

T H E  
**European Magazine,**  
 For DECEMBER 1798.

[ Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of MR. CHARLES DIGNUM. And,  
 2. A VIEW of HARDWICK. ]

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A a a

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With the Plan of Lord Nelson's Victory, printed on the Wrapper of our last Month's Magazine, we omitted to mention that it was copied from Steele's Lift; a useful Publication, which cannot be too much recommended at the present time.

The Lines on looking on the Medway in our next.

The Account of Dr. Kennicott is received.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Nov. 17, to Dec. 15, 1793.

										COUNTIES upon the COAST.											
Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans			Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans						
s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.												
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	Effex	45	6	27	0	29	10	23	4	30	0
										Kent	47	0	29	0	29	0	22	4	32	9	
										Suffex	48	4	00	0	30	8	21	3	36	0	
										Suffolk	43	0	26	0	28	0	22	7	29	5	
										Cambrid.	41	5	00	0	26	10	20	0	28	0	
										Norfolk	41	5	24	6	25	6	20	9	28	8	
										Lincoln	42	6	30	3	27	9	19	8	28	3	
										York	43	8	30	0	27	11	20	8	34	6	
										Durham	49	2	00	0	27	8	19	0	00	0	
										Northum.	43	6	26	4	24	2	18	10	24	0	
										Cumberl.	53	3	36	7	26	10	18	10	00	0	
										Westmor.	55	2	28	0	31	9	20	2	00	0	
										Lancash.	51	8	00	0	36	5	21	6	37	7	
										Cheshire	48	9	00	0	33	5	21	2	00	0	
										Gloucest.	49	4	00	0	28	8	20	7	29	8	
										Somerfet	52	9	00	0	30	6	18	8	32	8	
										Menmou.	49	11	00	0	31	8	19	0	00	0	
										Devon	54	3	00	0	28	9	17	10	35	8	
										Cornwall	53	3	00	0	27	11	15	4	00	0	
										Dorset	50	8	00	0	29	11	21	0	00	0	
										Hants	48	8	00	0	30	5	21	8	35	1	
										WALES.											
										N. Wales	54	6	36	0	32	0	16	0	00	0	
										S. Wales	53	5	00	0	31	2	13	4	00	0	

INLAND COUNTIES.

Middlefex	49	3	28	6	31	8	25	2	33	5
Surry	48	6	27	0	31	0	25	0	34	0
Hertford	43	10	00	0	29	1	23	5	33	4
Bedford	43	3	00	0	27	7	20	5	29	9
Hunting.	42	4	00	0	27	8	19	0	30	3
Northam.	43	0	26	6	25	2	19	6	26	8
Rutland	47	6	00	0	27	6	20	0	30	0
Leicester	47	9	00	0	28	3	19	10	30	7
Nottingh.	50	0	29	0	33	2	21	0	34	10
Derby	52	6	00	0	32	6	19	3	37	3
Stafford	50	8	00	0	29	9	22	1	4	8
Salop	47	6	34	6	33	4	18	0	40	10
Hereford	44	11	36	8	30	1	17	10	31	1
Worcest.	47	5	24	4	36	1	24	6	31	4
Warwick	46	3	00	0	27	5	19	0	32	3
Wilts	46	4	00	0	29	4	22	2	37	8
Berks	46	3	00	0	28	5	22	0	32	4
Oxford	45	5	00	0	26	8	20	3	27	9
Bucks	46	3	00	0	26	6	21	10	29	6

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

NOVEMBER.							
DAY.	BAROM.	THERMOM.	WIND.				
27	29.24	46	W.	11	29.97	35	E.
28	29.27	45	S.W.	12	29.72	35	E.
29	29.41	40	W.	13	29.54	31	N.E.
30	29.50	42	S.W.	14	29.65	29	N.E.
DECEMBER.				15	29.67	31	E.
1	29.60	43	W.	16	29.80	33	N.E.
2	29.69	41	W.	17	30.01	35	S.E.
3	29.76	40	W.	18	30.20	36	S.W.
4	29.92	41	W.	19	30.27	39	S.S.W.
5	29.60	45	S.	20	30.39	40	N.W.
6	29.62	44	E.	21	30.51	39	N.W.
7	30.01	41	E.	22	30.52	41	S.W.
8	30.04	42	N.E.	23	30.54	39	N.E.
9	30.25	38	E.	24	30.65	29	E.
10	29.98	37	E.	25	30.51	26	N.E.
				26	30.25	24	N.

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THE  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LONDON REVIEW;  
FOR DECEMBER 1798.

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MR. CHARLES DIGNUM.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THE subject of the following biographical sketch, whose portrait accompanies our Magazine of this month, was born at Rotherhithe, where his father was a respectable but not affluent tradesman. Being of the Roman Catholic Church, he officiated when a boy as one of the Acolothists at the Sardinian Ambassador's Chapel, and also sung in the choir. His voice was at that time particularly admired by the frequenters of the Chapel for its melody and power; and Mr. Webb, a Gentleman well known to the musical world, remarked his talents, and gave him instructions. Mr. Dignum, however, entertained no idea at that time of making music his pursuit: he wished rather to dedicate himself to the service of religion, and importuned his father to send him to the college at Douay, to complete his education, and fit him for taking holy orders. This plan was however relinquished, and young Dignum was placed on trial under the care of a carver and gilder named Egglesoe, who was at the head of that branch in the house of Messrs. Seddons. Though this situation was by no means suited to his genius, he remained nine months in it, and was on the point of becoming a regular apprentice, when a quarrel between his father and Egglesoe dissolved the connection. Thus it often happens that the most trivial circumstances change the history of a man's life: had Mr. Dignum pursued the occupation of Egglesoe, he might have lived in obscurity, and died unknown beyond the circle of his own family. Chance, however, operated in his favour;

and, whilst he was dubious what occupation to follow, he was introduced to the acquaintance of the celebrated Mr. Linley. That great master of vocal and instrumental music readily perceived the talents of young Dignum, and gave him the most flattering hopes that he would one day become an eminent acquisition to the stage. Thus encouraged, and conscious of his own natural powers, Mr. Dignum artied himself to Linley for seven years. During the two first years of this period, the master bestowed the most indefatigable attentions on his pupil, and would not permit him to sing in public till his judgment was discriminating and correct.

Mr. Dignum made his *debut* at Drury Lane Theatre in October 1783, in the character of Young Meadows, in the comic opera of *Love in a Village*. His figure was indeed rather unfavourable for the part he represented; but his voice was so clear and full toned, and his manner of singing so judicious and masterly, that he was received with the warmest applause. He then appeared in *Cymon*, and again experienced the most flattering approbation. This character has since been given to other hands; but those who witnessed Mr. Dignum's performance of it, have reason to lament that he should have relinquished it. On the removal of Bannister, sen. to the Royalty Theatre, Mr. Dignum succeeded to a cast of parts more suited to his person and voice, which is a fine tenor: amongst others, Hawthorn and Giles. The latter character he has performed this season, in a manner superior to any thing since

the days of Beard, who was its original representative.

As a composer, Mr. Dignum is not perhaps a perfect master of counter point; but he has written several very beautiful melodies, which reflect high credit on the memory of his instructor; and he has also set to music a variety of songs, which are amongst the most popular performances of that kind of the present day. Some of his melodies are particularly pleasing and harmonious; amongst which we recollect, as favourites of the public, *The Maid of the Rock*, *The Soldier encamped on the Coast*, and *Fair Rosalie* \*. He has likewise composed several songs in another style, which have been much commended, particularly, *The Fight of Camperdown*, *The Warlike Sons of Scotia*, *The Fight of the Nile*, *The Fight of the Tory*, *On the Ottoman Porte declaring War against France*, and *On the Projected Union between England and Ireland*. They are all now published; and Mr. Dignum is the Author of the last four, as well as the Composer of the Music. The loyalty of his songs, and the excellence of the music to which they are set, must disarm the shafts of literary criticism; but at the same time we cannot help remarking that we are glad to see Mr. Dignum cultivate the sister arts of music and poetry.

This Gentleman married in 1786 Miss

Rennet, eldest daughter of an eminent attorney in the Temple, and co-heiress to a very considerable property in Hampshire; a lady equally distinguished for the elegance of her manners, and the correctness of her musical taste. Several children have been the issue of this marriage; but they all died in their infancy, except a daughter, who bids fair to inherit the talents of her parents.

Besides his engagement at the Theatre, Mr. Dignum sings during the summer months at Vauxhall Gardens, and contributes much to maintain the reputation of that agreeable place of public recreation. He is also a welcome guest at public dinners, and never fails to augment the harmless stock of pleasure attendant on such meetings. The conviviality of his disposition, and the excellence of his talents, have raised him many friends and admirers, as the crowded benches of Drury Lane, at his benefit, amply testify. But, when it is known that the salary of this actor is only four pounds a week, surely the patrons of theatrical merit must rejoice that the public have discrimination to reward so deserving a servant. He is now preparing for the stage a piece in two acts, which, from his well known judgment and correct taste, can scarcely fail of being favourably received by the public.

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### JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

THE following Notes from this celebrated Character are transmitted by a Correspondent, who copied them many years ago from the originals in Mr. Wilkes's hand-writing. They were written at a period when the prospects of the writer exhibited but a gloomy appearance. He had just then lost the Chamberlainship, and was greatly embarrassed.

Friday, June 18 (1779).

MANY thanks for your obliging note, which I found last night on my return. You will serve essentially a not ungrateful man if you can succeed. I have been treated with cruelty by others, by you

with all kindness. The lady is always ready to do every thing in her power, and is beyond all modern example excellent. Hitherto there is only the single trifling engagement which I mentioned. Every day is of real importance.

Good-morrow.

-----  
Berkeley-street, Mrs. Molineux's,  
Monday, Aug. 16 (1779).

THE poorest of all poor patriots desires his obliging friend will be so good as to send him sealed up a part of the note by the bearer; or, if this does not find him at home, some time in the afternoon, as he calculated upon it, from what passed in Berkeley-street. Give us

\* This melody, from its superior excellence, was long supposed to be the composition of his master Linley; and at a musical meeting, where it was sung, Mr. Linley favoured that idea; but afterwards, on discovering his mistake, he did the most ample justice to his pupil.

*this day our daily bread*, he looks to, without too great anxiety for the future, and determined on a consistent and uniform conduct, to secure the regard of the present age, and the gratitude of posterity.

Good-morrow.

Friday, March 31 (1780).

I HOPE the ticket gave pleasure, my dear Sir, to your friends; I sent it you early.

I congratulate you on the brilliant success in Cambridgeshire, to which I had the happiness of contributing a little. I will give you more particulars when I see you, which I wish to do.

Time comes with healing under his wings to every thing, and I only want a little more time, to be not only what you wish me to be, but have endeavoured to make me, easy and independant. I mean to beg your indulgence for the small note of [*a place torn*], which comes due I believe next Wednesday, for a little while; the critical turn of that season rather distressing me. If you will be so good as to call here before, I will explain this to you, and some other things.

I should be glad to have a line by Sunday's post, if you do not come to town.

My best compliments to Mrs. W—, Adieu.

