

# European Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1795.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of DR. BEILBY PORTEUS, Bishop of LONDON.  
And, 2. A VIEW of the PALACE of the DUKE of PARMA.]

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L O N D O N :

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L. E.'s Favour is left at the Publisher's for him. It is requested that it may be soon returned.

The Account of Father PHILLIPS shall appear as soon as we have room for a piece of that length.

ERRATA in our Magazine for JULY 1795.—P. 17, 2d Col. for "I would not *think*," read, "I would not *wish*."

Ibid. There should be no stop after, "Nor is it left for the present day."

P. 19, 2d Col. near the bottom, after "In culling particular parts of the respective Odes," read, "Whether for sublimity of conception, or truth of description;" and instead of "Judgment must be frequently *observ'd*," read, *abjov'd*.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Oct. 10. to Oct. 17, 1795.—

	Wheat					Rye					Barley					Oats					Beans					
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	
COUNTIES upon the COAST.																										
	Wheat					Rye					Barley					Oats					Beans					
Effex	81	4	31	0	32	4	25	0	39	0																
Kent	82	11	38	0	32	6	24	3	40	3																
Suffex	74	0	00	0	30	0	24	6	00	0																
Suffolk	73	6	40	8	30	1	21	10	34	11																
Cambrid.	74	3	38	6	29	0	20	9	40	2																
Norfolk	68	6	34	0	27	1	22	4	37	0																
Lincoln	78	11	41	0	31	5	21	0	00	0																
York	67	4	42	10	30	9	21	10	44	10																
Durham	69	0	00	0	32	0	19	11	00	0																
Northum.	69	2	35	0	28	6	20	3	00	0																
Cumberl.	64	8	42	7	29	0	21	0	00	0																
Westmor.	75	0	46	0	32	0	21	1	00	0																
Lancash.	83	9	00	0	34	4	25	9	48	8																
Chefshire	76	0	00	0	37	2	24	8	00	0																
Gloucest.	84	5	00	0	31	1	27	6	50	8																
Somerset	86	8	00	0	32	6	20	0	47	8																
Monmou.	69	0	00	0	33	3	20	0	00	0																
Devon	83	5	00	0	28	5	19	2	00	0																
Cornwall	64	3	00	0	29	1	16	0	00	0																
Dorset	85	10	00	0	29	4	22	0	51	4																
Hants	82	3	00	0	30	0	00	0	40	0																
WALES.																										
N. Wales	60	0	52	0	32	0	18	6	00	0																
S. Wales	70	5	00	0	31	6	15	4	00	0																

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

SEPTEMBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMON.	WIND.	9-29	32	58	S.	
24-30	12	59	N. N. E.	10-29	29	51	S.
25-30	13	60	N. E.	11-29	32	50	S. W.
26-30	15	60	E.	12-29	41	49	N. W.
27-30	12	58	N. W.	13-29	39	51	S.
28-30	05	59	E.	14-29	44	50	S.
29-29	06	58	W.	15-29	41	50	S.
30-29	05	63	W.	16-29	42	51	S. E.
				17-29	48	49	E.
				18-29	53	52	S. S. W.
				19-29	47	49	S. W.
				20-29	39	50	S.
				21-29	40	50	S. E.
				22-29	31	51	S.
				23-29	27	47	S. W.
				24-29	32	52	S. W.
				25-29	51	50	W.
				26-29	70	49	S. W.
				27-29	65	48	S. S. W.

OCTOBER.

BAROMETER.	THERMON.	WIND.	9-29	32	58	S.	
1-30	10	60	N. E.	10-29	29	51	S.
2-29	07	58	N. E.	11-29	32	50	S. E.
3-30	05	57	N.	12-29	41	49	N. W.
4-29	09	56	N. E.	13-29	39	51	S.
5-29	00	57	W.	14-29	44	50	S.
6-29	08	56	W.	15-29	41	50	S.
7-29	07	57	N. W.	16-29	42	51	S. E.
8-29	04	57	W.	17-29	48	49	E.



THE  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LONDON REVIEW;  
For OCTOBER 1795.

DR. BEILBY PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THIS Prelate, whose exemplary conduct in the station he adorns, may be held up for the imitation of future Bishops, is, we are informed, a native of the North of England. He was born, we conjecture, about the year 1731; and after receiving his school education under the Rev. Mr. Hyde, at Ripon, was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Classical Learning. In 1752 he took the degree of B. A. and about the same time obtained one of the medals given by the Duke of Newcastle for the best Classical Performance of that year. On the 14th March 1754, he was chosen one of the Squire Beadles of the University, an office he resigned on the 3d July, 1755, and that year took the degree of Master of Arts. About this time, or perhaps sooner, he was chosen Fellow of his College, became Preacher at Whitehall, and in 1759 was a successful Candidate for the Seaton Prize. The subject of the Poem was DEATH, and it exhibits proofs, that with due cultivation he might have claimed the honours due to a genuine Poet. As a specimen we shall produce the pathetic prayer at the conclusion, which will compel our readers to regret that our author so soon left what Mr. Pope calls, and sometimes with too much reason, "the idle Trade of Poetry."

— At thy good time  
Let Death approach; I reckon not—let him  
but come

In genuine form, not with thy vengeance  
    arm'd,  
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend  
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke.  
And at that hour when all aghast I stand  
(A trembling Candidate for thy compassion)  
On this world's brink, and look into the next;  
When my soul starting from the dark un-  
    known  
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings  
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd  
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd  
    joys,  
And all the lovely relatives of life,  
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on  
The gentles of thy looks.—Let no dark  
    crimes  
In all their hideous forms then starting up,  
Plant themselves round my couch in grim  
array,  
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd  
torture,  
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.  
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead  
Let cheerful Memory, from her purest cells,  
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,  
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back,  
With tenfold usury, the pious care,  
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly  
    balm  
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly, Thou,  
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from  
    Heaven  
To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,  
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die,  
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed  
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear  
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,  
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,

Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,  
 Bursts from the thraldom of incumbering  
 clay,  
 And on the wings of Extasy upborn,  
 Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

In the next year, on the death of King George II. Mr. PORTEUS wrote the following Epitaph on him, which being the only specimen of his poetical talents except the Prize Poem already mentioned, we shall here introduce to our readers' notice.

THIS Marble boasts what once was truly  
 great,  
 The friend of Man, the Father of his State.  
 To check Ambition in its wild career;  
 To wipe from Misery's eye the starting tear;  
 By well-plann'd laws Oppression to control;  
 By kindest deeds to captivate the soul;  
 Stern Justice' sword to guide with Mercy's  
 hand,  
 And guard the Freedom of a glorious Land;  
 These were his arts—thee Heaven approv'd,  
 and fled  
 Unnumber'd blessings on his hoary head.  
 Forc'd into arms, he stretch'd his generous  
 fway  
 Wide as the Sun extends his genial ray;  
 Yet saw (blest privilege) his Britons share  
 The smiles of Peace amidst the rage of War:  
 Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,  
 And floods of wealth flow in from either Pole:  
 Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed,  
 Saw Science raise her venerable head;  
 Whilst at his feet expiring Faction lay,  
 No contest left but who should best obey;  
 Saw in his offspring all himself renewed,  
 The same fair path of glory still pursued:  
 Saw to young GEORGE, AUGUSTA'S cares  
 impart  
 Whate'er could raise or humanize the heart,  
 Blend all his Grandfire's Virtues with his own,  
 And form their mingled radiance for the  
 Throne—  
 No further blessing could on earth be giv'n:  
 The next degree of happiness was—Heaven.

About this time a work made its appearance, entitled, "The History of the Man after God's own Heart;" a performance which, however contemptible in point of argument to men thoroughly acquainted with the language of Scripture, was yet, by the boldness of its assertions, the vivacity of its humour, and the freedom of its remarks, extremely well calculated to seize the imagination of the gay, and impose on the credulity of the unexperienced. To repel this attack on the authority of the

Sacred Writings, Mr. PORTEUS engaged in the fields of controversy, and preached on the 29th Nov. 1761, before the University of Cambridge, a Sermon, entitled, "The Character of David King of Israel impartially stated," which he soon afterwards printed. It is probable this Sermon brought him to the notice of Archbishop Secker, who, in Sept. 1762, presented him to the Rectory of Witterham in Kent, and at the same time appointed him one of his domestic Chaplains.

In March 1764 he was presented by the Archbishop to the Rectory of Bocking in Kent, and in October received from the same patron a Prebend in the Cathedral Church of Peterborough. On the 15th of May 1765, he was married by the Archbishop to Miss Hodgson of Parliament-street, and in the same year was presented to the Rectory of Hutton. On the 7th July 1767, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him, and in August, on the death of Dr. Denne, he became Rector of Lambeth, with which he also held the Rectory of Hutton. In the succeeding year, 1768, he lost his patron the Archbishop, who, by his will, entrusted to him and Dr. Stinton the revision and publication of his Lectures on the Catechism, his Manuscript Sermons, &c. This trust was executed in a very satisfactory manner; and prefixed to the Sermons published in 1770, was a very excellent account of the venerable and deservedly esteemed author. In 1776, if we recollect right, Dr. PORTEUS succeeded Dr. John Hoadley as Master of St. Crols, an option of Archbishop Secker. At length the time arrived in which our author was to be elevated to the Episcopal Bench. On the advancement of Dr. Markham in January 1777 to the See of York, Dr. PORTEUS, by the interposition of the Queen, as it is reported, was promoted to the See of Chester; from whence, in 1787, on the death of Bishop Lowth, he was advanced to the See of London, which, for the welfare and advantage of the Church and State, every well-wisher to the English Constitution will wish him long to enjoy.

Besides the pieces already mentioned, Bishop PORTEUS is the Author of the following:

A Sermon preached before the House of Commons, Jan. 30, 1767. 4to.

A Sermon preached before the University



versity of Cambridge, July 5, 1767. 4to.

Two Sermons preached at the Chapel Royal St. James's, 4to. 1772.

A Sermon preached in the Chapel of the Asylum for Female Orphans, May 19, 1773. 4to.

An Earnest Exhortation to the Religious Observance of Good Friday. In a Letter to the Inhabitants of Lambeth Parish. 8vo. 1776.

A Sermon preached at the Anniversary Meeting of the Clergy at St. Paul's, May 9, 1776. 4to.

A Sermon preached before the House of Lords at Westminster Abbey, Jan. 30, 1778. 4to.

A Sermon preached before the House of Lords on the Fast Day, Feb. 10, 1779. 4to.

A Brief Confutation of the Errors of the Church of Rome, extracted from Archbishop Secker's Five Sermons, 12mo. 1781.

Sermons on several Subjects, 8vo. 1783.

Essay on the Transfiguration of Christ, 8vo. 1788.

A Sermon preached at St. Paul's before his Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament, April 23, 1789, on the Thanksgiving Day. 4to.

Sermons on several Subjects, Vol. II. 8vo. 1792.

And some Charges and Admonitions to his Clergy, which have not been publicly sold.

### A SHORT ESSAY UPON THE NATURE AND ADVANTAGES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

*Vela dabant læti.*

VIRGIL.

AMONG the various causes which lead the human mind to action, there is none perhaps more insatiable in its nature, and more acknowledged for its pleasures, than novelty. The mind of man, however confident in its own abilities, and strengthened by all the solidity of intellectual acquirements, can rarely move round the sphere of human occurrences, without stepping aside to view some new spectacle, or springing forward to grasp some inviting object, which novelty renders a curiosity.

This habit of human nature is not confined to daily or domestic occurrences, nor to objects which in our intercourse with society are rendered novel, nor to prospects which a native kingdom can afford; but it ranges unbounded to countries separated by the waves of an immense ocean, and to shores, not only distanced by thousands of leagues, but of which we may ever remain ignorant or dissatisfied, either by the rudeness of its manners, or barbarity of its inhabitants. This consideration leads on to the propensity which almost every man possesses for foreign travel. To range over the works of creation, to tend afar through kingdoms once known by their power, or famed for their wisdom; to explore the wildest scenes of nature; to penetrate the depths of the desert, or behold the cataracts of unknown waters; to contemplate some sublime edifice of ancient grandeur, gigantic even

in ruins, or pry into the hidden curiosities of the earth; is a desire as just as it is noble; an undertaking worthy of the most exalted, and highly enticing to the most abject capacity.

The superior power of man to all other animals, has endowed him with a property to enlighten his mind while he gratifies his eye, and to refine his soul while he diversifies his ideas. By this means he has an ardent desire for truth; for however the mental powers may be delighted with narration, yet it ever springs forward to view the scene of each action; and by so doing, the eye is not only gratified by the contemplation of the spot itself, but the mind is convinced of the veracity of the account. Thus, there is hardly a reader of any taste or enthusiasm, but who, in admiring the beautiful descriptions of the poet in telling us where Troy stood and its battles were fought, would be desirous, even at this remote period of time, to view the same spot, or tread the same ground: or if perusing the instructive pages of the historian, in relating the structure and size of the Pyramids, or the foundation and existence of Memphis, he would likewise entertain the same ardent desire to contemplate those stupendous monuments, or trace over the relics of that antique city.

Whether, however, roving abroad for the sake of novelty, or the gratification

of restlessness, be commendable, is a question hardly worthy of the least consideration. He who spreads his white sail, and plows the tossing deep, merely to take breath, and rest from his journey, in some foreign country, and more temperate climate, impelled by novelty alone, has very poor pretensions to the classic elegance of a traveller; and I am afraid, if when landed he were to hire the very chaise in which Sterne rode, it would never make him a sentimental one. Those men, indeed, who seem so eager, and so impetuous, to be wafted by some propitious gale from their own native cliffs, without having visited the various places, or observed most of the curiosities which their own country affords, are only driving onward to that novelty with which they may be gratified at home; and will of course disdain the acquisition of those objects, as they imagine that in plunging farther something more novel may gratify their senses. Let him who visits France with a wish to see where Cæsar fought, or Charlemagne conquered, first gratify his curiosity, by contemplating in Britain the spot where Caractacus opposed the Roman power, and Alfred vanquished the Danes. Possessed with true ideas of his country's worth, let him not, by admiring the splendor of others, forget the excellence of his own. Endowed with liberality of education, and refinement of sentiment, let him imitate ancient philosophers, by exploring the innumerable productions of nature, and investigating the diversities of human government; so that, like the active and indefatigable bee, he may extract what is sweet, and relinquish what is indifferent, and bring home acquisitions worthy to be lodged in his

own stores, and capable of meliorating the condition of mankind.

To read the classic ground of Greece, the shores where Solon legislated, Aristides ruled, and Miltiades fought; to view the rocky pass of Thermopylæ, which fancy may conceive as yet tinged with the blood of the brave Leonidean party; to walk these plains where Xerxes encamped his immense host; to ford the Granic flood, animated with the idea that it was once stemmed by an Alexander; from thence to sail into Africa and view the Egyptian Pyramids, the once-famed Memphis, and mighty Thebes; to see the meandering Nile swell her inundating flood, and the prolific harvest of March; from thence to visit the solitary frightful lake where Babylon reared her adamantine walls, where Nimrod extended his power, and Nineveh founded its grandeur; to know where Cyrus fought, and where Cræsus was vanquished, with a hundred long resounding historical facts celebrated on distant shores; forms a consideration of the sublimest nature, the noblest gratification of the human soul. It is a desire implanted in the breast of every rational creature, to stimulate him, by observing the defects of various societies, and adopted laws, to form a more durable system of sociality and political government within his own country, and which, if liberally conducted, and properly extended, may link human nature in the bands of civilization and refinement; so that he will most effectually at last lay down the purest system, and effect a more permanent basis of moral conduct and human felicity.

CASTOR.

#### ACCOUNT OF DON ANTONIO ULLOA,

EXTRACTED FROM A LETTER DATED ISLA DE LEON NEAR CADIZ, 10th JULY 1795.

**D**ON Antonio di Ulloa, Knight, Commander of the Order of St. Jago, Lieutenant-General of all the fleets of his Most Catholick Majesty, and Director-General of his Navy, died here the 5th of this month, aged 79 years and 6 months. The King has lost in his person a faithful servant, and the Nation at large a great promoter of sciences and a distinguished friend to humanity. Early in life he devoted himself successfully to the study of sciences, and in 1726 was by King Philip the 5th ap-

pointed, jointly with the learned Don Jorge Juan, to improve those astronomical observations which had been made by some French philosophers, whom the Academy of Sciences had deputed to the mountains of Quito, in the kingdom of Perou.

He was afterwards chosen by King Ferdinaad the VIth to travel in Europe, in order to acquire every degree of knowledge which might be beneficial to his countrymen. The informations which he obtained in England, France, Hol-

land,



land, Flanders, and most parts of Germany, are published, and have proved highly advantageous to a variety of establishments and undertakings. It was at his instigation that several young persons, at the charge of the Nation, were dispersed into France, Holland, Italy, and Geneva, to study physick, surgery, engraving, clock-work, all which sciences had been greatly neglected in Spain. He was the chief promoter of the establishment of the Royal Woollen Manufactories, and by his observations they were greatly improved. Under his management the College of History and Surgery was brought to that perfection for which it now stands so eminent. He directed those wonderful undertakings, the basons, or canals, at Carthagena, and Ferrol. He revived the mine works of quicksilver at Almaden, which had been much neglected, and in 1759 was sent for the same purpose to the mines of quicksilver at

Guancavellica, in the kingdom of Perou; from whence he proceeded to New Orleans, to take possession of Louisiana, when ceded by France to Spain. He commanded the flotilla of Gallions that sailed from Cadiz to Mexico in May 1776. The various works he has published are in great esteem, and translated into several languages, particularly his Astronomical Observations made at the Mountains of Quito, and the Philosophical and Natural History of Perou, in which he had the assistance of his learned colleague and friend, Don Jorge Juan.

His active genius kept him constantly employed, devoting the whole of his life to the good of his country.

He was a member of the Royal Society of London, of the Royal Academies of Berlin and Stockholm, and a correspondent of the Academy of Sciences at Paris.

## VALUABLE NEW DISCOVERY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF CORN.

THE following, which is taken from the Paris MONITEUR, respects an article, of which the late unfortunate dearth, through Europe, has more than ever demonstrated the value.—To our shipping and magazines the discovery must be of immense importance.

### RESEARCHES

On the preservation of grain and roots in work shops, magazines, and, above all, on shipboard.

By ANTOINE GOUAN,

National Professor of Botany in the School of Health at Montpellier; Addressed to the National Convention, the 10th Thermidor.

“No person is ignorant how much grain, roots, and collections of Natural History, are liable to be devoured by insects, and particularly by weevils, which, by consuming the internal part, and leaving only the husk, occasion frequently the greatest mitchiefs.

“These are considerably felt in great magazines, but particularly on shipboard, where numerous crews on long voyages require very ample store of corn, and where the diminution and damage produce often the most fatal consequences.

“These inconveniences, and the difficulty of preserving these articles of the first necessity, have engaged my attention for many years, and induced me to attempt several methods of preserving them from the approach and ravages of these insects. I knew that in certain countries they expose their grain to smoke and vapour; in others it was placed for some time in an oven. I also knew that pepper and other aromatics were considered as good preservatives. But that which is easy and unexpensive on a small scale, becomes dear and impracticable when applied to a larger. My object was to find means, therefore, which should be at once easy, efficient, and œconomical:

I. By banishing the insects which cause this damage to the grain.

II. By avoiding a weighty expence.

III. And by exempting the grain from the odour contracted in fumigation, particularly from the oils of a low quality which are employed for this purpose.

“In consequence, in the year 1786 I tried the experiment of placing different roots, &c. ripe and newly gathered in a box, which I had bored for the purpose of giving admission to mites and other insects. At the corners and bottom of the box I placed several leaves

leaves of hart-wort, the odour of which I knew was noxious to several animals. In another I put leaves of horehound, of rue, and of tansy.—The boxes thus prepared remained for a full year on the ground under my shelves.

“ At the end of that term I found the roots, &c. perfectly sound, but the odour of the plants more or less remained; and fearing that it might communicate itself to the outward skin, and occasion a disgusting taste, I proceeded to substitute to the former bitter aromatic herbs, such as the little centaury, wormwood, thyme, mint, savory, &c. which are every where found in abundance.

“ I thus preserved the grain, &c. for a long time, without renewing the plants. Those which I now present to the Convention have been thus preserved since the year 1788.

Some ACCOUNT of the STEEL CHAIR made for the Emperor RODOLPHUS II. of GERMANY, now in the Possession of the EARL of RADNOR, at LONGFORD CASTLE, WILTSHIRE. [Collected by THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN.]

THIS Chair was a present from the City of Augsburgh to the Emperor Rodolphus II. about the year 1575.

The Artist's name was Thomas Rukes. The large compartment at the back of it represents Nebuchadnezzar asleep, and the Statue about which he dreamed is standing before him; and just adjoining is a representation of the King on his throne, and Daniel before him explaining the dream.

The wrought work on the Chair is well known to be descriptive of the four great Monarchies of the world, viz. the Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman.

The head of the Roman Empire the Emperors of Germany affect to be, and in compliment to Rodolphus the history

“ After this experiment, now made seven years since, there can be no doubt but that the practice would succeed on a much larger scale; and as the grain and seeds, when gathered ripe and kept from a moist air, preserve for a long time their vegetative faculties, it follows, that they may be thus conveyed in safety, and planted with success in the most distant countries, and after the longest voyages.

“ I have thus done my duty as a good citizen, in presenting to my country the result of my researches, in a discovery valuable in itself and useful to humanity.

“ P. S. I did not think it right to try the means which some persons use to preserve the corn, by burning it with chalk and cinders, as a trifling circumstance may alter these substances in such a manner as to damage the grain.”

is deduced (by a representation in the several compartments, of which there are more than 130, of select and remarkable events immediately connected with it) from the destruction of Troy to the time of the then Emperor himself.

This Chair was 30 years in making, and is said to have cost 40,000 l.

The four figures missing at the bottom of the Chair, some assert, were never there, and that it was originally in this respect incomplete; but this does not seem probable, and can be only conjecture.

This Chair was the property of Count Tessin, who was Ambassador from the Court of Sweden to the English Court: of his son Gustavus Brander, Esq. bought it, as an antique, for 1800 guineas, who sold it to the present Earl of Radnor for 600 guineas.

THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF PARMA.

[ WITH A VIEW. ]

PARMA is a large populous City, divided by a River of the same name into two parts, the streets long and broad, the houses, for the better part, tolerably elegant. The fortifications are indeed no way considerable; but on the east side stands a strong citadel. The ducal Palace lies on the south side, and has a communication with the citadel over a bridge. It consists of three courts; two of which are newly built. The gallery here, formerly so remarkable for its inestimable Collection of Paintings, Medals, Antiquities, and other curiosities, together with the

Library, was stript by Don Carlos, who carried away with him every thing of value to Naples, so that the chief remarkable thing remaining in this city is the large Theatre, built by Duke Renatus I. in the year 1618. It is in the form of a Roman Amphitheatre, and, according to Keyser's Account, the pit is 65 common paces long, and the stage 62. In the former are twelve rows of seats gently rising behind each other, and above them two galleries. There is also a lesser Theatre in a hall adjoining.



A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A JOURNEY TO THE GLACIERES, IN SAVOY. WRITTEN IN FORM OF A LETTER TO LADY MARY BLAIR. BY J. B. WEBER.

Ye Mountains, whose aspiring Tops,  
 With Snows on Snows, ascend the Skies;  
 And as the everlasting Props  
 Of Heaven's high Mansions, proudly rise,  
 Oft on your hoary Heads  
 I've gather'd in their Beds  
 The Flow'rs that Spring doth blow,  
 While Thunder rock'd the Ground,  
 And Torrents swell'd the Sound,  
 And Clouds were seen below.

To Lady MARY BLAIR.

MADAM,

THE *Glacieres* of *Savoie*, being one of the most extraordinary parts of our little globe, I think it not altogether usefess to give your Ladyship a short account of a journey undertaken in those mountains, by Messrs. *Coxe*, *Chamberbill*, *Wefson*, and *Weber*, from *Geneva*.

We set out from *Geneva* the 30th of July 1777, in the morning, and soon came to *Chesuse*, a long village, where a bridge divides this little territory from the dukedom of *Savoie*. A large plain, diversified with fine cultivated hills, and bordered with high mountains, attracts the wanderer, till he arrives at *Bonneville*, a little town, seated at the foot of the *Mole*, an exceeding lofty mountain, in the form of a sugar loaf. There is a large stone bridge of five arches, built upon the *Arve* \*, near this town, from whence we entered a valley bordered with high rocks, shaded with woods.

It opens itself, after four miles walk, and forms a very agreeable plain, intermixed with fine fertile risings, till one arrives at *Cluse*, another little town, ten miles from *Bonneville*.—There is a large rock near this place, which hangs over the road in a tremendous manner, from whence historical tradition says, the *Clusians* defeated a large body of foreign troops, by hurling down stones upon them; there are many such instances to be met with in the History of *Switzerland*.

The road near this place, to the next village, is through a valley, where the *Arve* flows with great force. The mountains and rocks, on each side, are very elevated and romantic. The more we advanced, the more we found the objects diversified by the different forms and structures of the rocks. A very beautiful cascade rushing down a stupendous mountain attracted our eyes till we arrived at a village about five o'clock, where we took refreshment, and then continued our road to *Salenche*, having exceeding curious rocks on our left, and the *Arve* on our right. We stood amazed at the beautiful cascade of *Arpennaz*, which is a torrent, falling down a mountain five hundred and fifty furlongs in height, between rocks of a musclev colour. Art is exhausted in the luxury of cities, in order to form a little insignificant fall of water; but here, lavish Nature pours her plenteous streams from the top of her rocks, astonishing our sight, far beyond what the hand of art is able to produce.—The rocky scene at length spreading on each side, left us in a large oval space, surrounded with corn fields, pasture land, and every sort of verdure; in the heart of which stands the town of *Salenche*, where we lay the first night.

The place itself, indeed, is but very indifferent, although the capital of that part of *Savoie* called *Faucigny*. The *Savoysards*, of both sexes, are as healthy, stout, and handsome a race of people as can be seen, and of the strictest integrity; but I can by no means recommend their inns, nor advise those to travel into this country, who cannot put up with some inconveniences, such as fleas and bugs in their bed-chamber.

They are not accustomed to receive any strangers, but those whom curiosity leads to the valley of *Chamougnay*.

We here took guides and mules to

\* The *Arve* is a torrent that takes its rise in the ice mountains, and after a very rapid winding course, of at least 100 miles, discharges itself into the *Rhone*, near *Geneva*. It is a remarkable sight, to see these two rivers flow together, for half a mile, without mingling; the *Arve* keeping its gray, and the *Rhone* its blue colour

lead us the next morning to the valley of *Chamougnny*.

We rode sometimes between, and sometimes over rocks, and often crossed several torrents, which came running down from the mountain-tops, covered with snow.

The *Arve*, in some places, rushes with impetuosity into a great depth, between lofty rocks, at the bottom of which the eye is sometimes recreated with fine green valleys, cones of mountains, piled one above the other, and feathered with firs to almost the very top, seeming to touch the skies, and bounded at last the vast amphitheatre before us.

We began now to get the first view of the top of mount *Bianc*, clad in a sheet of frozen snow, almost too white for the eye to behold.

The aspect of this amazing mountain is astonishing; and fills the mind with the sublimest ideas. It is reckoned the highest on the ancient continent; being 2391 furlongs and a half in height, above the level of the Mediterranean, according to Mr. *De Luc*'s last combined method of barometrical and geometrical measure.

One of our guides informed us, he had been one of the twelve, who, that summer, employed fourteen hours in attempting to go up this tremendous mountain, but were obliged to return, not being able to bear the intense sharpness of the air, or find any farther practicable road through the snow; most of them fell sick at their return.

At two o'clock we arrived at *Chamougnny*, and though we had been continually on the ascent from *Salenche*, yet we found it exceeding warm in the valley, and were surprized to see such fine fertile lands at the very foot of the *Glacieres*.

This valley produces all sorts of fruits, and a delicious white honey, which the bees fetch from the salutary flowers of the *Alps*. The village is but an indifferent place; the inn, however, is good, and the landlady agreeable and polite.

We met here with Mr. *Bourit* (who has published a description of the *Glacieres*) and two clergymen from *Geneva*, of my acquaintance, with whom we went up the *Montanvert*.

Being provided with guides and provision, we proceeded, fourteen in number, to climb this terrible rock, about

five in the evening, and reached the summit, after a fatiguing and dangerous ascent of three hours and a half.

This rock is quite covered with fir trees, which we found very serviceable when the stones rolled from under our feet.

Black clouds floated now, big with horror, during our ascent, and rattling thunder burst at last from the veil of darkness which brooded over the plain, and caused the mountain top, on which we stood, almost to tremble. Our fears, however, of having a rainy night were soon dispelled, when we saw the weather clear up, without much rain, and now we proceeded, with fresh alacrity, on our steep ascent.

The human mind acquires a degree of strength and ease in its mental operations, in this pure and subtle air: The soul discharging the weight of that mass of vapours which hang over the body in the plain, seems to partake the purity of the æthereal regions where she now is, and can raise itself above the tumultuous passions of mortals, whose habitations, labours, toils and cares are now left behind.

Our guides, perceiving us desirous of reaching the top, told us we should soon come to the *Chesteau de Montanvert*, which, on our arrival, we found to be a *Shepherd's cavern*, made with large stones. The entrance into it was so low that it was with difficulty we crept in one after another. The sight of the stupendous ice valley, as seen from the top of this mountain, filled our minds with such admiration, as sufficiently repaid the hardship we had undergone.

Having kindled a large fire, with the wood that abounds here in great plenty, we took refreshment, which proved very comfortable. Mean while part of the smoke passed through the chinks of the stones, but that which remained was almost sufficient to suffocate us; this inconvenience, however, was far more tolerable than the extreme cold of the atmosphere, which we could not have been able to have endured; especially as the ascending the mountain was attended with great perspiration and heat.

Mr. *BOURIT* and our six guides laid in the open air all night, warming themselves with fir-trees, which they kindled; a light that affords a pleasing sight from our cavern. Mr. *BOURIT* favoured us with a French  
 plain;



psalm; the echo of his voice redounding on the neighbouring rocks, had an admirable effect.

Mr. COXE laid upon three large stones, on which he said he had rested as well as on a bed of down.

MESS. CHURCHILL and WESTON laid in a large hollow stone, and I took my couch on the ground, strewing prickly deal branches under me, in order to avoid the dampness of the earth; a large sharp stone served as my pillow. Our guides kept up a large fire the whole night.

