO ALL OUR SUBJECTS, GREETING.

IN depriving you of a King, whose whole reign was passed in captivity, but whose infancy even afforded sufficient grounds for believing that he would prove a worthy successor to the best of Kings, the impenetrable decrees of Providence, at the same time that they have transmitted his Crown to us, have imposed on us the necessity of tearing it from the hands of revolt, and the duty of saving the country, reduced, by a disastrous Revolution, to the brink of ruin.

The fatal conformity which subsists between the commencement of our reign and the commencement of the reign of the Fourth Henry, operates as an additional inducement with us to take that Monarch for our model, and imitating, in the first instance, his noble candour, we shall now lay open our whole soul before you. Long, too long, have we had to deplore those fatal circumstances which imperiously prescribed the necessity of silence; but now that we are allowed to exert our voice, attend to it. Our love for you is the only sentiment by which we are actuated; our heart obeys with delight the dictates of clemency; and since it has pleased Heaven to reserve us, like Henry the Great, to re-establish in our Empire the reign of order and the laws, like him we will execute this divine task, with the assistance of our faithful subjects, by uniting kindness with justice.

Your minds have, by dreadful experience, been sufficiently informed of the extent and origin of your misfortunes. Impious and factious men, after having seduced you by lying declamations, and by deceitful promises, hurried you into irreligion and revolt. Since that time a torrent of calamities has rushed in upon you from every side. You proved faithless to the God of your forefathers; and that God, justly offended, has made you feel the weight of his anger; you rebelled against the authority which he had established, and a sanguinary Despotism, and an Anarchy no less fatal, have alternately continued to harass you with incessant rage.

Consider an instant the origin and progress of the evils with which you are overwhelmed. You first consigned your interests to faithless Representatives, who, betraying the confidence which you had reposed in them, and violating the oaths which they had taken, paved the way for their rebellion against their King, by treachery and perjury towards you; and they rendered you the instruments of their passions, and of your own ruin. You next submitted to the despotic sway of gloomy and austere tyrants, who contended with each other, while the contest was marked by mutual massacres, the right of oppressing the nation; and they imposed upon you an iron yoke. You afterwards permitted their blood-stained sceptre to pass into the hands of a rival faction, which, in order to secure their power, and to reap the fruit of their crimes, assumed the mask of moderation, which sometimes it lifts up, but which it dares not yet venture wholly to throw aside; and you have changed sanguinary despots, whom you abhorred, for hypocritical despots, whom you despise. They conceal their weakness beneath an appearance of mildness, but they are actuated by the same ambition which influenced the conduct of their predecessors. The reign of Terror has suspended its ravages, but they have been replaced by the disorders of Anarchy. Less blood is shed in France, but greater misery prevails. In short, your slavery has only changed its form, and your disasters have been aggravated. You have lent a favourable ear to the calumnious reports that have been propagated against that ancient race which, during so long a period, reigned as much in your hearts as over France; and your blind credulity has increased the weight of your chains, and prolonged the term of your misfortunes. In a word, your tyrants have overthrown the altars of your God and the throne of your King, and have completed the sum of your wretchedness.

Thus impiety and revolt have been the cause of all the torments you experience; in order to stop their progress you must dry up their source. You must renounce the dominion of those treacherous and cruel usurpers who promised you happiness, but who have given you only famine and death; we wish to relieve you from their tyranny, which has so much injured you, to inspire you with the resolution of shaking it off. You must return to that holy

religion

religion which had showered down upon France the blessings of Heaven. We wish to restore its altars—by prescribing justice to Sovereigns and fidelity to subjects, it maintains good order, ensures the triumph of the laws, and produces the felicity of empires. You must restore that Government which, for fourteen centuries, constituted the glory of France and the delight of her inhabitants; which rendered our country the most flourishing of States, and yourselves the happiest of People: it is our wish to restore it. Have not the various Revolutions which have occurred augmented your distress, since the period of its destruction, and convinced you that it is the only Government that is fit for you?

Give no credit to those rapacious and ambitious men, who, in order to violate your property and to engross all power, have told you that France had no Constitution, or, at least, that its Constitution was despotic. Its existence is as ancient as the Monarchy of the Franks: it is the produce of Genius, the master-piece of Wisdom, and the fruit of Experience.

In composing the body of the French people of three distinct orders, it traced with precision that scale of subordination without which society cannot exist. But it gives to neither of the three Orders any political right which is not common to all. It leaves all employments open to Frenchmen of every class; it affords equal protection to all persons and to all property; and by this means, in the eye of the law, and in the temple of justice, all those inequalities of rank and fortune disappear, which civil order necessarily introduces among the inhabitants of the same Empire.

These are great advantages; but there are others still more essential. It subjects the laws to certain specific forms prescribed by itself; and the Sovereign himself is equally bound in the observance of the laws, in order to guard the wisdom of the Legislature against the snares of seduction, and to defend the liberty of the subject against the abuse of authority. It prescribes conditions to the establishment of imposts, in order to satisfy the People that the tributes which they pay are necessary for the preservation of the State; it confides to the first body of the Magistracy the care of enforcing the execution of the laws, and of undeceiving the Monarch, if he should chance to be imposed upon; it places the fundamental laws under the protection of the King and of the three Orders, for the purpose of pre-

venting Revolutions, which are the greatest calamities that the People can possibly sustain; it has adopted a multiplicity of precautions in order to secure to you the advantages of a Monarchical Government, and to screen you from its dangers. Do not your unexampled misfortunes, as much as its venerable antiquity, bear testimony of its wisdom? Did your ancestors ever experience the evils which you have borne since the hands of ignorant and obstinate innovators have overthrown their Constitution? It was the common support of the cottage of the poor, and the palace of the rich; of personal freedom, and of public safety; of the rights of the Throne, and of the prosperity of the State. The moment it was overthrown, property, safety, freedom, all ceased to exist. No sooner did the Throne become a prey to usurpers, than your fortunes were seized by plunderers; the instant the shield of Royal authority ceased to protect you, you were oppressed by Despotism and sunk into Slavery.

To that ancient and wise Constitution, whose fall has proved your ruin, we wish to restore all its purity which time had corrupted; all its vigour, which time had impaired; but it has itself fortunately deprived us of the ability to change it. It is our holy ark; we are forbidden to lay rash hands upon it; it is your happiness and our glory; it is the wish of all true Frenchmen; and the knowledge we have acquired in the school of Misfortune, all tend to confirm in our mind the necessity of restoring it entire. It is because France is dear to us, that we are anxious to replace her under the beneficent protection of a Government, the excellence of which has been proved by so long a continuance of prosperity. It is because we feel it to be our duty to quell that spirit of system-making, that rage for innovation which has been the cause of your ruin, that we are anxious to renovate and confirm those salutary laws which are alone capable of promoting a general unity of sentiment; of fixing the general opinion, and of opposing an insurmountable barrier to the revolutionary rage, which every plan of a change in the Constitution of our kingdom would again let loose upon the public.

But while the hand of Time gives the stamp of wisdom to the institutions of man, his passions are studious to degrade them; and they place either their own work on the side of the laws, with a view to weaken their effect, or make it usurp the place of the laws in order to render

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them useless. In those Empires which have attained the highest pitch of glory and prosperity, abuses most generally prevail; because in such States they are the least likely to attract the attention of those who govern. Some abuses had therefore crept into the Government of France, which were not only felt by the lower class of people, but by every order of the State. The deceased Monarch, our Brother and Sovereign Lord and Master, had perceived and was anxious to remove them; in his last moments he charged his successor to execute the plans which he had in his wisdom conceived, for promoting the happiness of that very people who suffered him to perish on the scaffold. On quitting the Throne, from which crime and impiety had hurled him, to ascend that which Heaven had reserved for his virtues, he pointed out to us our duties in that immortal will, the inexhaustible source of admiration and regret. The King! that martyr! submissive to the God who had made him a King, followed his example, in dying without a murmur, in rendering the instrument of his punishment a trophy of his glory, and in attending to the welfare of his people at the very time when they were completing the sum of his misfortunes! What Louis XVI. could not effect, we will accomplish!