## HARDWICK.

[ WITH A VIEW. ]

THIS once magnificent structure, which is situated in the county of Nottingham, on the borders of Derbyshire, still retains some of its ancient grandeur. It was built by the celebrated Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. By her three elegant seats were erected, viz. Chatsworth, Old-cotes, and that now under our consideration. At this place Bishop Kennet observes, that "the left the ancient seat of her family standing, and at a small distance, still adjoining to her new fabrick, as if she had a mind to preserve her cradle, and set it by her bed of state. That old house has one room in it, of such exact proportion, and such convenient lights, that it has been thought fit for a pattern of measure and contrivance to the most noble Blenheim. It must not be forgotten that this lady had the honour to be keeper of Mary, Queen of Scots, committed prisoner to George, Earl of Shrewsbury for seventeen years. Her chamber and rooms of state are still remaining at Hardwick; her bed was taken away for plunder in the civil wars\*." He adds, "A carpet embroidered with her needle, and particularly a suit of hangings, now remaining in a chamber at Hardwick, wherein all the virtues are represented in symbolical figures, and allusive mottos; an orna-

ment and a lecture." Here the celebrated Mr. Hobbes died, and was buried in the Church with the following inscription:

Condita hic sunt ossa  
THOMÆ HOBBS MALMESBURIENSIS,  
Qui per multos annos survivit  
Duobus Devonix Comitibus,  
Patri et Filio;  
Vir probus et fama eruditionis  
Domi ferisque bene cognitus.  
Obiit anno Domini 1679,  
Mensis Decembris die 4<sup>8</sup>.  
Ætatis suæ 91.

Though both buildings are kept up, yet neither of them are inhabited, except by servants, and as a hunting seat for his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and some of his friends, occasionally in the hunting season. Mr. Gray, who visited this place in 1762, says, "Of all the places which I saw on my return, Hardwick pleased me the most. One would think that Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half an hour; her gallery, her room of audience, her antichamber, with the very canopies, chair of state, foot-stool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them: a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable; and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter †."

\* Kennet's Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish, p. 68.

† Gray's Works, 4to. p. 292.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Dicam infigne, recens, adhuc  
Indictum ore alio.

HOR.

SIR,  
I HAVE perused with satisfaction the etymological labours of Logophages in your last Month's Magazine. His definition of the word Danger does credit to his ingenuity, and I feel encouraged by your insertion of his learned labours, to hope that you will bestow the same favour upon mine. Many a word has crept into our language, and perhaps concealed itself at first in a corner of some distant county; but soon emboldened by the favourable manner in which it is received, it has extended its influence, and in process of time arrived at the metropolis: this establishes its fashion till some newer favourite usurps its place, and drives it from its intrenchments; for words, no less than fashions, succeed each other in the metropolis in rapid succession, "velut unda supervenit undam."

When any thing extraordinary in art or science is introduced into conversation, with what indignation do I hear people cry, "'Tis very wonderful! I can't account for it!" which is no other than a lazy excuse for not taking the trouble to think about it. How many profitable discoveries have been nipped in the bud by this freezing apathy, and suffered to "waste their sweetness on the desert air," for want of a little common exertion to bring them into notice. Now I make it a rule to account for every thing, and adopt Horace's maxim, "Nil admirari," by leaving nothing to wonder at. Indeed in this study I have been peculiarly fortunate, as by assiduity I have sometimes obtained half a dozen different derivations of the same word, and thus may be said to possess six times the wisdom of an ordinary etymologist.

I have for some time past pondered upon the probable etymology of the word Row: I have watched it from a precarious existence to its present flourishing condition, and shall trouble you with the derivation which I in my great wisdom have ascribed to it. And here I cannot but lament the many egregious blunders which have crept into the works of our best poets by the ignorance of transcribers, the inattention of printers, and

the vanity of commentators. An instance to confirm this assertion occurs in that celebrated scene in Henry the Fourth, in which the Monarch *rowes* the Prince of Wales for the irregularity of his conduct, and concludes with this prophetic exclamation:

"O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
"When that my care could not withstand thy *rowing*,  
"What wilt thou do, now *rowing* is thy care?  
"O thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
"Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!"

Thus stood the text in the former editions, as I am informed from unquestionable authority. In the later ones the word *rowing* is altered to *riot*; but I think the strength of the passage is thereby much impaired. The Editor might have had his eye on Judge Blackstone, who in his Commentaries gives the same explanation to *riot and rout*, though I do not recollect his using the word *row*. But surely, with all due deference to the learned Judge, the modern acceptance of the word *rout* is very different, nor can I think that Shakespeare, however he might have objected to scenes of riot, would have made King Henry lament the depravity of his son in frequenting *routs*, a diversion perfectly harmless and insipid. As to the objection raised by some, that *riot* and *row* cannot mean the same, as they differ in the letters and syllables, I make light of that, and have only, by way of example, to draw their attention to the celebrated *row* in Homer's Iliad between Agamemnon and the Priest of Apollo, when the latter, full of grief and vexation,

"Εἴθ' ἀκύνω παρὰ δῖα πολυφλοίσβεο  
δαλαίσσης,"

Had Homer written in prose instead of verse, he would certainly have metamorphosed πολυφλοίσβεο into πολυφλοίσβες, which I hold to be a sufficient answer to those cavillers who would restrain men in their derivations, by chaining them down

down to letters and syllables: trifles, which a true etymologist always overlooks with contempt.

But the vanity of commentators or transcribers is not the only thing to be complained of. There is, as Mr. D'Iraëli observes, something which the reader must bring with him in perusing a book: judgment and taste are indispensably necessary; and as there are many words spelt alike whose meaning widely differs, the reader ought to observe the context with a diligent eye. Thus the word *read* is written the same in the present and in the past tense. *Fly* may signify a winged insect, or part of a *Jack*. *Jack* itself is sometimes a roaster of meat, and at others a contraction of *John*, a *knave*, a *Japan mug*, or an *instrument to draw off boots*. A *Cat* is used for killing mice, and for keeping toast warm. *Buffon* may denote a *natural philosopher*, a *Merry Andrew*, or a *lady's veil*; while the word *let* signifies both to *bind* and *suffer*; and *vice* may be found alike in a royal palace, or a blacksmith's shop: with a hundred other examples that might be cited. Now, Sir, mark the inference I draw from the above observations: In making the letters R O W signify a *collection of houses or other bodies adjoining each other*, the world has often been completely mistaken; as I affirm, that in numberless places it means *row*, alias *confusion*; of which I will give you a few instances:

In an old English Ballad, written to celebrate the feast given by Robin Hood to the Yeomen of Kent, you will find the following lines:

The goodly porringers so gay,  
All glittering in a *row*.

Is it imagined that the porringers were placed in regular order? No such thing. It means, on the contrary, that both parties, like the Centaurs and Lapithæ of old, *got into a row*, and threw the porringers at each others heads. "Glittering in a *row*," that is, flying through the air in all directions; a noble way of concluding a feast; and which certain clubs of the present day, with a most laudable love of antiquity, continue to practise. Not to mention, that the above lines are almost literally translated from Horace, Book I. Ode 27.

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis  
Pugnare, Thracum est; tollite barbarum  
Mœrem; verecundumque Bacchum  
Sanguineis prohibete xiris.

Another instance occurs in that elegant poem, The Rape of the Lock:

Why round our coaches croud the white-gloved beaux,  
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?

Can any one suppose that the poet meant a tame reference to the order in which the beaux sat? Certainly not. The poet by this forcible expression meant to avail himself of the common poetical licence of taking the effect for the cause, and alluded to the *rows* which the young Gentlemen of his time were fond of promoting in the playhouse. A further testimony in favour of this construction will be found by looking over the first Prologue or Epilogue that comes to hand, wherein the reader will probably find the author, in a strain of pseudo-modesty, deprecating the vengeance of the "row of critics in the pit." To *kick up a row* on the first night of a new play, has ever been such a favourite diversion with those inspired youths, sur-named critics, that we cannot be surprized at finding the poor author protesting against such injurious conduct. I remember, while the Drury Lane Company were performing at the Opera House, these Sages had a separate enclosure (emphatically called a *row*) set apart for them close to the orchestra, and I heartily lament that they do not now possess so valuable a privilege, as without being conspicuous, their merit cannot be properly rewarded; but to return to the subject of my letter.

The observation of Lavater, that the violent passions of the mind are always accompanied by some corresponding motion of the body, is exemplified in the contest of the booksellers in the Dunciad,  
With arms expanded Bernard *row*s in  
state,  
And left leg Jacob seems to emulate.

And is moreover an additional instance of the truth of my hypothesis. A further confirmation of which may be found in the following line, extracted from the same poem,

The distant *rows* are hush'd with mugs  
of mum.

Thus the good-natured fellows of the present day are said to "make up a *row* over a bottle." Nay, Sir, so powerful is my conjecture, that it "crieth in the streets." Paternoster Row is not so called from the order of the houses, but  
from

from being the residence of booksellers (a noisy trade), and many of them producing publications singularly adapted for making a row. Middle Row, Holborn, may take its name partly from the same cause, and partly from its situation; while Butcher Row was formerly, in all probability, the chief resort of butchers, a race of men of acknowledged rowing notoriety.

I will here observe, *en passant*, that the simile in sacred writ and elsewhere, "as joyous as a roe upon the mountains," is evidently mutilated by transcribers, and means "a row upon the mountains;" that is, as free as that state in which men break from the bonds of society, and "live a rent charge upon Providence." Instances of this predilection for savage life are by no means rare; but may be gathered from the writings of the ancients, as well as from the accounts of those whose habitations border on the savage tribes of America.

I will not, Mr. Editor, deny the exultation with which I looked back upon my past labours, and my full confidence that no opponent could destroy the well cemented fabric. But, alas! while thus high in fancied excellence, I met with a publication that in a moment overset my boasted discoveries, and set me again afloat on the ocean of uncertainty. An ingenious antiquary of my acquaintance happened to leave at my house a sort of diary, called "England pervaded, by Hugh Cummings, Gent." It was published, as appears by the title-page, in the year 1687. The work is voluminous, and my evil stars led me to that part of it which describes the voyage of the author from London Bridge to Gravesend, in company with four other men. The following extract I have modernized a little, and shall transcribe: "Now it happened that Richard Brocklesby, Charles Turner, Edward Fisher, Humphrey Cade, and myself, had not gone the distance which one may shoot with an arrow, when we lost our rudder, in despite of our endeavours to the contrary. In this evil plight we agreed to steady the boat by our own skill (under Providence), and Humphrey Cade was to hold his oar out of the water, while Richard Brocklesby, Charles Turner, Edward Fisher, and myself, went warily

on. But it so fell out, that Humphrey Cade, being subdued with strong liquors, insisted upon putting his oar into the water, in despite of our admonitions oftentimes repeated. Whereat we the other four, being vexed, imposed a grievous penalty upon him, no less than making him tug at the oar alone, while we looked merrily on, and lent no aid to our fellow. With which rowing he was so completely exhausted, that out of tender pity, &c. &c."

Thus far Mr. Hugh Cummings; and I must own that I always before thought that in researches like these, "Nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas." This event however altered my opinion, by giving so rude a shock to my darling hypothesis. For is it not obvious, that the above extract explains the expressions "rowing" and "putting in an oar." "Don't put in your oar!" cried a fishwoman the other day in my hearing, addressing herself to a mediating barber; "or egad I'll give you a good rowing."

I immediately supposed that the good woman had perused the diary of Mr. Hugh Cummings, but upon examination I found she could not read. In this doubtful state does the etymology of row at present stand. So equal is the evidence on either side, that I shall not attempt to determine the question, but leave it to the consideration of your readers. I will here take occasion to observe, that the race of rowers is considerably diminished; they no longer flourish as in the Spectator's time; our political rowers are by two late acts of parliament unfortunately silenced, and were it not for the patriotic efforts of a few generous Hibernians, I believe the race would soon become utterly extinct. I shall trespass upon your patience no longer than to repeat my approbation of your Correspondent's etymology of "Danger;" it is at once learned and ingenious, and at the same time so perfectly satisfactory, that although he signs himself *Logopbagos*, I am convinced he will never be driven to the imperious necessity of eating his own words.