Though tired, nature's restorer had but little refreshed our wearied limbs, when we soon prepared ourselves again for the fatigues of the succeeding dawn, and after having taken each a long staff, with pointed ferules at the end, we descended in the valley, upon those stupendous cliffs of ice, that seem to have stood there from the foundation of the world; filling up the whole space, for almost a mile in breadth, between long parallel chains of mountains, whose tops shoot up to the heavens in a thousand broken and uncouth forms, most of them hooded with snow, and some bare, in form of pyramids.

As we stood contemplating the wonders of these icy rocks, we might have easily fancied ourselves wedged in between the vast billows of some frozen ocean, north of *Nova Zembla*; where a sudden congelation taking place, had fixed them for ever immovable.

A stormy sea, quite frozen, bears, I think, the nearest resemblance to this ice sea: The waves are cut with oblique hollows, which appear to be of a fine blue colour, and murmuring streams of snow water run between those terrifying chasins.

This scene, however dreary, exhibits a most noble assemblage of the vast, the wonderful, and wild. To the curious Naturalist it certainly affords an inexhaustible fund for speculation.

Mr. COXE and his company went almost to the end of the valley, and walked from five in the morning till two, when they returned to the cavern.

I returned much fatigued to *Chamougnny*, employing three hours in the descent, which is far more difficult and dangerous than the ascent, as the stones often roll down under the feet,

and one could easily be brought along with them.

Beautiful tame goats abound in plenty on this mountain: These animals skip and leap from one precipice to another, with an astonishing intrepidity.

I was surprized at my coming into the valley, to find such hot sultry weather; fields covered with corn, and rich meadows; sights that were a great contrast to the frigid and barren mountain I had just quitted.

The Curate in the village shewed me every sort of politeness till we sat down to dinner. He is a man who sticks fast to the principles of his church; and believes us Protestants out of the right road. I had some instructing conversation with him about the formation of the *Glacieres*.

I then took a ride with the Under Curate (a well instructed young man) to the *Glacieres des Boissons*, four miles from *Chamougnny*. We left our mules below, and went up through a wood, flagged with fir trees, and incumbered with great stones; some are of an immense bulk, and are often brought down by a considerable thaw.

This *Glacieres* is very different from that of *Montanwert*, but not less extraordinary. It is full of ice-towers, some resembling pyramids, others are in form of sugar loaves. A sudden chill in the circumambient air indicated our approach to some unusual climate, and, being much heated by the fatiguing ascent of this rock, we thought it most safe to return to our mules, and ride back to *Chamougnny*.

On our coming into the valley, the two daughters of the wealthiest farmer in the neighbourhood presented us with an agreeable refreshment of strawberries and cream. One of them carried such a native smile and bloom in her countenance, that she reminded me of the poet's assertion:

— "Loveliness

"Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;

"But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

I had the pleasure to meet Mr. COXE and his company at the inn, much fatigued with their excursion in the ice valley; where they had traced the *Glacieres* almost to their very source.

The rain that fell that night occasioned a great thundering noise by the melting and falling down of the snow from the mountains.

Vast lumps of snow are frequently carried off, and violently bolted from crag to crag by adverse currents of air in those aerial regions. The snow, thus detached, is then hurried down by its own gravity, and in rolling, encreases to such a size, that, in its descent, it has been known to choak up all the passes, often filling whole valleys, and burying the unfortunate passenger underneath its accumulated mass.

In the winter of 1769 and 1770 there happened a very frightful fall of snow; the effect of the air, pressed by the fall of this mass of snow, was so terrible, that it opened itself a passage through a wood of beech and fir trees which covered this declivity, and left not one tree standing in its way. It stopped the course of the *Gifre*, that runs in the valley, overthrew on the other side a great number of trees, and demolished many better barns than those which remained covered, and crushed to pieces by this fall.

The inhabitants of this valley lead the noiseless tenour of their way along the cool sequestered vale of life, and are but little taken notice of; yet their retired and peaceful habitations afford the philosopher an ample fund for speculation. Let him learn here the true wants of man, and what a happy calm his soul would enjoy, if he remained in the hands of nature. Intemperance displays not here its baneful effects, therefore these people know of none of those disorders which reign in luxuriant cities, and enjoy a healthy and vigorous constitution, which brings them commonly to an old age. In winter, they are almost buried in snow.

The village of *Chamougnny* lies at the foot of mount *Blanc*.

It would be impossible to give your Ladyship a complete idea of this immense and majestic mountain. The crust of ice that covers it almost from its foot, in the valley of *Chamougnny*, to its summit, resembles, in some places, a tempestuous sea; in others, one should

think of seeing the ruins of towers and castles *entrecoûp* with deep chasms; in other places the mountain advances itself on the borders of some pointed rocks.

It is obvious to every person conversant in natural philosophy, that if one could reach the height of twenty-four thousand feet above the surface of the earth, one would always perceive, in all seasons, and every where, the same degree of intense cold; not the least difference would be observed, neither in summer nor winter. Near the equator, or the poles, the variations of heat and cold can only be felt near the surface of the earth, where the air, charged with vapours, admits not the rays of the sun to pass freely. Hence it comes, that the *Alps* in *Switzerland*, though not so high, are covered with snow and ice, in summer as well as in winter. This is also the plain reason why the snow of the upper region of mount *Blanc* very seldom melts, but commonly that of a lower height.

The *Cordelières*, a chain of mountains in *Peru*, lie just under the equator, and yet the cold is as strong there, as in the *polar* regions, though their height be not 24,000 feet. The *Spaniards* must remember the sad experiments they made, when they attempted to pass some of those mountains\*.

We resolved to go through the rocks the following day to *Martinach*, in the *Vallais*, thirty miles from *Chamougnny*, and pass home to *Geneva*, on the other side the lake, through *Ville*.

Mr. COXE and his company are the first, I believe, who ventured to make this round on horseback; we had several guides and baggage mules.

I should not finish, if I attempted to describe the different aspects that nature wears in their rocks; let the poets and painters here kindle their imaginations.

The first place we stopped at was the source of the foaming river *Arveron*, which falls into the *Arve* at the foot of the ice valley of *Montanvert*, two miles from *Chamougnny*. This torrent gushes out with incredible rapidity from under an immense cavern of ice,

\* If your Ladyship should be curious to read an enlargement upon this subject, you may have recourse to a late work, entitled *Histoire Naturelle des Glacieres de Suisse*, in 4to, with many copper-plates; translated from the German original of Mr. *Grauert*, who has collected the substance of all the preceding authors upon this subject.



that looked almost as transparent as crystal. There were several vaulted apertures one above the other, the last of which I thought to be at least fifty yards high.

We went, one after another, upon a large stone, at the brink of the torrent, under these icy vaults, in order to take a transient survey of this extraordinary place; but the consciousness of the peril did not permit us to enjoy long this sight, because our ears were continually stunned with the falls of some fragments of ice and snow severed from the adjacent mountains, with a crack resembling a clap of thunder.

These accidents often prove fatal to the inhabitants of this valley, and sweep, sometimes, men and cattle away. The mere flying of birds, or the running of *Chamois*, occasion, sometimes, these dangerous falls of snow\*.

After winding for some hours through a green valley, almost overshadowed by the mountains, we pursued our course many miles on the banks of a rapid river, and found ourselves soon again inclosed amidst the intricacy of a thousand pines of an amazing size, through which our horses and mules now began to climb by a rugged, stony, and narrow path, which scarce admitted the mules to pass.

The rapidity of the torrents that run between the mountains, which sometimes hang over the road in a tremendous manner, and the thickness of the fir trees with which they are covered, joined to the solitude of the place, afforded the musing mind the most pleasing meditations.

Upon viewing nature in this rugged and uncouth form, and not to feel a fearful emotion, is to be the person whom *Horace* says,

“Should the whole wreck of Nature  
break,

“In ruin and confusion hurl’d;

“He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty  
crack,

“And stand unmov’d amidst a falling  
world.”

This *Sylvan* scene retained its solemnity the whole way to *Trian*; a

few cottages scattered about, amidst the wilds of this Alpine district, which lies almost in the heart of that range called the *Monts Maudits*, or, accursed mountain\*. After having refreshed ourselves with a glass of wine, and some bread and cheese, we continued our journey, climbing over the broad back of another mountain, from the top of which we had a beautiful prospect, seeing great part of the *Vallais*, and the *Rhone* winding its serpentine course through the middle.

The weather, which had been the whole day very rainy, now began to clear up, as we descended that mountain.

Between nine and ten we arrived at the foot of it, at a town called *Martinach*, where we met with a very good inn.

We proceeded on our road the next morning, through a very pleasing, cultivated valley, having the rapid *Rhone* on our right, and rocks close on our left, with the fine fields bordered with mountains at about two miles distance.

We could not refrain from the pleasure of dwelling a little on one of the most capital cataracts we had seen.—It fell perpendicularly near us, in the form of a vast brush of water, of at least 250 feet in length, and almost wet us to the skin as we passed, by the flying particles of water.

*St. Maurice* is the last town in the *Vallais*; the bridge over the *Rhone* here divides this territory from the canton of *Bern*. The rocks and mountains disappear the nearer one approaches the lake, which is not visible, till it presents itself suddenly in almost its whole extent. The sight is then agreeably surprized with the fine vineyards, villages, and country houses, that border the lake from *Villeneuve* to *Veveys*. It is near this first place where the *Rhone* throws itself into the lake.

The road from *Villeneuve* to *Veveys*, is exceeding agreeable, and goes always through vineyards that come close to the lake.

The walls of this pretty town are washed by the pellucid waves of this beautiful lake. The mountains and

\* It generally begins to snow afresh towards the mountain tops, before the autumnal equinox, so that the acquisition of snow and ice during the winter months, is far more considerable, than the loss sustained from a dissolution by rain water, or the preceding summer heats.

† This place is the first in the *Pays de Vallois*.

rocks in *Savoie*, the other side of the water, make a fine appearance. The road from this town to *Lausanne* continues on the elevated, fruitful, banks of the lake; and surpasses, for pleasantness, the most I have seen in any part of *Switzerland*, *Germany*, *France*; the *Netherlands*, or even *England*.

It would be needless to describe to your Ladyship the beautiful environs of our little republic within the limits of *France*, *Savoie*, and *Switzerland*, your Ladyship enjoying daily that enchanting prospect.

*LAUSANNE* lies almost at the foot of mount *Jura*, and is one mile from the lake. The cathedral may be reckoned one of the largest Protestant churches in *Europe*. It stands in the highest part

of the town, upon a hill; there is a fine terrace round it, from whence almost the whole lake may be viewed; with the mountains of *Savoie* on the opposite side, and the rich country of *Geneva*, thirty miles in extent.

Upon reading in this church the several inscriptions on the monuments of the illustrious dead, who once shone in either the learned or military world, these lines of *Gray* arose in my mind:

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,  
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er  
gave;  
Await alike, th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of Glory lead but to the grave.

#### For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

IN Mrs. Radcliffe's "Romance of the Forest," (a Novel far superior, I think, to her "Mysteries of Udolpho") we have some pleasing speculations on the reunion of friends in a future state of existence: they deserve to be detached from the volume, and inserted in your valuable Miscellany. "One of the brightest hopes of a future state (says Mrs. R.) is, that we shall meet again those whom we have loved upon earth. And, perhaps, our happiness may be permitted to consist very much in the society of our friends, purified from the frailties of mortality, with the finer affections more sweetly attuned, and with the faculties of mind infinitely more elevated and enlarged. We shall then be enabled to comprehend subjects which are too vast for human conception; to comprehend, perhaps, the sublimity of that Deity who first called us into being. These views of futurity elevate us above the evils of this world, and seem to communicate to us a portion of the nature we contemplate. Call them not the illusions of a visionary brain: I trust in their reality. Of this I am certain, that whether they are illusions or not, a faith in them ought to be cherished for the comfort it brings to the heart, and revered for the dignity it imparts to the mind. Such feelings make a happy and an important part of our belief in a future existence. They give energy to vir-

tue, and stability to principle. And this every ingenuous mind must acknowledge\*." This has generally been considered as a visionary doctrine: and, therefore, its place in a novel may be thought appropriate. Yet several Divines have lately maintained it with an energy not to be resisted. *Whitaker*, *Sellon*, *Pokwobek*, and *Hewlett*, have all dwelt on this pleasing topic. In the two last writers, the coincidences of sentiment and sometimes of expression are curious. "If we are to retain our consciousness (says Mr. Pokwobek), if we are to possess our former selves, we must recal to mind those personal connections which engaged our thoughts and exercised our passions. The memory of those very actions by which we shall be judged, seems necessarily involved in the recollection of the circumstances that gave rise to them, and the persons by whose assistance and in whose behalf they were performed. We shall otherwise have no clear idea of their merit, or see the justice of that sentence which shall be passed upon us."—"That departed spirits shall remember and be solicitous for the welfare of their earthly connections, we may hope and believe, if any stress be laid on the conference between Abraham and Dives, respecting the relations of the rich man. For, Abraham said: "Son, remember, that thou in thy life-time receivest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus

\* Romance of the Forest, Vol. III. p. 126.



evil things.”—“ That we shall recognize those, with whose persons we are here familiarly acquainted, seems to be implied in the promise of a heavenly communion with our deceased friends, “ Them who sleep in Jesus, shall God bring with him.” “ And so shall we be ever with the Lord.” It is thus St. Paul attempts to comfort the mourners for those “ who sleep in Jesus.” And they “ who sleep in Jesus,” must undoubtedly mean the Christian relations of the afflicted, to whom our Apostle addresses himself. The lesson of comfort in any other light loses all its force and propriety of application. If this, indeed, be not the argument, it is absurd and without meaning. Surely then we shall recognize the friends whom we are to meet hereafter: otherwise the reunion would be little worth, as far as the circumstance of their having been once our friends, might be supposed to constitute its value. And, if we know them again, we shall recollect all our earthly sympathies that have their principle in virtue. All the endeavours of the Christian will henceforth be exerted to prepare himself for his expected reunion with the friend “ who sleeps in Jesus. A prospect that will constantly animate him in the performance of every social, every religious duty \*.”

“ The well known parable of the rich man and Lazarus, (*says Hewlett*)

speaks fully to the point.” *Remember* (said Abraham) that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things.—If it be admitted, that consciousness attends us at the Day of Resurrection, it is not possible to conceive, that it should not extend from actions to persons and things; because almost every act of virtue and of vice must have relation to others as well as ourselves. We cannot believe, that two or more “ just men made perfect,” who lived together here, and who still possess a distinct consciousness of the same facts, a participation of the same cares, the same pleasures, hopes, and fears, should be deprived of the power of communicating their knowledge; and, therefore, recognition must take place.”—Without the expectation that we shall yet meet again in the realms of joy, we might be said “ to sorrow without hope,” even for those “ that depart in the Lord.”—“ Would you then recognize those in heaven, who formed the chief part of your happiness while on earth? Religion is the only handmaid that can guide you to them †.”

Surely, these are delightful speculations to the pious mind!—In my opinion, the doctrine of Recognition rests on as solid a foundation, as the most essential truths of Revelation.

L. L. D.

## ACCOUNT OF THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

BY DR. GILLIES, AUTHOR OF THE “HISTORY OF GREECE.”

[FROM SEWARD'S ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS, &c.]

AT the distance of twelve miles from Rimini and the Adriatic Sea, we beheld a cloud-capt mountain, steep, rugged, and inhospitable, yet to Britons, whose affection for their own happy island cherished even the faintest image of congenial liberty, more attractive and more engaging than all the gay luxuriance of Tuscan † plains. A black expansion

of vapour partly concealed from our view the territory of what the Greeks would have called a Nation, seldom visited by strangers, though assuredly most deserving of that honour. Liberty brightens and fertilizes the craggy rocks of St. Marino; and instead of paradises inhabited by devils (for thus the recollection or supposition of better times

\* Polwhele's Discourses, Vol. I. p. 186—191.

† Hewlett's Sermons, Vol. II. p. 72—84.

‡ The epithet Tuscan is justified by the authority of Polybius, l. ii. c. 14. and c. 17. He describes that extensive plain bounded by the Alps, the Apennines, and the Adriatic, and also the plains about Mola and Capua, called the Phlegæan Fields, as antiently inhabited by the Tuscans. The territory of this people, he says, formed incomparably the finest portion of Europe. Before Polybius wrote his History, the dominion of the Tuscans had contracted to a narrow span; and according to the saying of the modern Italians, while the Pope possesses the marrow, the Great Duke of Tuscany has now only the bones of Italy.

indignantly characterises the countries through which we had just travelled), this little State, we were told, would exhibit rugged hills and savage precipices cultivated and adorned by the stubborn industry of free men, who labour with alacrity, because they reap with security. We panted at the thoughts of taking a nearer survey of this political wonder, and were impatient to leave Rimini; but the country adjacent to that city was deluged with rain; the rivers continued to overflow; horses could not safely clamber over rocks; and Rimini could not furnish us with mules. But they are delicate travellers whom such puny difficulties could restrain from visiting this illustrious mountain, where Liberty, herself a mountain goddess, has upwards of fourteen centuries fixed her rural throne. Careless of mules, or horses, or carriages, to which last the Republic of St. Marino is at all times inaccessible, we adopted a mode of travelling which in a country where pomp is immoderately studied, because wealth is too indiscriminately prized, might possibly have excluded unknown wanderers from the proud mansions of Nobles and Princes, the Palaces of Bishops, and the Vineas of Cardinals, but which, we rightly conjectured, would recommend us as welcome guests to the citizens of St. Marino, whose own manliness of character must approve the congenial hardihood of humble pedestrians.

The distance from Rimini to the Borgo, or suburbs of St. Marino, for the Città, or city, stands half a mile higher on the hill, is computed at only ten Italian miles. But the badness of the weather and of the roads would have increased the tediousness of our fatiguing journey, had not our fancies been amused by the appearance and conversation of several persons whom we occasionally met or overtook, and who, notwithstanding that hardness of features which characterises mountaineers, displayed in their words and looks a certain candour and sincerity, with an undescribed mixture of humanity and firmness, which we had rarely seen portrayed on the face of an Italian. Such virtues, perhaps, many Italians may possess; such virtues Raphael and Guido probably discerned in their contemporaries; unless it be supposed that the *Antique* not only ennobled and exalted, but originally inspired their concep-

tions. Yet whatever might be the pre-eminence of Roman beauty during the splendour of the *Cinque Cento*, it must be confessed of the Italians of our days, that the expression indicating virtues of the mild or generous cast seldom breaks through the dark gloom and sullen cares which contract their brows and cloud their countenances.

At the distance of five miles from Rimini, a small rivulet, decorated by a disproportionately large stone bridge, which at another season of the year would have exemplified the Spanish proverb of a bridge without water, separates the territory of St. Marino from those of the Pope. Proceeding forward, we found the road extremely narrow, much worn by the rain, alternately rough and slippery, and always so bad, that we congratulated each other on rejecting the use of the miserable rips that were offered to us at Rimini. In the midst of a heavy shower we clambered to the Borgo, situated on the side of the hill, and distant (as already said) half a mile from the Città, on its summit. The former is destined for the habitation of peasants, artizans, and strangers; the honour of inhabiting the latter is reserved for the nobles, the citizens, and those who, in the language of antiquity, would be styled the public guests of the Commonwealth. In the whole territory there is but one inn; and that of course in the Borgo; for lone houses are rare in all parts of the Continent, the British dominions alone, by their native strength and the excellence of their government, being happily exempted from the terror of banditti in time of peace, and marauders in time of war. We discovered the inn at St. Marino, as is usual in Italy, by the crowd before the door. Having entered, we were civilly received by the landlord, seated by the fire-side in company with several other strangers, and speedily presented with a bottle of sparkling white wine, the best we had tasted in Italy, and resembling Champagne in the characteristic excellencies of that sprightly liquor.

We had not remained long in this Caravansera (for such is the proper name for the place of hospitality in which we were received), when the dress, manners, and conversation of our fellow-travellers strongly excited our attention, and afforded scope for boundless speculation. They were the most  
 savage-



savage-looking men that I had ever beheld; covered with thick capottas \*, of coarse dark-brown woollen, lined with black sheep's skin. Their hats, which they kept on their heads, were of an enormous size, swelling to the circumference of an ordinary umbrella. With their dress and appearance their words and gestures bore too faithful a correspondence. *Schioppi* and *coltellate* (gun-shots, and dagger-thrusts) were frequently in their mouths. As the wine went briskly round, the conversation became still more animated, and took a turn more decidedly terrible. They now talked of nothing but fierce encounters, hair-breadth escapes, and hideous lurking-places. From their whole behaviour, there was reason to apprehend that we had unwarily fallen into company with Rinaldo's party: but a few hints that dropped from him who was most intoxicated finally undeceived us, and discovered, to our satisfaction and shame, that instead of a band of robbers, we had only met with a party of smugglers. Their mussy capottas and broad-brimmed hats formed their defensive armour against Custom-house officers and *Sbirri* †; and the narratives which they heard or related with such ardor and delight, contained the acts of prowess by which they had repelled the bravery of the Romans, and the arts of stratagem by which they had deceived the cunning of the Tuscans. From the intermediate situation of St. Marino between the dominions of Tuscany and those of the Pope, its territory is continually infested by visits from those unlicensed traffickers, who being enemies by trade to those who administer the laws and collect the revenues of their country, naturally degenerate into daring and disorderly ruffians, the terror of peaceful men, and both the disgrace and the bane of civilized society.

From the company of the smugglers we longed to separate, the more because they eagerly solicited our stay,

promising to conduct us safely across the mountains, and to defend our persons and properties against robbers and assassins; but we thought it a piece of good fortune, that our most valuable property, as we shewed to them, consisted in our swords and pistols. Having called our St. Marino host, we paid him for his wine and his sausage (*prosciutti*); and were pleased to find, that contrary to our universal experience of Italian landlords, he was uncommonly thankful for a very moderate gratification; a singularity which, though it probably proceeded from his being little conversant with English and other opulent travellers, we treasured with delight, as a conspicuous proof of Republican † virtue that had escaped pure and unfulfilled from the contagion of those worthless guests, with whom the nature of his trade condemned him often to associate.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we left the Borgo to climb up the Città, carrying our swords in our right hands; a precaution which the company we had just left warranted in this modern Republick, but which, as Thucydides informs us in his proem, would have exposed us to be branded with the appellation of Barbarians in the Republicks of Antient Greece. Before we had reached the summit of the hill, the cloud had dispersed, the sun shone bright, we had breathed a purer air, and the clear light which displayed the city and territory of St. Marino, was heightened by contrast with the thick gloom which involved the circumjacent plains. Transported with the contemplation of a landscape which seemed so admirably to accord with the political state of the mountain, a bright gem of Liberty amidst the darkness of Italian servitude, we clambered cheerfully over the precipices, never reflecting that as there was not any place of reception for strangers in the Città, we might possibly be exposed to the alternative of sleep-

\* Great coats.

† Those who execute the orders of civil magistrates.

‡ The words 'Republican virtue' must sound harsh to modern ears, so shamefully has a wild Democracy abused and profaned the name of Republick. Yet, according to Machiavelli and Montesquieu, and their master Aristotle, Republicks require more virtue than Monarchies, because in Republicks the Citizens make laws to govern themselves, whereas in Monarchies the subjects are compelled to obey the laws made by the Prince. In Republican Governments, therefore, the Citizens ought, in the words of Aristotle, and of a still higher authority, 'to be a law unto themselves.' How few Nations therefore are qualified, in modern times, for living happily under a Republick; and least of all, that Nation which has shewn itself the least virtuous of all.

ing in the streets, or returning to the Caravanfera, croured with smugglers, whose intoxication might exasperate their natural ferocity. From all our past remarks, we had concluded that the vice of drunkenness was abominated even by the lowest classes of the Italians. We dreaded their fury and their knives in this unusual state of mind; but amidst all our terrors could not forbear philosophising \* on what we had seen, and conjecturing, from the tumultuous merriment and drunken debauchery of the smugglers, that the famed sobriety of the Italian Nation is an artificial virtue arising from situation and accident, not depending on temperament, or resulting from character. Drinking is the vice of men whose lives are chequered by vicissitudes of toil and ease, of danger and security. It is the vice of soldiers, mariners, and huntsmen; of those who exercise boisterous occupations, or pursue dangerous amusements; and if the modern Italians are less addicted to excess in wine than the Greeks and Romans in antient, or the English and Germans in modern times, their temperance may fairly be ascribed to the indolent monotony of their listless lives; which, being never exhausted by fatigue, can never be gladdened by repose; and being never agitated by the terrors of danger, can never be transported by the joys of deliverance.

From these airy speculations, by which we fancied that we stripped Italy of what some travellers have too hastily concluded to be the only virtue which she has left, we were awakened by the appearance of a venerable person, in a bag wig and sword, cautiously leading his Bourrique † down the precipice. He returned our salute with an air of courtesy bespeaking such affability, that we quickly entered into conversation with him, and discovered to our surprize and joy, that we were in company with a very respectable personage, and one whom Mr. Addison has dignified with the appellation of the "fourth man in the State." The stipendiary physician of St. Marino (for this was the person with whom we were conversing) told us, that we might be accommodated with good lodging in

the Convent of Capuchins; and as we were strangers, that he would return, shew us the house, and present us to Father Bonelli. We expressed our unwillingness to give him the trouble of again ascending the hill; but of this trouble the deeply-wrinkled mountaineer made light, and we yielded to his proposal with only apparent reluctance; since, to the indelicacy of introducing ourselves, we preferred the introduction of a man whom we had even casually met with on the road. To the Convent we were admitted by a *frate servente*, or lay friar, and conducted to the *Padre Maestro*, the Prior Bonelli, a man sixty years old, and, as we were told by the Physician, descended from one of the noblest families in the Commonwealth. Having received and returned such compliments as are held indispensable in this ceremonious country, the Prior conducted us above stairs, and shewed us two clean and comfortable chambers, which he said we might command, while we deigned to honour the Republick (such were his expressions) with the favour of our residence. As to our entertainment, he said, we might, as best pleased us, either sup apart by ourselves, or in company with him and his monks. We told him our happiness would be complete, were we permitted to enjoy the advantage of his company and conversation. My conversation! You shall soon enjoy better than mine; since within half an hour I shall have the honour of conducting you to the house of a charming young Lady (so I must call her, though my own kinswoman), whose *Conversazione* assembles this evening. During this dialogue a servant arrived, bringing our portmanteau from Rimini, and thereby enabling us with more decency of appearance to pay our respects to the Lady, in company with the Prior her uncle. The Signora P—— received us politely in an inner apartment, after we had passed through two outer rooms, in each of which there was a servant in waiting. Above a dozen Gentlemen, well dressed and polite after the fashion of Italy, with six other Ladies, formed this agreeable party. Coffee and Sorbets being served, cards were intro-

\* This word requires an apology; for the sacred name of Philosophy has been as shamefully polluted in modern times, by Sophists and Sceptics, as the word Republick by madmen and levellers. The present generation must pass away, before either of these terms can resume its pristine and native honours.

† Ass.



duced; and in quality of strangers, we had the honour of losing a few sequins at Ombre with the Mistress of the House. The other Ladies present took up, each of them, two Gentlemen; for Ombre is the universal game, because in Italian assemblies the number of men commonly triples that of women: the latter, when unmarried, seldom going abroad; and when married, being ambitious of appearing to receive company every evening at home. During the intervals of play, we endeavoured to turn the conversation on the history and present state of St. Marino, but found this subject to be too grave for the company. In this little State, as well as in other parts of Italy, the social amusements of life consisting chiefly in what are called *Conversazioni*, have widely deviated from the *Symposia* of the Greeks and the *Convivia* of the Romans. Instead of philosophical dialogues and epideiktic orations; and instead of those animated rehearsals of approved works of history and poetry, which formed the entertainment and delight of antiquity, the modern Italian *Conversazioni* exhibit a very different scene; a scene in which play is the business; gallantry the amusement; and of which avarice, vanity, and mere sensual pleasure, form the sole connecting principle and chief ultimate end. Such insipid and such mercenary Assemblies are sometimes enlivened by the jokes of the buffoon; the *Improvisatore* sometimes displays in them the powers of his memory rather than the elegance of his fancy; and every entertainment in Italy, whether gay or serious, is always seasoned with music; but chiefly that soft voluptuous music which was banished by Lycurgus, proscribed by Plato, and prohibited by other Legislators, under severe penalties, as unfriendly to virtue and destructive of manhood. The great amusements of life are commonly nothing more than images of its necessary occupations; and where the latter, therefore, are different, so also must be the former. Is it because the occupations of the Antients were less softened than those of the Moderns, that women are found to have acted among different Nations such different parts in Society? and that the contrast is so striking between the wife of a citizen of St. Marino, surrounded with her card-tables, her music, and her admirers, and the Roman Lucretia *nocte serâ aditiam lanæ inter lubricantes*

*ancillas*, (Tit. liv. i. 57.) or the more copious descriptions of female modesty and industry given by Ischomachus in Xenophon's Treatise on Domestic Oeconomy? In modern Italy this contrast of manners displays its greatest force. Though less beautiful and less accomplished than the English and French, the Italian women expect superior attention, and exact greater assiduities. To be well with the Ladies, is the highest ambition of the men. Upon this principle their manners are formed; by this their behaviour is regulated; and the art of conversation, in its utmost sprightliness and highest perfection, is reduced to that playful wantonness, which touching slightly on what is felt most sensibly, amuses with perpetual shadows of desired realities.

To the honour of St. Marino, it must be observed, that neither the Prior Bonelli, nor two Counsellors who were present, took any considerable part in this too sportive conversation; and the Gentlemen at the Signora P——'s were chiefly Romans and Florentines; men, we were told, whom sometimes misfortune and sometimes inclination, but more frequently extravagance and necessity, drive from their respective countries, and who, having relations or friends in St. Marino, establish themselves in that cheap city, where they subsist on the wreck of their fortunes, and elude the pursuit of their creditors.

Next morning Bonelli having invited several of his fellow-citizens to drink chocolate, we learned from them, that the morality and piety which had long distinguished St. Marino, daily suffered decline thro' the contagious influence of those intruders, whom good policy ought never to have admitted within the territory, but whom the indulgence of humanity could not be prevailed on to expel.

After breakfast, our good-natured landlord kindly proposed a walk, that his English guests might view the city and adjacent country. The main street is well paved, but narrow and steep. The similarity of the Houses indicates a happy mediocrity of fortune. There is a fine cistern of pure water; and we admired the coolness and dryness of the wine-cellars, ventilated by communications with caverns in the rock. To this circumstance, as much as to the quality of the soil and careful culture of the grape, the wine of St. Marino is indebted for its peculiar excellence.