But though plans of reform may be conceived in the midst of confusion, they can only be executed in the bosom of tranquillity. To replace upon its ancient basis the Constitution of the Kingdom, to give it its primitive impulse, to put all its parts in motion, to correct the vices which had crept into the administration of public affairs, is the work of Peace. Religious Worship must be re-established, the Hydra of Anarchy destroyed, the Regal Authority be restored to all its rights, before we can execute our intentions of opposing abuses of all kinds with invincible firmness; of seeking them with diligence, and of proscribing them with decision.

The implacable tyrants who hold you in subjection alone retard that happy moment. They do not attempt to deny that the time of illusion is past; and that you feel all the weight of their ignorance, their crimes, and their depredations. But those fraudulent promises, of which you are no longer the dupes, are succeeded by the dread of punishment, which they alone have deserved. After having robbed you of your property, they represent us to you as an enraged avenger, who means to deprive you of life, the only good that you

now have left. Dismayed by the reproaches of their conscience, they wish to make you partake of their fate, that they may profit by your despair; they endeavour to inspire you with false alarms, that they may be able to quiet their own apprehensions. But, know the heart of your Sovereign, and leave to him the task of preserving you from the machinations of your enemies.

We shall not only forbear to magnify errors into crimes, but crimes themselves which have originated in error we shall be ever ready to pardon. All Frenchmen who, abjuring pernicious opinions, shall throw themselves at the feet of the Throne, will be received: All Frenchmen, who have only become criminal in consequence of being misled, far from finding in us an inflexible Judge, will discover a compassionate Father. Those who, in the midst of revolt, have preserved their fidelity; those who by an heroic sacrifice have become the companions of our exile and our associates in misfortune; those who have already shaken off the bondage of illusion, and the yoke of revolt; those who, being still retained by a cruel perseverance, shall hasten to return to reason and to duty, shall all be treated as our children. If one part of these have preserved their character and their rights by unshaken fidelity, the other part have recovered them by a salutary repentance; and they shall all share in our affection. We are Frenchmen—a title, which the crimes of a few individuals can no more degrade than the enormities of the Duke of Orleans can pollute the blood of Henry the Fourth. This title, which was ever dear to us, will also render us dear to those who bear it. We pity those men who are still retained in the paths of error, from weakness of mind, or by the arts of seduction; we water with our tears the ashes of those brave men who have fallen victims to their fidelity; we lament the fate of those who have perished in support of rebellion and schism, and whose restoration to the bosom of the Church and the Monarchy would have given us the most pleasing satisfaction.—The evils which you experience constitute our only suffering; and to cure those evils is the only felicity which we can henceforth hope to enjoy.

The excesses of which the people have been guilty, are certainly dreadful; but we cannot forget that seduction and violence have had greater influence over them than opinion and inclination; and we know, that even while they favoured the revolu-

revolutionary schemes, their hearts remained faithful, and secretly disavowed the conduct which Terror directed. That people, alternately deceived and subdued, but always more deserving of pity than of censure; that people, who have been sufficiently, nay too severely punished by six years of slavery and oppression; by that multitude of calamities which they have drawn down upon their own heads; that people, who were always dearly beloved by the Kings our predecessors, will make us amend for the cruel torments we have suffered, by affording us an opportunity of loading them with our benefactions.

Who would have ventured to believe, that perfidy and rebellion could ever have infected that army which was the support of the Throne, and at all times devoted to honour and to their Sovereign? Their successes have proved, that courage is never to be extinguished in the heart of a Frenchman. But how many tears ought you to shed over those fatal successes! They have been the principle of the general oppression; they have constituted the support, and increased the audacity of your execrable tyrants; they are the instruments employed by the hand of God for the chastisement of France. What soldier is there, who will not, when he returns to his home, find the still bloody traces of those calamities which his victories have occasioned? But the French army cannot long remain the enemy of its King. Since it has preserved its ancient valour, it will resume its primitive virtues; since honour is not extinguished in its bosom, it will follow her dictates; it will listen to her voice. Soon, we doubt not, the cry of *Vive Le Roi* will replace the clamours of sedition; soon will the army return, submissive and faithful, to re-establish our Throne; to expiate at our feet even its own glory; and to read in our looks oblivion of past errors, and pardon of past crimes.

We might let Justice take her course against the criminal authors of the people's errors, against the Chiefs and instigators of the revolt; and perhaps we ought so to do; though how could we palliate the irreparable injury which they have done to France? But those whom Divine Justice has not yet overtaken, we will leave to their own conscience; that will be punishment enough. May they, overpowered by this excess of indulgence, and remaining submissively attached to their duty, justify us in our own mind for the unexpected

pardon which we shall have granted them!

But there are crimes (why can they not be effaced from our recollection, and from the memory of man!)—these are crimes, the atrocity of which exceeds the bounds of Royal clemency. In that horrid Stabbing, in which subjects had the audacity to bring their King to trial, all the Members who sat as Judges were accomplices in the crime. But we are still willing to believe, that those whose votes were calculated to save his sacred head from the parricidal axe, were only induced to mix with his assassins by their desire to preserve his life; and that motive may suffice to ensure their pardon. But those miscreants, whose sacrilegious tongues dared to pronounce the fatal sentence, all those who co-operated in and were the direct and immediate instruments of his death; the Members of that tribunal of blood, which, after having given the capital the signal, and set it the example of judicial massacres, crowned their atrocious deeds by sending their Queen to the scaffold; a Queen still more exalted in her prison than upon her Throne; a Princess, whom Heaven had formed to be the finished model of every virtue! all these monsters, whom posterity will never name without horror, are devoted by the general wish of the French to the punishment which their crimes deserve.

That sentiment which leads us to confine the vengeance of the law within such narrow bounds, is a certain pledge to you that we will never tolerate any acts of private revenge. Therefore, dismiss every apprehension which the idea of being exposed to such revenge may have excited.

The faithful Princes of our House have the same principles, the same affections, and the same views with ourself: you are as dear to them as to us: like us, they are only anxious to see the end of your sufferings. The only object of their labours, as well as of ours, is your deliverance: and if, in these days of mourning and of crimes, Providence should have doomed us to perish successively by rebellious hands, you would see the sceptre pass from one to the other, without perceiving the smallest alteration in the exercise of the Royal authority.

Those Frenchmen who have remained among their countrymen to set them an example of unshaken fidelity, will only pity those who have not had the resolution to imitate their conduct; and that unchangeable virtue which they have oppo-

fed to the torrent of corruption, will not be debased by criminal animosity. Those Ministers of a God of Peace who have only fled from the violence of persecution to preserve your religious faith, filled with the zeal that enlightens, with the charity that forgives, will teach, as well by their practice as their precepts, oblivion of injuries and the love of their enemies. Could you possibly fear that they would tarnish the immortal splendour which their generous conduct, and the blood of so many martyrs, have reflected on the Gallican Church? Our Magistrates, who have ever been distinguished for their integrity in the administration of justice, will set an example of obedience to the laws, whose ministers they are. Inaccessible to the passions which it is their duty to repress, they will, by a due exertion of impartial firmness, give effect to those sentiments with which clemency inspires us. The Nobility, who have only left their country the better to defend it; who have only drawn their swords in the firm persuasion that they were fighting for France, and not against it; who offer you assistance even at the time when duty compels them to fight you; who oppose to the attacks of calumny their firmness in adversity, intrepidity in battle, humanity in the moment of victory, and their invincible attachment to the principles of honour—those Nobles, against whom every effort is made to excite your hatred, will not forget that they are destined to enlighten, to assist, to support the People; they will place their glory in their magnanimity; they will ennoble the numerous sacrifices they have made by the sacrifice of their resentment; and that class of Emigrants who are their inferiors in birth, though their equals in virtue; those worthy Frenchmen, whose fidelity is the more deserving of praise from the additional temptations they had to resist, would, if it were necessary, offer themselves to you as pledges for the sincerity of those generous sentiments which they have so often witnessed. Who would dare to inflict vengeance when the King forgives?