I am, &c.

SCRIBLERUS.



## PARALLEL

BETWEEN

## ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND BUONAPARTE.

THE *eclat* of modern Characters make such a forcible impression on many minds, that they scarcely can find words to praise them as they think sufficiently, or models in history to reach their similitude. The rapidity of Buonaparte's victories, and the uncommon eccentricity of his mind, have brought him before the public eye as an object of much admiration; some, no doubt, led to this by the blaze of his general character, and others partly from the *cause* he espoues; and in this enthusiasm of feeling, they will be satisfied with no less a man to compare him to, than *Alexander the Great*.

But they must be little acquainted with the character drawn of the Grecian hero by all his biographers, as well as very regardless of the principal and recent events of Buonaparte's life, to degrade the former by such a comparison; perhaps there is no feature in their characters will assimilate, save ambition—but Alexander's ambition was founded upon *heroic principles*, Buonaparte's upon *intrigue, dissimulation, ingratitude, and personal vanity*.

The following exhibition of the leading traits of both Characters will best support this opinion:

ALEXANDER.

*Fidelity* and *gratitude* were strongly marked in Alexander. He not only rewarded those virtues in his own subjects, but practised them towards captive kings, often accompanied with a liberality that rendered their dominions more extensive than they were before.

BUONAPARTE,

Though educated in an academy at the *expence*, and under the direction, of Louis the Sixteenth; in the very ardour of youth (when the passions of *fidelity* and *gratitude* are generally at the flood), deserted that master—pursued him to the scaffold, and turned his arms against the Religion and Laws of his country.

ALEXANDER.

When Alexander married *Roxana*; if he could not by the powers of persuasion, he could at least by the force of arms, have made her his mistress; yet he nobly obtained from either duplicity or vio-

lence, and sought her affection only in an *honourable manner*. "This action," says Plutarch, "made even the barbarians love and confide in him more than ever, when they saw how continent he was; and that he forbore the only woman he ever was in love with, till he could enjoy her in a lawful and honourable way."

BUONAPARTE,

Though an officer of some rank, and constantly had the words *honour* and *delicacy* in his mouth, married, in the prime of life, *the cast-off mistress of Barras*, apparently upon no other principle but that base and sordid one, of gaining promotion at the expence of his honour.

ALEXANDER.

In the career of Alexander's victories he held out no *promises* which he did not fulfil; nor oppressed the conquered after defeat, except attended with very particular and aggravating circumstances. When he took Porus prisoner, after a hard fought battle, on the banks of the Hydaspes, he asked him how he liked to be treated? "Like a King!" replied Porus.—"And hast thou nothing else to demand?" said Alexander.—"No; in the word King every thing is comprehended." Alexander, so far from being offended with this frankness, suffered him to govern his own kingdom as his Lieutenant, and added to it several provinces, with a considerable number of villages.

BUONAPARTE,

Though called by his partizans the Conqueror of Italy, may truly be called "The Betrayer and Plunderer of Italy;" so far from respecting Kings, the very name was an object of abuse and extermination. Through all the states which he passed, Liberty, Alliance, or an Amelioration of their former Governments, was the language of his Declarations and Manifestoes: but no sooner were the people seduced by those high sounding phrases, than their Governments became subject to the military despotism of his army, and their *exchequers* seized to carry on the system of further Revolutionary Systems.

ALEXANDER.

## ALEXANDER.

Amongst the various prisoners of war taken by this victorious Prince, none have been more the objects of history, nor has set his character in a more amiable light, than his conduct to the unhappy Darius, and the females of his unfortunate family. When he first heard of the captivity of the latter, he immediately dispatched one of his principal officers "to tell them Darius was not dead, and that they need not fear any ill usage from Alexander; on the contrary, that they should find themselves as well provided as ever they were in Darius's most flourishing condition, when his empire was entire." He was as good as his word; he treated these illustrious prisoners according to their rank, their sex, and virtues; gave them liberty to bury whom they pleased of the Persians; allotted them what garments and furniture they thought proper, and allowed them larger pensions for their maintenance than ever they had before. He would not suffer them to hear, or receive, or even so much as to apprehend any thing indecent, or to the prejudice of their honour; "so that they seemed rather lodged in some holy temple, where they enjoyed their privacy sacred and uninterrupted, than in the camp of an enemy." Upon the capture and death of Darius, he behaved with the same dignity and humanity, taking off his own coat to cover the dead body, and afterwards embalming it, that it may be sent to his mother with all the pomp and ceremony suitable to his high quality.

## BUONAPARTE.

What has been the conduct of Buonaparte to his late illustrious captive the Pope? When he first entered the Roman dominions, he addressed that unfortunate Pontiff, both in his letters and manifestoes, with all the appearance of a zealot warmly attached to the cause of religion, and the sacred character of the Head of the Church. Having lulled him with this vile hypocrisy, he proceeded unmolested to Rome; where, under his direction, and by those immediately under his command, the whole civil Government of the Capitol was overturned, by creating mock Consuls, a Senate, &c. composed of French Republicans, under colour of restoring to the unhappy Romans the long lost privileges of their original ancestors. This mockery was scarcely established, when he began by raising heavy contributions on the inhabitants of the whole province, then by

banishing the Cardinals, and seizing upon their effects; and finally giving notice to the Pope, that he must quit his chair and dignity, with all his temporalities, in three days time. The very advanced age and blameless life of this Pontiff, added to the very high respect paid by all Europe, for the space of above fourteen centuries, to his sacred office, one would think would arrest the *ordinary plunderer* (for a few years, perhaps for a few months,) from such gross and unmanly insult. No; a Government of *terror* and *plunder* was to be carried on, and Buonaparte, by his Generals, felt no difficulty in the execution. This venerable old man, dignified by the titles of a temporal Prince and Head of the Catholic Church, at the age of 82, and in the midst of winter, was not only stripped of his all (even to the ring of St. Peter which he wore on his finger as the symbol of his office), but obliged to make forced journeys, to get out of his dominions as fast as possible.

## ALEXANDER.

Though no one knew the dignity of his high situation better than Alexander, in the midst of his love of glory, and the pursuit of it, he shewed a solidity of judgment, and *temperance of expression*, which highly redounded to his honour. He gave no *disparaging account of his enemies*, anticipated no *victories*, nor *spoke of himself in high sounding bombastical language!* If we except his calling himself the son of Jupiter (which perhaps was more on a political than a vain glorious principle), there are many traits of humility in his character very conspicuous, such as his reply to Diogenes the cynic, and the reproofs he submitted to from his Generals and confidants.

## BUONAPARTE

Has been the *bombastical* herald of a *bombastical Government*; anticipating victories which he never obtained, or tried to obtain; now calling his armies, the *Armies of the Ocean*, the *Army of England*, the *Army of Ireland*, &c. &c. armies which he never led in person; and to the only place where others have *dared* to lead them, they have met with disgrace and final overthrow. Even in his last dispatches (perhaps the last that may be ever received from this braggart), and after one of the most decisive defeats which any General ever experienced, he vauntingly exclaims "That fortune only changed, because he had no farther occasion for her services."

ALEX-

## ALEXANDER

Always kept up the ceremonies of the religion he was bred in with punctuality and sincerity himself, and made it respected by the whole of his armies.

## BUONAPARTE

Has a very convenient religion and morality, suited to all situations and purposes. When he wanted to deceive the Pope, he was a *good Catholic*, and a *respector of persons*: when he had him in his power, he was a *heretic* and a *plunderer*: and now that he wants to deceive the Egyptians, he is a *good Mussulman*, and is as piously engaged in celebrating their fetes as he was in celebrating masses in Italy. In short, he is, in a corrupted sense, "All things to all men:" money, and power, and dominion, are to be obtained; and if they cannot be obtained without *fraud*, *violence*, and *apostacy*, Buonaparte is not at all scrupulous about the means.

## ALEXANDER.

This victorious Prince's expedition to India was principally with a view to extend the commerce of his dominions. From the wonderful efforts of the Tyrians in their own defence, when left without any ally or protector, he conceived an high opinion of the resources of maritime power, and of the wealth to be derived from commerce, especially that with India, which he found engrossed by the citizens of Tyre. With a view to secure this commerce, and to establish a station for it, preferable in many respects to that of Tyre, as soon as he completed the conquest of Egypt, he founded a city near one of the mouths of the Nile, which he honoured with his own name; and with such admirable discernment was the situation of it chosen, that Alexandria soon became the greatest trading city in the ancient world; and, notwithstanding many revolutions in empire, continued, during eighteen centuries, to be the chief seat of commerce with India. As he pushed forward into the country, though attended with a fleet and army which were invincible, he protected the rights and properties of the vanquished, secured the rights of sovereignty to most of the Princes, and only drew from this bold and magnificent design that extension of commerce which he thought necessary for the support and aggrandisement of his other dominions.

## BUONAPARTE.

The original object of Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt, and ultimate design on India, was founded on *fraud* and

*injustice*; indeed so much, that even the violent and rapacious character of the Executive Directory of France, with his well known dispositions as the engine of such a Government, found it necessary to conceal this design under the mask of hypocrisy. He therefore gave out, that the sole object of this expedition was to chastise the Beys of Egypt, who were alike inimical to their Sovereign the Grand Seigneur, and the French Government; and, under the greatest professions of friendship and ancient faith to the former, endeavoured to cajole him into a passive reliance on his promises. On his landing, his hypocrisy went still further; he bowed to the religion of Mahomed, and he and his troops assisted in the ceremonies of that Church. But the Grand Seigneur was too well acquainted with the character of Buonaparte before, to suffer so *good-natured a friend* to put his country to such an immense expence, and pass over such a tract of ocean, to chastise his enemies for him by proxy. He claimed that office, when he thought proper, for himself. He therefore has formed alliances of the strongest kind, put his troops in motion, and called upon all his subjects to assist him in repelling so faithless and daring an invader.

## ALEXANDER,

Soon after he reached the ocean, satisfied with having accomplished this arduous undertaking, led his army by land back to Persia. The command of his fleet, with a considerable body of troops, he left to Nearchus, who, after a coasting voyage of seven months, conducted it *safely up the Persian Gulph into the Euphrates*.

## BUONAPARTE

Had scarcely landed in Egypt, when his fleet, one of the greatest and most powerful that perhaps was ever fitted out of France in the meridian glory of its Monarchy, was, by the commanding spirit, the vigilance, and dexterity, of Admiral Nelson, and the brave men and officers under his command, entirely destroyed, and scarce a man left to report the disgraceful tidings of their defeat. As to Buonaparte, instead of finding a friend in the Grand Seigneur, he meets him as his professed and declared enemy, surrounded by a most powerful alliance, whilst he himself is in total want of all those supports, which he had no less extravagantly than fraudulently expected from *fresh dupes* and the *spirit of new intrigues*. When he will return to his

own country, the book of fate has not as yet unfolded; but, judging from existing circumstances, he is likely to pay the price of his *knavery* and *quixotism* in the very land which he ambitiously fought to subdue.

To sum up the two characters:—Alexander, it must be confessed, had a

boundless ambition; but then it was blended with so many virtues, that they in a great measure palliated his lust of dominion.

Buonaparte has a similar ambition for conquest; but it is alternately effected like the conquests of the *hyena* and *tyger*, by *disimulation* and *violence*.

### LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

THE following Letter was lately found amongst the papers of a Lady deceased, and has been transmitted to us by a friend of THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE. It seems to be the letter referred to by the elegant writer in the following postscript to her letter, dated at Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717. (See Lady M. W. Montague's Letters, Vol. I. p. 119.) "I have written a letter to my Lady—, that I believe she won't like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of meer malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the *Anibropophagie*, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her."