(To be continued.)

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

## NUMBER LXXIII.

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

[Continued from Page 189.]

## COLLINS, THE POET,

THOUGH a man of a melancholy cast of mind, was by no means averse to a *jeu de mot*, or quibble. Upon coming into a town the day after a young lady of whom he was fond had left it, he said, how unlucky he was that he had come a day after the Fair.

The following ridiculous incident respecting this very great Poet happened some years ago to that elegant writer Dr. Langhorne, according to the ingenious author of "The Juvenilia." Dr. Langhorne, hearing that Collins the Poet was buried at Chichester, travelled thither on purpose to enjoy all the luxury of poetic sorrow, and to weep over his grave. On enquiry, he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a sort of garden, surrounded by the cloyster of the Cathedral, which is called "The Paradise." He was let into this place by the Sexton, and after an hour's seclusion in it, came forth with all the solemn dignity of woe. On supping with an inhabitant of the town in the evening, and describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrows, he was told, that he had by no means been misapplying his tears, that he had been lamenting a very *honest* man, and a very *useful* member of society, Mr. Collins the *taylor*!—The close of the life of Collins can never be adverted to without commiseration; when he could have enjoyed his fortune he had it not; when it came to him he was in too melancholy a state to enjoy it. It reminds one of the celebrated Greek Epigram—

What cruel disappointments wait  
On wretched mortals' ev'ry state!  
When young, chill penury repress  
Each ardour of my glowing breast;  
But now, indifferent grown and old,  
My coffers teem with useless gold.

## SIR PETER LELY.

Lely was most certainly a good and an elegant penciller of a portrait, but then all the heads of his personages, particularly of his women, have the same air, the same cast of character.

He certainly well painted the *sleeping eye*, but that was nearly all he could paint. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first of our Portrait Painters that seized the soul of the person he was painting. The airs of his heads and the characters vary with the different dispositions and situations of the persons represented by him. The present ingenious and learned Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, at the conclusion of his last Lecture, gave him the preference for the variety of his Heads, the unity of his whole design, and the beauty and accordance of his Back Grounds with the rest of the picture, to either Titian or Vandyke. Of his power of Chiaro Oscuro he spoke in the highest terms.

Some Nobleman was one day telling Sir Peter Lely, "For God's sake, my good friend, how came you to have so great a reputation? You know that I know you are no Painter." "My Lord," replied Lely, "I know that I am not, but I am the best you have."

## VALARESSO.

This noble Venetian wrote a Burlesque Tragedy, to laugh at the general want of nature, the bombast, and the bloodiness of our modern Tragedies. The title is, "Ratzvanscad il Giovane Tragedia du Calasso Pancheani, Bupalco Arcade," Bologna, 1737. The scene of it is laid in the East Indies, and the names are wonderfully high-sounding, and compounded in the Arabian manner. It ends with a most terrible battle, and one of the attendants upon the Theatre comes forward and dismisses the company in these words:

"Aspettate,  
Uditori m'accorgo,  
Che nuova della pugna, adcum vi porto,  
Ma l'aspettate in van, son tutti morti."  
"If I mistake not, noble Auditors,  
In great anxiety ye all expect  
That of our Warriors I should bring  
some tidings;  
But ye expect in vain, they all are dead."



## FALLOPIUS,

speaking of mineral waters drank upon the spot, says, that they are a very extraordinary and a very doubtful remedy; for that in general the cuckolds that are made by them, are more in number than the sick persons that are cured by them.

## REV. THOMAS WARTON, A. M.

This learned and ingenious gentleman was (being blest with a very fine poetical imagination) extremely impressed with the beauties of Gothic Architecture. In his Notes upon Spenser's Faery Queen, he has given some excellent hints upon that extraordinary and complicated style of Building. He left behind him unfinished a Treatise on that curious and interesting subject, which a person, perhaps not less allied to him in genius and in taste than in consanguinity, will we trust one day complete, and give it to the world, who will receive with transport and with gratitude the pleasure and instruction he shall afford them.

## PRESIDENT DE LAMOIGNON.

When Cardinal Mazarin offered the place of First President of the Parliament of Paris to this illustrious Magistrate, he desired him to give it to M. Nesmond—"He is worthier of it, Sir, than I am." He added, "The place that he now occupies would be sufficient for me; and I am fond of my family and of my books." Mazarin told him, "The love, Sir, that you have for retirement is a kind of self-love, of which a man of worth should dispossess himself when the good of the public is in question; and to induce you the more readily to accept of the important place which I offer you, if your second son will take Orders, I will give him some very considerable Benefices." "I assure your Eminence," replied M. de Lamoignon, "I should be extremely sorry if the proposition which you do me the honour to make to me, would at all influence my son in the choice of his profession, and I should have scruples respecting the procuring any advantage to myself, from any advantages which the Church might afford."

Thus great Magistrate supported with firmness the prerogatives of his dignity. Louis XIV. one day holding a Bed of Justice, Saintôt, the Master of the Ceremonies, saluted the Court of Parliament after he had saluted the Peers that were present. M. de La-

mignon, who thought that the Parliament had a right to be saluted immediately after the Princes of the Blood, exclaimed, "Saintôt, the Court of Parliament takes no notice of your salutation." "I call him, Sir, Monsieur Saintôt!" cried Louis from his Throne. M. de Lamoignon, rising from his seat, and making a very respectful obedience to his Sovereign, said, in a loud tone of voice, "Sire, your good-nature sometimes induces you to forget that you are King, but your Court must always make you speak as a Sovereign."

Louis one day desired him to acquaint him with what he had been able to learn from a friend of his, who was in disgrace with the Sovereign. "Sire," replied he, "I will tell you if you command me to do so, but I am sure that you will never command me: Under a Prince like yourself, the duties of obedience can never clash with the obligations of friendship."

## HENRY MARTIN, ESQ.

said, during the Civil War between Charles the First and his Parliament, "If his Majesty were to take advice of his gunsmiths and of his powdermen, he would never have Peace."

When he drew up the Remonstrance of the Parliament in which it is called a Commonwealth, he said in one part of it, "restored to its ancient Government of Commonwealth." Sir Henry Vane stood up and reprimanded him, and wondered at his impudence in affirming such a notorious lie. Mr. Martin standing up, meekly replied, "Yet there was a text which had much troubled his spirit for several days and nights, that concerning the man that was blind from his mother's womb, whose sight had been restored at last; it was restored to that sight which it should have had, He made the motion to call those persons to account, and to turn them out of the House of Commons as enemies to their country and betrayers of the Commonwealth of England, who addressed Richard Cromwell, and promised to stand by him with their lives and fortunes.—Aubrey says, that had not Richard Cromwell sneaked off, the Rump would have cut off his head.

## DR. BUTLER, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

This acute and pious Prelate was anxious to have it established by authority, that those who passed near a Church should pull off their hats.

"This,"

"This," said he, "will occasionally oblige persons to think of that great Being for whose worship they were designed; which, I fear, many persons, from dissipation, from negligence, and from ignorance, are but too apt never to let occupy their thoughts."

ABBE DE MABLY

was a great theoretical political writer, and an enthusiastic admirer of the ancient Republics. Before Dumourier set out for a secret commission which the Duke of Choiseul gave him respecting Poland, he consulted Mably and J. J. Rousseau—"But," says he, "I found in them merely speculative opinions, not reducible to practice, and inapplicable to circumstances. All these metaphysical Politicians," adds he, "imperfectly understood, and exaggerated by the light heads of the French, have produced that terrible Revolution which so shamefully at present tears to pieces their unhappy country."

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

What consistency of opinion can be expected from a writer like Rousseau, who declared thus upon being taxed with inconsistency in his writings by a very exemplary French Prelate, now in England: "Alas, my Lord," said he, "when I made my engagement with the Public, it was only to tell them what I thought at the *time* at which I wrote my book." On entering London, and observing the convex foot-ways in our streets, he said finely, "Je vois qu'ici on se respecte le peuple."

KING JAMES THE FIRST.

Wilson, in speaking of the rumours of the People that embittered the comfort of this Prince, says, "And they ask why should he assume to himself the title of Defender of the Faith, that suffers the Protestants of Germany and France to be extirpated. That he might almost have purchased such a country as the Palatinate with the money spent on Embassages: And that his promising the French Protestants assistance (by their Agents that interceded for them) made them the more resolute and confident to their ruin: so that they might well call England the Land of Promise. And all that he got by his labour assistance from the French King was, that his Ambassador Sir Edward Herbert was snapt up by Luynes the young Constable, and fa-

vourite there—"With what hath your mailer to doe with us and our business?" Whereas the English Fleets, the glory of the world (if employed), would have taught the French pride to know that a looker-on sees more than the Gamester."

MARSHAL SAXE.

This great Commander, like all other good Generals, was extremely sparing of the lives of his soldiers. "It is better," said he, "to defer a siege for a day or two, than to lose a grenadier, that requires thirty years to make him such."

The Marshal was a Protestant; and when the Calvinists of a certain Province in France wrote to him to desire him to procure for them the free and open exercise of their religion, he threw the letter immediately into the fire, and returned them for answer—

"If the King were to send me to command in a Province where there were many Protestants, and where they were to hold assemblies in spite of the prohibition of the Prince, I should punish them more severely than any other Commander would; the first duty of a subject consisting in his obedience to the laws of his country."

On his death-bed he said to M. Senac, his Physician, "Doctor, Life is but a dream. My dream has been a fine one, but it has been short."

MR. QUIN,

upon being pressed by some Clergyman, who was not very much in earnest in his profession, to go to hear him preach, and on his return from the sermon being asked by him how he liked it; "Why," said he, "my good Sir, you are a much better *actor* than I am." To some foppish, conceited popular Preacher, who in a foolish slipshod manner asked him to go to see him peep over the timber (his cant word for preaching); "My good friend," said he, "I had rather see you peep *through* it (stand in the pillory)." Some Irish Prelate at Bath was one day at the Grove Coffee-house in that City, giving a parading account of his manner of living, which consisted entirely of petty attentions to his health and his amusements. Quin said, with a sneer, "My Lord Archbishop, your manner of living is wonderfully *apostolical* indeed!"

This celebrated Actor, with Mr. Delany, Mr. Ryan, Mrs. Woffington, and the



the other famous Comedians of his time, used to frequent the Opera-house, and sit in the first row of the Gallery, to observe the expression of the best performers in the Comic Operas of their times.

Monticelli, in one particular action of his, the mere placing his hand upon his star as a Nobleman, was always received with the greatest plaudits. To our present ideas of acting, their *jeu de Theatre* appears caricature, and too much beyond nature.

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MR. BOOTH.

This great Actor was observed one night by John Duke of Argyle to play with remarkable spirit, though the Play-house was very thin of company. The Duke expressing his wonder at this, "My Lord Duke," said Booth, "I see one man in the house who I think understands me very well, paying the extremest attention to my acting: I play for him." Mr. Booth was a man of sense, a scholar, and possessed a very noble and independent mind. In these respects, as in many others, he is replaced upon our Stage at present by the most celebrated Actor upon it.

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MRS. OLDFIELD.

This Actress was a woman of very fascinating and elegant manners, and, in spite of some gallantries with which she indulged herself, was received in the best circles of her time. Her Sunday evening Assemblies were frequented by the Nobility of both sexes. Her conduct as an actress might afford an useful lesson to many of our female performers, who have neither her talents nor her consequence. At the mere request of her colleagues Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber, and without any solicitation, she played for forty nights successively the trifling part of Anna Boleyn in Henry the Eighth, and walked as the Queen in the foolish pageant of the Coronation, for which that play was got up.

Dr. Johnson used to say, that the trouble his Actresses gave Mr. Garrick about their playing, killed him. "He quitted," said he, "the stage from vexation; he became fat, and died."

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CARDINAL ALBERONI.

The attempt to dismember the old Empire of France by the present King

\* Bishop Warburton used to say, that two of the rarest things in the world to meet with were, a disinterested man, and a woman who had common sense; that sense which,

of Prussia and his Allies, reminds one of some expressions of this very extraordinary man in one of his letters to the late Mr. Doddington—

"Les Cabinets d'Europe ont perdu la Tramontane puisque la raison d'Etat est abandonné aux caprices de quelques particuliers, lesquels sans rime & sans raison coupant & rognard les etats & des royaumes comme s'ils estoient des fromages d'Hollande."

Many a man perhaps would have risen to the towering height of this Italian, had they had as few scruples. In conversation with a friend of his one day, he said, "I suppose now if you were walking and met with a ditch or a wall, you would stop directly, would you not?" His friend modestly replied, "Most certainly, I should be afraid to go on." "Mincone lo fatto sò, Io, You blockhead; now I should leap over it," was Alberoni's reply.

The Testaceous Politique that bears the name of this extraordinary man, was written by Father Maubert, who was once a Capuchin Friar. It is, however, written with great spirit and intelligence.

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RAPHAEL D'URBINO.

Francis the First was very anxious to have a picture of Saint Michael painted by this great Artist. It was painted by him, and sent to the Sovereign, who in Raphael's estimation paid him too much money for it. The generous Artist, however, made him a present of a Holy Family painted by himself, which the courteous Monarch received, saying, that persons famous in the Arts, partaking of immortality with Princes, were upon an equal footing with them. Raphael used to say, that he gave God thanks every day, for having permitted him to be born in the time of Michael Angelo, so ready was he ever to acknowledge the obligations he had to that great Artist for the lessons in art which he had taken from his works.

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HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

This Monarch was once told of some Ladies of his Court who were remarkable for their piety.—"Ladies," replied he, "whether they are virtuous, or whether they intend to become virtuous, always stand in need of prudence, and advice\*."

— though

"The bravest men," said he, "are always the last to advise a war, however they may be the first to appear in it."

FATHER OUDIN.

This learned Jesuit wrote in Latin verse, "Sylva Distichorum Moralium," for the use of Schools. It consists of 300 pair of verses. The following are specimens.

65.

Dives erit semper, fuerit qui dives  
egenis  
Lucra sibi parvâ de stipe magna  
parat.

67.

Si tuus est nummus loculo quem con-  
dis. Egeno  
Quod dederis, credas hoc magis esse  
tuum.

He shall abound with everlasting store  
Who here divides his treasure with  
the poor ;  
Then think, O Man, nor deem my  
reckoning vain,  
How small the venture, and how  
great the gain.  
The wealth you deem your own your  
purse can hold,  
Think doubly yours the well-expen-  
ded gold.

291.

Quisque suos sequimur mores quos  
format agendo  
Quisque sibi. Tu nunc te facis id  
quod eris.

Repeated habits constitute the Man,  
Then form thy youthful mind on Vir-  
tue's plan.

MR. AUDITOR HARLEY.

At Lord Oxford's seat at Eye Wood, Herefordshire, is a picture of this Gentleman with this inscription—"Antiquâ Virtute & Fide."

On the roll of paper that he holds in his hand is written, "Public Accounts passed before the year 1717 for 136 millions sterling." At the bottom of the picture is written, "In the same year the Auditor was prosecuted for the sum of *three shillings and four-pence*, taken by one of his clerks through mistake." The Auditor's enemies were then in possession of the Administration.

MR. POPE,

when the Monument to Shakespear in Westminster Abbey was erected, wished very much to have the expression *pietas publica*, instead of *amor publicus*, which is now adopted. He pressed hard for his own expression, but on being obliged to give it up, said, "Omnia vincit amor, jam nos cedamus amori." It is not perhaps in general known, that the Bas Reliefs at the sides of the pedestal represent three of Shakespear's Characters, Henry the Fourth, Henry the Fifth, and Queen Catherine. An ingenious Lady now living remembers Mr. Pope very well, and says, that in the latter part of his life he used to sit by the fire-side, with a green shade over his eyes, and a bucket of water near him to dash the fire when it was too vivid for his feeble sight, and dictate his verses to some person (more particularly to Mrs. Cheseelden, wife of the celebrated Surgeon of that name) who used to write them down for him. All persons of taste must hear with pleasure, that a new edition of this great Poet's works is preparing, in nine volumes octavo, of which the learned and ingenious Dr. Joseph Warton is to be the Editor. The present edition of them is smothered under a dull metaphysical comment, with many passages left out, and, according to Mallet, many added. At Caen-Wood, the seat of the late venerable Earl of Mansfield, there is a copy of Sir G. Kneller's picture of Betterton, painted by Pope, who used to say, that had he not had bad eyes, he should have made a good Painter.

LORD HERVEY,

according to the Notes upon the Duchess of Marlborough's Opinions, was subject to epileptical fits. He subdued them by a very strict regimen of diet, which consisted of a small quantity of asses milk, and a flour biscuit. This made Mr. Pope very ungenerously call him, "a mere cheese-curd of asses milk." "Lord Hervey," adds he, "used paint, to soften his ghastly countenance." Lord Hervey has left behind the Memoirs of his own Times, in MS. They are not to be printed till we have the misfortune to lose the present excellent representative of the illustrious House of Brunswick.

though no science, is surely worth the learning, and without which wit is folly, learning pedantry, and virtue confined to mere purity of intention. Louis XIV. said of the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, that she possessed "une charité raisonnable."



## TABLE TALK;

OR,

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

(MOST OF THEM NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

## LORD GRANVILLE.

WHEN Lord Granville used to go down into the country in the summer it was observed, that when he had no particular company in the house he used to visit a lady in the neighbourhood, with whom he was in the habit of staying several hours. This occasioned some raillery from his friends, particularly as the lady was no ways remarkable for wit, beauty, youth, or conversation; at last it turned out, that as his Lordship was remarkably fond of playing with *young kittens*, the lady, who took a great pleasure in the conversation and patronage of so great a man, always took care to be provided with a favourite kitten, on the first intimation she had of his Lordship's visiting the country. This explained the intimacy.

At the time the disputes ran high between the Court of the late King and that of Frederick Prince of Wales, Lord Granville (for the purpose of winning over the principals to the King's side) accepted a lead in the Councils of the Prince. With the generality of the people who composed that Court it was impossible for a man of his superior talents to remain long; he therefore, after a certain time, threw off the mask and assumed his former situation at St. James's. Being arraigned for this conduct, he replied, with *great sang froid*, "I have deserted no party; I wanted to get at a certain point, and could not reach it without making use of some of the Prince's suite as *stepping-stones*."

When Cleland, the author of that infamous book "The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure," was brought before the Privy Council to answer this publication, he pleaded (as certainly was the case) the very distressing circumstances he was in when he wrote it, being in prison, without friends or money, and under these exigencies tempted with *twenty guineas* from his bookseller for the express purpose of writing such a book. Lord Granville, who was President of the Council at the time, and saw that *poverty, not vice,*

was his principal inducement, after very properly laying before him the infamy that it attached to his character, by the poison which he disseminated throughout the world, asked him (and at the same time insisted upon his being explicit with him), whether, if he was put above this extreme necessity, he felt himself disposed to make the *amende honorable*, by not only abstaining from such kind of writing in future, but using his pen in the cause of virtue and morality?—Cleland told him, there was nothing he wished for more than such an opportunity; upon which his Lordship obtained a pension for him of 100*l.* per year, which he enjoyed to the hour of his death.

Cleland, we believe, was as good as his word, as nothing of an obscene publication (though some scenes in his "Memoirs of a Coxcomb" are very luxuriant) could ever be traced to him after this. We have seen several other detached pieces and essays of his, some of a moral and some of a political kind, which, though they contained some anecdote and observation that bespoke a scholar and a man of the world, were insufferably tedious from their length and circumlocution.

Cleland died about ten years ago, at nearly the age of eighty. He lived in or near Petty France, Westminster (after removing from the Savoy, in the Strand, where he had resided many years), had a good library of books, and was very cheerful and communicative. He was a good classic, and in his early days had been in the East Indies; on his return he travelled through France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and spoke the languages of these countries, particularly the first two, with great fluency.

He was the son of Col. Cleland, the person who addressed a letter to Mr. Pope prefixed to the "Dunciad," and who is said to have been designed for Will. Honeycomb, so often mentioned in the "Spectator."

Lord Granville, though a man of undoubted integrity, and regular in his own personal expences, yet, by leaving

his affairs entirely to stewards and other domestics, was generally very much in arrears to his tradesmen. One day his coal-merchant found his way into the study, where his Lordship was sitting, and after remonstrating in pretty strong terms on the debt he owed him, the length of time it was due, &c. &c. at last concluded with saying, "if he was not paid very soon, he could not possibly furnish his Lordship with any more coals;" upon which his Lordship, who heard him with great gravity, replied, "Upon my word, my good friend, I should feel this last menace of yours very severely, but that my *butcher* has been just here upon the same errand, and has told me he will send me in no more meat; now as that is the case, you see I can have very little occasion for your coals."

In the same manner he was accosted one morning by his fishmonger, who, in soliciting for his money, frequently exclaimed (bowing at the same time most *obsequiously low*), "Indeed, my Lord, if I am not paid soon I shall certainly *break*."—"No, no, my good friend, (says his Lordship) there is no fear of that, I hope."—"Indeed, my Lord, but there is, I shall certainly *break*."—"Why then, to make you easy upon that head, I tell you it is impossible; you *bend* too much ever to *break*."

It is but justice, however, to his Lordship's character to remark, that although he could be witty with his tradesmen occasionally, upon subjects which they liked as little as they understood, a repetition of these complaints at last opened his eyes to his affairs, which he arranged in such a manner, by assigning the whole of his estates towards the payment of his debts, and living himself upon the income of his places, that in a few years he paid every body, and kept out of debt ever afterwards.

His Lordship, beside being a man of wit, was an exceeding good scholar, and very happy, as well as ready, in quotations upon almost all subjects. When Swift remonstrated to him, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on his signing the proclamation for apprehending the author of "The Drapier's Letters," he replied in the words of Virgil,

"*Regni Novitas me talia cogit*  
"*Molivi.*"

And upon another occasion, getting the better of Swift in an argument on the affairs of Ireland, the latter exclaimed, "Get you gone, get you gone! what

the vengeance brought you amongst us? Heaven send us our boobies back again!" a reply which shews the very high esteem Swift had of his Lordship's abilities.

The decline of this great man's life was clouded by a great family misfortune.—His eldest son, the last Lord Granville, notwithstanding all the pains taken with his education, and the high examples of talents, science, &c. which surrounded him, fell into the lowest kinds of dissipation, and pursued all the coarse pleasures of the town, totally regardless of the becoming pride of rank and connections. His father took every possible means to reclaim him, but these being to no purpose, he was most unwillingly obliged to abandon him to his fate, on an allowance of about five hundred pounds *per* year.

This unhappy man hearing his father was in his last illness on the Bath road, rode post to see him, under a specious pretence of *reformation*, and taking a last adieu of so respectable a parent. On his arrival at the inn, he got his sister to announce his arrival and intentions; which she did with the most tender affection and sensibility, and above all things requested of her father that he would make such provision for her brother as would enable him, now that he had recovered his senses, to support his rank. His Lordship, though weak in body, saw through the artifices of the son, and told her, "though he much admired her duty and sensibility on the occasion, she was deceived by her affection, for that her brother had no other purpose by this visit than to secure a fortune. And now, my dear (says he), I will give you a proof of it: Go and tell him, that although I will not see him, yet in respect to my paternal estates the law shall take its course in regard to him, as if he had never offended me; now if this will not operate as a cure for his present sorrow, I have very much misunderstood his character."

Lady S—— did as she was desired, when he immediately brightened up, called for a post-chaise, drove to the next inn, and there dined with a woman of the town, who had been his companion from London.

Old Lord Granville died soon after; and his unfortunate son, after a few years more of increased dissipation, followed him to the grave, without a son to inherit his titles or estates.



## COL. AMBROSE EDGEWORTH.

From the beginning to the middle of the present century, the fashion amongst the men was generally headed by some top of very extraordinary folly in dress, extravagance, &c. It is not so much the case now; fashion seems to have taken a wider spread, and its votaries will no longer be content with a *single knight of the shire to represent them all*.

Amongst this class of former fops were the two Edgeworths, father and son; both Irish gentlemen of family and fortune, but much better known for their singularities in dress and manners.

Ambrose, the father, once paid a visit to a brother of his just married, who lived at about one day's journey from Dublin. On this tour he travelled with six servants, three led horses, and an equipage every way suitable. On his arrival the portmanteaus were all unpacked, and three suits of embroidered clothes were laid out on the backs of the chairs in the dressing-room, together with his embroidered night-gown, laced night-cap, shaving-plate, &c. &c. The first day passed off with all that cordiality which may be expected from so pompous an introduction; when next morning, coming down to breakfast with his boots on, his brother asked him whether he meant to ride out that morning?—"No (said the other very coolly), I mean to return home, and only came to pay and you and my sister a visit, being engaged to-morrow to dine in Dublin."

The brother and sister entreated him to stay a few days longer, but in vain; the Colonel gave orders to his servants to get ready after breakfast, and immediately sat out in the same form in which he arrived.

## TALBOT EDGEWORTH,

the son of Ambrose, bred in the same school, exceeded the father in a great degree. Though educated as a gentleman, he never thought of anything else but fine clothes, splendid equipages, and exciting, as he thought, universal admiration. To be called "Beau Edgeworth," was the top of his ambition. In these pursuits he expended his whole income; and to do him justice, he had a person that shewed off dress to great advantage, being an exceedingly handsome well-shaped man. He began very early in life to become a meteor in the world of fashion by giving breakfasts,

balls, &c. in a style superior to any other man, and this he contrived to do for a great number of years.

Amongst other extravagancies of temper, he bethought himself of one well worthy the eccentricity of his character, which was, that he insisted upon having full possession of a certain board at Lucas's Coffee-house, where he might walk backward and forward to exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders. Now and then some arch fellow would usurp this privilege and break in upon him, upon all which occasions he would gravely strut up to him, enquire his name, put it down carefully with his address in his pocket-book, and then tell him with a significant shrug, "that he should soon hear from him;" however he always forgot it; and his character was at last so well known, that it would be difficult to find a man who would answer his challenge.

In regard to the female world, he might have had his coarse amours, but he was too much in love with himself to have any of respectability; for when he was told of any lady having a passion for him, he used to exclaim, "Ah! I thought as much! Let her die and be d—d."

In short, poor Beau Edgeworth at last became the jest of the men and contempt of the women. Towards the close of life, having run out the means of supporting him in his extravagancies, he became mad; and his friends not taking proper care of him in his lunacy, he was confined to Bridewell Hospital Dublin, where he died.

## HENRY GUY,

who had been Secretary to the Treasury during the three successive reigns of King James, King William, and Queen Anne, gave the following advice to Lord Bolingbroke when he came first to Court: "Young man, I plainly foresee your talents will bring you forward here, and let me give you one piece of advice, which is, "to be very moderate and modest in all applications for your friends, but very greedy and importunate when you ask anything for yourself: by the first you will save appearances with the public, and by the next you will save a fortune, which is the only method of putting you above the power of Courts."

This virtuous statesman died in 1710, and left, besides other immense legacies,

forty thousand pounds to the Earl of Bath, with an estate of five hundred pounds *per year*.

SPEAKER ONSLOW.

Mr. Onslow being principally raised to the chair by the interest of Sir Robert Walpole, that great man presided there with the same integrity as he did in every other situation of life. This, though highly creditable to his character, was not so agreeable to his patron, who expected some returns more suitable to his political views: he gave several hints of this himself, occasionally, to Mr. Onslow, to no purpose; he at last commissioned his brother, Horace Walpole, the well known tool of the Minister, to take the first opportunity of delivering his opinion more roundly to him. The brother accordingly complied, and received this answer: "That although he considered himself as under particular obligations to Sir Robert Walpole, he had a *certain feel* about him whenever he sat in the Speaker's chair, that he could by no means consider himself of any party whatever."

Horace, who did not understand this nice sensibility, sneeringly replied, "Why all that may be true, Mr. Onslow, but permit me to tell you the following story:

"A gentleman of my acquaintance married a fine young girl, some years ago, with a very handsome fortune; but it so happened, that on the night of his marriage his friends so imprudently plied him with the bottle, that he lay all night by his bride without once being in a state of recollection that he was married. In the morning he barely recollected the circumstance; but finding himself as much deranged by a headache, as he was the night before from drunkenness, he turned round to his bride, and in a gaping accent accosted her with, "Well, my dear, how *do you feel yourself this morning*?"—"Feel myself! (said the lady, smarting under all the indignity of her neglected situation) pray, Sir, do you think my father gave you *twenty thousand pounds* for such a question?"

(*To be continued occasionally.*)

FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A C A R D,

THE EDITOR of "*General Washington's Letters*" presents his compliments to EREUNETES, and must take the liberty to observe, that it appears rather *irregular* to call publicly on him for an anticipated communication of the contents of a piece yet unpublished, but announced for publication at a proper and convenient season. He consents, however, to gratify Ereunetes' curiosity, but not without protesting against the precedent that might hence be drawn upon a future occasion.

The "*Protest*" alluded to by General Washington\*, was neither the cause nor the consequence of a quarrel between the Americans and French, as Ereunetes seems to suppose; the circumstances which gave birth to it were as follow:

An attack upon the British troops in Newport (Rhode Island) had been planned by the American General, Sullivan, in concert with, and in reliance on the co-operation of, the Count D'Estaing, with the French fleet and land forces under his command. The

Count's fleet, meanwhile, suffered severely in a violent storm, and received further damage in an engagement with the British fleet off Sandy-hook. Thus circumstanced, the approach of Admiral Byron, with a strong armament from England, was announced to the French Admiral; who, previous to his departure from France, had received positive and peremptory orders to retire to Boston in case of a superior force coming against him.—Having summoned a Council of War, and found his Captains unanimous in voting an immediate retreat, he thought it his duty to adopt the measure, repugnant as it was to his own wishes, and convinced as he was, in his own mind, that his disgrace and ruin were the chief objects aimed at by the Captains, whose indignation was but too apparent at seeing themselves placed under the command of the Count, who was but a land officer.—Accordingly, leaving the Americans before Newport to conduct their operations in the best manner they could, he imme-

\* "*Official Letters*," Vol. II. p. 324.



diately bent his course for Boston, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of General Sullivan, who offered to hazard an immediate attack, and endeavour to carry the place by storm, if the French forces would but stay a very short while to keep him in countenance.

On this occasion it was that the *Protest* took place;—General Sullivan and his Council of War protesting against the retreat as unnecessary—unsafe for the French fleet—pregnant with ruinous consequences to the army before Newport—derogatory to the honour of his Christian Majesty's arms—directly militating against the united interests of France and America, &c. &c.