But the mercy which will signalize the first days of our reign, will be invariably united with firmness: that love of our subjects which leads us to be indulgent, teaches to be just. We shall forgive, without regret, those men, criminal as they are, who have led the people astray; but we shall treat with inexorable rigour all those who may hereafter endeavour to seduce them from their duty. We will open our arms to those Rebels who may

be induced by repentance to return to us; but if any of them should persist in rebellion, they will find that our indulgence will stop at the limits which justice prescribes, and that force will reduce those whom kindness has proved inadequate to attack.

That Throne which the Revolution has twice deprived of its lawful Sovereign, is not to me an object of ambition or enjoyment! Alas! still smothered with the blood of our family, and encompassed with ruins, it can promise us nothing but sorrowful recollections, labours, and pains. But Providence orders us to ascend it; and it is our duty to obey. We are called thither by our rights, and we know how to defend them. We may there be able to promote the happiness of France, and that motive gives us courage to proceed. If we should be reduced to the necessity of conquering our country, confiding in the justice of our cause, and in the zeal of true Frenchmen, we will advance to the conquest with indefatigable perseverance, and with undaunted courage; we will advance to the conquest, should it be necessary, through the cohorts of rebels, and the poniards of assassins. The God of St. Louis, that God whom we call to witness the purity of our intentions, will be our guide and our support.

But no—we shall not be reduced to the necessity of using arms against deluded subjects. No; to themselves alone, to their regret, to their love, shall we be indebted for the re-establishment of our Throne; and the mercy of Heaven, moved by their tears, will make religion once more flourish in the Empire of the Most Christian Kings.

This pleasing hope revives our heart. Misfortune has removed the veil which was placed before your eyes; the harsh lessons of experience have taught you to regret the advantages which you have lost. Already do the sentiments of religion, which shew themselves with éclat in all the provinces of the kingdom, present to our sight the image of the glorious ages of the Church! already does the impulse of your hearts, which brings you back to your King, declare that you feel the want of being governed by a Father.

But it is not enough to form barren wishes; decisive resolutions must be adopted. It is not enough to groan beneath the yoke of your oppressors; you must be assisted in shaking it off. Show the world how the French, restored to their senses, can obliterate faults, in the commission of which their hearts were not concerned:

prove

prove that as Henry the Great has transmitted to us with his blood his love of his people, so are you also the descendants of that people, one part of whom, always faithful to his cause, fought to restore him to his Throne; and the other part, abjuring a momentary error, bathed his feet with the tears of repentance. Remember that you are the grandsons of the conquerors of Ivry and Fontenoy.

And you, invincible heroes, whom God has appointed to restore the Altar and the Throne, and whose mission has been attested by a multitude of prodigies: you whose pure and triumphant hands have, in the heart of France, kept alive the torch of faith and honour's sacred fire: you who have been the constant objects of our affection, and in whose labours we have been incessantly anxious to share; who were always our consolation and our hope; illustrious Catholic and Royal Armies, worthy models for all Frenchmen to imitate, receive this testimony of your Sovereign's satisfaction. Never will he forget your services, your courage, the integrity of your principles, and your unshaken fidelity.

Given in the month of July,
in the year of Grace, one
thousand seven hundred and
ninety-five, and the first of
our reign.

LOUIS.

NO. II.

THE IMPERIAL DECREE OF RATIFICATION concerning the opening of NEGOTIATIONS for a PEACE between the EMPIRE and FRANCE, which had long been expected with great anxiety, was at last published here on the 21st of August in the usual form. It is dated, "Vienna, the 29th July." This memorable Decree first states the different points set forth in the Advice given by the Empire of the 3^d of July, and then continues to observe as follows:

"HIS Imperial Majesty, above all, returns his warmest acknowledgments to the Electors, Princes, and States, for the grateful sentiments they have expressed towards his Majesty for his sincere and zealous endeavours to promote the welfare of the Empire. As Chief of the Germanic Body, he feels peculiar satisfaction to find, that in the second section of the Advice of the Empire, it has been declared to be the constant wish and firm resolution of all its Members to obtain a

general peace for the Empire, in an unimpaired and unalterable junction of all the States of the Empire with its Supreme Chief, as soon as possible, in a solid and constitutional manner. It is moreover declared, that the full restitution of its territory, and security of the Germanic Constitution, shall form the basis of a treaty of peace, according to the fundamental principles laid down in the Advice of the Empire of the 22^d December last year, and approved of by his Majesty, with respect to the attainment of a reasonable, just, and honourable peace. This desire and resolution (for according to the fundamental laws of the German Constitution, in all matters concerning a peace or war of the Empire, its Supreme Chief can neither be separated from its Members, nor the latter from the former) is the true and praiseworthy expression of constitutional, generous, and patriotic sentiments, and the Constitution of Germany may still subsist for a long series of years, if the Electors, Princes, and States, sensible of their duty, and animated by patriotism and public spirit, remain faithful to the sentiments thus solemnly declared. His Majesty having frequently proved, and but very lately declared in the Court Decree of the 10th of May, his inviolable attachment to the German Constitution, and his ardent zeal for the preservation of all its parts, rights, and members, it would be in open contradiction with his own declarations and actions, if he did not readily and fully approve and ratify the aforesaid second section, which so perfectly agrees with his paternal sentiments and duties, as Chief of the Empire.

"His Imperial Majesty farther declares, that he is ready to take upon himself the required first introduction of pacificatory negotiations, which, as far as it relates to the place where the Congress is to be held, has been entirely left to his Imperial Majesty's own judgment and discretion. In order as much as possible to accelerate the conclusion of a peace to the Empire, pursuant to the wish of the Diet, his Imperial Majesty, in his quality as Chief of the Germanic Body, has for this purpose already taken the necessary steps, of the result of which he will not fail in due time to inform the Diet, as well as the place where the negotiations for peace are to be carried on. The question, Whether, without any prejudice to the future negotiations of peace, it will be possible to obtain an armistice, can hardly be decided, before the said negotiations are actually set on foot; and in pursuance of the

the Imperial Decree concerning the Advice of the Empire of the 22d of December, a probable prospect opens to obtain a reasonable, just, and honourable peace; whence, and indeed in every possible case, there arises the cruel necessity, that the Electors, Princes, and States, conformably to their duty and own declarations, do not neglect, but persist in their united and constitutional means of defence, until Germany has obtained the blessings of a general peace for the Empire. Meanwhile, the Diet may rest assured, that if his Imperial Majesty should be able, on behalf of suffering humanity, to obtain from the present Rulers of France, who seem to have adopted more moderate sentiments, a modification or temporary pause of hostile requisitions and devastations, he will not fail to make, for that purpose, the necessary proposals.

“As to the rest, his Imperial Majesty is of opinion, that hitherto no political relations exist, which urge the necessity of accepting a mediator, although clothed with all the necessary requisites in point of skill, prudence, sincerity, and impartiality; nor does his Majesty see the necessity of accepting the mediation of a third person. If the German Empire, the first in point of rank, and mighty and powerful in its Chiefs and its Members, is with true German spirit united for a grand and momentous purpose, there is no doubt but it possesses sufficient authority and power to obtain a reasonable, just, and honourable peace. But as the Diet, according to the plurality of votes, finds a peculiar satisfaction in seeing his Majesty the King of Prussia co-operate for that purpose, his

Imperial Majesty,—provided, however, that it does not tend to the prejudice either of the immediate negotiations for peace between the Supreme Chief of the Empire, the deputed States, and the Deputies of France, or of the constitutional proceedings in all other respects, readily complies with the States of the Empire, and under this proviso consents that his Prussian Majesty, according to his own repeated voluntary offers, may on his part employ his good offices with France to obtain on the basis agreed and determined upon, a peace for the Empire, which restores its integrity and secures its constitution.