TO THE COUNTESS OF B—.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O. S. 1717.

I TROUBLED your Ladyship with a letter from Hanover; in which I wished to be entertaining: but if I failed in your Ladyship's opinion on the part of novelty, I could but please your loyalty in the account of the young Prince\*: and, if I had any doubt of the miscarriage of my letter, I would with pleasure repeat his good qualities again. I am now, my dear Countess, just going to undertake a journey towards *Adrianople*, and hope, in fifteen days, to reach *Peterwaradin*. The rigour of the season terrifies me, and the polite people here have increased my horrors in their de-

scription of *Hungary* out of kindness, to keep me longer amongst them. The reigning Empress took some trouble to persuade me to stay, and intreated me much to take *Vienna* in my return; but I am fatigued with German fashions, and surfeited with civility; and at the same time so truly conjugal, that *honour* and *obey* will be words ever obediently respected by me. But should the fatigue of the journey be equal to what they say, I fear my dear infant † will never be able to support it. The crossing of the Danube carries with it a cold dreary idea; and when I assure you, that no less a General than Prince Eugene confirms this account, I shudder, and would wish to relinquish the undertaking till the return of the swallow. You may be assured my ideas were raised very high at the expectation of an interview with this hero, but the sublime pleasures of imagination are seldom realized in real life: before I saw the Prince, my mind run on nothing but the labours and form of HERCULES; but these notions were lowered by finding him a tame mortal, which convinced me that there is no perfection in human nature.

I hope you are not so extravagant in your demands as many of my friends; they all insist upon descriptions of churches, palaces, fashions, &c. without ever considering, that by continually describing, I make many repetitions; but if my letters are not compared, I may yet hope to pass without censure, and be still thought an entertaining traveller. To write to you, and write nothing about *Vienna*, I fear may give you offence; and to give you the latitude and longitude, will be only telling you

\* Frederick, afterwards Prince of Wales, Father of his present Majesty. He did not come to England until the 4th Dec. 1728.—EDITOR.

† The celebrated Edward Wortley Montague, Esq. See Vol. XXIV. p. 3.—EDITOR.

nothing more than any dull Geographer may do. There is scarce a letter of mine from hence, but what is stuffed with palaces, convents, rivers, &c. and therefore I beg leave to descend from the imperial rooms of princes, and the top of three stories, to tell you, that the cellars in *Vinna* are more curious than their grandest and highest apartments: some houses have absolutely four, one under the other, arched, with one or two pair of stairs, and tubes from the street, to convey air into them. You would be highly diverted here, my dear Countess, in the winter season, when the different branches of the Danube are frozen over, and the ground is covered with snow: the ladies then amuse themselves in sledges, drawn by one horse, adorned with bells, ribbons, and tassels, and vie as much in the tastes of their carriages as in other fopperies: this entertainment, amongst the polite, never begins till the evening, when the servants attend on horseback with flambeaux, and the gallant sits behind the sledge to guide the horse. The belles upon these occasions are generally dressed in velvets, lined with furs, and caps ornamented with fables. But what surprized me

most was to find a *Scotch* convent here, of some small fame and respect; which raised my curiosity much, to know how the Scots became of so much consequence in *Vienna*—which I found was by a *Saint Colman*, of Scotland, who is held in high veneration, and lineally descended from the blood of their Kings; but was murdered by some unbelieving peasants about five miles from this city. But the virtues of this holy man did not end with his life—what think you of his body hanging on a tree upwards of two years uncorrupted; and at the same time performing many miracles in that pendant situation? There are few bodies with such virtues amongst our countrymen, for it is scarce in the power of physic and philosophy to preserve them from putrefaction while alive. I congratulate the Caledonians on the acquisition of this new Saint, but wonder the German crows were so civil to refrain from so savoury a Scotch haggis. Pray don't chide me, my dear Madam, for laziness; for if such *papal* lies will entertain you, you shall never want miracles and prodigies from

Yours, &c.

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## DROSSIANA.

NUMBER CXI.

### ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS.

PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

—A THING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES!

HAMLET.

(Continued from Page 305.)

DR. JOHNSON.

AN Ancient had said long ago, "All secrecy is an evil." Johnson, in his strong manner, said, "Nothing ends more fatally than mysteriousness in trifles: indeed, it commonly ends in guilt; for those who begin by concealment of innocent things will soon have something to hide which they dare not bring to light."

The choice of professions was one day talked of before Dr. Johnson: he said, "Scorn to put your conduct under the dominion of *camers*; and never think it clever to call physic a mean study, nor law a dry one; nor ask a baby of seven years old which way his *genius* leads him, when we well know that a boy of

seven years has *no* genius for any thing except an apple-pie or a peg-top. But fix on some business where much virtue may be got and little virtue risked; follow that business steadily, and not live, as Roger Ascham says the Wits do, "men know not how, and at last die, men mark not where."

This great man gives this testimony of the preservation of the city of London in 1780, by the exertion and spirit of his present Majesty: "The King said in council, that the Magistrates had not done *their* duty, but that he should do *his*; and a proclamation was published, directing us to keep our servants within doors, as the peace was now to be preserved by force."

## DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Dr. Johnson said of this acute and malignant writer, that he was one of the few *gentlemen* writers of whom writers by *profession* had occasion to be afraid. Rochefoucault says, in his *Maxims*, "We have not strength of mind enough to make use of all our reason." Madame de Grignan says better, "We have not reason enough to make use of all our strength of mind."

## DENZEL LORD HOLLES.

This virtuous and intrepid Nobleman was once grossly insulted by the brutal Ireton. He sent him a challenge, which Ireton refused on pretence of conscience fake. Lord Holles immediately took him by the nose, advising him in future to make a conscience not to offer those injuries again which he had not the spirit to redress.

Conscience is as often the plea of the scoundrel as of the honest man. The first applies it, or rather the pretences to it, on particular occasions only; the other, on every occasion, and of course acts with the same degree of virtue in one thing as in another. Sterne says archly, that in particular situations, when a man says such a thing goes against his conscience, suppose rather that it goes against his stomach; and adds, he believes not that man to have a conscience in any thing, who has it not in every thing.

## DR. HARTLEY.

Dr. Johnson, one day observing a friend of his packing up the two volumes octavo of 'Observations on Man,' written by this great and good man, to take into the country, said, "Sir, you do right to take Dr. Hartley with you." Dr. Priestley said of him, "that he had learned more from Dr. Hartley's books, than from any book he had ever read, except the Bible."

With whatever difficulty Dr. Hartley's Theory of Vibrations may be proved, it is (when applied to the æthereal fluid which may pervade the nerves) impossible to be denied. The origin and continuance of human actions is so satisfactorily accounted for by it, and the foundations of morality and religion so broadly and so substantially laid, that one wonders a *precis* of it has not been made for the use of younger minds; and that the elements of that knowledge

(without which all the rest is mere *infanity*) are not taught by the same analytic method, and the same principles of association, which attend other sciences.

"If we consider the second psalm," says the pious and learned writer, "as a prophecy concerning our Saviour (which it certainly is), those Kings and Magistrates who rise up against God and his Christ, intending to shake off the restraints of natural and revealed religion, must expect to be broken in pieces like a potter's vessel: since they will not *kiss the Son, and rejoice before him with reverence, they must expect that he will rule over them with a rod of iron.*"

## BISHOP ATTERBURY

is supposed to have offended Sir Robert Walpole (who was by no means a vindictive Minister) by his violent speeches which he made against him, and the pointed protests which he drew up against him in the House of Lords. Sir Robert offered him five thousand pounds a year (till the see of Winchester was vacant), if he would stay away from Parliament. "How can I do that?" said the Prelate. "Why, pretend to have the gout."—"Alas! Sir Robert, I have too much of that already." This conduct of the Bishop is said to have occasioned his prosecution in Westminster Hall, and his subsequent exile.

## MICHAEL ANGELO

wrote a Treatise on Muscular Motion\*. He wrote but little, though he wrote well. "Writing," says he, in one of his letters, "is extremely tiresome to me; besides, it is not my profession." Michael Angelo used to say, that the artists of his country, who should think fit to imitate him without being him, without having his genius, would become indifferent artists. This observation may be applied to what we have seen take place in our own country on the death of the greatest artist it ever produced. Manner, indeed, in every thing, is to be avoided: a Gentleman should have no manner, an Artist no manner; yet who imitates another must of course imitate that which particularly distinguishes him, and the imitator will always carry it farther than the original inventor. He who takes off the voice and gestures of another, in general caricatures them. It was not, however, in this manner that Virgil imitated Homer, Pope Horace,

\* Bouchardon, the great French Statuary, wrote a Treatise on Muscular Motion.

and Dr. Johnson Juvenal: nor Raphael Michael Angelo: they appear themselves to be the originals.

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MONTESQUIEU.

The Venetians used to be called Paper Faces by the Florentines, to denote their want of spirit and animation. The sagacious Montelquieu says of them, "Their hereditary Aristocracy will render the Government less violent; but as there will be found very little of virtue in it, it will fall into a state of indolence and indifference, which will leave the country without energy and without effort" — "The want of public virtue," says Sir Richard Clayton, in his entertaining History of the House of Medici, "produced that torpidity respecting the public interest or safety, that it fell even without a struggle, on the first appearance of an enemy. It is," adds he, "an awful warning, and ought not to be lost."

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REV. DR. VALPY.

ANECDOTE FROM HIS EXCELLENT  
SERMON ON THE CONSECRATION  
OF THE COLOURS AT READING.

"An American Gentleman, who fills an important office in the United States of America with credit to himself and advantage to his country, seeing, at the opening of the 'Revelations,' this text, "*Blessed is he that readeth, and they that bear the words of this Prophecy,*" he determined to make the experiment. With an understanding fraught with the best stores of universal history, which he had read without prejudice and without partiality, he attentively perused the great work of the *Prophecy*. From that exercise of his faculties he confesses that he has derived the most solid satisfaction, and that promised *blestness* which a firm belief in the power and wisdom, and an humble trust in the mercy and goodness of God can alone bestow."

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SALMASIUS,

in a letter to Abbé Bardelot, speaking of the murder of King Charles the First, says, "I am anxious to know how your Court (that of France) has received the news of the tragedy that has been just represented upon the theatre of England. It affords a striking lesson for Kings, though taught by such abominable masters. Since the beginning of the world I doubt whether such a detestable and horrid action was ever committed. Those that committed it must ever pass

for monsters, instead of men; and, since Europe has once begun to produce them, *Vae Regibus!* Woe to all Kings in whose kingdoms such scenes of iniquity are produced."

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FATHER OUDIN

says, in his Detached Thoughts, "To understand well the style of the Holy Scriptures, a person should begin with reading the Books of Kings. As the subject of them is historical, he will see how the rest of the Sacred Writers are figurative and expressive. He will remark the future and the past tenses confounded, because, in reality, the Hebrews have but one tense in their verbs to signify both the present and the future. It is the sense and the connection of the passage that determines what time is meant. Without being defective in the respect due to the *Vulgate* Translation of the Bible (it is a Catholic who speaks), one may understand by the past what is expressed by the future tense, and *vice versa*. One must be a poet to understand well the Holy Scriptures. A person with difficulty lays hold of their sense, their expression, and their beauties, who has not a poetical imagination.

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EDWARD THE THIRD,  
KING OF ENGLAND.