The particulars, here barely glanced at, are more circumstantially detailed in

the *Protest* itself, and in several letters from General Sullivan and the Count D'Estaing, inclosed and referred to by General Washington in his letters to Congress at that period. And the motives that dictated the *Protest* are thus expressed by General Sullivan in a letter to the American Commander in Chief: "The Count himself wished to remain with us, but was, by his Captains, overruled in Council. As deviating from the voice of his Council would be attended with ill consequences to him in case of misfortune, it was supposed the *Protest* might justify his deviating from the voice of his Council, and acting a part agreeable to his own sentiments and those of the co-operating army."

September 14.

### CURIOUS REMARKS ON "BISHOP BURNET'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES."

BY DR. SWIFT, THE LATE LORD HARDWICKE, AND THE LATE SPEAKER ONSLOW. (NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.)

[Continued from Page 91.]

\* \* Those Passages marked *N. P.* are parts in the original Manuscript of Bp. BURNET's History not printed.

BURNET, "THIS year (1672) the King declared a new <sup>p. 337.</sup> Mistress, and made her Duchess of Portsmouth, She had been Maid of Honour to Madame the King's sister, and had come over with her to Dover, where the King had expressed such a regard for her, that the Duke of Buckingham, who hated the Duchess of Cleveland, intended to *put her on the King.*"

SWIFT. "Surely he means the contrary."

BURNET, p. 341. "Duke of Lauderdale called on me all of a sudden, and put me in mind of the project I had laid before him of putting all the ousted ministers by *couples* into parishes, that instead of wandering about the country to hold Conventicles, they might be stationary, and may have half a benefice "

SWIFT. "A pretty Scotch project! instead of feeding *fifty*, you starve one *hundred.*"

BURNET, p. 370. "I was ever of Nazanzien's opinion, who never wished to see any more synods of the Clergy."

SWIFT. "Dog!"

BURNET, p. 372, speaking of an insurrection in Scotland, says, "The King said he was afraid I was too busy, and wished me to be more quiet."

SWIFT. "The King knew him right."

BURNET, *ibid.* "I preached in many of the churches in London, and was so well received, that it was probable I might be accepted of in any way that depended on a *popular election.*"

SWIFT. "Very much to his honour!"

BURNET, p. 373. "This violent and groundless prosecution lasted some months, and during this time I said to some, that Duke Lauderdale had gone so far in opening some wicked designs to me, that I perceived he could not be satisfied unless I was undone—so I told what was mentioned before of the discourses that passed between him and me."

SWIFT. "A Scotch dog!"

BURNET, p. 378. "I will henceforth leave the account of our affairs beyond

beyond sea wholly to Temple's Letters, in which they are very truly and fully set forth."

SWIFT. "Sir William Temple was a man of sense and virtue, to which Burnet was a stranger."

BURNET, p. 380, speaking of his being pressed before Parliament to reveal what passed between him and the Duke of Lauderdale *in private*, and the Parliament, in case of refusal, threatening him, he says, "Upon this I yielded, and gave an account of what I formerly mentioned."

SWIFT. "Traacherous villain!"

BURNET, p. 332. "Sir Harbottle Grimston had always a great tenderness for Dissenters, though still in the communion of the Church."

SWIFT. "Burnet's test of all virtues."

BURNET, *ibid.* "Lady Grimston was the humblest, the devoutest, and best tempered person I ever knew of that sort" (Church of England).

SWIFT. "Ah! Rogue!"

BURNET, p. 392. "Sanicroft, Dean of St. Paul's, was raised to the See of Canterbury. He was a man of solemn deportment, had a sullen gravity in his looks, and was considerably learned. He had put on a monastic strictness, and lived abstracted from company. These things, together with his living unmarried, and his being fixed in the old maxims of high loyalty, and a superstitious valuing of little things, made the Court conclude that he was a man who might be entirely gained to serve all their ends, or at least that he would be an unactive speculative man, and give them little opposition in any thing they might attempt, when they had more promising opportunities."

\*SWIFT. "False and detraacting."

BURNET, p. 406. "In this battle between the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) and the Duke of Orleans some regiments of marines, on whom the Prince depended, did basely run away; yet the other bodies fought so well that he lost not much except the honour of the day."

SWIFT. "What he was pretty well used to."

BURNET, p. 413. "Upon the ex-

amination of Mitchel before the Privy Council for the intended assassination of Archbishop Sharpe, it being first proposed to cut off the prisoner's right hand, and then his left, Lord Rothes, who was a pleasant man, said, "Then how shall he wipe his b—ch."—This is not very *decent* to be mentioned in such a work, if it were not necessary."

SWIFT. "As decent as a thousand other passages, so he might have spared his apology."

BURNET, p. 414, in the last article of the above trial observes, "That the Judge, who hated Sharpe, as he went up to the bench, passing by the prisoner whispered him—"Confess nothing, except you are sure of your limbs as well as your life."

SWIFT. "O rare Judge!"

BURNET, p. 416, speaking of the execution of the above Mitchel for the attempt against Sharpe, says, "Yet the Duke of Lauderdale had a Chaplain (Hicks), afterwards Dean of Worcester, who published a false and partial relation of this matter in order to the justifying it."

SWIFT. "He was a learned and a pious man."

BURNET, p. 425. "Titus Oates had gotten to be a Chaplain in one of the King's ships, from which he was dismissed upon complaint of some unnatural practices."

SWIFT. "Only sodomy."

BURNET, p. 441. "On the impeachment of Lord Danby, Maynard, an antient and eminent lawyer, explained the words of the statute 25th Edward III. that the Courts of Law could not proceed but upon one of the crimes there enumerated, but the Parliament had still a power by the clause in that Act to declare what was treason."

SWIFT. "Yes—by a new Act, but not by retrospect there; for Maynard was a knave and a fool, with all his law."

BURNET, p. 455. The Bill of Exclusion certainly disinherited the next heir, which the King and Parliament might do as well as any private man might disinherit his next heir."

SWIFT. "This is not always true; yet



yet it was certainly in the power of the King and Parliament to exclude the next heir."

BURNET, p. 459. "For a great while I thought the limitations proposed in the Exclusion Bill was the wisest and best method."

SWIFT. "It was the wisest, because it would be less opposed, and the King would consent to it—otherwise an exclusion would have done better."

BURNET, speaking of the party-writings for and against the Presbyters and Churchmen, continues, "The chief manager of all these angry writings was one Sir Roger L'Estrange, a man who had lived in all the late times, and was furnished with many passages, and an unexhausted copiousness in writing."

SWIFT. "A superficial meddling coxcomb."

BURNET, p. 483. "I laid open the cruelties of the Church of Rome in Queen Mary's time, which were not then known, and I aggravated, though very truly, the danger of falling under the power of that religion."

SWIFT. "A BULL!"

BURNET, *ibid.* "Sprat had studied a polite style much, but there was little strength in it. He had the beginnings of learning laid well in him; but he has allowed himself in a course of some years in much sloth, and too many liberties."

SWIFT. "Very false."

BURNET, p. 509, speaking of the Grand Juries in the latter end of King Charles's reign returning *Ignoramus* to frequently on Bills of Indictment, states, that in defence of those *Ignoramus Juries* it was said, "That by the express words of their oath they were bound to make true presentments of what should appear true to them, and therefore if they did not believe the evidence, they could not find a Bill, though sworn to. A book was writ to support this, in which both law and reason were brought to confirm it."

SWIFT. "This book was written by Lord Somers."

BURNET, p. 525. "Home was convicted on the credit of one evidence.—

Applications, 'tis true, were made to the Duke of York for saving his life, but he was not born under a pardoning planet."

SWIFT. "Silly fop!"

BURNET, speaking of the surrender of the charters in 1682—"It was said that those who were in the government in corporations, and had their charters and seals trusted to their keeping, were not the proprietors nor masters of those rights. They could not extinguish those corporations, nor part with any of their privileges. Others said, "that whatever might be objected to the reason and equity of the thing, yet when the seal of a corporation was put to any deed, such a deed was good in law." This matter goes beyond my skill in law to determine."

SWIFT. "What does he think of the surrender of charters, abbeys, &c. &c.?"

BURNET, p. 528. "The Non-conformists were now persecuted with much eagerness. This was visibly set on by the Papists; and it was wisely done by them; for they knew how much the *Non-conformists were set against them.*"

SWIFT. "Not so much as they are against the Church."

BURNET, p. 536. "The truth is, juries became at that time the shame of the nation as well as a reproach to religion; for they were packed, and prepared to bring in verdicts as they were directed, and not as matters appeared in the evidence."

SWIFT. "So they are now."

BURNET, p. 543. On Rumbold's proposal to shoot the King at Hodsden in his way to Newmarket, he adds, "The conspirators then ran into much *twicked talk* about the means of executing it—but nothing was fixed upon; all was *but talk.*"

SWIFT. "All plots begin with talk."

BURNET, p. 548. At the time of Lord Ruffel's plot—"Baillie being asked by the King whether they had any design against his person?—he frankly said not: but being asked whether he had any consultation with Lords or other persons about an insurrection

urrection in Scotland, Baillie faultered at this; for his *conscience* restrained him from *lying*.”

SWIFT. “The Author and his *cousins* could not lie, but they could plot.”

BURNET, p. 553, speaking of Lord Essex's suicide (1683), “His man thinking he staid longer than ordinary in his *closet*, looked through the key-hole, and saw him lying dead.”

SWIFT. “He cut his throat with a razor on the *close-stool*.”

BURNET, p. 555. “On Lord Russell's trial Finch summed up the evidence against him, but shewed more of a vicious eloquence in turning matters against the prisoner than law.”

SWIFT. “Finch was afterwards Earl of A —. An arrant rascal!”

BURNET, p. 568. “All people were apprehensive of very black designs when they saw Jefferies made Chief Justice of the King's Bench\*, who was so scandalously vicious, and was drunk every day; beside he had a drunkenness of fury in his temper that looked like enthusiasm. He did not consider the decencies of his post, nor did he seem so much as to affect to seem impartial, as became a Judge, but run out upon all occasions into declamations that did not become the Bar, much less the Bench. He was not learned in his profession either; and his eloquence, though viciously copious, was neither correct nor agreeable.”

SWIFT. “Somewhat like Burnet's eloquence.”

[To be continued occasionally.]

## DISCOVERY IN DISTILLATION FROM POTATOES,

WHICH WILL NO DOUBT INCREASE THE CULTIVATION OF THAT VALUABLE ARTICLE OF LIFE.

POTATOES have been found, by repeated experiments, to yield by distillation a vinous spirit of a most exquisite quality, superior to the finest brandy; and in the quantity of about five quarts, highly rectified, from the quantity of seventy pounds weight.

In the process the loss of time and expence inseparable from malt distillation are avoided; the potatoes are boiled to a thin pulp, which is diluted with hot water, and strained; the mass is then

fermented with barm for about a fortnight, and then distilled in the usual way.

The spirit yielded possesses a strong flavour and perfume of raspberries, and is not liable to be soiled by what is called the feints coming over the helm, as the very last and weakest part that comes off the still, is equally sweet with the first. These facts were long since ascertained to the satisfaction of the Bath Society by Dr. Anderfon.

\* Amongst the many scandalous appointments of trust during the profligate reign of Charles the Second, calling up Jefferies to such high situations as he possessed, was one of the most notorious. In addition to his well-known character of a *libertine* and a *servile Courtier*, he was that of a dishonest man and a shuffler in his private dealings, as the following anecdote (never before published) will evince.—Having obtained a grant from King Charles II. of a lot of ground on the east side of St. James's Park, he employed an architect to build him a very magnificent house there with a private chapel, &c. As soon as the building was completed, the architect of course called upon him for payment, but was put off; he called again and again, but never could see him, and was often repulsed from his gate by the porter with rudeness and ill-language. The general character and despotic power of Jefferies prevented the architect from taking any legal steps in the business, till Jefferies' power began to wane upon the first flight of King James. He then made his way into Jefferies' study, saw him, and pressed for his money in very urgent terms. Jefferies appeared all humbled and much confused; made many apologies for not settling the matter before; said he had many weighty affairs pressing on his mind at that time; but if he would call the Tuesday following it should be finally settled. The architect went away after this promise; but between that and Tuesday, Jefferies, in endeavouring to make his escape from England, was found out, reviled, and much bruised by the populace.



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 OCTOBER 1795.

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

Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening, collected from Designs and Observations now in the Possession of the different Noblemen and Gentlemen for whose Use they were originally made. The whole tending to establish fixed Principles in the Art of Laying-out Ground. By H. Repton, Esq. London: printed by W. Bulmer and Co. Shakespeare Printing Office, and sold by J. and J. Boydell. Shakespeare Gallery, and by G. Nicoll, Bookseller to his Majesty, Pall-Mall.

AS this elegant and expensive work is not now, we believe, to be purchased, a certain number only of copies having been printed for the subscribers to it, a review of its merits can answer no purpose of discouraging or recommending the sale. It is to gratify a natural and a reasonable curiosity, which our readers may be supposed to entertain for precepts of an interesting and agreeable art, delivered by the great artist himself, that we shall give some short account of it. In one respect, our description must be very imperfect.—It is impossible for language, however clear and correct, to convey to the mind's eye an idea of those beautiful designs with which this volume is not merely adorned, but *animated*.

Whoever has been gratified with the perusal of any of Mr. Repton's *red books* will know, that by an ingenious artifice, peculiarly his own, he conveys to the imagination an instantaneous impression of the effect which his improvements will produce. This is achieved by the means of moveable slips of paper, termed *slides*; which, while they remain along the level of the drawing, exhibit the grounds in their simple state, and being removed, discover behind them the intended alterations.

This is certainly one of the best contrivances for conveying speedily and effectually to another person the probable consequences of any change in rural scenery, that has been ever yet suggested. It is not, however, without defects. The place can only be seen,

in a representation on paper, in one point of view; and it is very possible, as Mr. R. will himself allow, especially after his celebrated controversy with Mr. Price and Mr. Knight, that it may appear better by the change in that particular point, and worse in every other.

One may conceive, moreover, that an artist may heighten the beauties of the *ideal* landscape, and degrade imperceptibly the charms of the *reality*. Of this objection our Author is himself aware; and in a note at the 40th page replies to it thus:

“It has been objected to the *slides* with which I elucidate my proposed alterations, that I generally introduce, in the improved view, boats on the water, and cattle on the lawns. To this I answer, that both are real objects of improvement, and give animation to the scene; indeed it cannot be too often inculcated, that a large lake without boats, is a dreary waste of water; and a large lawn without cattle, is one of the melancholy appendages of solitary grandeur observable in the pleasure-grounds of the last century.”

This observation is undoubtedly just; but leaves the objection as it found it. To compare two different states of being with accuracy and fairness, nothing should be added to or withheld from either, that is not peculiar and appropriate, but belongs equally to both.—Whether Truth lie hidden at the bottom of the well, or be disguised by extrinsecal and adventitious ornaments, she

is equally concealed from the undiscerning multitude:—it belongs to artists like Mr. Repton to exhibit her in her simple and genuine attractions. This, indeed, he does very candidly, both to the eye and to the mind, in Plate No. 13, of the page above-mentioned, which represents two views of a seat of H. Beaufoy's, Esq. (Castle Hill); the first without any animated objects, and the second, the same scene diversified by cattle at the three points of distance; and the distinction cannot be too closely attended to by those who have formed any project for the improvement of their rural territory.

Another objection which suggests itself to this plan of representing improvements, "that a picture can hardly be an exact imitation of nature, without producing disgust as a picture," is thus stated and obviated by our Author in his remarks on Rudding Hall, the seat of Lord Loughborough, in Yorkshire.

"The question whether landscape is reducible to a scale, can only proceed from a total inexperience of the art of painting. A scale can only be applied to a diagram, representing parts on the same plane, whether horizontal, as in a map, or perpendicular, as in the elevation of a building; but even in these cases the scale is erroneous, if the surface of the ground-plot be uneven, or if the elevation presents parts in perspective: how then shall any scale be applied to a landscape which presents parts innumerable, and these at various distances from the eye? My Sketches, therefore, do not attempt to describe the minutæ of a scene, but the general effects; and all the accuracy of portraiture to which I pretend, is, never to insert objects that do not exist, though I cannot represent all that do. The large single trees shewn in the Sketch contained in the Red Book of Rudding Hall, are all nearly in the situations of their prototypes; but it may be possible to leave, in reality, more small trees and bushes than I have shewn on paper, because such actual groups will cause no confusion to the eye on the spot, although it would be impossible to separate them in the picture, even if it were finished with the laboured accuracy of Paul Bril, or Velvet Breugel."

Mr. R. discusses his subject in Seven Chapters, exclusively of the Introduction and Appendix; the first of which is chiefly dedicated to a vindication of

the taste and talents of Brown, and the latter to a reply to Mr. Price's Essay on the Picturesque. The principal subjects of the Chapters in their succession are, A Description of the Characters and Situations of different Places, and their Influence on Improvement—On Buildings, and on the Gothic and Grecian Architecture—On the Choice of a Situation for a House—On Water—On Park Scenery, and its Difference from that of Forests—A Comparison of Modern, or Landscape Gardening and the ancient or geometric Style—and lastly, On the Subject of Approaches, with an Answer to a Misquotation of Mr. Knight's.

The Red Books of Fifty-seven Noblemen and Gentlemen, who have consulted Mr. R. on their improvements (a catalogue of whose names is prefixed to the work), have supplied the materials for these Sketches and Hints; but the Red Book of Welbeck, the seat of the Duke of Portland, is considered as the ground-work. In the Advertisement, which informs his readers that the Duke has indulged him with this privilege, we are sorry to see, that "from the multitude of Mr. R.'s private engagements, he has found so much difficulty in preparing this Volume for the press, that he dares not suggest the period, if ever it should arrive, when he shall produce another."

The most important part of the Introduction, excepting what relates to Mr. Brown, is the Author's very modest account of the Drawings which we have been already considering; and after what has been said, it will be only just to quote his own explanation of his intention in them.

"To make my designs intelligible, I found that a mere map was insufficient, as being no more capable of conveying an idea of the Landscape, than the ground plan of a house does of its elevation. To remedy this deficiency I delivered my opinions in writing, that they might not be misconceived or misrepresented; and I invented the peculiar kind of slides to my Sketches, which are here imitated by the engraver.

"Such drawings, to shew the proposed effects, can be useful but in a very few instances; yet I have often remarked with some mortification, that it is the only part of my labours which the common observer has time or leisure to examine, although it is the least part of that perfection in the art, to which these



Hints and Sketches will, I hope, contribute."

On the subject of Building, in the Second Chapter, our Author offers the following new and ingenious observation.

"I venture to deliver it as my opinion, that there are only two characters of buildings; the one may be called *Perpendicular*, and the other *Horizontal*. Under the first I class all buildings erected in England before, and during the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, whether deemed Saracenic, Saxon, Norman, or the Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and even that peculiar kind called Queen Elizabeth's Gothic, in which turrets prevailed, though battlements were discarded, and Grecian columns occasionally introduced. Under the horizontal character I include all edifices built since the introduction of a more regular architecture, whether it copies the remains of Grecian or Roman models. There is indeed a third kind, in which neither the horizontal nor perpendicular lines prevail, but which consists of a confused mixture of both; this is called *Chinese*.

"The two characters of architecture might perhaps be distinguished by merely calling the one *Gothic*, or of *old date*, and the other *Grecian* or *modern*; but it is not the stile or date that necessarily determines the character, but the prevalence of *horizontal* or *perpendicular* lines." Mr. R. refers to the Plate No. 5, for an illustration of this distinction, which indeed both illustrates and proves it.

In the Third Chapter our Author offers the following judicious remarks on the much-contested question of *avenues*.

"It seems to have been as much the fashion of the present century to condemn avenues, as it was in the last to plant them; and yet the subject is so little understood, that most people think they sufficiently justify their opinion, in either case, by merely saying, *I like an avenue*, or, *I hate an avenue*: it is my business to analyze this approbation or disgust.

"The several degrees of pleasure which the mind derives from the love of order, of unity, antiquity, greatness of parts, and continuity, are all in some measure gratified by the long perspective view of a stately avenue: for the truth of this assertion I appeal to the

sensations that every one must have felt who has visited the lofty avenues of Windsor, Hatfield, Burlington, &c. &c. before experience had pointed out that tedious sameness, and the many inconveniencies which have deservedly brought avenues into disrepute. This sameness is so obvious, that by the effect of avenues all novelty or diversity of situation is done away; and the views from every house in the kingdom may be reduced to the same *landscape*, if looking up or down a straight line, betwixt two green walls, deserves the name of *Landscape*.

"Among the inconveniencies of long straight avenues may very properly be reckoned that of their acting as wind-spouts to direct cold blasts with more violence upon the dwelling, as driven through a long tube. But I propose rather to consider the objections in point of beauty. If at the end of a long avenue be placed an obelisk, or temple, or any other eye-trap, ignorance or childhood alone will be caught or pleased by it; the eye of taste or experience hates compulsion, and turns away with disgust from every artificial means of attracting its notice: for this reason an avenue is most pleasing, which, like that of Langley Park, climbs up an hill, and passing over its summit, leaves the fancy to conceive its termination.

"One great mischief of an avenue is, that it divides a park, and cuts it into separate parts, destroying that *unity* of lawn or wood which is necessary to please in every composition: this is so obvious, that where a long avenue runs through a park from east to west, it would be hardly possible to avoid distinguishing it into the north and south lawn, or north and south division of the park.

"But the greatest objection to an avenue is, that (especially on uneven ground), it will often act as a curtain drawn across, to exclude what is infinitely more interesting than any row of trees, however venerable or beautiful in themselves; and it is in undrawing this curtain at proper places, that the utility of what is called *breaking an avenue* consists; for it is in vain we shall endeavour, by removing nine-tenths of the trees in rows, to prevent its having the effect of an avenue, when seen from either end." Our author then refers to a drawing, No. 8, to shew the effect of cutting down some chestnut-trees in the avenue at Langley, to let in the hill,

richly covered with oaks, and a majestic tree in particular, which steps out before its brethren, like the leader of an host. "Such openings, says he, may be made in several parts of an avenue with wonderful effect, though I should not advise its being planted."

As we are studious to select, and to present to our readers the novelties of this rare and curious book, we shall return back to the Second Chapter, for the purpose of quoting Mr. R.'s opinion of the different kinds of trees which are the proper accompaniment to the two styles of building he had mentioned, though for want of the plates our account must be less forcible and distinct than we could wish it.

"In Grecian architecture we expect large cornices, windows ranged perfectly in the same line, and that line often more strongly marked by an horizontal fascia: but there are few breaks of any great depth; and if there be a portico, the shadow made by the columns is very trifling, compared with that broad horizontal shadow proceeding from the soffit; and the only ornament its roof will admit, is either a flat pediment, departing very little from the horizontal tendency, or a dome still rising from an horizontal base. With such buildings it may often be observed, that trees of a pointed or conic shape have a beautiful effect, I believe, chiefly from the circumstance of contrast; though an association with the ideas of Italian paintings, where we often see Grecian edifices blended with firs and cypresses, may also have some influence on the mind.

"Trees of a conic shape mixed with Gothic buildings displease, from their affinity with the prevalent lines of the architecture; since the play of light and shadow in Gothic structures may proceed from those bold projections, either of towers or buttresses, which cause strong shadows in a perpendicular direction: at the same time, the horizontal line of roof is broken into an irregular surface by the pinnacles, turrets, and battlements that form the principal enrichment of Gothic architecture, which becomes therefore peculiarly adapted to those situations where the shape of the ground occasionally hides the lower part of the building, while its roof is relieved by trees whose forms contrast with those of the Gothic outline.

"As this observation is new, and may, perhaps, be thought too fanciful, I must

appeal to the eye, by the help of a plate (No. 7.), which I hope will find that my observation is not wholly chimerical; and will, consequently, lay the foundation for this general principle, viz. that the lines of Gothic buildings are contrasted with round-headed trees, or, as Milton observes,

Towers and battlements he sees  
(Em)bosom'd high in tufted trees."

Perhaps our Author might have added, that round-headed trees are more particularly well associated with the Gothic style of architecture, as they are the only species of trees, in this country at least, that appear coeval with antique structures.

In Chapter the Sixth there are the following remarks on the antient and modern styles of gardening.

"From the prodigious difference of taste in gardening betwixt the last and the present century, it seems, at first sight, almost impossible to lay down any fixed principles; but on duly considering the subject, it will be found that in this instance, as well as in many others, mankind are apt to fly from one extreme to the other. Thus, because straight lines, and highly finished and correspondent parts prevailed in the antient style, some modern improvers have mistaken crookedness for the line of beauty, and slovenly carelessness for natural ease: they call every species of regularity formal; and with the hackneyed assertion, that *nature abhors a straight line*, they fatigue the eye with continual curvatures.

"There appears to be in the human mind a natural love of order and symmetry. Children, who at first draw a house upon a slate, generally represent it with correspondent parts: it is so with the infancy of taste; those who, during the early part of life, have given little attention to objects of taste, are captivated with the regularity and symmetry of correspondent parts, without any knowledge of congruity, or an harmony of parts with the whole: this accounts for those numerous specimens of bad taste, which are too commonly observable in the neighbourhood of great towns, where we see Grecian villas spreading their little Gothic wings, and red brick castles supported by Grecian pavilions; but though congruity may be banished, symmetry is never forgotten. If such be the love of symmetry in the human mind, it surely be-  
c. mes



comes a fair object of enquiry, how far it ought to be admitted or rejected in modern gardening. The following observations from Montesquieu, on Taste, seem to set the matter in a fair light.

"Wherever symmetry is useful to the soul (mind), and may assist her functions, it is agreeable to her; but wherever it is useless it becomes distasteful, because it takes away variety. Therefore, things that we see in succession ought to have variety, for our soul (mind) has no difficulty in seeing them; those, on the contrary, that we see at one glance, ought to have symmetry: thus, at one glance, we see the front of a building, a parterre, a temple; in such things there is always a symmetry, which pleases the soul by the facility it gives her of taking the whole object at once.

"It is upon this principle, continues our Author, that I have frequently advised the most perfect symmetry in those small flower gardens, which are generally placed in the front of a greenhouse, or orangery, in some inner part of the grounds; where, being secluded from the general scenery, they become a kind of episode to the great and more conspicuous parts of the place. In such small inclosures irregularity would appear like affectation. Symmetry is also allowable, and indeed necessary, at or near the front of a regular building; because, where that displays correspondent parts, if the line in contact do not also correspond, the house itself will appear twisted and awry. Yet this degree of symmetry ought to go no further than a small distance from the house, and should be confined merely to such objects as are confessedly works of art for the uses of man; such as a road, a walk, or an ornamental fence, whether of wood or iron; but it is not necessary that it should extend to plantations, canals, or over the natural shape of the ground."

Mr. R. subjoins, in a note, a passage from Lord Kaimes' Elements of Criticism confirming these deductions.

The requisites to a good approach to a mansion are thus enumerated in the Seventh Chapter.

"First, An approach is a road to the house; and to that principally.

"Secondly, If it is not naturally the nearest road possible, it ought artificially to be made impossible to go a nearer.

"Thirdly, The artificial obstacles

which make this road the nearest, ought to appear natural.

"Fourthly, Where an approach quits the high road, it ought not to break from it at right angles, or in such a manner as robs the entrance of importance, but rather at some bend of the public road, from whence a lodge, or gate, may be more conspicuous, and where the high road may appear to branch from the approach, rather than the approach from the high road.

"Fifthly, After the approach enters the park it should avoid skirting along its boundary, which betrays the want of extent, or unity of property.

"Sixthly, The house, unless very large and magnificent, should not be seen at so great a distance as to make it appear much less than it really is.

"Seventhly, The house should be at first presented in a pleasing point of view.

"Eighthly, As soon as the house is visible from the approach, there should be no temptation to quit it: which will ever be the case, if the road be at all circuitous, unless sufficient obstacles, such as water, or inaccessible ground, appear to justify its course."

In the Appendix we find the following Observations on Mr. Price's Essay, which are concluded with the enumeration of the sources of pleasure (Sixteen) to be found in Landscape Gardening.

"The Author of the Essay has very unfairly attributed to Mr. Brown all the bad taste of the day-labourers who became his successors; but of his own good taste there is surely one lasting monument in the first entrance of Blenheim Park, the pride of this country, and the astonishment of Foreigners. It was this part of the water that Mr. Brown viewed with exultation, and not the serpentine river below the cascade, which, I believe, he never saw finished. There is another misrepresentation concerning that self-taught genius: So far from his being insensible to the wild scenery of nature, he frequently passed whole days in studying the sequestered haunts of Needwood Forest, as I have done those in the Forest of Hainault; and I trust, from these studies we have both acquired not only picturesque ideas, but this useful lesson, "that the landscape ought to be adapted to the beings which are to inhabit it,"—to men and not to beasts. The landscape painter may consider men subordinate objects in his scenery,

scenery, and place them merely as *figures to adorn his picture*. The landscape gardener does more: he undertakes to study their comfort and convenience.

"I will allow that there is a shade of difference betwixt the opinions of Mr. Price and Mr. Knight, which seems to have arisen from the different characters of their respective places: *Woxley* is less romantic than *Downton*, and therefore Mr. Price is less extravagant in his ideas, and more willing to allow some little sacrifice of picturesque beauty to neatness near the house; but by this very concession he acknowledges, that real *comfort* and his ideas of *picturesqueness* are incompatible. In short, the mistake of both these gentlemen arises from their not having gone deep enough into the enquiry, and not having carefully traced to all its sources that pleasure which the mind receives from landscape gardening; for although picturesque effect is a very copious source of our delight, it is far from being the only one.

"After sedulously endeavouring to discover other causes of this pleasure, I think it may occasionally be attributed to each of the following heads, which I have enumerated in my *Red Book of Warley*, near Birmingham, a seat of Samuel Galton, Esq.

"Sources of Pleasure in Landscape Gardening.

"1. Congruity, or a proper adaptation of the several parts to the whole, and that whole to the character, situation, and circumstances of the place, and its possessor.

"2. Utility. This includes convenience, comfort, neatness, and every thing that conduces to the purposes of habitation with elegance.

"3. Order, including correctness and finishing. The cultivated mind is shocked by such things as would not be visible to the clown: Thus, an awkward bend in a walk, or lines which ought to be parallel, and are not so, give pain; as a serpentine walk through an avenue, or along the course of a straight walk or building.

"4. Symmetry, or that correspondence of parts expected in the front of buildings, particularly Grecian; which however formal in a painting, require similarity and uniformity of parts to please the eye, even of children. So natural is the love of order and symmetry to the human mind, that it is not

surprising it should have extended itself into our gardens, where Nature itself was made subservient, by cutting trees into regular shapes, planting them in rows, or at exact equal distances, and frequently of different kinds in alternate order."