“Lastly, his Majesty repeats once more the declaration set forth in the Imperial Court Decree of the 10th of May, and which cannot be too often repeated, viz. that the political importance of Germany rests on the close and happy union between the Supreme Chief of the Empire and the Electors, Princes, and States; and its welfare depends on the inviolability of its fundamental laws. These ought to guide the Chief as well as the Members. His Majesty, who, not only in virtue of his Imperial office, but also by a solemn compact between him and the Electors, is charged with the administration of justice, is therefore obliged, by open and lawful means, to protect the Constitution against all unconstitutional proceedings; let the like precedents might in future times be supposed to contain a tacit abrogation of laws which are of the greatest importance for the safety and welfare of the German Empire.”

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE,

[FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 7, 1795.

Extract of a Letter from Admiral Hotbam, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships in the Mediterranean, to Mr. Nepean, dated Britannia, at Sea, July 14, 1795.

SIR,

YOU will be pleased to inform their Lordships, that I dispatched, on the 4th instant, from St. Fiorenzo, the ships named in the margin *, under the

orders of Capt. Nelson, whom I directed to call off Genoa for the Inconstant and Southampton frigates that were lying there, and to take them with him, if, from the intelligence he might there obtain, he should find it necessary.

On the morning of the 7th, I was much surprized to learn that the above squadron was seen in the Offing, returning into port, pursued by the enemy's fleet, which, by General De Vins's Letter (the latest account I had received)

* Agamemnon, Meleager, Ariadne, Mofelle, Mutin Cutter,

I had reason to suppose were certainly at Toulon.

Immediately on the enemy's appearance, I made every preparation to put to sea after them; and notwithstanding the unpleasant predicament we were in, most of the ships being in the midst of watering and refitting, I was yet enabled, by the zeal and extraordinary exertions of the officers and men, to get the whole of the fleet under weigh that night, as soon as the land wind permitted us to move; from which we neither saw or heard any thing of the enemy till the 12th, when being to the Eastward, and within sight of the Hieres Islands, two vessels were spoken with by Capt. Hotham of the Cyclops, and Captain Boys of La Fleche, who acquainted them, that they had seen the French fleet not many hours before, to the Southward of those islands: upon which information I made the signal before night to prepare for battle, as an indication to our fleet that the enemy was near.

Yesterday, at day-break, we discovered them to leeward of us, on the larboard tack, consisting of twenty-three sail, seventeen of which proved to be of the line. The wind at this time blew very hard from the W. N. W. attended with a heavy swell, and six of our ships had to bend main-top-sails, in the room of those that were split by the gale, in the course of the night.

I caused the fleet, however, to be formed, with all possible expedition, on the larboard line of bearing, carrying all sail possible to preserve that order, and to keep the wind of the enemy, in the hopes of cutting them off from the land, from which we were only five leagues distant.

At eight o'clock, finding they had no other view but that of endeavouring to get from us, I made the signal for a general chase, and for the ships to take suitable stations for their mutual support, and to engage the enemy, as arriving up with them, in succession; but the baffling winds and vexatious calms, which render every naval operation in this country doubtful, soon afterwards took place, and allowed a few only of our van ships to get up with the enemy's rear about noon, which they attacked so warmly, that, in the course of an hour after, we had the satisfaction to find one of their sternmost ships, viz. L'Alcide, of 74 guns, had struck; the rest of their fleet, favoured by a shift

of wind to the Eastward (that placed them now to windward of us), had got so far into Frejus Bay, whilst the major part of ours was becalmed in the Offing, that it became impossible for any thing further to be effected; and those of our ships which were engaged had approached so near to the shore, that I judged it proper to call them off by the signal.

If the result of the day was not so completely satisfactory as the commencement promised, it is my duty to state, that no exertions could be more unanimous than those of the fleet under my command; and it would be injustice to the general merit of all, to select individual instances of commendation, had not superiority of sailing placed some of the ships in an advanced situation, of which they availed themselves in the most distinguished and honourable manner; and amongst the number was the Victory, having Rear-Admiral Mann on board, who had shifted his flag to that ship upon this occasion.

I am sorry to say that the Alcide, about half an hour after she had struck, by some accident, caught fire in her fore-top, before she was taken possession of, and the flames spread with such rapidity that the whole ship was soon in a blaze; several boats from the fleet were dispatched, as quickly as possible, to rescue as many of her people as they could save from the destruction that awaited them, and three hundred of them were in consequence preserved, when the ship blew up with the most awful and tremendous explosion, and between three and four hundred people are supposed to have perished.

Inclosed herewith is a List of the Killed and Wounded on board the different ships that were engaged, by which their Lordships will perceive our loss has not been great: and I have the pleasure to add, that the damages sustained by those ships have been such as can easily be remedied.

Had we fortunately fallen in with the enemy any distance from the land, I flatter myself we should have given a decisive blow to their naval force in those seas; and although the advantage of yesterday may not appear to be of any great moment, I yet hope it will have served as a check upon their present operations, be they what they may,

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

W. HOTHAM.

Return

Return of the Officers and Men killed and wounded on board the under-mentioned Ships of the Fleet under Admiral Boscawen's Command, in Action with the French Fleet, on the 13th of July 1795.

Victory—1 Midshipman, 3 Marines, killed; 11 Seamen wounded.

Captain—1 Seaman killed.

Culloden—2 Seamen killed; 1st Lieutenant T. Whitter, and 4 Seamen, wounded.

Blenheim—2 Seamen killed, 2 ditto wounded.

Defence—1 Seaman killed, 6 ditto wounded.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUGUST 28.

BY a letter received from Admiral Duncan, dated on board his Majesty's ship *Venerable*, at sea, August 26. Texel E. N. E. distant 21 leagues, it appears, that on the preceding day the Squadron had captured two French National brigs, one named *La Suffisante*, mounting 14 eight and six pounders, and the other named *La Victorieuse*, mounting 14 twelve pounders, which were destined to cruise in the North Sea. The Admiral speaks in terms of much commendation of the behaviour of Mr. Oswald, acting Lieutenant on board the *Spider* lugger, who first came up with, and afterwards took possession of one of the brigs.

The same advices state, that the Dutch fleet had returned into the Texel.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 1.

Extract of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Parker, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships at Jamaica, to Mr. Nepean, dated at Port Royal, Jamaica, the 29th of June 1795.

THE *Mosquito* had been missing some time, but yesterday I received a letter from the Master, dated Providence, the 9th instant, saying, that off Cape-Maze (the East-end of Cuba) they fell in with a Republican sloop privateer called the *National Razor*, with six guns and 40 men, and engaged her from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, when she struck to his Majesty's colours; and that the next day they took her prize, a Spanish brig from the Havannah to Carthagena, laden with flour; that being disabled he could not rejoin me at the Mole St. Nicholas, agreeably to orders, but with a free wind made the

best of his way to Providence, where he arrived with his prize and recapture in safety: I am sorry to add, that he states that Lieutenant M'Farlane, who commanded the *Mosquito*, was killed very early in the action.

Extract of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Parker, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships at Jamaica, to Mr. Nepean, dated at the Mole (St. Domingo), the 12th of July 1795.

I AM sorry to observe that my conjectures respecting the Flying Fish schooner are verified; she was captured on her passage down to Jamaica, by two privateers, and carried into Leogane; but the time and circumstances I am yet unacquainted with, not having heard from Lieut. Seton.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 1. 1795.