It is said, that when this Prince joined the arms of France, the *fleurs de lys*, to those of England, he sent Philip de Valois some Latin lines, which begin,  
*Rex sum regnorum binâ ratione duorum.*

Philip answered him by some which begin,  
*Pædo regnorum qui diceris esse duorum.*

Frederick the Second, Emperor of Germany, and Pope Innocent the Fourth, carried on a war for some time by Latin distichs. One of the Emperor's was said to be,

*Roma diu titubans, variis erroribus acta,  
Corruet, & mundi desinet esse caput.*

Rome, trembling long, with errors vast  
overspread,  
Shall fall, no longer of the world the  
head.

The Pope replied,

*Niteris incassum navem submergere Petri;  
Fluctuat, at nunquam mergitur illa ratis.*  
In vain you strive St. Peter's bark to sink,  
The boist'rous waves pass over ev'ry chink.

"It were much to be wished," says the recorder of these lines, "that all the Sovereigns in the world carried on their wars in the same manner: it would be very ridiculous, I confess, but still it would save the properties and the lives of their subjects."

#### GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON

always declared to his friends, how much happier he should have been, had he been brought up to some profession or business, so difficult did he find it to settle his attention to something to which he was not obliged to settle it. Dr. Johnson, in his Life of him, suppressed an anecdote which would have made his memory ridiculous. He was a man rather melancholy in his disposition, and used to declare to his friends, that when he went to Vauxhall, he always supposed pleasure to be in the *next box* to his—at least, that he himself was so unhappily situated as always to be in the *wrong box* for it.

#### FULLER

says in his *Holie Warre*, "I am informed by Mr. Gr. Gibbs, of South Perrott, Dorsetshire (who hath spent much time in these parts), that the Knights of Malta are bound by yows not to flie from the Turks (though one man or one galley to foure) (half which oddes Hercules himself durst not venture on); but if there be *five* to one, it is interpreted widdom, not cowardinesse, to make away from them. Also, if a Christian ship, wherein there is a Knight of Malta, take a Turkish ship, that Knight is bound by his Order to go first on board it." Yet, alas! see now the blessed effects of French gold and of French principles! The holy Island, strong by nature, stronger by art, besieged by a handful of men, without

striking a stroke, or firing a gun, admits as its master, within its walls, the deadliest foes to that religion the Knights of it were sworn to defend, at the risk of their lives, and of every thing that has ever been held sacred amongst the human race.

#### FATHER GERDIL

advises parents not to neglect Religion in the education of their children. "In vain," adds he, "will you endeavour to conduct them by any other plan. If they are dear to you, and if you expect from them either credit or comfort, your happiness and their own must be derived from Religion." It is an observation that an excellent teacher of a public school in Berkshire has constantly made in the course of his very long experience, that he has hardly ever known a boy become a man of virtue and of honesty, unless he had had in early youth a very strong impression of Religion on his mind. He often mentions with pleasure the excellent effect which the serious and solemn office of the Sacrament had once upon the mind of one of his boys that was much exasperated against one of his ushers.

Gerdil says well of Education in general, that it is a very useful art, but one of those that are preparatory and directory, making nothing itself; the fruit and the advantage of it are slow in growth and at a distance. "Education," adds he, "is like the hand of a dial, which is still going on, though the eye does not perceive it; and the parent, who wishes to precipitate the education of his child, is like the foolish person who, to accelerate the motion of the hand of the dial, would destroy the complicated work of it, which has occasioned so much pains and trouble.

## FAITH AND OBEDIENCE.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

**T**HE duties of Faith, and of Obedience to the commands of the Almighty, although generally inculcated in every part of the Holy Scriptures, are in none more particularly elucidated; in none are they brought so home to our feelings, as in the shining example of the Patriarch Abraham; who was chosen by

God to be a light to a people, who were at that time wavering, as their descendants were too apt to do, betwixt the true worship of the Creator and that idolatry, which was by their neighbours the Egyptians derived from the Chaldeans, and transferred occasionally to them; an idolatry, not only repugnant to every principle



principle of religion, but to the dictates of common sense.

To lead this stubborn people into the way of truth, from which they had wandered, Abraham was chosen by the Almighty, because he was not only, in an age when the doctrines of *Faith* and *Obedience* had made but a slight impression upon the human heart, a man who was remarkable for his piety; but because he was also a man the most considerable for his opulence and his learning. The first was displayed in the abundance of his flocks and herds, the riches of those primitive times: the latter, from his having taught the Chaldeans, among whom he formerly resided, arithmetic and astronomy; both of which sciences were probably acquired by him during the leisure which a shepherd's life afforded, from the necessity which impelled him to observe the motions of the heavenly bodies, as they operated upon the weather, in order to secure his flocks and herds from storms, which, in the country where he resided, raged, at particular periods, with terrific violence.

This man, who (as I have observed) was equally opulent and learned, was, with his wife Sarah, settled at Beer-sheba, which is situated upon the border of Palestine, betwixt the desert of Paran and the Mediterranean sea, where, at a very advanced time of life, they had a son born unto them, to whom it will be supposed he had more than even the natural attachment of a father; because, at the period of his birth, it was very improbable, without the miraculous influence of the Almighty, that such a circumstance could have happened.

This son, this child of his old age, the patriarch Abraham nurtured with more than common care, loved with more than common affection. He grew and flourished like the goodly palm tree upon Mount Lebanon, the joy not only of his parents, but of the whole tribe, which was, even then, extremely numerous. He had arrived at that period of life, which is now reckoned the full bloom of manhood, that period of life when every father hopes and expects, in the duty and filial affection of his son, in his regular and exemplary conduct, in his industry and honourable entrance into the world, whatsoever his situation may be, to reap that harvest, the seed of which he has sowed with so much care and toil; the progress of which he has watched with such painful anxiety, and

which he has frequently watered with his tears.

When Isaac had attained the age of twenty-five, the Lord commanded Abraham that he should, upon the mountain of Moriah, sacrifice this his only son, a son so beloved: that he should act directly contrary to the law of nature; contrary to those dictates of love and affection, which God himself, for the wisest and best of purposes, has infused into the bosom of parents toward their offspring. But this was not all! for he was not only commanded to give up his son to an excruciating death, but to slay him with his own hand. What father would not have shrunk and started back from such a command? What good man, especially, would not have been apt to look upon such a revelation as the suggestion of an evil spirit, rather than the command of God? And yet Abraham's faith was not staggered, so as to call the revelation of God in question.

He considered himself, his son, and all he had, as devoted to the Almighty, from whom he and they had received their being, to whom they owed their existence. He knew that in that age a reformation among the people in points of religion and morality was absolutely necessary. He saw that from the plain and practical tenets of their forefathers, they had deviated into new fangled systems; that they had almost abandoned both *Faith* and *Obedience* for the worship of *foreign idols*, which the Chaldeans and Egyptians, who had upon some occasions sought refuge amongst them, had introduced. He therefore, however repugnant to his feelings as a father, as a governor rejoiced, that he had an opportunity of setting an example of his adherence to those principles; it being, as he rightly judged, the only means to restore religion and morality to their ancient purity, such as they were in the times of Noah and Enoch; nay, even in the days of Adam.

This sublime instance of *Faith* and *Obedience*, almost the most eminent upon record, had doubtless its proper effect upon the minds of those people whom it was calculated to strike with awe and reverence. The Almighty, in compassion to the tenderness of a father, spared the victim whom he was preparing to make a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of his tribe. By his angel he commanded him to refrain from laying his hands upon the youth, satisfied that Abraham had,

in the most conspicuous manner, shewn that he feared God; inasmuch, as that he had not "withheld his son, his only son," but had implicitly obeyed the hardest command that it was possible to impose upon a parent.

The blessing that followed this remarkable instance of *Faith* and *Obedience*, is no less remarkable. The race of Abraham was multiplied as the stars in heaven, or as the sand upon the seashore; and it appears that the affection of the patriarch, unquestionably drawn closer by the duty and obedience of Isaac, increased toward that young man, especially as he endeavoured to repay his parents for that care and trouble which had attended his nurture and education, by watching with the most sedulous anxiety over their declining age: and after the death of his mother, his attention becomes still more conspicuous; for, although the patriarch had a large household, and a numerous train of domestics, he, fearful of leaving him, did not even shew that inclination to seek a wife, which, it is natural to suppose, would, had he not by filial attachment been restrained, at his time of life have prevailed.

Abraham, observant of the piety, as well as delicacy, of the motive which impelled his son to remain in a state of celibacy, perhaps also thought that there was another, which in those early, as well as in these latter ages, has had a considerable operation upon the minds of young men, whose rectitude of thought and amiable sensibility have frequently led them to doubt, whether there was in the manner of education and mode of thinking among the generality of the female sex, that security for domestic happiness that might be wished.

It has ever been too much the custom in the education of the fair sex to consider them as a race of beings inferior in those properties of mind, which lead to the attainment of those higher principles that have adorned and dignified the male part of the human species; and consequently, to treat them as if by God and Nature they only were designed to be the toys and playthings of an idle hour. This was formerly, and still is, the custom that prevails over the whole of the Eastern world; and, perhaps, from its prevalence hath originated that depression of feminine genius, which, forbid in those parts to soar to the heights of learning and piety, spreads itself in vanity, in those kind of mere external

accomplishments, which, although perhaps not to be entirely neglected, in order occasionally to strew with flowers the rugged paths of life, are by no means so necessary as to demand the whole of a young female's time and attention.

Whether amongst the damsels of Canaan, this propensity predominated: whether the maidens of Gerah and Beersheba, though beautiful as the Idumean rose and the Mesopotamian lily, were still too conscious of their attractions, is uncertain: whether they dedicated the greater part of their time to dress, to the adornment of their persons, and did not bestow the same attention upon the cultivation of their minds, is now equally unknown; but it is certain, that the patriarch Abraham, when he seriously turned his thoughts toward the establishment of his beloved son Isaac, looked far, far beyond the limits of Beersheba, or even Gerah; far, far beyond the habitations of the virgins of the plain on which he dwelled, or even those of the daughters of the Canaanites, of those opulent men whose flocks and herds almost covered the mountains in the vicinity.

He therefore turned his thoughts toward Mesopotamia, the country in which he had formerly lived, and towards a virgin, in the praise of whose virtue and piety fame had been loud in her report. Who was also of his own family: namely, towards Rebekah, the daughter of Bethuel, who was descended from Nahor his brother, who at that time resided in the house of her father; and because, as the patriarch was now a widower, and, as the Holy Scripture expresses it, "well stricken in years," and consequently wishing for a continuation of that aid, comfort, and support, which he had long derived from the care and affection of his son Isaac, he was reluctant to suffer him to take such a journey as would be necessary for him to see, and to obtain the damsel, of whose mental and personal attractions fame had, as has been said, made so advantageous a report.

He, in consequence of this reluctance, delegated this important trust to Eliezar, a man who was his elder servant, who governed his household with an authority and power but little inferior to his own, and who, with a solemnity such as the occasion demanded, and under the sanction of an oath, promised to do that which his lord commanded.

Nothing can give to us a higher idea of the importance of the commission thus entrusted

entrusted to Eliezar, and of the love and affection of Abraham towards his son, than the solemnity of the scene that passed between the patriarch and his servant upon this occasion; nor perhaps present a stronger picture of the disgust which he had conceived at the manners of the daughters of the Canaanites, than that which the adjuration alluded to exhibits.

"I will make thee swear," says Abraham, "by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of earth, that thou shalt not take a wife to my son among the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell!" The servant, putting his hand under the thigh of his master, which, it appears, was anciently the mode of giving additional weight and solemnity to an oath, "sware to him concerning the matter." He accordingly, with an equipage suitable to the occasion, consisting of ten camels, and a numerous train of domestics, who were to escort him over the deserts, and also furnished, as is the Eastern custom, with a variety of rich presents for the parents and for the intended bride, departed toward the city in which she dwelled.