"These first four heads may be considered as generally adverse to picturesque beauty, yet they are not therefore to be discarded: there are situations in which the antique stile of gardening is very properly preserved, witness the academic groves and classic walks in our universities; and I should doubt the taste of any improver who should despise the congruity, the utility, the order, and the symmetry of the small garden at Trinity College, Oxford, because the clipped hedges and straight walks would not look well in a picture.

"5. Picturesque Effect. This head, which has been so fully and ably considered by Mr. Price, furnishes the gardener with breadth of light and shade, forms of groups, outline, colouring, balance of composition, and occasional advantage from roughness and decay, the effect of time and age.

"6. Intricacy: A word frequently used by me in my *Red Books*, which Mr. Price has very correctly defined to be "that disposition of objects, which, by a partial and uncertain concealment, excites and nourishes curiosity."

"7. Simplicity, or that disposition of objects which, without exposing all of them equally to view at once, may lead the eye to each by an easy gradation, without flutter, confusion, or perplexity.

"8. Variety. This may be gratified by natural landscape in a thousand ways that painting cannot imitate; since it is observed of the best painters' works, that there is a sameness in their compositions, and even their trees are all of one general kind, while the variety of Nature's productions is endless, and ought to be duly studied.

9. Novelty, Although a great source of pleasure, this is the most difficult and most dangerous for an artist to attempt; it is apt to lead him into conceits and whims, which lose their novelty after the first surprize.

"10. Contrast supplies the place of novelty by a sudden and unexpected change of scenery, provided the transitions are neither too frequent, nor too violent.



" 11. Continuity. This seems evidently to be a source of pleasure from the delight expressed in a long avenue, and the disgust at an abrupt break between objects that look as if they ought to be united; as in the chasm betwixt two large woods, or the separation betwixt two pieces of water; and even a walk, which terminates without affording a continued line of communication, is always unsatisfactory.

" 12. Association. This is one of the most impressive sources of delight, whether excited by local accident, as the spot on which some public character performed his part; by the remains of antiquity, as the ruin of a cloister or a castle, but more particularly by that personal attachment to long-known objects, perhaps indifferent in themselves, as the favourite seat, the tree, the walk, or the spot endeared by the remembrance of past events: objects of this kind, however trifling in themselves, are often preferred to the most beautiful scenes that painting can represent, or gardening create; such partialities should be respected and indulged, since true taste, which is generally attended by great sensibility, ought to be the guardian of it in others.

" 13. Grandeur. This is rarely picturesque, whether it consists in greatness of dimension, extent of prospect, or in splendid and numerous objects of magnificence; but it is a source of pleasure mixed with the sublime. There is, however, no error so common as an attempt to substitute extent for beauty in park scenery, which proves the partiality of the human mind to admire whatever is vast or great.

" 14. Appropriation: A word ridiculed by Mr. Price as lately coined by me, to describe extent of property; yet the appearance and display of such extent is a source of pleasure not to be disregarded; since every individual who possesses any thing, whether it be mental endowments, or power, or property, obtains respect in proportion as his possessions are known, provided he does not too vainly boast of them; and it is the sordid miser only who enjoys for himself alone, wishing the world to be ignorant of his wealth. The pleasure of appropriation is gratified in viewing a landscape which cannot be injured by the malice or bad taste of a neighbouring intruder: thus an ugly barn, a ploughed field, or any obtrusive object which disgraces the scenery of a

park, looks as if it belonged to another, and therefore robs the mind of the pleasure derived from appropriation, or the unity and continuity of unmixed property.

" 15. Animation, or that pleasure experienced from seeing life and motion, whether the gliding or dashing of water, the sportive play of animals, or the wavy motion of trees, and particularly the playfulness peculiar to youth in the two last instances, affords additional delight.

" 16. And lastly, the seasons and times of the day, which are very different to the gardener and the painter. The noontide hour has its charms, tho' the shadows are neither long nor broad, and none but a painter, or a sportsman, will prefer the scar and yellow leaves of autumn to the fragrant blossoms and reviving delights of spring, the youth of the year."

Mr. R. concludes his book by an abstract of a letter from a Right Hon. Friend (we believe Mr. W. Windham), which, as it contains a very judicious and impartial opinion on the subject of the controversy with Mr. Price, as it very exactly concurs with the sentiments delivered by us in a former review of this question, and as it is not likely to be seen in any other way by many of our readers, we shall here subjoin for their gratification.

" DEAR SIR,

" I must not delay to thank you for your obliging offer of the use of your house, and for the very agreeable present of your printed letter to Mr. Price. I read it the moment that I received it, and read it in the way most flattering to the writer, by taking it up without any settled purpose, and being carried on by approbation of what I found there. You know of old that I am quite of your side of the question between you, and am certain that the farther you go in this controversy, the more you will have the advantage. Nothing, indeed, can be so absurd, nor so unphilosophical, as the system which Mr. Knight and Mr. Price seem to set up. It is not only not true in practice, that men should expose themselves to agues and rheumatisms, by removing from their habitations every convenience that may not happen to fall in with the ideas of picturesque beauty; but it is not true, that what is adverse to comfort and convenience, is in situations of that sort the most beautiful.

" The

“The writers of this school, with all their affectation of superior sensibility, shew evidently that they “do not trace with any success the causes of their pleasures.” Does the pleasure that we receive from the view of parks and gardens result from their affording in their several parts subjects that would appear to advantage in a picture? In the first place, what is most beautiful in nature is not always capable of being represented most advantageously by painting; the instance of an extensive prospect, the most affecting sight that the eye can bring before us, is quite conclusive. I do not know any thing that does, and naturally should, to strongly affect the mind, as the sudden transition from such a portion of space as we commonly have in our minds, to such a view of the habitable globe as may be exhibited in the case of some extensive prospects. Many things too, as you illustrate well in the instance of deer, are not capable of representation in a picture at all; and of this sort must every thing be that depends on motion and succession.

“But in the next place, the beauties of nature itself, and which painting can exhibit, are many, and most of them, probably, of a sort which have nothing to do with the purposes of habitation, and are even wholly inconsistent with them. A scene of a cavern, with banditti sitting by it, is the favourite subject of Salvator Rosa, but are we therefore to live in caves, or encourage the neighbourhood of banditti?

“Gainsborough’s country girl is a more picturesque object than a child neatly dressed in a white frock; but is that a reason why our children are to go in rags? Yet this is just the proposition that Mr. Knight maintains in the contrast which he exhibits of the same place dressed in the modern style, and left as he thinks it ought to be. The whole doctrine is so absurd, that when set forth in its true shape, no one will be hardy enough to stand by it; and accordingly they never do to set it forth, nor exhibit it in any distinct shape at all; but only take a general credit for their attachment to principles which every body is attached to as well as they; and where the only question is of the application, which they afford you no means of making.

“They are lovers of picturesque beauty, so is every body else; but is it contended, that in laying out a place,

whatever is most picturesque is most conformable to true taste?—If they say so, as they seem to do in many passages, they must be led to consequences which they can never venture to avow; if they do not say so, the whole is a question of how much, or how little, which without the instances before you can never be decided; and all that they do, is to lay down a system as depending on one principle, which they themselves are obliged to confess afterwards, depends upon many. They either say what is false, or what turns out upon examination to be nothing at all.

“I hope, therefore, that you will pursue the system which I conceive you to have adopted, and vindicate to the art of laying out grounds its true principles, which are wholly different from those which these wild improvers would wish to introduce. Places are not to be laid out with a view to their appearance in a picture, but to their uses and the enjoyment of them in real life; and their conformity to those purposes is that which constitutes their true beauty: with this view gravel walks and neat-mown lawns, and in some situations, straight allies, fountains, terraces, and, for aught I know, parterres, and cut hedges, are in perfect good taste, and infinitely more conformable to the principles which form the basis of our pleasure in these instances, than the docks and chittles, and litter and disorder, that may make a much better figure in a picture.”

The writer of the letter above-cited is not the only celebrated authority which Mr. R. refers to in support of his opinion; he quotes in other parts of this volume passages from a correspondence with Mr. Mason and Mr. Burke, strongly favourable to our author’s taste and judgment in different provinces of his profession. He defends himself, as well as his predecessor Mr. Brown, from the imputation of blending Architecture with Gardening, by the following extract from an Epistle written to him by the Author of the *English Garden*.

“I have lately had some correspondence with Mr. Penn concerning the intended monument you mention (to Gray, the Poet, who is buried in the church-yard adjoining to Stoke Park); and finding that he means to consult you on the subject, I have presumed to tell him, that he will do well if he gives  
you



you the absolute choice of the spot, as well as the size of the building which he means to erect to my excellent friend's memory; for, though I hold the architectural skill of Mr. Wyatt in supreme estimation, I also am uniformly of opinion, that where a place is to be formed, he who disposes the ground, and arranges the plantations, ought to fix the situation at least, if not to determine the shape and size of the ornamental buildings. Brown, I know, was ridiculed for turning architect, but I always thought he did it from a kind of necessity, having found the great difficulty which must frequently have occurred to him in forming a picturesque whole, where the previous building had been ill-placed, or of improper dimensions. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,  
W. MASON."

*Aston, April 24, 1792.*

The other passage refers to our author's opinion concerning the distinctive marks of the Gothic and Grecian Architecture, of which we have already taken notice in a former part of this Review.

"I had not (says Mr. R.) the most

distant idea of Mr. Price's "Essay on the Picturesque," before it was published; or I should certainly have been more guarded in my conversations with its author, who has frequently adopted my ideas, and has in some instances robbed me of originality; particularly in that observation concerning the prevalence of lines in architecture; on which subject the Right Honourable Mr. Burke, in a letter to me, says, "I have no sort of doubt that you are right; your observation seems not more acute and ingenious than solid; and I believe, it is quite new; at least, I do not recollect to have seen it any where else; nor has it, in my thoughts on the subject, ever occurred to myself."

We have now given a circumstantial and full detail of all the more important parts of this interesting book, what relates to the masterly drawings that enrich it, of which it was impossible to convey ideas to the reader, only excepted. The extreme rarity of the volume, the originality and novelty of many of the opinions, and the weight of the authorities which support them, must apologize for the particularity and copiousness of our extracts.

H—R.

A Journey made in the Summer of 1794, through Holland and the Western Frontier of Germany, with a Return down the Rhine: To which are added, Observations during a Tour to the Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, By Ann Radcliffe. 4to. 11. 1s. Robinsons, 1795.

[Concluded from Page 103.]

IT would be impossible, within the limits we must necessarily prescribe to ourselves, to notice the various articles of original information given in this volume. But it would be, perhaps, an injury to withhold the following curious description of the Timber Floats on the Rhine, as we believe it will be new to most of our readers:

"These are formed chiefly at Andernach, but consist of the fellings of almost every German forest, which, by streams, or short land carriage, can be brought to the Rhine. Having passed the rocks of Bingen and the rapids of St. Goar in small detachments, the several rafts are compacted at some town not higher than Andernach, into one immense body, of which an idea may be formed from this list of dimensions.

"The length is from 700 to 1000 feet; the breadth from 50 to 90; the

depth, when manned with the whole crew, usually seven feet. The trees in the principal rafts are not less than 70 feet long, of which ten compose a raft.

"On this sort of floating island, five hundred labourers of different classes are employed, maintained and lodged, during the whole voyage; and a little street of deal huts is built upon it for their reception. The Captain's dwelling and the kitchen are distinguished from the other apartments, by being somewhat better built.

"The first rafts laid down in this structure are called the foundation, and are always either of oak or fir-trees, bound together at their tops, and strengthened with firs, fastened upon them crossways by iron-spikes. When this foundation has been carefully compacted, the other rafts are laid upon it, the trees of each being bound together

in the same manner, and each *stratum* fastened to that beneath it. The surface is rendered even; storehouses and other apartments are raised; and the whole is again strengthened by large masts of oak.

“ Before the main body proceed several thin and narrow rafts, composed only of one floor of timbers, which, being held at a certain distance from the float by masts of oak, are used to give it direction and force, according to the efforts of the labourers upon them,

“ Behind it are a great number of small boats, of which fifteen or sixteen, guided by seven men each, are laden with anchors and cables; others contain articles of light rigging, and some are used for messages from this populous and important fleet to the towns which it passes. There are twelve sorts of cordage, each having a name used only by the float-masters; among the largest are cables of four hundred yards long and eleven inches diameter. Iron chains are also used in several parts of the structure.

“ The consumption of provisions on board such a float is estimated, for each voyage, at fifteen or twenty thousand pounds of fresh meat, between forty and fifty thousand pounds of bread, ten or fifteen thousand pounds of cheese, one thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of butter, eight hundred or one thousand pounds of dried meat, and five or six hundred tons of beer.

“ The apartments on the deck are, first, that of the pilot, which is near one of the magazines, and, opposite to it, that of the persons called masters of the float; another class, called masters of the valets, have also their apartment; near it is that of the valets, and then that of the sub-valets; after this are the cabins of the *tyrolois*, or last class of persons employed in the float, of whom eighty or an hundred sleep upon straw in each, to the number of more than four hundred in all. There is, lastly, one large eating-room, in which the greater part of this crew dine at the same time.

“ The pilot, who conducts the fleet from Andernach to Dusseldorf, quits it there, and another is engaged at the same salary, that is five hundred florins, or 42l.; each has his sub-pilot, at nearly the same price. About twenty tolls are paid in the course of the voyage, the amount of which varies with the size of the fleet and the estimation of its value,

in which latter respect the proprietors are so much subject to the caprice of custom-house officers, that the first signal of their intention to depart is to collect all these gentlemen from the neighbourhood, and to give them a grand dinner on board. After this the float is sounded and measured, and their demands upon the owners settled.

“ On the morning of departure every labourer takes his post, the rowers on their benches, the guides of the leading rafts on theirs, and each boat's crew in its own vessel. The eldest of the valet-masters then makes the tour of the whole float, examines the labourers, passes them in review, and dismisses those who are unfit. He afterwards addresses them in a short speech; recommends regularity and alertness; and repeats the terms of their engagement, that each shall have five crowns and a half, besides provisions, for the ordinary voyage; that, in case of delay by accident, they shall work three days *gratis*, but that after that time each shall be paid at the rate of twelve creitzers, about four pence *per day*.

“ After this the labourers have a rest, and then, each being at his post, the pilot, who stands on high near the rudder, takes off his hat and calls out, “ Let us all pray.” In an instant there is the happy spectacle of all these numbers on their knees, imploring a blessing on their undertaking.

“ The anchors, which were fastened on the shores, are now brought on board, the pilot gives a signal, and the rowers put the whole float in motion, while the crews of the several boats ply round it to facilitate the departure.

“ Dort, in Holland, is the destination of all these floats, the sale of one of which occupies several months, and frequently produces 350,000 florins, or more than 30,000l.”

After the return of our travellers they set out on a tour to the Lakes. So much has been published on the English Lake-scenery, that it may probably be thought not an easy matter to avoid a repetition of what is already before the public. The reader, however, we may venture to affirm, will be agreeably disappointed, and of this we cannot give a more striking proof than by extracting Mrs. R.'s description of Skiddaw.

“ On the following morning, having engaged a guide, and with horries accustomed to the labour, we began to ascend this tremendous mountain by a way  
which



which makes the summit five miles from Keswick. Passing through bowery lanes, luxuriant with mountain ash, holly, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, to a broad open common; a road led us to the foot of Latrigg, or, as it is called by the country people, Skiddaw's Cub, a large round hill, covered with heath, turf, and browsing sheep: A narrow path now wound along steep green precipices, the beauty of which prevented what danger there was from being perceived. Derwentwater was concealed by others that rose above them, but that part of the vale of Keswick, which separates the two lakes, and spreads a rich level of three miles, was immediately below; Crossfithwaite church, nearly in the centre, with the white vicarage rising among trees. More under shelter of Skiddaw, where the vale spreads into a sweet retired nook, lay the house and grounds of Dr. Brownrigg.

"Beyond the level, opened a glimpse of Bassenthwaite water; a lake which may be called elegant, bounded on one side by well wooded rocks, and on the other by Skiddaw.

"Soon after we rose above the steeps which had concealed Derwentwater, and it appeared, with all its enamelled banks, sunk deep amidst a chaos of mountains, and surrounded by ranges of fells, not visible from below. On the other hand, the more cheerful lake of Bassenthwaite expanded at its entire length. Having gazed a while on this magnificent scene, we pursued the path, and soon after reached the brink of a chasm, on the opposite side of which wound our future track; for the ascent is here in an acutely zig-zag direction. The horses carefully picked their steps along the narrow precipice, and turned the angle that led them to the opposite side.

"At length, as we ascended, Derwentwater dwindled on the eye to the smallness of a pond, while the grandeur of its amphitheatre was increased by new ranges of dark mountains, no longer individually great, but so from accumulation; a scenery to give ideas of the breaking up of a world. Other precipices soon hid it again, but Bassenthwaite continued to spread immediately below us, till we turned into the heart of Skiddaw, and were enclosed by its steeps. We had now lost all track even of the flocks that were scattered over these tremendous wilds. The guide conducted us by many curvings among

the heathy hills and hollows of the mountain; but the ascents were such, that the horses panted in the slowest walk, and it was necessary to let them rest every six or seven minutes. An opening to the South, at length, shewed the whole plan of the narrow vales of St. John and of Nadale, separated by the dark ridge of rock, called St. John's rigg, with each its small line of verdure at the bottom, and bounded by enormous grey fells, which we were, however, now high enough to overlook.

"A white speck, on the top of St. John's rigg, was pointed out by the guide to be a chapel of ease to Keswick, which has no less than five such scattered among the fells. From this chapel, dedicated to St. John, the rock and the vale have received their name, and our guide told us that Nadale was frequently known by the same title.

"Leaving this view, the mountain soon again shut out all prospect but of its own vallies and precipices, covered with various shades of turf and moss, and with heath, of which a dull purple was the prevailing hue. Not a tree or bush appeared on Skiddaw, nor even a stone wall any where broke the simple greatness of its lines. Sometimes we looked into tremendous chasms, where the torrent, heard roaring long before it was seen, had worked itself a deep channel, and fell from ledge to ledge, foaming and shining amidst the dark rock. These streams are sublime from the length and precipitancy of their course; which, hurrying the sight with them into the abyss, act, as it were, in sympathy upon the nerves, and, to save ourselves from following, we recoil from the view with involuntary horror. Of such, however, we saw only two, and those by some departure from the usual course up the mountain; but every where met gushing springs, till we were within two miles of the summit, when our guide added to the rum in his bottle what he said was the last water we should find in our ascent.

"The air now became very thin, and the steeps still more difficult of ascent; but it was often delightful to look down into the green hollows of the mountain, among pastoral scenes, that wanted only some mixture of wood to render them enchanting.

"About a mile from the summit the way was indeed dreadfully sublime, laying for nearly half a mile along the ledge

ledge of a precipice, that passed with a swift descent, for probably near a mile, into a glen within the heart of Skiddaw; and not a bush or a hillock interrupted its vast length, or by offering a midway check in the descent, diminished the fear it inspired. The ridgy steeps of Saddleback formed the opposite boundary of the glen, and, though really at a considerable distance, had, from the height of the two mountains, such an appearance of nearness that it almost seemed as if we could spring to its side. How much too did simplicity increase the sublime of this scenery, in which nothing but mountain, heath, and sky appeared.

“But our situation was too critical, or too unusual to permit the just impressions of such sublimity. The hill rose so closely above the precipice as scarcely to allow a ledge wide enough for a single horse. We followed the guide in silence; and, till we regained the more open wild, had no leisure for exclamation. After this the ascent appeared easy and secure, and we were bold enough to wonder that the steeps near the beginning of the mountain had excited any anxiety.

“At length passing the skirts of the two points of Skiddaw, which are nearest to Derwentwater, we approached the third and loftiest, and then perceived that their steep sides, together with the ridges which connect them, were entirely covered near the summits with a whitish shivered slate, which threatens to slide down them with every gust of wind. The broken state of this slate makes the present summits seem like the ruins of others; a circumstance as extraordinary in appearance as difficult to be accounted for.

“The ridge, on which we passed from the neighbourhood of the second summit to the third, was narrow, and the eye reached on each side down the whole extent of the mountain; following, on the left, the rocky precipices that impend over the lake of Bassenthwaite, and looking, on the right, into the glens of Saddleback, far, far below. But the prospects that burst upon us from every part of the vast horizon, when we had gained the summit, were such as we had scarcely dared to hope for, and must now rather venture to enumerate than to describe.

“We stood on a pinnacle, commanding the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which had

been before considered separately as a great scene, were now miniature parts of the immense landscape. To the North, lay, like a map, the vast tract of low country which extends between Bassenthwaite and the Irish Channel, marked with the silver circles of the river Derwent, in its progress from the lake. Whitehaven and its white coast were distinctly seen, and Cockermouth seemed almost under the eye. A long blackish line, more to the West, resembling a faintly formed cloud, was said by the guide to be the Isle of Man; who, however, had the honesty to confess, that the mountains of Down in Ireland, which have been sometimes thought visible, had never been seen by him in the clearest weather.

“Bounding the low country to the North, the wide Solway Frith, with its indented shores, looked like a grey horizon; and the double range of Scottish mountains, seen dimly through mist beyond, like lines of dark clouds above it. The Solway appeared surprisingly near us, though at fifty miles distance; and the guide said, that on a bright day its shipping could plainly be discerned. Nearly in the North the heights seemed to soften into plains, for no object was there visible through the obscurity that had begun to draw over the furthest distance; but, towards the East, they appeared to swell again, and what we were told were the Cheviot hills, dawned feebly beyond Northumberland. We now spanned the narrowest part of England; looking from the Irish Channel, on one side, to the German Ocean, on the other, which latter was however so far off as to be discernible only like a mist.

“Nearer than the county of Durham stretched the ridge of Crossfell, and an indistinct multitude of the Westmoreland and Yorkshire highlands, whose lines disappeared behind Saddleback, now evidently pre-eminent over Skiddaw, so much so as to exclude many a height beyond it. Passing this mountain in our course to the South, we saw, immediately below, the fells round Derwentwater, the lake itself remaining still concealed in their deep rocky bosom. Southward and Westward, the whole prospect was a “turbulent chaos of dark mountains.” All individual dignity was now lost in the immensity of the whole, and every variety of character was overpowered by that of astonishing and gloomy grandeur.

“Over



“ Over the fells of Borrowdale, and far to the South, the Northern end of Windermere appeared, like a wreath of grey smoke that spreads along the mountain's side. More Southward still, and beyond all the fells of the lakes, Lancaſter ſands extended to the faintly ſeen waters of the ſea. Then to the Weſt, Duddon ſands gleamed in a long line among the fells of High Furnels. Immediately under the eye lay Baſſenthwaite, ſurrounded by many ranges of mountains, inviſible from below. We overlooked all theſe dark mountains, and ſaw green cultivated vales over the tops of lofty rocks, and other mountains over theſe vales in many ridges; whiſt innumerable narrow glens were traced in all their windings, and ſeen uniting behind the hills with others that alſo ſloped upwards from the lake.

“ The air on this ſummit was boiſterous, intenſely cold and difficult to be inſpired, though the day was, below, warm and ſerene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of the point on which we ſtood, upon the lake of Baſſenthwaite, and over a ſharp and ſeparated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of tremendous height, but now ſeemed not to reach half way up Skiddaw; it was almoſt as if

“ the precipitation might down ſtretch Below the beam of ſight.”

“ Under the lee of an heaped up pile of ſlates, formed by the cuſtomary contribution of one from every viſitor, we found an old man ſheltered, whom we took to be a ſhepherd, but afterwards learned was a farmer and, as the people in this neighbourhood ſay, “ a ſtateſman; ” that is, had land of his own. He was a native and ſtill an inhabitant of an adjoining vale; but, ſo laborious is the enterpriſe reckoned, that though he had paſſed his life within view of the mountain, this was his firſt aſcent. He deſcended with us for part of our way,

and then wound off towards his own valley, ſtalking amidſt the wild ſcenery, his large figure wrapt in a dark cloak, and his ſteps occaſionally aſſiſted by a long iron pronged pike, with which he had pointed our diſtant objects.

“ In the deſcent, it was intereſting to obſerve each mountain below gradually re-aſſuming its dignity; the two lakes expanding into ſpacious ſurfaces; the many little vallies, that ſloped upwards from their margins, recovering their variegated tints of cultivation; the cattle again appearing in the meadows; and the woody promontories changing from ſmooth patches of ſhade into richly tufted ſummits. At about a mile from the top a great difference was perceptible in the climate, which became comparatively warm, and the hummer hum of bees was again heard among the purple heath.

“ We reached Keſwick about four o'clock, after five hours paſſed in this excuſſion, in which the care of our guide greatly leſſened the notion of danger. Why ſhould we think it trivial to attempt ſome ſervice towards this poor man? We have reaſon to think, that whoever employs, at Keſwick, a guide of the name of Doneaſter, will aſſiſt him in ſupporting an aged parent.”

In this Engliſh tour the author carefully avoids deſcribing the towns through which they paſſed, which are well known, unleſs from their ſituation they afford any ſcope to her peculiar talent for pictureſque deſcription. In ſurveying the lakes, mountains, and other productions of wild nature, ſhe is more laſhiv; and, upon the whole, has given an air of peculiar novelty to this part of the work. Without bearing a comparison with her former writings, which were of a very different caſt, this volume muſt contribute to enlarge her literary reputation, and to place her in a very high rank among our moſt celebrated female writers.

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.

( Concluded from Page 168. )

OF all the dangers which our Author underwent, we ſhall only give an extract of one, which, beſides his own ſhare in it, will throw ſome light upon Republican manners, and the exerciſe

of the Proconſular authority. It is neceſſary to premiſe, that M. Louvet paſſed with his fellow-travellers for a deſerter.

“ How near being ſo was I not at  
Etampes?

Etampes? In the first place, the search was strict: less alarming than that at Orleans, but pretty similar to that of Château-Roux, and more persevering. As at Château-Roux, an over-curious Jacobin raised himself on the step, and thrust his head into the carriage. In this attitude he read the passports: after which, looking round, and reckoning on his fingers, he was a long while satisfying himself that there were as many passports as passengers. Then, after he had counted the number over two or three times, he asked whether there were no one else: but great care was taken not to tell him, that one thin person, who would have given a great deal to have been still thinner, was almost stifled under those whom he had reckoned; that his legs and thighs were trodden upon by two women, while his breast was weighed down by a little girl, and his head crushed by a soldier's knapsack. He was not told it, yet he might have perceived it, for he many times put his hand on the knapsack to preserve his balance.

"We passed at length: but in the town we found a considerable stir. The principal street was full of soldiers; the drums beat a march; a person on horseback, who had just received the homages of the Municipality, was passing the ranks while the troops saluted him. To add to our disgrace, a signal was made for the carrier to stop till the ceremony was finished; and the wife of the cavalier, curious in extreme, persisted in keeping our curtains open. I sat as snugly as I could, to avoid the eyes of the multitude, in which one single man was sufficient to effect my destruction.

"In the mean time my conductor had inquired the occasion of the bustle. It was a Commissioner, belonging to the Mountain, who had resided some time in this town, the chief of the district, and was going this evening to Arpajon, in order to reach Paris the next day. The Commune would not suffer him to depart without paying him some mark of attachment. They hoped to keep him a few hours longer, as probably he would not refuse to take a parting bottle or two with the Jacobins of the town. And this Jacobin, who was he? ———. An exterminator, and one of the most dastardly, most cruel, most furious, in the

whole Mountain: of course one of my mortal enemies. It was ———!

"Thus six months after we had sitten together in the Assembly, ——— and I met in the same town, in the same spot, and almost, I may say, face to face. Yet what a contrast! I, for having voluntarily sacrificed perhaps some talents, all my simple pleasures, all my favourite occupations, all my fondest attachments, my relations, my friends, and even my beloved Lodoiska, to promote the happiness of mankind, found myself a fugitive, in the garb of poverty, reduced to the humiliation of the meanest expedients, and threatened with the death of a criminal: whilst he, base, ignorant, corrupt, cowardly, ambitious, like all the rest of his despicable faction, saw himself surrounded with honours, regarded with respect, and enjoying every token of the love of his constituents. Senseless, wretched people!

"Had that knave, prompted by the Genius of Malevolence, advanced two steps nearer to that open caravan, from which I heard the noise of his march, what a prey would he have taken! what an agreeable present for the Kings abroad and the Kings of the Mountain!

"On this occasion I discovered that my conductor received a strong impression from the adventure at Orleans, which he still retained; and that if he did not think himself certain, he had a violent suspicion of my being a person of some consequence. When the whole procession had gone by, he said, fixing his eyes on me with a very significant look, "Here is a fine hurly-burly; shall we go on farther?" On account of my companions, I affected indifference, and answered carelessly, "There is certainly a great number of people; they will all dine at the inns to-day; and perhaps we shall get nothing to eat at yours."—"That is what I was thinking," said he: "you are perfectly right:" and at the same time, notwithstanding the murmurs of the soldier's wife, who would have had no aversion to displaying her charms in such a crowd, his whip gave the signal for departure.

"Thus we went on four miles farther to Etréchi, a little village, where nevertheless ten other travellers sat down at our table. Some came from Tours, others from Orleans, several



from Touloufe, and a Parisian artilleryman from the Eastern Pyrenees, where he had left an arm. They were all proceeding to Paris, as we approached which we met people of all sorts more frequently and in greater numbers. Is it certain that none of them knew me? How came it that I was not denounced? It was not thy will, inscrutable Providence; to what, then, hast thou reserved me?

"I had just begun eating with a pretty good appetite, when the street resounded with the cry of "Long live the Representative of the People; long live ———!" We were in a room up stairs, because the parlours were full. In them were all the fans-culottes of the village, fifty or sixty ragamuffins [*lurons*], who waited the arrival of their Representative glass in hand. Dexterous at seizing occasions of the meanest seduction, he would not fail to pay for a few hundred bottles as he passed, and stopping a little to take a part. Perhaps, too, like some of his stamp, prompted by an instinctive propensity to act the spy, even more than by a desire of popularity, he would show himself for a moment at the travellers table. Were this the case, my plan was formed. I listened with attention. If I heard any one coming up with some bustle, I would quit the company under pretence of a pressing necessity, and remain absent a few minutes.—This sudden step would be attended with some danger, as it might excite suspicion; of this I was aware, but it might not be noticed, and I had no other resource.