Extract of a Letter from Capt. Alms, of his Majesty's Ship Reunion, to Mr. Nepean, dated at Sea, Aug. 23, 1795.

PLEASE to acquaint my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that, in pursuance of orders from Admiral Duncan, I proceeded to sea from the Downs on the 8th inst. with the *Iris* and *Vestal* under my command, on a cruise, and on the 12th inst. was joined by his Majesty's ship *Stag*. On the 22d inst. at one P. M. the high Land of *Jedder* bearing N. E. two ships and a cutter were discovered to windward on the larboard tack, standing in shore, on which the Squadron made all sail after them, and I made the signal to prepare for battle. The *Stag*, having had the advantage by a shift of wind, got up with the sternmost at a quarter past four P. M. when she began the action, and I am happy to add, that a quarter past five P. M. the ship with which she was engaged struck to her; during which time the remainder of the Squadron were firing at and endeavouring to cut off the headmost frigate and cutter; but, to my great mortification, I am sorry to say they effected their escape into the harbour of *Egeroe*, at half past five P. M.

The frigate which struck to the *Stag* is called the *Alliance*, of 36 guns and 240 men; the other that escaped, the *Argo*, of the same force, and the *Nelly* cutter, of 16 guns.

I have thought proper, for their Lordships information, to send in the *Alliance* with my dispatches, by Lieut.

William

William Huggell, of his Majesty's ship under my command, whom I recommend to their favour, who will inform their Lordships with every proceeding of the chace and action; but as the Alliance struck to the Stag, have put Mr. Patrick Tonyn, her First Lieutenant, to take charge of her, with orders to proceed to the Nore.

As the squadron has not received any material damage. I shall continue to execute the orders I received from Admiral Duncan; and I hope it will meet with their Lordships approbation.

Permit me to return my warmest and most sincere acknowledgements for the steady and gallant behaviour of Captain Yorke, of his Majesty's ship Stag, his Officers and ship's company; and I likewise very much approve of the conduct of the Isis and Vestal, with the Officers and ship's company of his Majesty's ship Reunion under my command.

Inclosed is a list of the killed and wounded on board their respective ships, for their Lordships information:

A List of the Killed and Wounded on board his Majesty's Ships under-mentioned, in the Action with the two Dutch Frigates, off Egroe-Harbour, the 2d of August 1795.

Reunion. 1 killed and 3 wounded.

Isis. 2 wounded.

Stag. 4 killed and 13 wounded.

Vestal. None killed or wounded.

[HERE END THE GAZETTES.]

[FROM OTHER PAPERS.]

Brussels, Aug. 12. The river Scheld, which has been blocked up for more than 200 years by the Dutch, in order that the trade of the Netherlands might be carried on through the ports of their Republic, is now declared by the French to be free from every obstruction to commerce.

Leghorn, Aug. 25. The island of Corsica is likely to become a prey to the violence of party. Several districts of the island have brought charges against Signor Colonna, Adjutant to General Elliot, and Signor Pozzodiborgo, President of the Council of State. Improper administration of the public money, and neglect in other departments, are among the subjects of discontent. Some districts are in a state of insurrection. Paoli, the inveterate enemy of Colonna and Pozzodiborgo, is considered as the fomentor of the commotion.

VOL. XXVIII. SEPT. 1795.

Paris, Sept. 6. This is the day on which twenty-five millions of individuals, collected in the different assemblies, are to pronounce on the Constitution which has been presented to them, and to realize that popular sovereignty which has hitherto had an existence in the books only of certain philosophers.

General Hoche has just published a letter from the Count de Sombrevil to Sir J. Warren, the original of which, he *says*, is in his possession, and his motive for publishing it is to restore to common sense those unfortunate men, to whom there will soon be no alternative but that of imitating the example of Puisaye, or of surrendering like Sombrevil. In this letter the Count styles Puisaye a dastardly traitor, and urges Sir John to institute a severe examination into his conduct: he accuses him of ruining the expedition, by ordering him and his brave followers to take a position where he immediately abandoned them, and took no other care but that of securing himself. He declares that he could easily have followed the example of Puisaye, had he been disposed to so disgraceful a step; but that he prefers his then situation, with the expectation of immediate death, to the escape of the coward who has ruined him.

Paris, Sept. 10. The Convention has for some days past been in a continual state of apprehension, lest their decree for compelling two-thirds of the present Representatives to be chosen again, should be rejected by the majority of the districts into which the nation is divided. The Convention have published an address to the whole body of the people, in which they express their fears, that their heads will be in danger if a Convention entirely new were to be elected. In this address to the people they say, that

“If the Legislative Body is to be wholly composed of new men, your liberty, your repose, and perhaps your political existence, are no more: another revolutionary system will be established; malevolence and revenge will persecute all the supporters of the Republic, all the patriots of 1789; all those who have filled any public function, however unimportant, since the Revolution, and also all the purchasers of the National property; in a word, it will be sufficient to have worn the National uniform, in order to be deemed an object of persecution; the intrepid defenders

of the country will, above all, excite and attract the rage of those new Revolutionists."

The Primary Assemblies in most places have voted themselves permanent, until they have seen the Constitution established.

It appears by the Paris Gazettes down to the 17th inst. that notwithstanding many attempts to disturb the tranquillity of the capital, the days of the 6th, 7th, and 8th inst. passed over very quietly, allowing for the bustle naturally incident to all large cities on the eve of a general election. It appears also that the armies have accepted the New Constitution, and acquiesced in the decree of the Convention for the re-election of two-thirds of its own Members. It is far different with the districts and towns, which, however willing to accept the Constitution, have in general testified their indignation against the decree.

During the whole of the above three days the greatest tranquillity reigned in every part of the capital. The Convention, however, appear to be extremely alarmed. An arret of the Section of Lepelletier, in which all the Primary Assemblies of the Sections were invited to unite with the Sections, was considered to be of so dangerous a tendency as to induce the Committee of General Safety to propose, that the sitting of the Convention shall be declared to be permanent. This proposition was not acceded to, but the Convention resolved to hold an extraordinary sitting on the evening of the 7th. The rejection of the decree for the re-election of the two-thirds by several of the Primary Assemblies, was viewed with such disapprobation by some of the Deputies of the Convention, that on the 8th Legendre, asserting that the Primary Assemblies were influenced by a *knut of beggars*, urged the necessity of using force against them.

Another Deputy, Philip Delleville, apprehensive, perhaps, that the popular indignation would be directed against the Convention, on account of the obnoxious decree, declared that, if things remained as they were, he should make an express motion to remove the sittings of the Convention to some other place.

By statements it appears, that 877 Primary Assemblies have already voted in favour of the Constitution, and 49

against it; 754 for, and 172 against the decree for re-election.

It appears that the daughter of Louis XVI. receives many new attentions, in proportion as the time of her departure draws near. On Thursday last Madame de Tourzel and one of her daughters dined with her, and spent several hours. After dinner they walked together for a considerable time in the garden, accompanied by Madame de Chanterelle. The daughter of Louis XVI. was in the garden when Madame de Tourzel and her daughter arrived. The young prisoner hastened to meet them; she threw herself into their arms, and pressed them to her bosom.—The daughter had been the early companion of her infancy.—*Courier Universel.*

The new insurrection of the Vendéans, under the orders of General Charette, is publicly announced in every Paris newspaper. He has sixty thousand men in arms under his command, and the Convention is extremely fearful of sending any of the Republican troops against him. The Chouans are likewise stated to be in great force in all the Western Provinces.

In the French Convention on the 11th instant, Merlin of Douai read the following letter from General Jourdan, dated Sept. 7.