Even in those early ages, in Mesopotamia, and other parts of Syria and Arabia, piety and charity had combined to cause the erection of conduits in every situation favourable to the attempt which those parched and sandy deserts afforded, many august vestiges of which are still to be seen, particularly in the vicinity of some of the ruined and dilapidated cities, of which those regions afford, alas! too many specimens. At one of these conduits Eliezar stopped; knowing that he was near the place of his destination, and that the daughters of the inhabitants of the adjacent city came there every evening to draw water, which they carried in earthen pitchers, or rather vases, upon their shoulders to their several dwellings.

While he was in this situation, contemplating upon the purport of his journey, a train of virgins approached. He gazed upon them, and to one whose beauty shone superior to the rest, he addressed a request that she would suffer him to drink a little water out of her pitcher; a request, which she not only with the greatest benignity complied with, but drew water for all the camels.

The astonishment of Eliezar, to behold elegance and humility so blended, made him, while he almost feared to inquire, anxiously hope that this might be the virgin to whom his lord had directed

him: he therefore took a golden ear-ring and two bracelets from his store of presents; and, whilst he was placing the latter upon her wrists, interrogated her, saying, "Whose daughter art thou?" And when she with great modesty informed him that she was the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah, which she bore unto Nahor, the man bowed his head to the earth, and ejaculated his fervent thanks to the Almighty, that the purport of his errand was accomplished.

It will in the course of this short story be observed, that there is an artless innocence in the character of Rebekah, which renders her highly interesting and truly amiable. Her hospitality is also no less conspicuous; for, unconscious of the reason which induced him so particularly to inquire concerning her, she invited him to her father's house, informing him, that they had not only lodgings sufficient for himself and servants, but straw and provision for his camels: nor in the sequel is her delicacy less to be remarked than her modesty in the preceding part of the story; for when it was impossible but she must have guessed his intention, we find she shrunk from the compliments which he made her, and retired.

During her absence, Eliezar made proposals for a union betwixt Isaac and Rebekah to her father and brother; proposals to which, upon being called in, with the same modest diffidence which had distinguished her, she at length acquiesced; and, as the Lord had ordained, in a very short space of time, left the dwelling of her parents, and departed toward that of her intended husband.

Isaac, it appears, having had an intimation of her journey and approach, went out to meet her; of this Rebekah was informed, and "she lift up her eyes and saw him," upon which she instantly alighted from her camel, having first covered herself with her veil.

The impatience of Isaac to behold his intended bride, will be much easier conceived than it can be expressed: words are too weak to convey the sensations of two virtuous hearts in such a moment of sensibility. It will be sufficient for my purpose to state, that she showed no other reluctance to become his wife, than that which is the concomitant of virgin modesty. He led her to that which had been his mother Sarah's tent: in a short time their nuptials were celebrated; they, through a long period of existence, loved

each other with the purest affection; and this part of the story concludes with an instance, which shews that the maternal piety of Isaac was equal to his filial obedience; for it appears, that it was only in the company of Rebekah he met with consolation for the sorrow which his mother's death had implanted in his bosom.

From the contents of the preceding pages some inferences may be extracted, which may be brought home to our feelings and sentiments, which may at all times be rendered useful, and particularly at the present, when I fear an almost universal laxity of principle prevails; when a set of men have arisen, who have called *themselves* philosophers, but who seem by their actions and their writings to have formed a systematic design to exterminate Religion and Morality; and have therefore, in a variety of efforts, under different forms and modes, endeavoured to sap the very foundations of *Faith* and *Obedience*, of *duty* and *affection*, in and to our *Maker*, our *Monarch*, our *parents*, and our *Superiors*: knowing that if they could by any means underwork those goodly pillars, which are, and have for many ages been, the firm supports of our constitutional fabric, the whole building, venerable for its antiquity, still more venerable for having arrived as near to perfection as it is possible for the efforts of human hands to effect, for the work of human judgment to attain, must fall to the ground; must crumble into atoms; and in its fall and dissolution involve us all in extensive and undistinguishing ruin.

To guard my countrymen from such destruction, to warn them against the nefarious doctrines and practices of those "wolves in sheep's cloathing," which the downfall of an immense empire, the crimes and misfortunes of an immense body of people, has, with the assistance of *native* incendiaries, introduced amongst us, it is necessary to recur once more to the preceding pages: it is necessary again, in order to enforce the doctrines of Faith and Obedience to the Almighty, to observe, that the most conspicuous instance of their operation was exhibited by the patriarch Abraham. It is necessary also to remark, that his Faith and his Obedience were those of an illuminated mind; that they arose from his superior knowledge of the mercies of God extended to every branch of the creation, to every being, and to every thing human, animal, and vegetable; and his reliance upon

his providence for that support and protection, which, as he received from God, he was, as his vicegerent, ready to afford to his family and dependants.

Having thus considered Abraham in the light of the faithful and obedient servant of God, it will be right next to view him in the light of a King or Governor over a great people; and here the instance which he had given of his *Faith* and *Obedience* toward the Almighty, met with its reward, and shewed him, in the trust which his subjects reposed in all his measures, the deference they paid to his judgment, and the ready obedience which followed his commands, that he was politically as well as religiously right, in having stimulated them to these, which may be called the highest flights of virtue, by his example. He, and consequently his people, were no less rewarded by the prosperity that attended their affairs, the increase of their numbers, and of their riches, and the extension of their dominions, until they became, as had been promised, multitudinous "as the stars in the heavens, or the sand upon the sea-shore."

The necessity of *Faith* and *Obedience* with respect to the Almighty, and of that Obedience which is due to a Sovereign, which is so strongly connected with them, having been discussed; it will be proper, before I conclude, to infer, from what has been stated with respect to Isaac, that that duty which we owe to our parents is inferior only to that which by every tie of nature, and every dictate of religion, we are bound to pay to God, and that the son of Abraham is an eminent instance placed by the side of his father, to shew the effect of this virtuous propensity upon his life and actions, a propensity which through the whole of his character is conspicuous, as a slight revision of his story will strongly elucidate.

In the first great instance, we do not find, even when he understood he was the lamb to be sacrificed, that he made any resistance, but was ready to lay down his life in *obedience* to his father's command, whom he considered as the vicegerent of the Almighty. This was certainly carrying the principle of *obedience* as far as it was possible to carry it; and perhaps it will, in this age, be deemed further than was absolutely necessary: but it must be considered, that in those ancient times, among a people who were too apt to deviate, such an example was for the wisest and best

purposes, intended by the Almighty to have a great and striking effect, as was the whole of the conduct of Isaac in the subsequent part of his life. We, in pursuing the thread of his story, see the same features of duty and affection to his parents predominate; they again become conspicuous at the period of his marriage with Rebekah, who was the choice of Abraham: and these impressions of *Faith* and *Obedience*, which the example of his father and the virtues of his mother had made upon his mind, were not eradicated during the remainder of a long and active life.

For these principles, for the just performance of the religious, moral, and filial duties, the Lord blessed Isaac; "And he waxed great, and went forward, until he grew very great; for he had the possession of flocks, and the possession of herds;" so that he became the envy of all the people around him. Yet still, notwithstanding their machinations, the Lord protected him, and appeared unto him, and said, "I am the God of thy father, fear not! for I am with thee, and will bless thee, and multiply thy seed for my servant Abraham's sake!"

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### J. J. ROUSSEAU.

SOME doubts having been entertained concerning the circumstances of the death of this extraordinary man, we present our readers with the following testimony of his widow, extracted from No. 272 of the Journal de Paris.

2d Messidor, 6th Year of the French Republic.

20th June, 1798.

I HAVE already laid before the public some positive details respecting the character and death of J. J. Rousseau. The following is a letter addressed to me by his wife, in whose arms he breathed his last. My impartiality, and the desire which I entertain in common with my readers to develop the whole truth, impel me to publish it without any alteration.

CORANCEZ.

Plessis-Belleville, 27 Prairial, 6th Year of the French Republic.

15th June, 1798.

CITIZEN,

THE account which you have published respecting the death of my husband, founded on some discourse which you state to have heard at an inn, has given me just cause of affliction. That death is at this moment, and will continue while I live, fresh in my memory; and I am still able to describe all the circumstances which attended it. But before I proceed farther, you must receive from the widow of your friend the double reproach of having too long forgotten her, and of not consulting her before you wrote concerning him.

On the day of my husband's death, which was not the 2d but the 3d of July, 1778, he rose at his usual hour; but he did not go out that morning. He intended, however, to go to give a lesson of music, for the first time, to the elder Miss Girardin. With this intention he made myself, or the servant, get ready the different articles necessary for dressing himself. We sat down to breakfast; but he would eat nothing. He had dined on the preceding evening at the castle of Emmonville, and, whether it was owing to overloading his stomach or not, he felt himself indisposed on his return. As soon as breakfast was over, he told me that the lock-smith, who had put the doors of our place in a serviceable state, had demanded payment. I went out to carry his money to him; I returned before ten, and was ascending the stairs, when I heard the plaintive cries of my husband. I rushed into the room, where I found him lying on the floor. I called aloud for assistance, but he desired me to refrain, saying, that as I had returned myself, he had no occasion for any other person. He then begged me to shut the door, and to open the windows. Having done so, I assisted with all my strength to put him to bed. I caused him to take a few drops of *l'eau de Carmes*. It was himself that poured out the drops. I then proposed that he should take a clyster; he at first refused; but on my insisting a little, he gave his assent. I administered it according to the best of my ability. When it began to operate, he came out of bed without my assistance, and went into the water-closet. I went after him, however, and took hold of

his

his hands. At the moment when I thought him sufficiently relieved, he fell forwards on the floor with such force as to throw me down. I rose up, and cried loudly for help; the door was shut. M. de Girardin (not Madame Girardin), who had a pass-key for our apartment, entered. I was covered over with the blood which flowed from the wound in my husband's forehead. He expired with my hands clasped in his, and without speaking a word.

I solemnly declare to you, to my fellow-citizens, and to posterity, that my husband died in the manner which I have now described. He did not take poison in a cup of coffee; nor did he shoot himself through the head with a pistol.

A very short time after my husband's removal to Ermenonville, he began to entertain fears from his continuing to reside there; and communicated them to me, in order to convince me of the necessity of our returning to Paris. Groundless as they appeared to me, I shall never forgive myself for my obstinate persistence in remaining at Ermenonville. Tears stream from my eyes at the remembrance of it. The earnest intreaties of M. de Girardin, who often begged on his knees that I would not consent to his return to Paris, and the necessity of paying over again the enormous expence which attended our removal, have appeared to me but feeble excuses since his death.

No sooner was my husband dead, than, forgetful of all he had said to me, I abandoned myself to the direction of the man [M. Girardin] who earnestly requested the management of my affairs. I gave him all the ready money in the house. I permitted him to take possession of his manuscripts on Botany, his musical pieces, and every article of our property.

With the rapidity of an eagle in its flight, this man hastened to Geneva, and, without ever consulting me, without allowing me time to recover myself, disposed of all my effects for bills of exchange, which were never paid to me, but which I have since negotiated for an annuity for life.

I ought not to omit informing you, that the money which I gave him, on

condition of maintaining me for the remainder of my life, has been repaid to me in assignats.

To the widow of your friend—the widow of Jean Jacques Rousseau—there remains no other source of subsistence, than a small life-rent from some private persons at Geneva, which is but ill-paid, and a pension of 1500 livres, granted by the nation, but which is five years in arrear, and is now placed in the list of the pensions and annuities of the great book. She lives in a cottage, destitute of almost every thing.