"This time it was a false alarm. A servant, sent on before, had been taken for the Representative. But if the courier was gone by, the master could not be far behind: at least so it was firmly believed in the inn, and every moment I heard, "There he is! there he is!" You may conceive the agony in which I finished, or rather finished not, my dinner, every article of which, perhaps very good, appeared to me, from that moment, execrable. To my great consolation, at length it ended, and a few hours after we entered Arpajon.

"The innkeeper, though he usually lodged our conductor, refused to accommodate us. Two diligences had arrived before us: besides, the Representative of the People, and all his retinue, were to sup and sleep there. "It is impossible for me to go farther,"

whispered our conductor to me with a sorrowful look: "it is night; Lonjumeau is six miles off; and one of my horses is lame. I will go and try the other inns."

"They were all full. "I am going to insist on being received here," said he to me: "They must find me lodgings; they are obliged to do so. But I am perplexed on your account!" Then looking at me stedfastly he went on—"This Deputy knows you, perhaps?"—"Very probably: at least I am sure he has often reviewed the battalion in which I was."—"Aye, aye," replied he, shaking his head, "I understand you." Then considering a moment, he added: "You have done many things of late, I believe, which you are not used to: could not you sleep to-night upon straw in the stable?"—"A good thought—yet would it not look suspicious?—What would the rest of the company think of it?—No: do you go to the innkeeper, prevail upon him to take us in, and leave the rest to me."

"He could not avoid consenting to admit us: but it was not without warning that we should certainly be awaked before midnight, and must then give up our beds. Supper we should have immediately at the common table with all the travellers. Here again we had persons from Orleans and Tours, reinforced with others from Anjou and Poitou, and three Parisians. These were far too many. Immediately I was seized with a violent head-ach: notwithstanding my bad dinner, I contented myself with a chop, which was soon dressed; and then went and chose a sorry room nearest the sky, and of all the bad beds the worst; satisfied that the Representative of the People and his retinue would disturb every person in the house before they would me. "Tired and ill as I am," said I to the servant, "I had rather sleep as well as I can on this miserable bed, than be obliged to rise again in a couple of hours, and spend the remainder of the night in my clothes." The maid thought I acted very wisely; and my uneasy conductor, who was attentive to all my steps, squeezed my hand, and said, "It is a pleasure to serve a man who has his wits about him like you."

"Wearied with the alarms of the day, I discoursed very learnedly with my bolster on the troubles of life and  
the

the comforts of death. The latter were within my power; for I had satisfied myself that my opium was safe and my pistol in good order. Thus resigned I slept soundly. When I awoke I did not enquire whether the Representative of the People and his retinue were arrived. Day had not broken when we set out, and at that time my enemy surely would not think of quitting his bed."

Upon his arrival at Paris the dangers and inconveniences of M. Louvet were not at an end. The anxiety and pusillanimity of the friend he depended upon, rather than any change of principle or any treachery, were the causes of new agitations and difficulties. But the 9th of Thermidor, when the stupid tyranny of Robespierre was quenched in his blood and that of his

confederates, put an end to all his fatigues and apprehensions.

We have only to observe, that M. Louvet appears to have succeeded to the confidence of the whole Brissotine faction, to which he is entitled as much by his abilities as his sufferings and perseverance in the cause for which so many of them have bled. Tallien, though incidentally praised by him, does not appear in any other light than sometimes a rival and sometimes an enemy, whom he is desirous to eclipse or to conquer.

The book is divided into a kind of chapters by different dates, which are evidently supposititious, the whole giving an account of his return to Paris. It is dated at the end, *Finished in our Cave, the 22d of July 1797*:—a very singular and audacious Anachronism!

#### ON THE MEANS OF PREVENTING CATERPILLARS ON FRUIT TREES.

BY W. HAMPTON, ESQ.

SOME time ago, having an intention to improve a number of apple-trees, which, owing to their being yearly infested with the Caterpillar, had been long neglected, I began in the following manner. It being early in the spring, I first scraped the thick brown moss to be removed from the trunk of the tree, around which, but at a distance equal to the extremities of the roots, I spread warm rotten litter; and then, with the back of a pruning-knife, scraped off the livid-coloured moss with which the branches of the tree were entirely encrusted. But what surprised me, and to which I would beg particular attention, was, that small detached pieces of moss hung upon the bough by fine threads after it had been cleaned: this led me to think they belonged to some eggs or insects which lay concealed between the moss and the outer bark, or between the outer and the inner rind: but being then without the help of glasses, my curiosity remained unsatisfied, although the effects discovered in the opening season justified my strongest apprehensions; for those trees which had been thoroughly cleaned, put forth strong and healthy shoots, and retained their leaves; when others, their neighbours, were eaten up: yet what convinced me beyond the least doubt was, a tree which through negligence had been left in part cleaned; the boughs which I had cleaned were untouched by the caterpillar; on the contrary, the leaves of those boughs I had not cleaned were soon consumed by them.

These facts being stated, the follow-

ing remarks are naturally suggested: First, that the eggs of the caterpillars lie, during the winter, concealed in such trees as are overgrown with moss, between the moss and the rind, or, where the rind is decayed, in the cavities occasioned by such decay; a circumstance which, with the assistance of a microscope, I have since ascertained: but through mere neglect, having not preserved the eggs for future observation, I cannot say determinately they were the eggs of the caterpillar; but this I can say, that the removal of those eggs prevented the leaves of the tree from being eaten. Secondly, that the proper time for destroying them would be before the eggs are hatched; for, by the time the caterpillar is come out, the buds begin to open, and of course become its immediate prey; and as the butterfly tribe are so numerous and so perfectly free from restraint, the nature of the case will require an annual search to be made in such places as are thought favourable to them for depositing their eggs: there will be often found full-grown trees, which by being encumbered with branches, the power of the sun is not admitted to shrivel the old rind as the new one is forming; consequently such trees become encrusted with decayed coats, the fit receptacles for preserving the embryo caterpillars; and such trees whose wounds have been suffered to heal, so as to form an hollow, retaining moisture, which cankers the wood, and renders it easily perforated by the fly, are likewise liable to become a prey to the insects they have preserved.



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

No. I.

PROCLAMATION by SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, VICEROY of CORSICA.

IN THE NAME OF THE KING.

THE facts that have occurred in some districts, and the errors committed by a part of the inhabitants, seduced by turbulent minds, have induced me to expose to the view of all Corsicans the grievous consequences of such conduct, in order to preserve them from this bad example, to maintain them in the observance of the laws, and in just obedience to his Majesty's Government. It is well known, that, from certain circumstances and past events, Corsica was reduced to a situation the most dangerous for any nation to experience. It was this situation that moved the magnanimity of his Majesty to afford it assistance, and, with the sovereignty, to accept the task of rendering it happy. It is not necessary to repeat the sacrifices that have been made, and how much English blood has been bravely and generously shed, for the purpose of effecting that undertaking. In the circumstances in which it is incumbent on his Majesty to supply the most considerable expences, he has not ceased to communicate, with the utmost liberality, in whatever he thought necessary for the defence of the island: the English troops have been employed to protect it; several Corsican battalions raised and maintained by his Majesty's beneficence, and an arsenal established at Ajaccio; navigation has been restored, and care has been taken to protect it from the enemy; industry has been compensated by riches, and the means of consumption increased by the station of the fleet and army; the national credit has been respected by foreigners, and supported by all the political influence of his Majesty; laws have been framed according to the constitution of the kingdom; the public authorities regulated and protected; individual liberty preserved inviolable, and every motive for intestine division suppressed; the exercise of the religion of your ancestors has been re-established, and a happy conclusion to the articles presented by the Parliament to his Holiness the Pope may soon be expected; and, in fine, a rapid progress in every point towards a perfect organization of the system of Government effected, with the ap-

plause and consent of the whole nation. But when we promised ourselves that the moral effects of these changes would have been sufficient for the maintenance of tranquillity and obedience to the laws, and to direct the national activity towards industry and every means of accelerating the general good, it was with much displeasure that, in some parts, we perceived tumults formed, for the purpose of forcing the peaceable and well-behaved subjects to participate in acts of turbulence and licentiousness, viz. to burn the public magazines, to declare and resolve against the payment of the imposts, to search the houses of individuals by an armed force, and threaten the lives of the citizens, with several other inconveniences, manifested and executed with a spirit of insubordination to the Government, and the dissolution of every good principle of society, characterised by traits unworthy of persons who possess any stimulus of respect for themselves, or attachment to their country: however, it has been some consolation to us in perceiving that these proceedings are held in abhorrence by the greatest part of the kingdom, and regretted by persons of credit and respectability. It is incumbent upon the Corsicans to consider the danger of the divisions to which this conduct must infallibly expose their nation: tumults are inevitably connected with vexations and acts of violence; arbitrary sway takes place of the law, and then neither life nor property is any longer secure. *Neither should we forget an enraged and neighbouring enemy, who can only be kept at a distance by his Majesty's arms, your own unanimity, and the energy of the Government.* The pretence that a people may be governed without taxes is folly in the extreme: this pretence has been subservient to the designs of the seditious of all nations, but has always been the ruin of those who have been so unhappy as to be deceived by it. Such an error as this ought to have less effect in Corsica than any other place, since the heaviest charges are defrayed by the liberality of the King, and where no duty is imposed without the law, and where the laws are framed by the Representatives of the People. It has been our wish to enlighten the majority of the nation, to whom we apply with confidence, in reminding them of the oath taken to his Majesty and the country; and that oath does not promise a bare homage,

but a perfect submission and obedience to the laws, and to the orders of the legitimate Government, a deviation from which is not permitted to any true and loyal subject of his Majesty, under any pretence whatever. A benign compassion, which inclines us in favour of those who have been deceived, and the affection we retain for a nation, in whose prosperity we are interested, has determined us to prefer admonition to every other measure, which, we flatter ourselves, will be sufficient to persuade the Corsicans to an entire submission to the Laws, and obedience to the Government. — We pledge ourselves to answer every just demand; but we likewise declare, that we will never adhere to any measure produced by violence against the course of the Laws; and that we will maintain the constitutional rights of the King and his Government, in Corsica, with dignity, and unalterable firmness, as well as the exercise of the prerogative accorded by the Constitution itself.

*Done at Bastia, Aug. 7, 1795.*

#### No. II.

NOTE of Mr. DRAKE, the BRITISH MINISTER, to the GENOESE REPUBLIC.

THE undersigned — thinks it his duty to expose to the Most Serene Government the following circumstances:

The report having been circulated and credited, that on the 6th inst. two French privateers endeavoured to sail from this port, without having previously given the securities stipulated in the 6th article of the Edict of Neutrality, long ago published by the Most Serene Government, and the most strict execution of which was promised in the face of Europe; an Edict which, among other clauses, expressly states, that no vessel shall be molested until 24 hours after her sailing: That the Officer commanding the battery of the Mole, endeavouring, conformably to the express orders he had received from the Most Serene Government, to prevent the privateers from sailing, and thus obviate the manifest and insulting infraction of the formal laws of the country, ordered a gun to be fired without ball; but this measure having had no effect, that the Officer, respecting his duty and the express orders of the Most Serene Government on such occasions, fired with ball, and by this means obliged the privateer to submit to the laws of the Port: That, in consequence of this event, an Agent of the Convention having taken on him to make the strongest complaints

against the conduct of the Commanding Officer, as if his exactness in doing his duty could be considered a crime; and having added to his complaints the most insulting threats to an independent power, threats which become the more insulting because it is impossible for him to realize them: and that, lastly, the most Serene Government, deliberating on these occurrences, has not only thought proper to allow itself to be intimidated by his menaces, but has even made apologies to this Agent of the Convention; has imprisoned the Commanding Officer of the Port, and the gunners who fired on the privateers, whose conduct is notwithstanding justified by the positive orders of the Most Serene Government to cause the neutrality to be respected:

The undersigned —, informed of all these particulars, could in the first instance view them in no other light than as calumnious reports, circulated by malevolence and the enemies of the Most Serene Government, not being able to persuade himself that it could deviate in a way so open and so insulting to the formal laws of its neutrality. But these reports acquiring daily more and more consistency, the undersigned thinks it his absolute duty to pray the Most Serene Government to give him, by an explicit reply, a knowledge of the degree of credit these reports may deserve; for it is of much consequence to his Court, as well as to all Europe, to know what reliance can be placed on the protestations so frequently and solemnly repeated by the Most Serene Government, that the law of the neutrality of the Port should be respected.

The undersigned profits by this opportunity to inform the Most Serene Government, that privateers are sitting out in this Port, more especially one between the Wooden Bridge and the Arsenal, notwithstanding this is in manifest and clear contradiction of the 7th article of the Edict of Neutrality above cited.

#### No. III.

ANSWER of the GENOESE REPUBLIC to MR. DRAKE'S NOTE.

THE under-written Secretary of the Most Serene Republic of Genoa has the honour to answer to the note of Mr. Francis Drake, Minister Plenipotentiary for his Britannic Majesty, dated the 10th instant, that since many days it is notorious, that on the 8th instant the New Mole fired with grape shot at the French privateer Sibilla, which had sailed from this port without the bill of clearance, though



it was strictly ordered to the officer commanding that post to enforce the execution of the edict of neutrality communicated to all the Foreign Ministers and Consuls at Genoa. However, he was not permitted to fire with grape shot, which was never used on any occasion, and was not prescribed by the regulations and instructions given to the Commandant of the battery. The Government, on its being informed of this accident, even before the French Minister had brought any complaint (which related only to the quality of the shot, and not to the fact itself), was affected with that surprise which it would have felt had it been the case of any other flag, and caused the gunner, as well as the officer, to be arrested, in order that a trial might be instituted according to the law, and the French Minister was then made acquainted with it. Such a conduct, by which the Government is assured to have acted in conformity with the system of neutrality, and with the edict by which the mode of its execution is prescribed, could not be interpreted in an unfavourable manner but by some ill-disposed persons, and by them insidiously exposed to the British Minister, in order to determine him to bring a complaint. The Republic therefore has not altered in the least its conduct,

nor has in the least deviated on this occasion from that regularity which is the leading character of justice. The Republic therefore cannot help remarking its surprise, in observing, by the note of the British Minister, that (independent of the instructions received from his Court upon the new point, which constitutes the substance of the said note) he has thought proper to insist upon an explicit answer, even in regard to the quality and observance of the neutrality of Genoa.

The adoption of this diplomatic measure (the importance of which cannot but be too well known to the British Minister) in respect to a free Government, which never ceases to conform its operations to the strictest impartiality, cannot reasonably shake the firmness by which it is directed.

But as the unfavourable colour of the transaction, which involves the neutrality of the Republic, must yield to the truth of the fact, the said Government rests assured, that it will not in future make any such unfavourable and injurious impressions on the mind of the British Minister, as was expressed by him in terms that the King his Sovereign, who respects the dignity of others in his own, would not permit to be inserted in the note presented by his Minister.

#### MR. HASTINGS.

The following interesting Correspondence has recently taken place between the Chairman of the East-India Company and Mr. Hastings, on the subject of the intended remuneration by the Company of the Expences of the Impeachment of that Gentleman. The following is the Letter of Sir Stephen Lushington, Bart. Chairman.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY TO  
WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

SIR, *Harley street, 17th Sept. 1795.*

THE late Resolutions of the General Court in your favour, with respect to the Charges incurred by you in consequence of the Impeachment; and the Annuity, as a reward for your services to the East India Company; are sufficient proofs of the high estimation in which you stand with the Proprietors at large.

These Resolutions have not been carried into immediate effect, because doubts have arisen as to the legality of the measure under the provisions of the Act of Parliament, as to the application of the profits of the Company, after certain defined payments are made, and with regard to the Annuity, the approbation and confirmation thereof being expressly, under the provisions of

the Act, with the Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

Whilst these questions have been agitated, and remain undecided, the Public and every individual Proprietor have, in the exercise of their judgment upon the propriety of the measures (to which they most undoubtedly have a right) canvassed with precision your character and conduct whilst exercising the high office of Governor-General of all their affairs in India, and particularly the fortune you acquired in their service. Upon the two first points, I trust, there is no doubt; but as to the latter, variety of opinions are entertained by men of the first character and honour in the country, from some hasty, and perhaps unnecessary declarations made some time ago, and from appearances since. Gentlemen of this description have entertained doubts of the

truth of the assertions; and though a printed paper has been in circulation as to the state of your fortune, yet your immediate constituents, the East-India Company and the Public, whose interests I consider as inseparable, remain without any declaration or avowal from you personally as to the true state of your affairs.

It is suggested, that a distinction is attempted to be made between your fortune and Mrs. Hastings's: this is a subterfuge unworthy of your honour and character, and I am sure it is unnecessary for me to point out to you how impossible it is to make this distinction with any degree of justice.

I have, Sir, no pretensions, in my individual capacity, to enquire into the state of your private affairs; I should think myself impertinent so to do; but, as Chairman of the East-India Company, anxious for the honour and character of their Servants of every description, especially those who have held such high and confidential offices, I have taken upon myself to desire of you to state to me in writing, upon your honour, a full, plain, and unequivocal account of your fortune, for the purpose of availing myself, if I see a fit and proper occasion, for removing those doubts, which, I must repeat, do at present exist in the minds of persons of distinguished honour and character.

If, Sir, you chuse to give me an explicit answer, it may be of use; if not, you will consider my letter as coming from a Gentleman holding (however unworthily) a very honourable and respectable situation, and not the impertinent curiosity of an individual.

My situation must be my apology, and my object can only be to rescue, or rather preserve pure, your character from the suggestions before stated.

I have the honour to be, SIR,  
Your very obedient Servant,

(Signed) STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.  
*Warren Hastings, Esq.*

MR. HASTINGS'S ANSWER.

*Daylesford House, Sept. 22d, 1795.*

SIR,

I Have had the honour to receive your letter, in which, after informing me of the legal difficulties which have hitherto occurred to prevent the Court of Directors from carrying into effect the late Resolutions of the General Court,

you are pleased in substance to add, that other objections were likely to arise, from a variety of opinions entertained by men of the first character and honour in this country, respecting the fortune which I acquired in the Company's service, on comparing the declarations formerly made of its amount, whether prudently made or not, with appearances since, and to desire of me to state to you in writing, "upon my honour, a full, plain, and unequivocal account of my fortune, for the purpose of availing yourself of it, if you should see a fit and proper occasion, for removing those doubts which, you repeat, do at present exist in the minds of persons of distinguished honour and character."

Whatever sense of public duty may have dictated this reference, or wish to obtain for the Proprietors the fullest information to assist their deliberations upon a matter likely to be soon again brought before them, still I cannot but feel myself impressed with the warmest sentiments of gratitude for the share which I have in the immediate object of it; which is by stating to me the reports which have prevailed, to the injury both of my character and pretensions, to afford me the means of repelling them, and of justifying the past approbation and beneficence of my generous and ever-respected employers. I now with pleasure acknowledge the obligation, and return you my sincere and most grateful thanks for it.

To the demand which you have made, and expressed in terms of the most impressive solemnity, I shall reply, as I ought, with the pledge of my Honour, which it requires for the verification of it, and with as sacred and awful a regard to truth, as if I was still in the presence of that tribunal, before which I have already made a similar declaration upon the same subject, and called upon the Almighty to attest it.

I will first endeavour to lay before you, in as few words as possible, that full, plain, and unequivocal account of my fortune as it stands at the present moment, which you are pleased to require from me.

I owe to my Solicitors and to various individuals 97,000l.

To answer this sum, I possess the estate of Daylesford, in Worcestershire, which cost me, including the original purchase, and what I have expended upon the house, gardens, and lands, about



about 60,000l. The estate is 650 acres, and may be valued at 500l. clear yearly rent. I have a diamond which I purchased for a remittance twenty years ago; it is still unfold, and its estimated value is 3000l.—I paid for it 33,000 sicca rupees. I have one share in the Berrington, and another in the Phoenix Indiamen, valued at the first cost, 2,232l. I have some furniture, horses, and other farming stock, which it is impossible to appreciate; I believe I over-rate them at 2,000l. and I have recoverable debts, owing to me in England, amounting to about 3,000l. I do most solemnly affirm to you, Sir, upon my honour, that I have no other property in any part of the world which can properly be called such; some debts in India, and a few in England, which I have not included, and those of no very great amount, being, as I conceive them, absolutely irrecoverable. For prudential reasons, I do not choose to undervalue that property, which it is possible that I may be eventually compelled to realize; and as the probable sum, which it would yield in that case, is a subject of mere calculation, which any person may be as competent to form as myself, I shall not undertake, nor is it therefore necessary to state my own conjectures upon it.

I must avow, notwithstanding the severity with which you seem to reprobate the distinction, that in estimating my own fortune, I never did mean to include that which is exclusively the property of Mrs. HASTINGS; it is true, the principal sum, from which it has accrued, was once my own. I bestowed it upon her as a marriage settlement in 1777, not as an act of liberality, but as a compliance in course with the usage, which I believe to be universal, of the community of which I was a member. The sum was one lack of sicca rupees, and paid by a bill upon my attornies in England, the proceeds of which were to be vested in the hands of trustees for her use. At that time all my fortune was lent upon mortgages; and the bill was returned. When it was ultimately paid, the sum, with the interest, amounted to 22,234l.—this, by the sale of jewels, grew to 40,000l. from which 10,000l. were deducted for the purchase of a house and furniture in Park-lane, lately made over as a security for that sum assigned for the marriage settlement of Mrs. Imhoff, the wife of her son. I declare upon my

Honour, and even by all that is more sacred, if any thing can be more sacred, that I have never added to her fortune since the day of my marriage. That I never, either in India or in England, directly or indirectly, made over one rupee or one shilling of my property to Mrs. Hastings, or to any person or persons in trust for her, nor, to my knowledge or belief, does she possess any property beyond the sum which I have specified.

If it should be surmised (and God help me! I have too much experience of the inventive malice of one species of mankind, not to suspect and obviate such a calumny) that though I abstained from the acquisition of wealth by indirect means in my own person, I permitted it in hers; or that she may have availed herself of the influence of my station to raise money without my connivance; I know not how to refute such an imputation, but by a solemn declaration, and I do most solemnly declare, that I never did, knowingly, permit her to receive money in presents; that I do not believe she could have received them, without some intimation or notice of it reaching me; and that I am morally certain she possesses, and has ever possessed, too sensible an anxiety for my reputation, to attempt, or meditate an act, which either in my sense of it, or in that of the world, would reflect dishonour upon it.

But I will not leave this suspicion entirely to be done away by my own affirmation, though on oath; much less by my belief.—One legal proof of my general conduct, as it relates to the subject in question, has been exhibited in Westminster Hall, in the present of ten lacks of rupees, which I received at Benares in the year 1781, from the Nabob Vizier and his Ministers. Of this sum, one lack was expressly given in the name of Mrs. Hastings, and was equally with the rest appropriated to the service of the Company. It is not indeed on record, that she was consenting to this application of it; but every circumstance of that transaction, to those who read the minutes of evidence containing it, will afford the clearest conviction that this sum could not have been made an exception from the application of the rest; and that a part of the general sum was applied, as I have said it was, before the communication between my station and the province of Behar was open.—In truth, so little did  
I con-

I conceive Mrs. Hastings to be implicated in this transaction, or that it was a matter of which it was incumbent upon me, even in point of delicacy, to make her acquainted with it, that I do not believe she ever knew it, until it became a matter of public notice in England; for I well recollect my mentioning it to her myself, as a subject then unknown to her, and telling her, jestingly, that among other acts of injustice and oppression, I had been accused of defrauding her of her right, in disposing of her property without her permission.

I will now proceed to state, in as clear and distinct a manner as I can, the amount of my fortune as it stood when I came to England; the additions which it has since received; and the mode in which I have lived since my arrival, declaring, in the first place, and with the same solemn appeal which I made in Westminster-Hall, that I never was worth, at any time of my life, the sum of 100,000l.; and that, in this calculation, I include every kind and description of property whatsoever.

On the 31st of January 1786, I desired my Agent, Mr. Woodman, to draw out a state of the fortune which I then possessed in England, and of which he at that time kept the accounts; and which I conceived to comprehend the whole amount that I was worth, balancing the amount of my debts, and running expences in India, with the debts which were owing to me, and which I had a probability of recovering; many of them being of a nature which forbade me to consider them as debts, even at the time in which they were contracted. This account, with Mr. Woodman's name subscribed to it, and since attested by him on oath before the Court of Peers in Westminster-Hall, I put into the hands of my friend Major Scott, who was at that time a Member of the House of Commons, and authorized him to produce it wherever, and in what way soever he should judge it necessary, to repel the false reports which did prevail, and were industriously circulated, respecting the amount of my fortune. Of the prudence or necessity of this cautionary expedient I will not pretend to judge: it appeared to me indispensable at the time; and when the subject was first mentioned by Major Scott in the House of Commons, he either did it by my express desire, or with my concurrence. I had

information, that an attempt would be made in the month of February 1787, to obtain an order to secure my person and my property, under the plea of preventing me from withdrawing myself from this Kingdom, or making over my fortune: no Motion to that effect was formally made, but the necessity of it urged, and supported by a declaration, that large sums had, on the preceding day, been sold out of the stocks, leaving an impression undoubtedly upon the minds of the Members who heard it, that I had sold property to a considerable amount; it was upon that occasion that my friend truly stated both the amount of my fortune, and the securities in which it was vested, no part of it being in the funds.

Mr. Woodman's account is inserted in the printed paper to which you allude; it was circulated, at my desire, amongst the Proprietors, and I requested Mr. Lushington to declare, in my name, that I was ready to verify the contents of it upon oath, to the best of my knowledge. Allow me, Sir, to refer you to that printed paper, for any points which may not be sufficiently explained in this Letter, desiring you to notice, that in that paper I have understated my law expences, and my debts; not including all the interest on the first, nor all that were outstanding of the latter, nor of necessity, the expences since incurred.

By Mr. Woodman's account you will see, that the balance of my fortune on the 31st of January 1786, was 65,313l. 13s. 6d.; to this sum 10,000l. are to be added, as explained in that paper, being a debt due to me in England, and since paid; together with 4,000l. of money recovered in India, and since remitted: so that the real amount of my productive fortune on the 31st of January 1786 was 79,313l. It is true, I have received a further sum of 17,000l. from India, which is also included in that paper, as "Remittances from India;" but that was not a debt recovered; it was a remittance made to me in consequence of my trial, in a manner, which I will freely explain to you in the subsequent part of this letter; I confine myself now, to an enumeration of all the money that has come into my possession since I arrived in England, for the purpose of shewing how it was all expended.

The debit side of the account states various debts which were to be paid out  
of



of the assets on the other side; in effect all were paid, except the sum of 3,000*l.* stated to be due to Mr. Barwell, which has been already explained not to have been due, and 5,000*l.* due on bond to Major Scott, for cash borrowed of him in India; that article remaining still unpaid, the whole amount of money in my hands since January 1786, exclusive of money lately borrowed, which I shall mention in the general result, is 101,313*l.* as stated in the printed account.

Before I proceed to shew how this sum was expended, I must beg leave to observe, that it was not merely "from appearances," but from reports injuriously propagated, that men of character and honour have found it difficult to reconcile the state of my fortune with the mode in which I have lived, and the enormous expences which I supported; for such is the interpretation which I take the liberty to put upon the expression of your Letter to which I allude, and which a sense of delicacy perhaps induced you to convey in that allusive term.

I have been told, and I think it proper, and in point, to mention what I have heard, as it appertains so immediately to the subject before me, that my expences have been estimated at 16,000*l.* a year; that I am supposed to have laid out more than 100,000*l.* on my estate at Daylesford; and that the various extra expences attending my trial, many of which were represented to be of such a nature as made them unfit to be exposed to the public eye, were so enormously large, that it was affirmed, in a place which I reverence too highly to name it on such an occasion, and with the pledge of authority given for the affirmation, that I had been "able to buy up all the News-papers, and that 20,000*l.* had been expended in the publication of Mr. Hastings's Libels." This declaration was made so far back as the year 1790, and leaves the suggestion of a sum most enormous, included in the proportion of the other expences, and in the period which has since elapsed.

To each of these points I shall reply successively, by shewing what was my real charge on each.

I came to England in the year 1785, and lived in a hired ready furnished house, first in St. James's-place, and next in Wimpole-street, until the year

1790, when Mrs. Hastings purchased the house in Park-lane, as I have before mentioned.

I purchased a small estate in Old Windsor, called Beaumont Lodge, 1786, and resold it in 1789, for the exact sum that I had given and expended upon it.

In 1789, I purchased the principal part of the estate of Daylesford, and about two years since the remainder: it was an object that I had long wished to possess: it was the spot in which I had passed much of my infancy; and I feel for it an affection of which an alien could not be susceptible, because I see in it attractions which that stage of life imprinted on my mind, and my memory still retains. It had been the property of my family during many centuries, and had not been more than seventy-five years out of their possession. I should not notice these trivial circumstances, but that in detailing the process of my expences, I feel that in that part of them which relates to this place, I have to defend myself, if I can, against the charge of extravagance, and I fear I have no better excuse to make for it.

While I was providing for my reception at Daylesford, I rented a house in Berkshire, which I occupied two years. My residence in these periods, and to the present time, has been successively divided between the town and country in the places which I have enumerated.

My style of living in both has borne no marks of extravagance or splendour. To those who have witnessed it, I think, I may say, that it was rather below than exceeding the rank in life which my former station might have entitled me to assume. Negligent and improvident as I may be in other instances of expence, this branch of it has ever been conducted with the most exact and profitable economy; for I can affirm most positively, that my domestic expences, including every species of disbursement both in town and country, do not exceed one year with another 3,500*l.* in their annual amount: I affirm the fact, but do not assume the credit of it.

I have stated the gross cost of my estate in Daylesford to be 60,000*l.* but as I am now only relating the actual expences due upon it out of the money which I have stated to have been in my possession, I must deduct from this amount the sum of 4,000*l.* which is still due, and the further sum of 1,600*l.* being the purchase-money of a small  
estate

estate belonging to the manor of Daylesford, which was purchased for me while I was abroad, and makes an article in Mr. Woodman's account. This leaves the sum of 54,400*l.* for my whole expenditure on this head.

The extra expences attending my Impeachment, and the previous investigation in the House of Commons, have amounted to the sum of 21,840*l.* Of this charge I have paid only 4,700*l.* the remaining sum of 17,140*l.* is included in my debts. That I must necessarily have been subjected to a great variety of incidental expences, besides those which are charged in my Solicitors' bills, will be obvious to every man. The total amount is, I believe, considerably within any estimate that has been made of them.

I have now, Sir, gone through every head of charge as applied to the sum specified, and the following statement will exhibit at one view, all the sums that I have both received and expended since my arrival in England.