"The passage of the Rhine was effected at three different points. The enemy, encamped to the number of 20,000 men, being in danger of being surrounded, were obliged to retreat to Obingheim. As it was impossible to attempt to take Dusseldorf by storm, that city was summoned to surrender to the troops of the Republic; and the summons was immediately obeyed. The enemy left several pieces of cannon and several caissons on the field of battle, with about a hundred prisoners. This day would have been more brilliant, if our means would have permitted us to station some cavalry and artillery on the right bank of the Rhine. General Kleber displayed great military skill on this occasion.

"In Dusseldorf we found 161 pieces of cannon, and several other articles, the particulars of which shall be forwarded to you. Our loss did not exceed 200 killed and wounded. Several officers of all ranks distinguished themselves by acts of valour. The troops displayed that intrepidity which proves
that

that *nothing is impossible for them to accomplish.* "We shall," (says Jourdan) "now avail ourselves of this success, to accelerate the conclusion of peace."

Hamburg, Sept. 11. The French have at last effected their long announced passage of the Rhine. The news of this important event reached us this morning by an express sent to the Imperial Minister here. It appears, that in the night between the 5th and 6th instant, the French troops assembled at Cologne, crossed the Rhine near Dusseldorff, drove back the Austrians who defended the opposite banks, and pursued them for three hours. The town and citadel of Dusseldorff surrendered on the morning of the 6th. The alarm is great all along the right banks of the Rhine. Field Marshal Clairfayt, who arrived near Dusseldorff, sent couriers to Mentz for reinforcements, but we fear they will arrive too late. This event is likely to accelerate the peace. Even Mentz is now threatened.

A body of Dutch troops who had assembled at Osnaburgh, on the 15th ult. received orders from the King of

Prussia to leave that place in two hours time. Prince Frederick of Orange and all the officers have departed in consequence of this order.

Posstam [the residence of the King of Prussia], Sept. 4. A terrible fire has just reduced to ashes the church of St. Nicholas, situated in Palace-square, together with the surrounding houses towards which the wind directed the flames. The fire broke out yesterday at four in the afternoon, in the tower, which was repairing, through the negligence of a workman who was melting lead. The flames, fed by a high wind, consumed in the space of an hour this very lofty tower, the fall of which communicated the fire to the church and the adjacent houses. The atmosphere being inflamed by this immense mass of fire, it became very difficult and hazardous to make any efforts to extinguish the flames. His Majesty directed the operations in person. At eleven at night the fire was still burning, and there remained nothing of the beautiful church except the masonry and façade.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LETTERS from Jamaica, by the last mail, dated June 14, give an account of a dreadful fire which broke out the 12th of that month at the town of Montego Bay in that island. One hundred and ten of the best houses in the town were destroyed. Two hundred hogheads of sugar, and one hundred puncheons of rum, besides great quantities of provisions, wine, soap, candles, and other property, belonging to the merchants, were totally consumed. The loss is estimated at little less than 400,000l. The accident was occasioned by a gunsmith; while he was forging the spring of a gun, the sparks from the forge flew among the straw of a crate of earthen ware, which blazing up set fire to the house. This trivial accident caused the devastation in less than three hours.

Mr. Mallet, wine-merchant of Mark-lane, lost his life a few days ago on the road to Bath, in consequence of the following melancholy accident: He was travelling with his lady and child in a gig, when the horse became somewhat unruly, and passing over a rut or stone, Mr. Mallet, who had risen for the pur-

pose of having a better command, was thrown from the chaise upon his head; the horse at the same time galloping away, was pursued by his servant for more than two miles before the chaise could be stopped. When medical assistance was procured, Mr. Mallet's skull was found to be fractured, and he scarcely spoke again.

AUG. 17. A letter from Dover, dated the 14th inst. says, "A violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, fell here this day at noon, that poured in torrents down our hills; and a most unfortunate circumstance took place: As a cart and four horses, belonging to a Mr. Coleman, of the Priory, were carrying a load of dung, a violent clap of thunder, attended with lightning, killed the four horses and the driver, Andrew Greaves."

The thunder storm of last Thursday appears to have been very general throughout the kingdom, and in many places attended with considerable mischief. It was particularly violent in some parts of Essex. A ball of fire passed through Braintree near midnight, which burnt three houses, together

with all the furniture. It also struck the church steeple, which was shivered into an hundred pieces, melting the clock-work, &c. The rain fell in such torrents as to inundate the country for several miles round Rumford, sweeping away several bridges, and laying whole fields of wheat, &c. flat upon the ground. A granary and stable of Mr. Vison, at Southerys, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, were set on fire by the lightning, and all attempts to save them proved ineffectual. A girl about 18 years of age, who was on a visit to some relations at Moulton, near Newport Pagnell, Bucks, being greatly alarmed by the tremendous storm, arose from her bed with the rest of the family, and standing near the chimney-place, was struck dead by a flash of lightning; she expired without a groan. At Fieldalling, in Norfolk, a fire-ball fell down the chimney of one Tho. Carr, a labouring man of that parish, which split the chimney and back of the house; the tea-kettle, and the hake on which it was suspended, were both melted down. The poor woman had a looking-glass on her lap, and was going to put on her cap, when she was struck blind; her husband was knocked down, and remained senseless for some time; and the looking-glass they have not been able to find, nor even the least remains of it. What is very remarkable, a child of about a year old, sitting in a chair in the corner, received no hurt, but was covered all over with soot by the explosion.

Extract of a Letter from Portsmouth,
Aug. 17.

"This morning his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived here from Brighton; he went on board the *Jason* frigate, Capt. Sterling (late of the *Canada*) to see Monsieur, the *ci devant* Count d'Artois, accompanied by the Marquis of Buckingham, the Earl of Moira, Admiral Sir Peter Parker, Commissioner Sir Charles Sexton, and Col. Mulcafter; immediately on his getting on board he was saluted with 21 guns, and shortly after the standard being hoisted on board the *Jason*, a royal salute was fired by the whole fleet. He remained on board about two hours, and then returned to Portsmouth in Sir Peter Parker's barge, being saluted again on his departure with 21 guns. On his landing he went to the Governor's house, where most of the naval

and military officers went to pay their respects."

Weymouth, Aug. 18. Their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses set out from Windsor yesterday morning at a quarter before five o'clock, and arrived at Gloucester Lodge at a quarter past five the same evening, in perfect health.

27. Advices of the 19th inst. have been received from Sir John Warren; by these it appears that opposition had been made by the Republicans to the landing of some ammunition from the British fleet, destined for the Royalists. Charette sent down a detachment of 1500 of his men, who defeated the Republicans, and accomplished the object of their enterprize. The Republicans lost a considerable number of men; the Royalists about 200. This is so far important, as it is the first active hostile operation since the sham treaty formed between the Commissioners of the Convention and Charette.

28. Wednesday Rear Admiral Harvey sailed from Spithead with five ships of the line, two frigates, and a sloop under his command, convoying a fleet of upwards of 210 transports with troops on board, bound to the coast of Brittany.

The Count d'Artois sailed in the above.

29. The Earl of Moira has at length resigned the command of the troops assembled in the environs of Southampton. It appears, that as it is not intended that any British troops should be sent to act offensively on the Continent of France, Lord Moira's command was no longer necessary.

SEPT. 3. We learn by letters from Dublin, that some serious riots have taken place there among the soldiers of the 104th, or Royal Manchester Volunteers, and 111th, or Birmingham Fencibles, on account of a determination to complete some regiments by drafts from others. But the timely interference of the Magistracy, aided by the greater part of the military, who resisted every attempt to seduce them from their duty, happily quelled the tumult, and tranquillity is perfectly restored in the city.

Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Griffin, two of the Friends of the French Convention in Ireland, were found guilty of high-treason at Naas, in Ireland, on Tuesday the first instant, and are sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. After O'Connor had received his sentence he addressed the Court in a speech of considerable length, in which

he censured the abuses of Government.