I conclude with requesting that you will remember me to your spouse.

MARIA THERESA LEVASSEUR,  
Widow of J. J. Rousseau.

EXTRACT FROM NO. 318 OF THE  
JOURNAL DE PARIS.

18th Thermidor, 6th Year of  
the French Republic.  
5th August, 1798.

Answer of Citizen Rene Girardin, to those passages which allude to him, in a Letter from the Widow of J. J. Rousseau, inserted in No. 272 of the Journal de Paris.

ROUSSEAU's widow was left, at the death of her husband, with an annuity of 300 livres, payable by Michael Rey, bookseller in Amsterdam.

My exertions procured for her, in addition to this sum, 1st. 1200 livres of yearly interest, upon a capital of 24000 livres, produced by a general edition of Rousseau's Works, and vested in the funds of the typographical society of Geneva.

2dly, From 3 to 4000 livres of ready money, the produce of various articles.

3dly, 700 livres of yearly interest, upon a capital of 14000 livres, which she voluntarily left in my hands, but which she afterwards forced me by her pressing solicitations, and in consequence of a deed of assignment executed before Gibert, notary at Plessis Belleville, on the 6th April 1792, to make complete payment of, to Citizens Bally and Duval.

RENE GIRARDIN, the Elder.

## THE WANDERER.

NO. VIII.

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva :  
 Nos patriam fugimus : tu Tityre lentus in umbrâ  
 Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.

VIRG.

Arrived in town, we wisely change the scene,  
 Nor boast our greatness on the village green.  
 Not so Arator : from the rural throng  
 The rough Dictator brings his Plough along ;  
 With Fives and Cricket sooths his uncouth fancy,  
 And London Beauties flights for Village Nancy.

**I**N the various circles of society which men frequent for the purpose of mutual information and amusement, no topic is more generally discussed than the pleasures and pains of a country life. It is allowed on all hands, that pastoral life exists not among us at present, as described by Theocritus and Virgil : princesses do not now recline on beds of violets, tending sheep with a crook in their hand ; nor do the sons of Kings keep cows, though that is a kind of duty to which some modern philosophers would confine them. But there is still an opinion generally prevalent, which makes the country the seat of innocence and honesty, while the opposite qualities of knavery and profligacy, vanity, and avarice, are universally ascribed to large cities.

Being in a remote part of the country about five months in every year, I have an opportunity of viewing both sides of the question ; and, whether it proceed from partiality or conviction, certain it is, I could never bring myself to adopt the reigning opinion ; but have thought, that in the balance of virtues and vices, the country at least comes in for its share. In the small villages I do not find the ladies leis' given to scandal than they are in the metropolis : the rural ploughman may vie in obstinacy and brutality with the carman of London : many an intrigue have I noticed on a village green that might have done honour to a London Lovelace ; and the honesty of the horse dealer in Smithfield is at least upon a par with that of the farmer who disposes of his cattle at a statute fair. It cannot be denied, that there are certain failings which arise entirely from circumstances, and which consequently appear either in town or country, as occasion calls them forth ;

thus many a sober youth escapes from the ruinous habit of betting on race-horses, because there is no race ground in his neighbourhood ; servants do not ruin themselves by insuring in the lottery, because they have no lottery to insure in ; and so on. But I must contend, that where there is room for their operation, vices and follies figure away as successfully in the country as in London ; and, among others, vanity holds a very conspicuous place.

Vanity indeed seems in some sort inseparable from the country, which may be accounted for in various ways. In the first place, the rural coxcomb is not, as in London, mortified and excelled by numerous competitors. His merit (in whatever it consists), if it at all rises above the level of his boorish neighbours, is at once conspicuous ; the rough angles and asperities of his character are both obvious and obtrusive ; whilst, on the other hand, the man who frequents polished circles learns both to bear and forbear ; to check his applause of what he thinks excellent, and disguise his detestation of what he considers ridiculous. Every man who is in the habit of mixing with the world, must occasionally have met with these Dictators from the Plough, who seem determined to remain "the same rough sons of Nature that Nature left them," who express an idiot wonder at every object that is not exactly parallel to the plane of their comprehension ; and who, making ridicule the test of wit, have no other method of shewing their wit than by making themselves ridiculous.

I have been led into this train of reflection by a visit I lately received from my friend Clement Atall, whom (my readers may not recollect) I introduced to their acquaintance in a former number.

He.

He now, with ludicrous earnestness, lamented to me his misfortune in being pestered by the vulgar affiduities of two strange damfels, who do him the honour to call him cousin, which is a term of general use in the country, and indiscriminately applied to every one whose immediate relationship cannot be ascertained. Mr. Atall, it seems, was a few nights ago gallanting a young lady of fashion in a front box at Drury Lane Theatre: he might at the moment be playing with her fan, commenting in his free manner upon the merits of the performers, *quizzing* his neighbours, and in short considering himself a gentleman of no inconsiderable importance in the fashionable world; when, on a sudden, his eyes were attracted by two females in the pit, arrayed in scarlet spencers and sky-blue hats, who no sooner "caught his eye" (to use a parliamentary expression), than they both at one moment exclaimed, "Laud! if there is'nt our cousin Clement!" with a shrillness only to be equalled by the repugnance with which it was received. Poor Clement, who would as willingly have witnessed "the resurrection of his father to disinherit him," was obliged to recognize them, and much gracious nodding and smiling passed on both sides: nor was this all; not content with talking louder than the actors, the young ladies insisted upon their usual ceremonial of *flaking hands*, which could not be accomplished without much stretching on both sides, to the unspeakable mortification of Mr. Atall, and the infinite diversion of a large part of the audience. The *Quizzer* was now *quizzed* in his turn: the young lady by his side complimented him with great gravity upon his generosity in stretching forth his hand to two damfels in distress, and an allusion to the fable of the Fox and the Goat contributed to lighten his confusion. The village damfels were quite unconscious of this, though Clement informed me, that at the time he wished them both in a much lower pit than that of Drury Lane.

It were needless to multiply instances of this nature: the town swarms with them, and every man's experience enables him to record an instance as ridiculous, though perhaps not quite so offensive, as that exhibited by the notorious Arator:

Arator is the idol of his village associates: he can bear more wine than any of his neighbours, smokes his pipe most pertinaciously, and moreover, manics

admirably the creaking of a door on its hinges. These talents have gained him so much applause in the country, that, availing himself of a contested election, he determined to take a peep at London, that so such genius might not be lost to the world. Arator however, in the hurry of vanity, did not reflect, that in London drinking, smoking, and imitating the creaking of a door (though undoubtedly great efforts of genius), are not the only steps to eminence. In a mixed party, at a friend's house, I occasionally stumble upon this unpolished diamond, and am sometimes diverted and sometimes vexed at the eccentricity of his conduct. It seems, the sexton and blacksmith of his village are at variance, in consequence of which we are regularly entertained with a particular account of the origin and progress of the dispute, related with as much pomp as the historian would recount the battles of the Houses of York and Lancaster. When we have sufficiently wondered at the broils of these worthy Gentlemen, we are entertained with anecdotes of the Club at the Red Lion, their method of repairing the weathercock, the quarrel between Mrs. Patten and Mrs. Cloggit in the Grocer's shop, with other topics of equal importance. But it seems this young Gentleman is not the only great man of the village; he divides the throne with one Humphrey Barnes, another great man, whose father keeps the aforesaid Red Lion. I have always thought it quite sufficient when one of these little great men is in company; but when they both happen to meet, adieu to all conversation, save what tends to the elevation of their mighty selves. Their adventures, like those of *Æneas*, are always prefaced with "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" It is also observable, that in any feat of village greatness Humphrey is sure to appeal to Arator for a confirmation of it; and when Arator is entangled in his own greatness, he refers to Humphrey for assistance: thus, like two swindling tradesmen, each draws a bill of applause, which the other finds it his interest to accept. Now, though there is no vice in conduct like this, there is certainly much vanity and impertinence; and as I cannot hope to see them reclaimed by any admonition which an humble inhabitant of London is able to offer, yet the following anecdote from a foreign land may possibly tend to destroy their vanity, and consequently diminish their absurdity.



"A traveller, passing through the city of Burgos in Spain, was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. What! replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius, or the ingenious Mogufius? one the eye, and the other the heart of our Univerfity, known all over the world. Never, cries the traveller; but pray inform me what Brandellius is particularly remarkable for? You must be very little acquainted with

the Republic of letters, says the other, to ask fuch a queftion. Brandellius has written a moft fublime panegyric on Mogufius. And, prithee, what has Mogufius done to deferve fo great a favour? He has written an excellent poem in praife of Brandellius. Well, and what does the public, I mean thofe who are out of the Univerfity, fay of their mutual compliments? The public are a parcel of blockheads, and all blockheads are critics, and all critics are fpiders, and fpiders are a fet of reptiles that all the world difpifes."

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CASE ON DR. CLARKE'S SERMONS;

WITH

THE OPINION OF LORD MANSFIELD.

(FROM THE PAPERS OF AN EMINENT SOLICITOR.)

MAY } DR. Samuel Clarke, late  
1729. } Rector of St. James's,  
died, leaving feveral MS. Sermons, which he had occasionally preached to his congregation.

OCTOBER } Messrs. John and Paul  
1729. } Knapton purchafed of the Doctor's widow and executrix, the copy-right of printing thefe Sermons, for which they paid her 1000l. and ſhe made a regular affignment of her whole copy-right and intereſt to Meſſrs. Knaptons, their executors, &c. for ever.

Meſſrs. Knaptons have ever ſince printed theſe Sermons without interruption, and no attempts have been made to pirate upon them till very lately, when Mr. Knapton received information that certain bookſellers in Scotland intended to print an impreſſion of Dr. Clarke's Sermons.

Meſſrs. Knaptons, being acquainted with theſe perſons, wrote to them upon the ſubject, and repreſented how great a prejudice ſuch an infringement upon their property would be to them.

In answer thereto, the bookſellers in Scotland rely upon it, that authors and bookſellers have no property in copies but what is given them by the act 8 Ann. c. 19. and the time given thereby for the continuance of property being expired, the copy becomes the right of the public, and every one, after that time, is at li-

berty to print any book or copy, as he pleaſes.

Meſſrs. Knaptons would willingly maintain their property, if they can do ſo by law; but are unwilling to engage in a ſuit, unleſs there is a reaſonable proſpect that they may finally ſucceed.

N. B. Before the act 8 Ann. c. 19. it was a received doctrine among bookſellers, that they had a perpetual property in their copies, whether bought of the author, or of one another, ſo that the title to ſuch their property was entered in the register book of the Stationer's Company; and this copy of Dr. Clarke's Sermons was duly entered in the Company's register before publication.

Your opinion therefore is deſired,

Whether Meſſrs. Knaptons, under the act of 8 Ann. c. 19. or otherwiſe, have now any, and what right or property in the copy of Dr. Clarke's Sermons; and if the bookſellers in Scotland ſhould print them, whether Meſſrs. Knaptons can any ways, and how, prevent them therein, or obtain a ſatisfaction for their doing ſo.

I AM of opinion that the property of authors, and conſequently of thoſe deriving under them, is not given, but better ſecured by the 8 Queen Ann. c. 19. for a limited term. Upon this principle the Court of Chancery grants injunctions whether the book be entered or not, and

and the term limited in the act be expired, of which there are several instances; this they have passed without great litigation.

I think the law must be the same in Scotland, and the Court of Session has the same equitable jurisdiction in this matter which the Court of Chancery exercises here. But the question is quite

new there: I have never heard of above one case in which it had been agitated; and therefore I should think it prudent to make the precedents first in cases clearly within the act; these Sermons being published in 1729, after the death of the author, are not within it.