#### RECEIPTS.

In my possession, as per Printed Paper	-	-	£.101,313
Borrowed from various Gentlemen in the last and present year			23,000
Legacy left by Lieutenant-Colonel Eaton	-	-	1,000
			<hr/>
			£.125,313

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

Daylesford	-	-	£.54,400
Solicitors and Counsel	-		29,285
Extra Expences paid in part			4,700
Interest on Major Scott's Bond for ten years, at 8 per cent.			4,000
Domestic Expence in Town and Country estimated at 3,500 <i>l.</i> per ann. for ten years	-	-	35,000
			<hr/>
			£.127,385
Difference	-		2,072

Lieutenant Colonel Eaton died in 1789.—He left me a legacy of 1,000*l.* which did not occur to my recollection when the printed paper was drawn up.

These accounts are not entirely balanced, nor do I vouch for their complete accuracy. I have taken no credit for the interest upon my mortgages. They were paid off by instalments, and I must have received some interest upon them. I may have, and I do conscientiously believe, that I have estimated my household expences too high, and in parts of every head of disbursement, I have had recourse to my memory and to

conjecture in default of present or accurate materials.—My bills were disallowed, sometimes at a loss, and sometimes with interest due upon them. There must, therefore, of course, be some trifling errors on each side of this account. but none I am confident that can make a difference of any consequence; and for every essential purpose the account is complete, and will, I trust, be deemed a full, clear, and unequivocal answer to that part of your letter which requires from me such a statement, upon honour, as shall satisfy the minds of those who have conceived, that in the declared state of my fortune, I did not possess a sufficiency to defray my actual expences. I declare upon my honour, and in the most solemn manner, that I have endeavoured to the utmost of my means and ability, and with the most scrupulous fidelity, to render the account as correct as possible.

I must beg leave to insert in this place the explanation which I promised in a preceding part of my letter, of the remittances of 17,000*l.* which were made to me from India. I reserved it to make part of another subject connected with it, but not essential to my reply, which I grieve to find that I have already lengthened beyond all reasonable bounds, and shall hasten to close it.

I am indebted for these remittances to the generosity of individuals, granted for the express purpose of relieving my wants. They were received in the years 1790 and 1791, most seasonably at times, in which but for them I should have been reduced to great distress. I do not mention this as an excuse for my accepting them, since I am not conscious of any positive law or moral obligation that forbid it. I mention it only to shew, that while I was an object of envy to some, and of jealousy to others, under the imputation of possessing inordinate wealth, and when, in addition to the charge of extravagance, I was publicly accused of the most corrupt disposal of it, I was actually on the verge of penury and in fear of wanting the means of acquiring the common necessaries of life, but in the degrading resource of private credit, to which I have since been actually compelled to submit.

I make it my request, Sir, that you will have the goodness to lay this letter before the Honourable Court of Directors, and to them I make it my request that it may be submitted to the Court of Proprietors,



Proprietors. I take this occasion to return them my most grateful thanks for the distinguished honour they have conferred upon me by their late Resolutions. I thank them for those testimonies of their approbation of my services, and for the bounty with which they have so liberally rewarded them. *That* I have completely received as far as they could bestow it, in their public declaration that *they* thought me deserving of it; nor have I a wish respecting it, so far as it regards them, unsatisfied. But with respect to the Resolution which they had been generously pleased to pass to indemnify me for the legal expences of my Trial, I own, I cannot contemplate its result with the same tranquil resignation. I require the accomplishment of

it, not on the score of interest, but of honour, that I may acquit myself of my engagements to those to whose confidence and friendship I owe that I am not absolutely destitute. With such a stake I feel no repugnance to make my humble supplication to my employers, that I may obtain from their generosity that relief, which I once thought I had a right to expect from the Justice and from the laws of my Country.

I have the honour to be,

With the greatest respect, SIR,

Your much obliged, and most  
Obedient humble Servant,

WARREN HASTINGS;

*To Sir Stephen Lubbock, Bart.  
Chairman of the Court of Directors.*

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 15.

THE Haymarket Theatre closed.

21. "Love and Madness; an antique dramatic Tale," founded on the Two Noble Kinsmen of Shakespeare and Fletcher, by Mr. Waldron, and "'Tis a Wife Child knows its Father," a Comedy, in three Acts, by the same Author, were acted at the Haymarket for his Benefit.

On the same evening, Mr. Toms, who had a few years since performed one night at Covent Garden, and since at Norwich and Weymouth, appeared again at the same Theatre in Romeo. His performance met with so little approbation, that we presume Mr. Toms will hardly be seen again in the higher ranks of the Theatre. Descending to inferior characters, he may become a useful Actor.

25. Mr. and Mrs. Knight, from the Bath Theatre, made their first appearance at Covent Garden in the Characters of Jacob and Bridget, in The Chapter of Accidents. In this line of acting, which we are far from looking upon as precluding merit in those of a higher rank, they are a valuable acquisition to the Theatre.

Mrs. Knight, although rather under the middle size, bears a strong resemblance to Miss Farren in countenance, tone of voice, and sometimes in manner. She played Bridget with very good conception and expression of the character, except that she seemed occasionally unwilling to forget that she could really assume the manners of a fine lady, which Bridget attempts so awkwardly to mimic.

Mr. Knight is rather above the middle size,

VOL. XXVIII. Oct. 1795.

of a good figure, and expressive countenance: His simplicity is the type of Nature, untainted with buffoonery; and, what we very rarely meet with, his attention was so wholly engrossed by the business of the scene, as to make him appear unconscious of being before an audience. From this very circumstance, which we trust he will never forget is the very excellence of his art, some will infer that his humour is rather dry and severe, than sportive and luxuriant; but the inference will proceed only from the false taste which attempting to please has converted many a comedian into a merry-andrew.

Both the Lady and the Gentleman were received by a very crowded House with the applause more of hearts than hands. When the latter, in the second Act, said, that "London was a fine place, and that for his part he was come up to live and die in it," the audience gave him a very cheering assurance that they were glad of it.

Mr. Knight played Skirmish in The Deserter. This is a character of which performers conceive that all the striking features are by a kind of prescription to be exhibited in a particular way; and it has passed from hand to hand such a mixture of imitation and grimace, that we did not expect Mr. Knight to bring it much nearer to what it ought to be than his late predecessors in it. It will hardly be said that he made it worse.

OCTOBER 5. Mrs. Serres appeared the first time on any stage, at Covent Garden, in the character of Rosetta, in Love in a Village. She is sister-in-law of the Musician Mr. Cramer, and therefore that she should possess

N A

musical

musical talents, is not surprizing. Her voice has considerable power and sweetness, and several of her songs were warmly applauded. She is a student of the Italian school, and often a successful one; but a clearness of articulation, and a firmness of tone, are now and then wanting. As this Lady is likely to be in favour with the Town, we recommend the study of the chaste, simple *sofocato*; flourish and embroidery are much more easily attained. Her deportment was as little embarrassed by fear, as we ever remember to

have seen on a first appearance. Experience, however, will soon teach her, that less haste of pronunciation, and less flutter of action, will contribute to her success.

8. A young Lady of the name of Mansell appeared the first time on any stage, at Covent Garden, in Sophia, in The Road to Ruin. Her person is handsome, her manner highly pleasing, and her delivery audible and correct. She appeared to possess complete presence of mind, and was received with great applause.

## P O E T R Y.

### E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P. R. A. OB. FEB. 23, 1792.

By Mr. WALLER, A. M.  
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

#### I.

**A**MIDST this pause from every vulgar care,

Each gross desire, irregular and low,  
From passions which the worldly bosom tear,  
And pleasures that from recreant senses flow,

Whilst mother Nature, provident for all,  
In slumbers sweet seals half this earthly ball;

#### II.

And *Cynthia*, slowly riding on her way,  
'Thro' half her road her silver spokes hath driv'n,

And *Hesperus* declines his sloping ray,  
Her harbinger to nether tracts of Heav'n;  
And all is mute in mountain, grove, or dale,  
Save Pallas' bird and Philomela's tale;

#### III.

Come ever-musing, ever-plaintive maid,  
Sweet MELANCHOLY! lend thy sober wings;

Thee I invoke and supplicate thine aid,  
To poize my Fancy's flights to better things:  
Oh! teach my verse with holy pomp to flow,  
Thine stately grief and philosophic woe.

#### IV.

For sure 'tis now if ever verse were due,  
Verse that might sound to far-descending times,

And praise diffuse as lasting as 'tis true,  
To distant regions and to various climes;  
The nobly-gifted for mankind are born,  
And such let verse in every age adorn!

#### V.

Yet, REYNOLDS! is it verse that can advance

Thy fame, or make thy memory more dear?

Say, can it aught departed worth enhance,  
To wreath an humble garland round a bier?

Thine art for thee devotes more solid fame,  
Than pyramid can raise, or verse proclaim.

#### VI.

Yet great the magic powers of skilful song,  
And sweet the numbers that from sorrow flow;

The sovereign Lyre full oft hath impulse strong,  
To dignify and regulate our woe:  
Our drooping spirits verse can lift agen,  
And is the language of the Gods to men!

#### VII.

*Himself* below'd by all the Virgin-train,  
And honour'd oft with many a Muse's lyre,

Knew well the worth of each melodious strain,

And felt the flame himself could beat in-  
For Genius active, subtle, unconfund,  
Will glance from art to art, from mind to kindred mind!

#### VIII.

What such *his art* let artists best explain.  
On that sad, solemn, and lamented day,  
Which *dust to native dust* gave back again,  
How heavily mov'd on the black array!  
Whilst many an orphan'd artist's bosom strove

With filial sorrow and fraternal love.

#### IX.

What such *his social worth* let such evince,  
As followed his dead corse with fruitless sighs—

Sighs that had honour'd a departed Prince—  
Sighs from the good, the noble, and the wife.

Thus Merit gives what no vain titles can,  
And Virtue 'tis that most ennobles Man.

#### X.

In equal strains let happier bards rehearse  
Each grace depicted and each sense pour-trayed,

Eyes that with everlasting brightness pierce,  
And beauty that shall future hearts invade;  
Or bid the Muse in loftier notes recite  
The pencil's arduous toils and epic fight.

XI. Mine



## XI.

Mine be the lefs presumptuous task to fing  
 His lefs renowned, yet his better part :  
 Oh ! let my humble Mufe contract her wing,  
 And stoop from genius to unveil the heart,  
 That precious fphere enrich'd with every  
 grace  
 That beft adorns or dignifies our race !

## XII.

Pure was his life, unfulled and ferene,  
 Like fome fair fream that winds its filver  
 courfe,  
 Meand'ring onward with unspotted mien,  
 Whilst envious storms but hiss away their  
 force ;  
 'Till its last quiet mazes reach the fea,  
 And join the bosom of Infinity !

## XIII.

The last sad flock of sickness and difease  
 With firmness and with fortitude he bore,  
 As Mariners forgive those swelling seas,  
 Whose billows urge them to their destin'd  
 shore :  
 Hopeful at last of a more blissful state,  
 Let Man with pious resignation wait.

## XIV.

Best arm'd to live, as best prepar'd to die,  
 He welcom'd Death the goal of earthly  
 strife,  
 And thro' the vista of mortality  
 Hail'd the bright dawn of everlasting life :  
 No fear was his, no murmur, no complaint,  
 Save what became the Christian and the  
 Saint.

## XV.

Admired by all he liv'd—thrice dear to those,  
 A favour'd few, to whom his heart was  
 given,  
 Whose pious tears did fondly interpose,  
 To keep a friend from bliss, a saint from  
 Heaven :  
 Exalted genius may our wonder move,  
 But virtue only can secure our love !  
*Marib 1792.*

INSCRIPTION under a BUST of the  
 RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

BY THE SAME.

*Sit Optima Amicitia Sacrum !*

LET envy hiss and venal faction rage,  
 Still BURKE shall prove the wonder of  
 the age !  
 The Man that steady to his trust appears,  
 And multiplies his honours with his years ;

Above all low, above all fordid ends,  
 True to himself, his country, and her friends ;  
 Resolv'd in deeds, as noble in his views,  
 Thinks what he ought, and what he thinks  
 pursues ;

With eyes *prophetic* sees a Kingdom's fate,  
 And is the *wise Ulysses* of the State ;  
 In honour spotless as in sense refin'd,  
 The brightest fancy with the purest mind ;  
 That blest with wit Jove's thunders to im-  
 part,

Still more excels in *eloquence of heart* ;  
 With breast heroic as with conscience free,  
 Sublim'd and ripe for immortality ;  
 Caref'd, and reverenc'd by the good and wise  
 May well the *gall* of ignorance despise.

Like you fair *ORB* that rules the cheerful  
 day,

No transient \* storms divert him from his  
 way ;

Tho' clouds awhile may veil him from our  
 sight,

He soon beams forth with *renovated* light !

B. W. Dec. 1791.

ON THE MISERABLE DEATH OF  
 POOR FLORIO,

THE CELEBRATED GERMAN FLUTE  
 PLAYER.

————— *Fungar inani*  
*Munere.* VIRG.

SPIRIT of Harmony ! a long farewell !  
 Thou soarest now amid the realms of light,  
 To join the heavenly music of the spheres,  
 Leaving base earth, unrivall'd in thy art.

Oft' hath the ear, enchanted by thy notes,  
 Forgot it's various powers—to converse deaf,  
*E'en to the voice of love*, if those sweet sounds  
 From thy chaste pipe were floating on the air.  
 Not the prophetic minstrels of romance,  
 Not the entrancing strains of Hermes' reed,  
 That clos'd the watchful Argus' hundred  
 eyes ;

Nor could the sacred chords of David's lyre,  
 That lull'd the grief of Saul, have equal'd  
 thine.

Oft' have we heard thee join the vocal powers  
 Of that sweet maid, whose taste pathetic  
 shone

Superior to all Syrens of the age,  
 Distinguish'd favourite of the plaintive Muse.  
 Such the united † strains, th' Athenian bird  
 To learn from those had check'd her native  
 song.

\* Mr. B. was at this period (as is well known) attacked and calumniated by a swarm of Pamphleteers and political reptiles ; who, having enjoyed their *little day*, are now for the most part perished, and their *thoughts* with them.

† Florio was used to accompany Mrs. Sheridan in " Sweet Bird "

Tho' now thy loss professional we mourn,  
 Lov'd Shade! thy soul itself was harmony.  
 Ingratitude, with the rapacious arts  
 (Imported offspring of thy native clime),  
 Were quite unknown to thee—for friendship  
 pure  
 And sterling British virtues warm'd thy heart;  
 But love domestic and paternal care  
 Were the choice inmates of thy lowly cot.  
 Oh ill-requited Ghost!—why told'st thou  
 not

Thy inward agony of soul?—The purse  
 Erst open'd for relief, had never clos'd,  
 'Till gratitude for thy didactic skill  
 That taught my artless fingers to relieve  
 My pensive mind of many a painful sense,  
 Had lost itself in life's extremest verge;  
 Thou had'st not *now* (Recording Angel!  
 check  
 Th' accusing pen, nor waft th' impassion'd  
 phrase)  
 Thou had'st not, humble Florio! died by G\*.

CAPT. SNUG,  
*Fairy Camp.*

#### A N E L E G Y.

**L**ET others bend at Folly's gaudy shrine,  
 And court the smiles of Pride's impe-  
 rious train;  
 I only ask to call my Emma mine,  
 To live unenvied, a poor village swain;  
 Far from the throng that croud the rich man's  
 board,  
 Far from the sons of luxury to rove;  
 To taste the joys that rural sports afford,  
 To sing the praises of the maid I love:  
 With her to wander o'er the dewy plain,  
 When evening paints the distant hills in  
 gray;  
 Or join the village inoffensive train,  
 Or o'er the heath, or thro' the woodlands  
 stray:  
 There to my Emma every thought confide,  
 And every pang that rent my anxious  
 breast;  
 When far from her in solitude I sigh'd,  
 When her lov'd image robb'd my soul of  
 rest:  
 To tell how oft the cheering heavenly rays  
 Of smiling Hope glanc'd o'er my troubl'd  
 mind;  
 How fancy form'd a length of happier days,  
 And whisper'd "Emma, lovely Emma's  
 kind,"  
 When chilling fear each fond idea suppress'd,  
 And o'er my soul her baneful influence  
 shed;

With torturing doubts depriv'd my soul of  
 rest,  
 And gloomy darkness o'er my pillow  
 spread:  
 Then gaze with rapture on her blooming  
 charms,  
 And breathe the tender sigh upon her  
 breast;  
 Then fold her lovely form within my arms,  
 And thus each night, enamour'd, sink to  
 rest.

EDWIN.

#### O D E T O A R E D - B R E A S T.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

##### I.

**S**WEET little Bird! so sadly what here can  
 make thee sing?  
 Is't that thy mem'ry dwells on the beauties  
 of the Spring?  
 Yet Winter sure no harm, no frown can wear  
 to thee,  
 So safe, so kindly treated with tenderness  
 and me.

##### II.

Or does thy longing fancy upon the wood-  
 land rove,  
 The scene of many a sweet hour of former  
 genial love?  
 The Spring is fast approaching; then I will  
 let thee free,  
 And happy with thy gentle mate thou yet  
 again may'st be!

##### III.

For oft so sad and lonely thy liquid numbers  
 flow,  
 Thine sure can be no vulgar, no little cause  
 of woe!  
 Oh, cease the melting strain, or impart the  
 tale to me;  
 For sad am I, alas! and may sympathize  
 with thee.

##### IV.

Dost thou of want and fortune, sweet little  
 Bird! complain?  
 Or of the Winter wind that thy tender young  
 hath slain?  
 Or hunger that hath drove them far, far,  
 far away from thee,  
 All scatter'd, and expos'd to the cold's in-  
 clemency?

##### V.

Or fate, perhaps, hath driven some dearer  
 Friend of thine,  
 The wonted grove forsaken, remote from  
 thee to pine;—

\* *Vide* that beautiful episode of *Le Fevre*, in *Tristram Shandy*.



Or hath some ruthless hand torn him from  
Love and thee,  
That thus so sad and cheerless thy weeping  
numbers be ?

## VI.

Sure ruthless were the heart, and accursed  
were the hand,  
That could do harm to any of thy little tuneful  
hand !  
Yet merit's oft neglected, and many mourn  
like thee ;  
And many in the world, alas ! such rugged  
hearts there be !

## VII.

It must be so ! my forrowing heart the truth  
too well supplied !  
Had fortune smil'd on worth, my young Da-  
mon had not died !  
Sing on, sweet Bird ! with thine my sad me-  
lody shall flow ;  
We'll sing in plaintive unison our common  
cause of woe.

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

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promise I send  
you another Ballad (as it is called)  
on the same subject as the last, by LORD  
CHESTERFIELD, and probably by the  
same hand \*. When the freedom is con-  
sidered with which some of the parties  
in it are treated, it will excite no sur-  
prize that this *jeu d'esprit* should re-  
main from the time of its writing to the  
present in MS. Whatever liberties  
are indulged at this period with great  
persons, it was not so safe in the reign  
of George the First.

I am, &amp;c.

C. D.

## A NEW BALLAD.

THE Christ'ning was not yet begun,  
When thus the King bespote his Son ;  
Away, and leave your babble :  
Shall Captain Tom † receive offence,  
By standing for a Foreign Prince,  
He represents the rabble.

'Tis very well, young Hopeful said,  
You must, you shall, be still obeyed,  
My Sire and Heaven's vicegerant :  
But Tom, if e'er I pardon thee,  
May I be styl'd, as I shall be,  
Not Heir but Fool Apparent.

\* See page 159 of this Volume.

† Captain Tom was a nickname then given to the Duke of Newcastle.

## S O N N E T

To a Letter from one very dear Friend, that  
brought the News of the Death of An-  
other.

WELCOME, thrice welcome from that  
well-known hand !

Welcome, dear messenger ! whate'er thy  
tale !

Quick, quick thy well-compacted folds ex-  
pand,

Till my rapt soul the lov'd memorial hail !  
But—oh, my recoiling heart ! what dreadful  
ill

Does thy death boding, sable seal portend ?  
Peace, my wild-throbbing breast ! yet—yet  
be still,

Ere yet the fearful truth thy vitals rend !  
Alas ! my sad prefaces were too true !

Death's agony by more than half is o'er !  
'Tis done ! and Fate has little more to do !—  
My Friend, my dearest Damon— is no more !

And is it thus, woe's me ! thou com'st at last,  
My scanty, poor remains of happiness, to blast ?

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

No, rascal, no : not all the rout,  
That for thy gold and liquor stout

Huzza the cause they hate,  
And ne'er will leave thee, till they drain  
Thy purse as empty as thy brain,  
Shall save thy soul from Fate.

How, quoth the King, is this your fashion,  
To hector Dukes of my creation ?

Hence, to your room, begone !  
Thou son of an unhappy mother,  
Confined like her henceforward smother,  
Or vent thy rage alone.

His Highness, order'd to retire,  
Despairs to pacify his Sire.

Alas ! how can it be ?  
For well he knows the marble stone  
As soon might hear his piteous moan,  
And sooner melt than he.

By letters when for grace he plies,  
He mocks me, sure, the Monarch cries !  
Forgive him, rebel ! Rot him !  
Should I forgive him, after this,  
The spiteful world might judge amiss,  
And fancy I begot him.

But since confinement piques the lubber,  
Who bullied late, and now can blubber,  
I give him timely warning.

'Tis night, indeed ; but nights are long,  
That he, and all his factious throng,  
Depart the Court e'er morning.

A lodging, in a private house,  
Is large enough for him and spouse,  
To solace in alone ;  
And for his lumber, maids, and grooms,  
The town has store of upper rooms,  
Unfurnish'd like his own.

The message in a trice obey'd,  
Down went the hangings ; every maid  
(The tidings being told 'em)  
Pack'd up and sobb'd their fright ; and  
speed  
Made some cry fire, but all agreed  
The house too hot to hold 'em.

The Prince he weeps from morn to night,  
The Princess, she, in doleful plight,  
Has fits yclep'd of mother.  
Well may they by that name be known,  
Since Youngster newly come to town  
Occasion'd all the pother.

O rare presage of future bliss,  
That must attend a reign like his,  
To whom the stars dispense  
The Grandfire's clemency and law,  
The foul and courage of Papa,  
And either Hero's sense.

Awile, with resolution stout,  
His Highness thought to stand it out,  
But quickly judg'd it better  
To try His Majesty again ;  
And lowly in the suppliant strain,  
He wrote the following letter.

With tears which than my ink flow faster,  
Bewailing, Sir, my late disaster,  
I humbly beg a share in  
Your mercy, might it yet take place,  
And such has prov'd your act of grace,  
'Tis scarce the worse for wearing.

Argyle would fright me with the slaughter  
Of Hall, Kenmore, and Derwentwater,  
Surrendering at discretion :  
Yet oh ! on terms I stand no more,  
Scarce dare I hope, tho' I implore,  
You'll pardon my transgression.

Ah ! might I once again presume  
Within your palace to find room  
But during good behaviour :  
For, Sir, I am not quite so mad,  
To ask for what I never had,  
Your confidence and favour.

And if my friends disturb your brain,  
I mean the few that still remain  
As hearty as before ;  
I give them up : my honour too :  
A slender sacrifice, 'tis true,  
But can I offer more ?

Your service, as I understand,  
Requires my vote, my heart, my hand,  
To countenance the Godly ;  
And for the Church, your will is such,  
I should espouse it just as much  
As Toland does, or Hoadly.

Agreed : and for affairs of State,  
To you and your Triumvirate  
I fairly quit the saddle ;  
Content to give my baby pap,  
To lull the darling in my lap,  
Or rock it in the cradle.

Thus wrote the Prince : With what suc-  
cess,  
I dare not yet presume to guess,  
Or judge 'twixt Sire and Son ;  
But sure I am we boast in vain  
Our native breed the wolves are slain,  
By foreign bears o'errun.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 8.

*Extract of a Letter from Sir William Sydney Smith, Knt. Captain of his Majesty's Ship Diamond, to Mr. Nepean, dated off Rock Dove, the 4th of Sept. 1795.*

I HAVE the satisfaction to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's Squadron under my orders has had some success in the three days which have elapsed since the date of my last letter.

The corvette I was in pursuit of with the Diamond when I wrote last, secured herself in Brchat. I had, how-

ever, the good fortune to fall in with another, at day-light in the morning of the 2d; three-quarters of an hour's chase brought us within gun-shot of her. She endeavoured to elude our pursuit in the labyrinth of rocks before the Treguier, but the attempt proved fatal to her, as she struck on the Roenn, and soon after filled and fell over. We ceased our fire immediately, and sent our boats to save the crew. Her own boats, which were towing her, saved as many as they could carry. We were not fortunate enough to save more than nine. They reckoned about 20 perished, beside the Captain, who was washed off the wreck a few minutes before our boat reached them. Her



name was L'Assemblée Nationale, of 22 guns, eight-pounders, on the main-deck, and 200 men, from Brest, bound to St. Maloes. The swell was so great that she went to pieces very soon, and we were obliged to anchor among the rocks to avoid a similar fate.

Capt. Dacres, who had been detached in the Childers, rejoined me this morning. On his return he fell in with and captured the Vigilant French cutter, of six guns, one of the Garde de Cote in the Bay of St. Brieux.

*Extract of a Letter from Lieutenant Peewee, of the Marines, to his Grace the Duke of Portland, dated Tepic, New Galicia, 200 Leagues to the N. W. of the City of Mexico, April 25, 1795.*

I HAVE the honour of acquainting your Grace, that, in obedience to your instructions, I proceeded from Monterey to Nootka, in company with Brigadier-General Alava, the Officer appointed on the part of the Court of Spain, for finally terminating the negotiations relative to that Port; where, having satisfied myself respecting the state of the country, at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, preparations were immediately made for dismantling the Fort, which the Spaniards had erected on an Island that guarded the Mouth of the Harbour, and embarking the Ordnance. By the morning of the 28th, all the Artillery were embarked; part on board of His Catholic Majesty's Sloop of War Activo, and part on board the San. Carlos Guard Ship. Brigadier General Alava and myself then met, agreeably to our respective instructions, on the place where formerly the British building stood, where we signed and exchanged the Declaration and Counter-Declaration for restoring those lands to his Majesty, as agreed upon by the two Courts. After which ceremony, I ordered the British Flag to be hoisted in token of possession, and the General gave directions for the troops to embark.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 3.

*Copy of a Letter from Admiral Hotbam to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated Britannia, Leghorn Road, Sept. 2, 1795.*

SIR,

HEREWITH I have the pleasure to inclose to you, for their Lordships, in-

formation, a letter that I have received this evening, by express, from Captain Nelson, of his Majesty's ship the Agamemnon, giving an account of his having proceeded, with the ships therein mentioned, to the bays of Alaffio and Languelia, places in the neighbourhood of Vado in the possession of the French armies, and of his having cut from thence the nine vessels named in the inclosed list, besides two that he destroyed.

His officer-like conduct upon this, and, indeed, upon every occasion where his services are called forth, reflects upon him the highest credit.

I am Sir, your most obedient Servant,  
Evan Nepean, Esq. W. HOTHAM.

*Copy of a Letter from Captain H. Nelson to Admiral Hotbam, dated Agamemnon, Vado Bay, August 27, 1795.*

SIR,

HAVING received information from General De Vins, that a convey of provisions and ammunition was arrived at Alaffio, a place in the possession of the French army, I yesterday proceeded, with the ships named in the margin [Inconstant, Meleager, Southampton, Tartar, Ariadne, and Speedy], to that place, where, within an hour, we took the vessels named in the inclosed list; there was but a very feeble opposition from some of the enemy's cavalry, who fired on our boats when boarding the vessels near the shore, but I have the pleasure to say no man was killed or wounded. The enemy had 2000 horse and foot soldiers in the town, which prevented my landing and destroying their magazines of provisions and ammunition.

I sent Captain Freemantle, of the Inconstant, with the Tartar, to Languelia, a town on the West side of the Bay of Alaffio, where he executed my orders in a most officer-like manner; and I am indebted to every officer in the Squadron for their activity, but most particularly so to Lieutenant George Andrews, First Lieutenant of the Agamemnon, who, by his spirited and officer-like conduct, saved the French corvette from going on shore.

I have the Honour to be, Sir,  
with the highest respect,  
Your most obedient Servant,  
HORATIO NELSON.

*Admiral Hotbam.*

*A List of Vessels taken by his Majesty's Squadron under the Command of Horatio Nelson, Esq. in the Bay of Abissio and Langulha, the 26th of August 1795.*

La Resolue (corvette) Pollaco ship, 10 guns, 4 swivels, 87 men; 6 guns thrown overboard. Belonging to the French.

La Republique, gun boat, 6 guns, 49 men. Belonging to the French.

La Constitution, galley, 1 brass gun, 4 swivels, 30 men. Belonging to the French.

La Vigilante, galley, 1 brass gun, 4 swivels, 29 men. Belonging to the French.

A brig in ballast, name unknown, burthen 100 tons. Belonging to the French.

A bark, name unknown, burthen 70 tons, laden with powder and shells. Belonging to the French.

La Guiletta brig, burthen 100 tons, laden with wine. Belonging to the French.

A galley, name unknown, burthen 50 tons, in ballast.

A Tartane, name unknown, burthen 35 tons, laden with wine.

A bark, name unknown, laden with powder, drove on shore.

A bark, name unknown laden with provisions, burnt.

HORATIA NELSON.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT 3.

*Extract of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Harvey, dated Prince of Wales, off Belleisle, Sept. 27, 1795, to Evan Nepean, Esq.*

YOU will be pleased to inform their Lordships, that the Minoraur and Porcupine yesterday evening recaptured the Walsingham packet, from Falmouth to Lisbon. She had been taken the 13th inst. by L'Insolent, corvette brig, of 18 guns and 90 men, who very narrowly escaped being taken on the recapture of the packet, but got into L'Orient when just within reach of gun-shot of our ships.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 6.

*Extract of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Kingsmill to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated on board L'Engageante, in Cork Harbour, the 21st of September 1795.*

HIS Majesty's ship Seahorse is just returned from her Cruise. Captain Peyton informs me, that on the 29th of August the Squadron fell in with two

ships and a brig. The Seahorse took one ship, which proves to be a Dutch East-India ship, called the Cromhout; the Diana took the other ship, a South Whaler, laden with oil and coffee, called the Herftilder; and that the Unicorn parted in chace of the Comet brig of war.

*Extract of a Letter from the same dated the 28th of September.*

His Majesty's ship the Unicorn arrived here yesterday, with her prize the Comet Dutch Sloop of War, mounting 18 English nine-pounders. I have examined the latter closely, and think she is the completest vessel of her class that I ever heard of, and, even exceeds the opinion given me of her by the inclosed letter from Captain Williams.