Thirteen apprentices, and journey-men, of different trades, making in the whole thirty, have been apprehended in Dublin, charged with having sworn to the Defenders oath, and associating and conspiring, with several other persons of a similar description, in acts of high-treason.

Mr. Hamilton Rowan arrived at Philadelphia from Havre, on the 17th of July. He had a narrow escape; the vessel in which he sailed was boarded by his Majesty's ship *Melampus*, and Mr. Rowan was introduced to the officer as a Mr. Thompson of South Carolina.

Awful Phenomenon—The village situated on the lake of the four towns belonging to Lucerne, in Switzerland, named Weggis, has disappeared.—The following are the circumstances attending this strange event. A brook, which had always flowed from the mountain of Regis to the village, suddenly changed its course; its new course was followed, and it was perceived that it flowed into a deep gulph of the mountain. At the same time it was perceived that in several places near the village the earth sunk, and that the steeple tottered. The inhabitants immediately carried away their effects. In a few hours the ground, on which the village was situated, gave way towards the lake, and at the same moment a part of the mountain fell and covered the village, not a vestige of which remains.

12. A cutter is arrived, which brings intelligence that Rear-Admiral Harvey, in the *Prince of Wales*, of 98 guns, with the other ships of his Squadron, and their convoy, had arrived safe at their place of destination on the French coast, all well.

15. Advice was this morning received at the India-House, that the Pitt East Indiaman, Captain Manning, from Bengal, last from St. Helena, had arrived at Limerick. She sailed from St. Helena, with the following ships, on the 2d of July, and parted company on the 5th instant:

Airley Castle	Bushbridge	Earl Wycombe
Effex	Lord Hawkesbury	Montrose
Asia	General Goddard	Marship

with the seven Dutch East Indiamen that had been captured. One of the Dutch East-Indiamen was burnt on her passage home. All the above-mentioned ships have since arrived safe in the River Shannon.

Previous to their sailing, there was another Dutch Indiaman taken, and carried into St Helena.

Captain Vancouver, of his Majesty's brig *Discovery*, says, an express had arrived from the Cape of Good Hope to Governor Brocke, informing him that the Dutch had not surrendered, and requesting assistance; and that 400 men had sailed, or were preparing to sail, in the *Armiton*, when the *Discovery* left the Island. A brig had been dispatched by Admiral Elphinstone to Rio de Janeiro, to hasten the fleet with the troops.

Admiral Elphinstone had gone into False-Bay, where he had taken three Dutch Indiamen, and was waiting for succours. The Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope wanted to establish an independent Government of their own.

15. Letters received by the Irish mail on Friday state the unpleasant intelligence that the 105th and 114th British Fencible regiments, which have lately marched into Cork, having been ordered to be drafted into other regiments, the men, headed by the sergeant-major, as their generalissimo, dismissed themselves on the parade, and continued (according to military interpretation) in a mutinous state for some time, nevertheless asserting, they were ready to obey their officers and proceed as a regiment to wherever they were ordered. The manner of their being subdued by General Massey, commanding the district, is thus related—"Upon the mutineers forming a hollow square, he ordered several bodies to march round to the different avenues of the parade, by which means he completely blocked them up. He then gave the signal for the cannon to advance, and the mutineers were made to ground their arms, which were taken up and sent off. General Massey then harangued them on the folly and rashness of their conduct. They were then marched prisoners to the barracks, and thus ended an affair that gave infinite uneasiness, and threatened the most serious consequences."

17. A Quarterly General Court was held at the India-House, when after the last minutes had been read, the Chairman, Sir Stephen Lushington, stated, that the opinions of the Attorney and Solicitor General, relative to the legality of carrying the resolutions of the General Court respecting Mr. Hastings into execution, had been received, and should with the other opinions of

Coun-

Counsel be printed for the use of the Proprietors, previous to the meeting to be held in October. After a desultory conversation, in which Major Scott, Messrs. Grant, Jackson, Thornton, Henschman, and the Chairman, severally offered their sentiments, it was agreed, that some correspondence between the Chairman and Mr. Pitt should form a part of the printed papers.

18. Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, a fire broke out in the cupola of the church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, which communicated to the roof, and in two hours consumed the whole inside of that very beautiful building. The fire was occasioned by the carelessness of some workmen who were repairing a part of the lead-work about the cupola. The whole top was in a few minutes in flames, and in a short time falling in, nothing but the bare walls were left standing.

The communion plate, we believe, was saved; but every other article pertaining to the sacred edifice, including the valuable and celebrated organ, the clock, &c. &c. was devoured by the unconquerable fury of the destructive element.

The original cost of the building was 6,500*l.* Its repairs, about six years since, were charged at 10,000*l.* It will not appear trifling, however, to the inhabitants of the parish. They paid 7½ per cent. for the repairs of this church. For this clumsy neglect they will have to pay at least 25 per cent. on their rents.

19. Parliament, which stood prorogued to Tuesday the first day of October next, was by a Proclamation issued this day further prorogued to Thursday the 29th day of October 1795: then to be held for the dispatch of divers weighty and important affairs.

22. Government received dispatches from Sir John Borlase Warren this morning, dated the 16th inst. The transports, with the troops on board under the orders of Monsieur, were to sail the next day for the place of their destination. His Royal Highness had felt nothing of the fever with which some of our Prints were pleased to afflict him, but had, on the contrary, enjoyed the best state of health during the whole voyage. Monsieur took with him from the Isle of Houat the artillerymen and other troops who escaped from Quiberon.

During the five days which his Royal Highness passed on the Isle of Houat, he received deputations from a great number of parishes and cautions on the coast of Brittany, which seem all to be animated with a spirit of loyalty. From them full particulars were received of the heroic death of M. de Sombreuil, and of the fate of a great number of other prisoners, who were taken at the unfortunate affair of Quiberon. Several, however, were saved by the inhabitants of Vannes, who found means to conceal them. Monsieur ordered a solemn funeral service to be performed for them at the Isle of Houat.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

JUNE 9.

AT Bristol Wells, Miss Spence, daughter of Captain Spence, of Crutched Friars.

JULY 12. At Edinburgh, Mr. Charles Lewis, painter.

At Cape Nicholas Mole, St Domingo, Major Glynn, only son of Sir George Glynn, of Ewell, Surry.

18. In Cortica, suddenly, Mr. William Woodruffe, surgeon of the St. George, of 98 guns. He was out on a pedestrian excursion with another officer, when he suddenly dropt down, and expired instantly.

At Gibraltar, Andrew Sutherland, esq. Captain of his Majesty's Navy, and Commissioner in that place.

AUG 9. At Elgin, Capt. Robert Innes, son of the late Sir Harry Innes, of Innes.

13. At Aldershot, Hampshire, Capt. Thomas Newnham, of his Majesty's Navy.

15. Prince Charles George of Hesse-Darmstadt, in his 39th year.

At Chatham, aged 59 years, Major Conyers, of the Chatham division of Marines.

16. Mr. Goldar, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars, engraver, of an apoplectic fit in Hyde-park.

17. At Clough End, near Haslington, in Lancashire, the Rev. Dr. Holmes, Rector of Whitchapel, Middlesex, and formerly Fellow of Brazen Nose College, Oxford.

At Megginch Castle, Scotland, Lady Susan Drummond.

Lately at Kildare, aged 69, Thomas Pasley, M. D.

18. At Buxton, Mrs Clarke, Lady of Gen. Clarke, now in the East India Company's service.

George M'Pherson, esq. of Inverishie, Scotland, in his 19th year.

At York, aged 82, Mr. James Robertson, formerly the Shuter or Edwin of that Theatre, from which he retired in the year

1779, after 40 years service. He possessed the estimable qualities of private life in a high degree, and was the Author of many pieces of merit, particularly a Volume of Poems by Nobody, as the title-page announced.