I am, &c. R. KINGSMILL.

*Copy of a Letter from Capt. Williams to Vice-Admiral Kingsmill, dated Unicorn, at Sea, the 31st of Sept. 1795.*

SIR,

I BEG leave to inform you, that, on the 28th ult. when cruising, in conjunction with his Majesty's ships Diana and Seahorse, in Lat. 61 Deg. 18 Min. Long. 4 Deg. 17 Min. the signal was made by Captain Faulknor, of his Majesty's ship Unicorn, under my command, to part company and chace, N. N. E. after a brig, that had outfallen and separated from two ships, which the Squadron were then in pursuit of. After a chace of 13 hours, I was so fortunate as to come up with her, and, when she had discharged her guns and struck her colours, to take possession of her. She proves to be the Comet, a Dutch Sloop of War, mounting 18 nine-pounders, commanded by Mynheer Claris, Captain-Lieutenant, from the Cape of Good Hope, bound to the Texel. The Comet is a remarkably fine vessel, only four years old, sails extremely well, and is in every respect well calculated for his Majesty's service.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

your most obedient humble Servant,

THO. WILLIAMS.

*Dimensions of the Comet, being Copper-bolted and coppered.*

Length of gun-deck, 102 feet 7 inches; length of keel, 95 feet 10 inches; breadth of beam, 29 feet 9 inches. Height between decks, 6 feet; and carries nine months water and provisions for 110 men.



[FROM OTHER PAPERS.]

*Bastia [in Corsica], Sept. 10.* General Paoli, who has been engaged in some disputes with Signor Pozzo di Borgo, the President of the Council of State, has thought it prudent to make public an address to his countrymen, on the subject of some of their grievances, in which he endeavours to display his loyalty to his Sovereign, the King of Great Britain. From the concluding part of his address, an idea may be formed of the tenor of the whole.

"Dear Countrymen, it is in consequence of the confidence you have constantly had in me, and in which you generously persevere, that I am encouraged to address you with firmness at this important moment, and to intreat you to confute the calumnious assertions of your enemies, by pursuing a conduct deserving the favour of his Majesty, who has been graciously pleased to take upon himself the government of our country, under a free Constitution, and our own laws, after having contributed with his forces to deliver us from an enemy, who threatened our country with utter extinction.

"The beneficence of his Majesty towards Corsica had been manifested long before his assumption of its government; and I solemnly protest, that no person shall surpass the zeal and activity with which I shall be constantly animated in supporting his Royal prerogative in this kingdom; a prerogative which, by a happy combination, independent of his singular magnanimity, our gracious Sovereign cannot avail himself of, but for the happiness of his people.

"My efforts, however, to this important end, will not be sufficient, if I am to depend on my own personal strength only; but I rely, with the utmost confidence, that you will be constantly united to me, in shewing to his Majesty, with loyalty both of sentiment and action, a faithful submission to his government, and the high gratitude which the repeated instances of his Royal munificence have impressed in the hearts of all the citizens of Corsica.

"I therefore insist on earnestly recommending to you to be moderate, to be submissive to the laws made by yourselves, and to behave with due respect towards the Representative of that gracious Sovereign, from whose goodness so much is to be expected.

VOL. XXVIII. OCT. 1795.

"Wait with becoming patience until your Parliament is assembled, when only you will be authorized to present, with propriety, your remonstrances in favour of the reform of the abuses against which you complain, and express the expediency of amending those laws which you do not conceive calculated for the actual circumstances of your country.

"For the success of your application, if it is just and worthy of your character, you may rely with confidence on the wisdom and zeal of your Representatives, and on the justice and generosity of his Majesty.

"I therefore confide in your loyalty; that, in spite of those who manifestly appear interested in calumniating your conduct, you will maintain inviolably your engagements, entered into by solemn oath, to be faithful to your Constitution and King; and, by your submission to the existing laws, and to his Majesty's government, you will prove yourselves worthy of his further favour. I conclude, by wishing you a perfect and solid happiness.

"PASQUAL DE PAOLI."

*Paris, September 22.* Danou, in the name of the Committee of Marine, presented a report upon the necessity of forwarding, with the utmost activity, the works in the sea-ports. "We must be sensible that it is in our dockyards we must prepare arms against the most formidable and the most perfidious of our enemies, against England, puffed up with the prosperity of a day, and which, notwithstanding her momentary splendor, must, sooner or later, yield to the efforts of a nation victorious over the rest of Europe." He declared, that the Government was resolved to strain every nerve for restoring the force and power of the French Marine.

It was decreed, in the Sitting of the 22d, that the Electoral Bodies should meet on the 7th of October; and the Legislative Body should assemble at Paris on the 23d of October.

In the name of the Committee of Decrees and Procès Verbaux, Goumaire gave an account of the result of the certificates of the proceedings of the Primary Assemblies. "Almost the whole nation (said he) have accepted the decrees for re-election. Notwithstanding the intrigues of the factious, the French people, confident of their strength, place a firm reliance on their

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Representatives; the Constitution is no longer yours, it belongs to the people of France.

"The certificates of the proceedings of 6337 Primary Assemblies include 958,226 voters on the Constitution alone, of whom 914,853 have accepted, and 41,192 rejected it.

"The number of voters on the Decrees for re-election is 270,338, of whom 167,758 have accepted the Decrees, and 95,373 have rejected them. The majority in favour of the Decrees is 72,385."—Loud applauses.

We must, besides, declare to you, that there are 2000 Primary Assemblies, in which the Constitution, the Decrees, and the Address to the People have been read, and received with the loudest applause. Every thing, therefore, announces, that their *secret intention* was to accept all;—because they applauded all.

He then proposed the two following Decrees:

1. The Convention declares, in the name of the French people, *that the Constitution is accepted*, and that it becomes the fundamental law of the Republick.

2. The French Convention declares, in the name of the French people, that the Decrees for re-election are laws of the Republick, and that the Electoral Assemblies shall be bound to conform to them.

Both these Decrees were unanimously adopted, in the midst of the most *enthusiastic* acclamations.

In the Sitting of the 24th, Letourneur de la Manche, as organ of the Committee of Public Safety, announced, that the army of the Rhine and Moselle, unwilling to leave to the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, the sole glory of having chased the enemy beyond the Rhine, had also passed that river before Manheim. This city had capitulated on the 20th inst. The expedition had not cost one man, or a grain of powder.

Letourneur read the articles of capitulation, signed by Pichegru on the one part, and the Governor of the place, with the Ministers of the Elector Palatine, on the other.

1. The city and fortress of Manheim shall be at the disposition of the French, with all its ammunition, magazines, and artillery. These shall be restored to the Elector Palatine in the same condition, when a Peace is concluded.

2. The garrison shall march out, in 24 hours, with their arms and baggage.

3. The Magistrates, and Ministers of public worship, shall not be disturbed in their functions.

4. The prisoners of war shall be mutually restored.

5. The Duke of Deux-Ponts, and his Ministers, shall either remain in the city, or depart at their pleasure.

6. The Palatine countries shall be considered as neutral, and of course not liable to any contributions or requisitions.

This last article was agreed to by the Representatives; but on this condition, that the Palatine countries, into which the army of the Sambre and Meuse had entered by force of arms, should not be included in this exemption.

We found in Manheim 6000 quintals of corn, 400 sacks of oats, &c. There are in the place 200 pieces of cannon, with ammunition in proportion.

In the Sitting of the 29th, Letourneur announced new successes obtained by the army of the Alps. The Piedmontese, having made an attempt to carry the post of Borghetto, have been beaten off, with the loss of 500 killed, and 400 made prisoners.

The President acquainted the Assembly, that he had received a letter from certain Commissioners of the Majority of the Primary Assemblies of Paris, praying to be heard at the bar, which was *refused*.

In the Sitting of the 30th Merlin of Douai once more read the project of the Committees, concerning the incorporation of Belgium, and most of the other conquered countries, with the French Republick.

Armand strongly opposed this project. He alledged the already *too extended* territory of the Republic; the difference of manners and habits between the French and Belgians; *the wish of the latter, which went against that incorporation*; their love of independence, and their attachment to religious and political principles, which widely differ from the French.

He was heard with visible marks of displeasure, and having stated in the course of his speech, that on the French entering Belgium in the year 1792, they might have obtained peace by giving up their conquests, he was called to order by Tallien and Merlin, who asserted, that to this condition of peace another had been added, viz. to replace  
Louis



Louis XVI. on the Throne, or at least to appoint him Stadtholder of France.

Eschafferiaux supported the project of the Committee. The intended incorporation of Belgium with the French Republic, would, in his opinion, extinguish the principal fibres of the wars with Austria. Besides, the alliance with Holland would not be of the least value, unless Belgium were incorporated with France.

Lefage made several observations against the plan of the Committees; and proposed, that both Belgium and Liege should form a separate and independent Republic, under the protection of France. He was very severe against the prevailing habit of representing, as men sold to foreign Powers, all those who opposed the absurd system of conquests.

*The Convention decreed the Incorporation of Belgium and other conquered countries with France.*

October 6. At half past four o'clock in the afternoon, the attack of the

Convention commenced by the ci-devant Rue du Dauphin, opposite St. Roche, and by the Rue de l'Echelle. From the morning the Rebels had surrounded the Palais National; they insulted the grenadiers and the soldiers of the line who guarded the National Representation—seven times they were fired upon, before the fire was returned. At last the signal was given to repel force by force; the Insurgents were beat back; the Patriots were attacked at several points—the cannon thundered, and victory and power remained with the Law. The Sections of the Theatre François and of Unity attempted to pass the bridges, to join the insurgents of the Sections of Lepelletier and of La Butte-de-Moulins; they kept up a fire of musquetry; a furious cannonade was opened upon one, and the others were put to flight. The night was tolerably quiet; many Conspirators were arrested, and some of the leaders have been since executed.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### DISCOVERY OF A GOLD MINE.

*Dublin, Oct. 11, 1795.*

“**I** SIT down with pleasure, and under the influence of a good deal of agreeable surprize, to give you some information upon which you may positively rely, touching a subject which has here excited much conversation, and which, near as we are to the source of the fact (38 miles), has been treated very generally as a fable, or an imposture. I was, myself, one of the most obdurate of the unbelievers; but convinced by sight and touch, supported by an authority I cannot in the most distant sense doubt, it would be ridiculous to persevere in my infidelity.

“You have no doubt read in some of our newspapers, an account of a Gold Mine discovered in the county of Wicklow mountains, and of considerable quantities of gold found there being sold in Dublin by the country people. The account I give you is not from vague report, but from the lips of a very particular friend of mine, a goldsmith and jeweller of this city, who has been the whole of last week at the Mine, from whence he returned late last night, and from which he has brought a sample of this precious metal, six ounces weight, and for which he positively paid, in the state it came from the earth, without

melting or refining, 4l. sterling per ounce; such is the extraordinary purity and fineness of the gold, and so well are the country people who find it acquainted with its value. This specimen lies, at the moment I write, before me: it is in lumps from an ounce and a half to half an ounce and a pennyweight: it is in the state which Nature formed it, amongst the sand and pebbles, which are washed from it; it is totally free from quartz or any other mixtures.

“The stream, from the banks and bed of which the gold is got, is about two feet wide, and runs in a sharp valley between two steep mountains, the one called Ball-an-valley, and the other Bally-na-sullogue, about four miles from Arklow, on the Wicklow side: this stream, gushing from the side of a hill, runs a course of about three miles between those two mountains, which ascend steeply on each side from its brink, and terminates in a little bog or moor, where its waters mix with those of the swamp; and in this bog, and along the bed of this streamlet, the search for gold has for some weeks past been directed with astonishing success. The miners who seek it, are but very ill skilled in the science of mineralogy; they are the simple peasantry of the neighbourhood, and either pursue their

search by scrambling in the sand or mud, or by digging holes at random from the sides of the stream into the base of the mountains, of various depths, from two to five feet, where they find the metal in its rude state in the fissures of the broken rock, or attached to lumps of quartz or petrified water. While the men pursue this laborious part of the work, the women carefully wash the bog-mud, sand, and exfoliated clay, in large wooden platters, and find the gold in small flat grains like battered shot, but quite pure. In this wild manner only has the search hitherto gone forward; and my friend assures me, that a quantity worth twelve or fourteen thousand pounds has thus been procured within a very few weeks. Before he went to the country, a country fellow came into his shop, and offered him for sale a quantity of about ten pounds weight, in grains and lumps, and demanded for it 4l. per ounce; but he did not then think fit to purchase it. A vast quantity has, however, been sold in various weights.

"In the last three weeks there has been an irregular encampment of the Mountain Tartars at the place, to the number of near four thousand, interspersed with plenty of ale and whisky rents. The gold-finders work day and night, and such is the avidity, that the labourers have quitted their harvest, and consigned it to rot on the surface of the earth, in order to seek a golden harvest in its bowels; even the servant maids of all the surrounding farmers, and even of Arklow town, have quitted their places, and betaken themselves to the adventurous researches of this New Peru.

"My friend saw in the hand of a Mr. Atkinson, agent to Lord Carysfort,

on whose estate part of this Mine is situated, a lump of quartz, with an incrustation of pure gold attached to it, for which he offered him 80 guineas, but the sum was refused.—A weaver in the neighbourhood has had in use for the last ten years, a lump of rich gold ore, which he used as a 2 pound weight; and since which he had broken several pieces with an hammer in order to adjust it to this weight, believing it to be nothing better than a lump of rich copper ore, with which the mountains in the neighbourhood abound. The 2-pound weight, however, has been consigned to the crucible, and turned out a treasure.

"The discovery of this Gold Mine there is not new, though it has been a secret in the family of the Rosils thereabouts, upwards of 13 years, who found and sold considerable quantities of it from time to time; but a junior branch of the family, in company with an older friend, when he found a large lump of gold, claimed half, but was refused; and on threatening to disclose the family secret received a desperate beating, which prompted him to fulfil his threats, and thus the matter got wind.

"The bowels of the adjacent mountains may be, as they are conjectured to be, full of gold, from those unusually rich specimens that have been so abundantly found. The owners of the soil, and to whom the royalties belong, are Lord Carysfort, the Earl of Arran, and the Earl of Ormond.

"I feel that while I relate to you these circumstances, you will still feel some qualms of incredulity; but you may safely rest satisfied of the facts I state, which can be attested by a thousand affidavits, if necessary."

## MONTHLY OBITUARY.

JUNE 17.

AT Greenspring, in Virginia, William Lee, who served the office of sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1773, and in 1775 was chosen Alderman of the ward of Aldgate, which office he resigned in consequence of his attachment to the American cause.

JULY 27. At New York, Lieutenant-General John Mansell, in his 71st year. He was 54 years a Commissioned Officer, served at the sieges of Fort L'Orant, Louisbourg, Quebec, Montreal, Martinique, and the

Havannah, and commanded the 35th regiment that mounted the breach of the Moro, and was also at the battle of the Plains of Abraham under General Wolfe, and in the action under General Murray at the same place, and was twice wounded on service.

AUGUST 11. On board the Princess Royal Packet, Captain John Elliott, second son to Sir Francis Elliott, of Stobs, bart.

23. William Bradford, esq. Attorney-General of the United States of America.

SEPT. 3. At Bourton on the Water, Gloucestershire, in his 79th year, the Rev. Benjamin



Benjamin Beddome, M. A. pastor of the Anabaptists there for 55 years.

4. Sir James Ibbetson, bart. of Denton Park, near Otley, Yorkshire.

5. At Dalby on the Wolds, Leicestershire, the Rev. Stephen Greenaway, M. A. aged 82, minister of that parish, and rector of Nether Broughton in that county, vicar of Cropwell Bishop, Nottinghamshire, and domestic chaplain to the late Right Hon. Lord Feverham, a man whose life was devoted solely to promote the glory of God and the good of his fellow-creatures. He was born at Salisbury in 1713, was admitted a student of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, in 1729, but took his degree of M. A. at Christ's College, Cambridge, so lately as 1772; he was nominated to the donative of Dalby on the Wolds October 1, 1737; was instituted to the living of Nether Broughton September 26, 1740; and was presented to the living of Cropwell Bishop in 1771. He has distinguished himself as a writer by several miscellaneous publications, polemical, political, and critical: among others, in 1762 he wrote "*An Address to honest English Hearts*," (relative to a tax on cyder, the commitment of Mr. Wilkes, &c. &c.) in 1775 he wrote his "*Remarks on a Pamphlet, called 'Memoirs of the contested Election'*" in his county; his most important work he began in 1783, he calls it "*A New Translation of Ecclesiastes, in Three Parts, with a Paraphrase: To which is added, A New Translation of other Passages of Scripture, with Notes and Reflections on the present fashion of correcting the Hebrew Text by Conjecture.*" In this publication Mr. Greenaway has very warmly and pathetically combated the too prevalent idea of the Hebrew Text's being corrupted, against the received opinion of Bishop Lowth, Houbigant, Kennicott, and all the modern critics who have wrote on this subject. This curious and learned volume was printed at Leicester, in 8vo and published at three distant periods of time; Part I. (containing 14 pages, and originally intended only to be given to the Translator's friends) was published August 1. 1781, at the moderate charge of 1d. Part II (28 pages) in 1783, price 3d. The concluding Part (336 pages, with 88 of prolegomena, copious indexes, &c.) price 5s. in 1791, with a portrait of the Author, under which is inscribed "*A Shadow in its Departure, Æt. 68, 1781, P. cix. 21.*" See a farther account of this truly pious and venerable divine in Nichols's History and Antiquities of Leicestershire, under the name "*Nether Broughton and Dalby on the Wolds*," where is given a highly-finished portrait of him, originally done (*con amore*)

from the inimitable pencil of his friend the Rev. W. Peters.

7. In Adam square, Edinburgh, Petham Maitland, esq.

8. At Delmenhorst, Lieutenant William Crawford, of the Queen's Dragoon Guards.

9. At Burlington in Yorkshire, the Rev. Francis Tong, Vicar of Morton cum Hacconby, in Lincolnshire, and formerly of St. John's, Cambridge, where he proceeded B. A. in 1738, and M. A. in 1761.

10. At Chelsea, Michael O'Brien, esq. aged 35.

At Middlepart, Ayrshire, Walter Hamilton, esq. formerly surgeon of the 19th reg. of foot, and apothecary to his Majesty's hospitals in Portugal.

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

At Stirling, Scotland, Niel Campbell, Esq.

12. At New Ross, Wexford, Ireland, Charles Tottenham, sen. esq. Member for the borough of Fethard.

John Debonnaire, esq. of Bromley, Middlesex.

13. Samuel Pole, esq. of Southgate.

The Right Hon. Alexander Lord Macdonald.

14. Thomas Roberts, esq. Charter house-square, in his 75th year.

At New Cross, Mr. Thomas Holcombe, brewer, Southwark.

Lately, at Thame, Oxfordshire, the Rev. Mr. Newborough. Vicar of that place.

16. At Dumfries, in his 68th year, John Aikin, esq. Sheriff-substitute of Dumfriesshire.

Mr. Yatman, Percy Street, aged 79.

Lately, Mr. Seymour Mundy, attorney, of Hungerford, and one of the coroners for the county of Bucks.

17. Mr. John Stevens, of Vauxhall-Walk.

18. The Rev. Thomas Dolben, Rector of Ipsley, Warwickshire.

In Dublin, the Rev. Dr. Gibson, late Rector of the Fellowship of Eginah, aged 84 years

Lately, at Dublin, Sir John Prestwich, bart.

19. At Frisky Hall, near Dunbarton, in his 81st year, George Murdoch, esq. merchant, and formerly Lord Provost of Glasgow.

20. At Plaistow, Essex, Mrs. Monk, aged 80.

21. At Cloonalis, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, O'Connor Don, lineally descended from the last Irish Monarch of that name.

23. John Paterfon, esq. Paragon-buildings, Bath.

24. In Laureiston-street, Edinburgh, Lady Dunbar, Dowager of Hiempiggs

Lately, at Kendal, Thomas Crewdson, banker, a quaker.

25. At Brompton, in her 62d year, the Right Hon. Mary Dowager Lady Napier, relict of the late Francis Lord Napier of Merchiston, Scotland.

At Knightsbridge, Mr. William Roberts, formerly a stucco plasterer of the University of Oxford.

At York, aged 58, Joshua Oldfield, esq. one of the Aldermen of that Corporation, and Lord Mayor in 1790.

The Rev. John Holland, A. B. of University College, Oxford, only son of James Holland, esq. of Rochdale.

Edward Ferris, esq. of Badesley Hall in the county of Cambridge

Lately, at Longborough, John Scott, esq. justice of peace for the county of Gloucester.

Lately, at Dublin, Mrs. M'Nally, wife of Leonard M'Nally, esq.

26. Miss Veronica Boswell, eldest daughter of the late James Boswell, esq.

27. At Harwich, Mr. John Collins Tabor, many years a respectable merchant at Colchester.

Mr. William Wheatley, of Finsbury Terrace.

Lately, at Huckleton, near Gloucester, Mrs. Mason, in her 102d year.

28. At Portsmouth, the Rev. Mr. Clifton, of Guildford.

Lately, at Belfast, the Rev. George Murray, Presbyterian minister.

29. Mr. Peart, corn-factor, Crutched Hiars.

At Smallholm Manse, Scotland, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duncan, minister of that parish, in his 87th year, and 57th of his ministry.

John William Burmester, of Hamburg, many years a merchant at Lisbon.

OCTOBER 1. At Hampton, David Garrick, esq.

At Ditchley, Mr. Egkewell, of Leicestershire, the celebrated promoter of the breed of sheep.

Mr. R. Allanson, aged 60.

Mrs. Mary Fothergill, wife of the Rev. Dr. Fothergill, provost of Queen's College, Oxford, and niece of Lord Chancellor Hardwick, in her 63d year.

At Gredenig Hall, Montgomeryshire, in his 81st year, Arthur Blaney, esq.

At Derby, aged 95, Francis Ashby, esq. Justice of Peace for the counties of Derby and Stafford.

2. In Holles-street, Cavendish-square, Sir Samuel Marshall, knt. Deputy Comptroller of his Majesty's Navy.

The Rev. George Butt, D. D. chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, rector of Stanford and vicar of Kidderminster, both in the county of Worcester.

Lately, at Knutsford, the Rev. Thomas Gately.

3. In Church-street, Bath, aged 85, John Christopher Smith, pupil and successor of Handel.

Mr. Edwards, Dover street, Piccadilly.

At Dalkeith, Scotland, James Pittullo, esq. of Hayfield.

4. At the Dockyard, Portsmouth, Robert Moubray, M. D.

Mr. Thomas Prickett, of the Falcon Iron Foundry, Bankside, Southwark.

Mr. Isaac Newton, late of the Strand.

At Castle Leod, Roxshire, in his 74th year, John Mackenzie, esq. of Avoch.

The Rev. Francis Wotton, of Ketton, rector of Barrowden in Rutlandshire, in his 72d year.

Lately, Mrs. Dobson, Author of The Life of Petrarch, and widow of the late Dr. Dobson, M. D. of Bath.

5. At Gimmermill, George Forest, M. D. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews.

At Dublin, Philip Harvey, commander of the King's Packet of Parkgate.

6. Mr. Michael Hemmings, apothecary, Chapel court, Bath.

At Wakot Terrace, Surry, Mr. Thomas Street Smith.

Mr. Wolfstenholme, surgeon, of Neston in Cheshire.

7. Mr. John Baxter, late of Pall Mall.

At Shemeld, in Bedfordshire, the Rev. Mr. Davenport, rector of Creaton, near Northampton.

Lately, in Georgia, North America, Sir George Houston, bart.

8. At his house in Crown-street, Westminster, the Rev. and learned Andrew Kippis, D. D. F. R. and A. S. He was born at Nottingham, March 28, (O. S.) 1725. His father, a respectable tradesman of that town, was descended from the Rev. Benjamin King, of Oakham, Rutlandshire, an ejected Minister; and his mother, Ann Ryther, was the grand-daughter of the Rev. John Ryther, who was ejected from the church of Ferraby, in the county of York. In the year 1750, he lost his father, and went to reside with his grandfather, Andrew Kippis, of Seaford in Lincolnshire. He received his classical education at the Grammar-school in that town; but what contributed most to his future eminence, was the friendship of the Rev.

Mr.



Mr. Merrival, who was equalled by few of his contemporaries in various branches of learning, particularly in his acquaintance with the classics, his knowledge of ancient and modern history, and his refined taste in the *belles lettres*. Dr. K. frequently said, that it was impossible for him to express his obligations to this friend of his youth. In 1741, he removed to Northampton, and commenced his academical studies under Dr. Doddridge. After a residence of five years at the academy, he was invited by several congregations to become their Minister. Though he was pressed to settle at Dorchester, and had been chosen their Minister, he gave the preference to an invitation from Boston, in Lincolnshire, where he went to reside in September 1746. Here he continued four years; and in November 1750, accepted the pastoral charge of a congregation at Dorking, in Surry. The congregation meeting in Princes-street, Westminster, having been without a Minister about two years, he was chosen, in June 1753, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Obadiah Hughes. On the 21st of September following, he married, at Boston, Miss Elizabeth Bott, one of the daughters of Mr. Isaac Bott, a merchant of that place; and in the month of October fixed his residence in Westminster. In June 1767, he received the degree of D. D. from the University of Edinburgh, on the unsolicited recommendation of the late learned Professor Robertson. He was elected a member of the Society of Antiquaries on the 19th of March 1778, and on the 17th of June 1779, he was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. In both Societies, he had the honour of being in the Council two years.

Dr. Kippis was eminently distinguished for the virtues and accomplishments which form the chief ornaments of private life. With a suavity of manners and urbanity of behaviour peculiarly attractive, he united that knowledge of men and books which rendered his conversation uncommonly entertaining and instructive to the circle of his acquaintance and friends. As a Minister, he was not less eminent for his profound acquaintance with every branch of Theology than for the happy manner in which he applied it to the improvement of those who attended his ministry. His sermons were remarkable for perspicuity, elegance, and energy; and his elocution was unaffected and very impressive, particularly at the close of his discourses. But the superior powers and vigour of mind which he derived from nature, and which he had cultivated with unremitting diligence and peculiar success, were not to be confined to the narrow limits of private life and the duties of the pastoral charge, however important:

they were designed for more extensive and important services to his country and to mankind. The interests of literature, science, and religion, have received from the exertion of his talents, as a writer, the most essential advantages. — His first efforts in literature were made in the Gentleman's Magazine, a periodical publication called the Library, and the Monthly Review; to each of which he contributed many important articles, especially in the historical and philological departments of the last. He was the author of three important tracts, viz. "A Vindication of the Protestant Dissenting Ministers, &c." "Observations on the Late Contests in the Royal Society;" and "Considerations on the Treaty with America, &c." His improved edition of Dr. Dodderidge's Lectures is a work of great value; and "The History of Knowledge, Learning, and Taste in Great Britain," prefixed to the New Annual Register, merits, and has received, the approbation of the public. He published at different times several single sermons; among which, that on the death of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Laugel, is entitled to very high praise. The greater part of these he re-published, with other practical discourses, in the year 1794; but the work which, next to the studies immediately connected with his office as a Christian Minister, engaged his principal attention, and by which he has long been distinguished, is, the improved edition of the "Biographia Britannica." In this great national publication, the comprehensiveness and powers of his mind, the correctness of his judgment, the vast extent of his information, his indefatigable researches and unremitting assiduity, his peculiar talent of appreciating the merits and analyzing the labours of the most eminent writers, and his unshaken integrity, unbiassed fidelity, and impartial decision on the characters of the Philosophers, Statesmen, Poets, Scholars, and Divine, are strongly displayed, and universally acknowledged. His style, formed on the models of Sir William Temple and the classical Addison, is remarkable for its perspicuity, elegance, and purity; and gives a peculiar lustre to the rich stores of knowledge treasured in the volumes now published. This work has given him a high rank among the Literati of this country, and will carry down his name with distinguished reputation to posterity.

At Wingfield, Berks, Mrs. Hammond, widow of Leonard Hammond, esq. and mother-in-law to Mr. Addington, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Lately, at Peckham, Rear Admiral Clayton.

9. Mr. John Philips, sen. of Carnaby-market, Atholmenger.

EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR OCTOBER 1795.

	Bank Stock	3perCt reduc.	3 per Ct. Consols	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 Loit. Tick.	Irish Duo
24			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub> a			101									13 pr.	2 dif.		9s. pr.	5s. 6d. pr.
25			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			101									12 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 pr.	8s. 6d. pr.	
26			69 a			101 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>									11 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	7 pr.		
27	Sunday																		
28			69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	101 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>									6 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	7 pr.		
29																			
30			69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		101							200		6 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	4 pr.		
1			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			101					68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		200		4 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 pr.		
2			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			101									5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	4 pr.		
3			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			100 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>										2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	3 pr.		
4	Sunday																		
5			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			100 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>							199		5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 pr.	5s. pr.	
6			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			100 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>									5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 pr.	5s. pr.	5l. 16s.
7			53 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		100							198		5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>			5l. 17s.
8			67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			100							197 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>		4 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	7 pr.	2s. pr.	
9			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		100	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						198 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>		5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 pr.	3s. pr.	5l. 16s. 6d.
10			68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a			100							199 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>			2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 pr.	6s. pr.	6l. 18s. 6d.
11	Sunday																		
12		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	68 a	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	83	100 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	3 15 16					198 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>		5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 pr.		
13		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		82	100	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>			198		2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 pr.	5 pr.		6l. 1s.
14		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		81	100	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	3 5 16					197 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	4 pr.		6l. 6s.
15		6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		81	100	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						197 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		5 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	5 pr.		
16		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		81	100	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	3 5 16							6 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 pr.		
17		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		81	100	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>							2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 pr.			6l. 10s.
18	Sunday																		
19		67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		81	100	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>							7 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		6s. pr.	6l. 8s.
20	166 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		82	100	18 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>					197 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>		7 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	8 pr.		6l. 7s. 6d.
21	166 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		82	100	18 13 - 16	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>							2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 pr.	5s. pr.		6l. 6s.
22	167 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	67 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a		82	100	18	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>					198 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>		3 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 pr.	6s. 6d. pr.	6l. 4s.
23		68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	68 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a	63 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	84	102 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19		72 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>						6 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	6 pr.	6s. pr.	6l. 6s. 6d.
24		69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	69 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> a	63 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	83	102 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 5 16	8 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>							10 pr.	2 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	4 pr.		6l. 7s. 6d.

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