19 At Tenterden, in Kent, aged 93, Mrs. Hoole, relict of Mr. Hoole, of the Broad Pavement, Moorfields.

Charles Fullerton, esq. of Kinnebar, in his 54th year.

Mr. Coxhead, surgeon, Holborn hill.

Mr. Henry Hill, surveyor, late of Mount-street, Lambeth.

Mr. Edward Jones, New Bond-street.

21. The Rev. John Acland, Prebend of Exeter, and Vicar of Broadcliff, Devon.

At Millhill, Middlesex, Michael Collinson, F. R. S. esq. aged 67.

Lately, Philip Money, esq. of Aldeburgh, Norfolk.

22. At Barnet, John Goodall, esq. of the South-Sea House, aged 70.

At Canterbury, Richard Harris Barham, esq. one of the Aldermen of that corporation.

Lately in the West Indies, the Rev. Dr. Fawcett, Chaplain to Admiral Parker, Vicar of Milford, Hants, and formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

Lately, the Right Hon. Alexander Lord Macdonald.

At Killarney, Ireland, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Kenmare.

Jeremiah Morrell, esq. at Guildford, aged near 70 years.

At Muswell Hill, the Rev. Samuel Stennett, D. D.

25. Mr John Neal, of Gracechurch-street.

Mr. Caleb Preston, of Boston, Lincolnshire, many years an Alderman of that corporation.

At Exeter, the Rev. Francis Moore, Rector of Inwardleigh, Devon.

26. John Gibson, esq. Alderman of Colchester.

27. The Rev. Mr Naish, Rector of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street, aged 71 years.

The Right Hon. Lady Lyttelton, relict of the first Lord Lyttelton, and daughter of Sir Robert Rich,

Robert Pigott, esq. Peplow Hall, Salop.

Henry Ellison, esq. of Hepburn House, near Newcastle upon Tyne.

28. Mr. William Graves, many years surgeon to the British Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow-street, Long Acre.

Mr. Philidor, the celebrated Chess Player, aged near 80. See Anecdotes of him in Vol. xii. p 11.

At Wexford, in Ireland, the Rev. Archdeacon Boyd.

30. Samuel Brooksby, esq. many years Alderman of Newark, of which town he

served the office of Mayor in 1772 and 1783.

At Brighthelmston, James Jackson, esq. of Bedford-square.

Thomas Pleistow, esq. of Watlington, Norfolk, in his 80th year.

31. Mrs. Wicker, relict of John Wicker, esq. of Horsham in Sussex, and sister of Sir George Colebrooke.

SEPT. 1. Francis Russell, esq. late Solicitor of the India Board, and Deputy Clerk of the Council, &c. to the duchy of Lancaster.

3. At Beaumont Cottage, Chertsey, Surry, Col. William Axtell, aged 75.

At Dean's Yard, Westminster, Mr. Pickard, late one of the Coroners of the county of Middlesex.

4. At Wick, near Worcester, William Wiltshire, esq. formerly of Bath.

At Denton Park, Yorkshire, Sir James Ibbetson, Bart.

5. Hugh Boscawen, esq. Knight Marshal of his Majesty's household.

Lately, in Great Longford-street, Dublin, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Butler.

Lately, at Arans, in Italy, Thomas Ford Hill, esq. F. A. S. whose laborious pursuit of knowledge, especially in the antiquarian, philological, and classical parts of learning, render his name no stranger to English or foreign literature.

Lately, in John-street, Berkley-square, between 80 and 90 years old, Mrs. Errington, grand-mother to Mrs. Fitzherbert. This lady, by her first husband, Mr. Molyneux, was mother of the late Earl of Sefton.

10 In Upper Seymour-street, John Vaughan, esq. late merchant of Bristol.

Mr. Charles Barron, wine-merchant, Ware, Hertfordshire.

At Hemingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire, Mr. J. Archdeacon, many years Printer to the University of Cambridge.

At Margate, Peter Roughsedge, esq.

Lately, Admiral John Montague. He was made a Post Captain 15th Jan. 1745, Rear Admiral of the Blue 1770, Rear Admiral of the Red 1776, Vice Admiral of the White 1777, and Vice Admiral of the Red 1778.

Mr. Campbell, of Clarence Place, Bristol. He was found at the bottom of the rocks on the Leigh side of the river Avon, mangled and bruised in so dreadful a manner as to render him a most shocking spectacle. He excelled in an eminent degree in the art of drawing, and had left his house three days before, with a design, it is believed, of taking some views of the river Avon and St. Vincent's Rocks, near the Hot Wells; in attempting this from some dangerous part of the rocks, it is supposed, either that the ground gave way, or his feet slipped, when falling down the precipice, the violent contusions received proved fatal to him.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR SEPTEMBER 1795.

Day	Bank Stock	3perCt reduc.	3 per Ct Confols	3perCt Scrip.	4perCt 1777.	5perCt Ann.	Long Ann.	Ditto, 1778.	S. Sea Stock.	Old Ann.	New Ann.	3perCt 1751.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	New Navy.	Exche. Bills.	English Lott. Tick.	Irish Ditto
24	167 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84	99	19 9-16	8 15-16							7 pr.	2 dif.	2 pr.		
25	167 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84 $\frac{3}{4}$	99	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 15-16								2		7s. 6d. pr.	
26	167 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84	98	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 15-16			67 $\frac{1}{8}$		196 $\frac{1}{2}$				3 pr.		
27	167 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84 $\frac{3}{4}$	99	19 9-16	9							7 pr.	2		8s. pr.	
28	168	68	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9			67 $\frac{1}{8}$				7 pr.	2			
29			67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84 $\frac{1}{2}$	99	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9			67 $\frac{1}{8}$				7 pr.	2			
30	Sunday																		
31	168 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84 $\frac{3}{4}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9							7 pr.	2		9s. 6d. pr.	
1	168 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9			67 $\frac{3}{8}$		199		8 pr.	2		5s. pr.	
2	169	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		84 $\frac{5}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9					199			1 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 pr.		
3	169 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85	100	19 11-16	9			67 $\frac{1}{8}$		199 $\frac{1}{4}$		9 pr.	2	7 pr.	10s. pr.	
4	169 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	19 $\frac{1}{4}$	9					198 $\frac{1}{4}$		10 pr.	2	10 pr.		
5	Sunday																		
6			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85 $\frac{3}{4}$	101		9							10 pr.	2	10 pr.	9s. 6d. pr.	
7			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{3}{4}$		8 15-16			68 $\frac{1}{4}$		199 $\frac{1}{4}$		11 pr.	2	11 pr.	9s. pr.	
8			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85 $\frac{1}{2}$	100		8 15-16					199 $\frac{1}{4}$		9 pr.	2 $\frac{1}{8}$	10 pr.		
9			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85 $\frac{1}{2}$	100									2	2 $\frac{1}{8}$	10 pr.		
10			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85 $\frac{1}{2}$	100									2	2 $\frac{1}{8}$	10 pr.	14l. 5s.	
11			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85 $\frac{1}{2}$	101										1 $\frac{7}{8}$	11 pr.		
12			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		85 $\frac{1}{2}$	101										1 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 pr.		
13	Sunday														11 pr.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 pr.	10 pr.	
14			69 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		101	101 $\frac{1}{2}$									13 pr.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	13 pr.	10s. 6d. pr.	
15			69 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		101	101							200 $\frac{1}{2}$		12 pr.	1 $\frac{3}{4}$	9 pr.	10s. 6d. pr.	
16			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		101	101										2	14 pr.		
17			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		101	101										1 $\frac{7}{8}$	13 pr.	9s. 6d. pr.	6s. 6d. pr.
18			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		101	101										2	13 pr.	9s. 6d. pr.	
19			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		101	101										2	12 pr.		
20	Sunday																		
21																			
22																			
23			68 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$		101	101 $\frac{1}{8}$									13 pr.	2 $\frac{1}{8}$	10 pr.		

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