W. MURRAY.  
28th Nov. 1747.

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THE  
LONDON REVIEW,  
AND  
LITERARY JOURNAL,  
FOR DECEMBER 1798.

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QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

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The German Miscellany: consisting of Dramas, Dialogues, Tales, and Novels: Translated from that Language, by A. Thomson, Author of "A Poem on Whist," "The Paradise of Taste," &c. Perth, printed by R. Morison, jun. for R. Morison and Son; and Vernor and Hood, Birchin-lane, London, 1796.

THE Literature of Germany seems for some time to have taken the lead among the nations of Europe; and, while the studies and serenity of her powerful neighbour are interrupted by the din of arms and the capriciousness of despotism, she seems likely to maintain her superiority. The French indeed have always exhibited too vain and volatile a character, to be expected to make any considerable progress in the severer labours of the mind; and even in works of mere fancy and invention, their compositions have been more generally marked by vivacity and gaiety, than by sound sense and useful knowledge. In this, as well as in originality of thought, the Germans have commonly surpassed them; and while La Fontaine and Voltaire excite a momentary amusement, we peruse the pages of Gesner and of Klopstock with repeated delight and veneration.

Under these circumstances, a judicious selection from the works of German Authors must always be an acceptable

present to the English reader. Nor has this fruitful field lain uncultivated: Poems, Romances, Letters, Histories, written in the German Language, have assumed, and are every day assuming, an English dress; nor does our diligence confine itself to modern compositions only; the shelves of the learned are ransacked for the discoveries of former days; and Leuwenhoek, that celebrated Naturalist, so long and so justly admired for his microscopic discoveries, but hitherto hardly known as a writer beyond the limits of his own country, is shortly to be introduced by the taste and learning of Mr. Samuel Hoole, to embellish and improve our English libraries.

The Work we are now considering is only a brief specimen of what is farther intended, if this should prove acceptable to the public. It is prefaced by a modest advertisement, in which the Translator justly observes, that if the pieces have merit, it will speak for itself; if they have none, it is vain to speak for them. He premises only, that, supposing

the present selection to be favourably received, he has a sufficient store of original pieces by him, to furnish several volumes of the same entertainment.

The Compositions contained in the Book before us, which is a thin octavo, are a kind of drama, called *The Indians in England*, by President Kotzebue:—*The Nutshell*, a tale, from Meissner:—*Sketches*:—In what Language should an Author write:—and *Bianca Capello*, a dramatic narrative, both from the same Work:—*The History of Lamberg*:—and *The German Theatre at Venice*, a true anecdote.

With respect to the drama, though it contains a great deal of good sense and moral observation, and might, for ought we know, be very delightful to a German auditory, it must appear very improbable and incorrect to a British reader or spectator. The Author blunders, not for want of general knowledge of the workings of the human mind, but from an injudicious choice of the scene in which he has chosen to display his characters. If indeed he has ever been in this country, he has only viewed it with the eyes of a foreigner: he has even adventured to pourtray an English sailor; a character so original, and at the same time so fleeting in its nicer peculiarities, that even the immortal Congreve's masterly delineation of it is thought too coarse a drawing for the archetype, as it appears in modern times. As to the rest, that the exiled Nabob of Mysore should live unknown and unsuspected in a sea-port town, and should be willing to quit the faith of his forefathers, when he was no longer young, for the sake of Lydia, the beautiful daughter of a decayed merchant; and that Gurki, his daughter, however stored with good sense, should be able, in the extreme simplicity of youth, to assume the vivacity and liberty acquired by an European education; that Stuff and Strussel, two notaries, should fall to siticuffs upon the stage (throwing off their hats and wigs) about the priority of right to draw up a marriage contract; and that Samuel, a surveyor of the customs, should, from extreme caution, employ two lawyers to make this contract, without allowing them any communication with each other; are improbabilities which will hardly be relished either on the stage, or in the closet. The character of Lady Smith, the proud wife of Sir John, of German extraction, is however delineated with accuracy and animation. Mr. Kotzebue

had probably many originals before his eyes in his own country, from which his copy might be taken; and he has availed himself skilfully of the advantage.

*The Nutshell* is an agreeable tale, in the manner of some of those short stories, which have been told with such success in *The Spectator*, *The Guardian*, *The Rambler*, and *The Adventurer*. It is longer than our usual limits will admit, and we shall only mutilate it by extracts. Perhaps it may be capable of such an abridgement as will exhibit all the more interesting facts without intrenching upon our established practice.

#### THE NUTSHELL.

Slight and almost infinitely slender are the threads of the spider, or the web of the silk worm; but infinitely more slender are those threads by which the fates of mankind are connected and entangled. This truth was long overlooked by our writers of novels and romances; and even now it cannot be superfluous to relate the story of a young man, who was brought to infamy and ruin by a nutshell.

Berndorf was a youth of ardour and sensibility, with the purest principles of religion and probity; the most honourable of men towards his friend, and towards his mistress; for both of whom he would have sacrificed, upon a proper occasion, both his fortune and his life.

He was returned from the University of Gottingen, with a head full of philosophy, and a heart still fuller of enthusiasm for all that was fair and good. In a town such as D—, for the embellishment of which Nature had produced so many charming girls, it was impossible for a heart so tender as Berndorf's to remain long un subdued. Two nymphs strove for its dominion, and he hesitated a considerable time between them. Amelia Mildau, fair, gentle, young, and rich, with faultless manners and unblemished reputation, contended for the prize with Julia Hilmer, equal in fortune, much fairer, but less amiable, mild, and good. The one allured by her sweetness and sensibility; the other dazzled by the power of her wit. The quiet and retirement of a country life appeared to be fitted for the temper of Amelia, while that of Julia would have suited a metropolis.

Berndorf was long undetermined; like the Falstaff of Shakspeare, he would willingly have taken both; the one for Sundays and festivals, the other for the

every-day comforts of life : but his better sense at length declared for Amelia. He first sued for, and obtained her friendship; then went a step farther, and secured her love; so that he was now looked upon as her acknowledged bridegroom; and nothing was wanting to the union, but the death of his predecessor in office, and his own advancement to fill the post. Though he was daily advancing in her good graces, he still thought his progress was too slow; till at last, after one of his colleagues had been so obliging as to make way for him, he had the extatic felicity of hearing Amelia, his Amelia's own lips, fix the month following as the time of their union.

Once on a sultry afternoon in summer, tired with the drudgery and formalities of business, he hurried for refreshment to the society of his beloved, and found her quite alone at an open window, where she was employed with a book, and at intervals with opening some hazel nuts that lay before her. She received him in the tenderest manner; he sat long, leaning on her arm, talking of his passion, of her merit, and her charms, of a thousand feelings known only to themselves, of a thousand prospects and projects for futurity, and of all those pleasing recollections, which were connected with the beginning of their acquaintance.

Wholly engrossed with his own feelings, and with such favourite topics of discourse, he snatched up, without knowing wherefore, a handful of nutshells, and threw them out of the window.

"What are you doing, Berndorf?" cried Amelia instantly; "you have thrown them upon somebody's head." "I should be sorry for that," answered he smiling, and went directly to the window; but drew back with great surprise and precipitation, for he saw there two ladies standing beneath it, and gazing up. Amelia, who observed the alteration of his colour, followed him with equal heedlessness to the window; and, besides seeing the same objects, heard distinctly these words: "I thank you, Berndorf, for this instance of your civility: it is quite novel, and so much the more ingenious. You was perhaps afraid that I should not otherwise have observed your amiable companion."

"It is the voice of Julia Hilmer," cried Amelia, in a tone of the bitterest vexation. "A pretty exploit you have just now committed, you thoughtless, rash, trifling fellow. She has long had

an ill will to us both, and will undoubtedly look upon it as an intended affront." Berndorf employed all his eloquence to restore his mistress to her wonted temper and composure; and when he was beginning to hope that he might accomplish his purpose, he was interrupted by the entrance of Amelia's waiting maid. She, who was a great favourite with her mistress, had by chance been standing at the house door, when the nose of Julia had been so unluckily assaulted; and she now related all the sneers, gibes, and sarcasms, which Julia either uttered, or might have uttered.

The rage of Amelia increased at every word. It was in vain he assured her that what was said by such a mad cap as Julia was of no consequence. She continued in the same passionate humour, and at last ordered him to go directly to Julia, and to take the blame of the whole matter upon himself. It was however with the greatest reluctance, and with a secret grudge at his once so much beloved Amelia, that he went to wait upon her former rival. Julia seemed at first a good deal surprized at the sight of a man, to whose visits she had now been long unaccustomed; but being a true mistress in the art of dissimulation, recovered herself immediately, received him with the most distinguished politeness, listened with a gracious smile to his stammering apology, assured him that it was already half forgotten, and wholly forgiven, and desired him very courteously to be seated. Berndorf soon found Julia's conversation so agreeable, that half an hour flew as quickly away as a minute. Meanwhile Julia's father came into the room, and intreated him to stay dinner; and though Berndorf offered to excuse himself as wishing to take leave of Amelia, who was going to see a sick aunt in the country, Julia employed so many intreaties, and so much raillery on the scrupulous punctuality of the tender swain, that at last he yielded and staid.

More guests soon made their appearance; the entertainment was splendid; the wines excellent; and Berndorf seated purposely next to Julia. She had already laid down a very artful plan; and by a mixture of true and false wit, continued to dazzle the eyes of every one with a splendour unusual even to her. At last, though very late in the afternoon, dinner was ended, and they rose from table. Berndorf again recollected Amelia; and, though pressed to a short walk after their

their coffee, politely though firmly declined the invitation.

He was scarcely got into the open air, when he felt the weight of the rash action he had committed. He arrived at the habitation of Amelia, and finding from the maid, that he had delayed her journey, he flew up stairs to make his apology. Here he committed a new fault, rather than submit to do penance for the first; and endeavoured to conceal the true cause of his stay under the pretence of some business of importance. His artifice, however, was discovered, and Amelia, irritated by his attempt to deceive her, orders him abruptly to withdraw. While he hesitates to obey, she hurries into an adjoining apartment; and, going down stairs by a private passage, steps into the carriage, and drives off with a quickness sufficient to prevent her being followed.

Berndorf hastens out of the house, greatly mortified; and, while passing along over the bridge, falls in with a company of well-dressed women, who prove to be the dinner party he had just left. His resentment at the late conduct of Amelia arrayed Julia in double charms: she, though already provided with an attendant, secured him on her other hand, and her whole discourse was again directed to him. While they were thus conversing and walking along, a carriage drove up behind them; they looked up, and Julia exclaimed, "There is your Miss Mildau! quick, off with your hat, Mr. Celadon." It was indeed but too surely Amelia. She had taken up a female friend, and loitered a few minutes with her: her road then lay across the bridge; she knew Berndorf at a considerable distance, and, putting on one of the most scornful glances her mild countenance could assume, leaned out of the carriage, and said to him as she drove past, "I am glad to see you in such good company; I will keep the promise I made you at parting."

"Does every thing then conspire for my destruction?" exclaimed Berndorf, forgetting where he was. "For your destruction!" asked Julia hastily; "how can that be, my dear friend? Have you had any quarrel with Amelia? Not I hope on my account!"

By degrees the sprightliness and wit of his companion dispelled the clouds that surrounded him; he fell into that extravagant vivacity which is commonly

adopted to conceal vexation, and encouraged Julia to employ every faculty for the recovery of the fugitive.

She invited him at parting to attend her the next day to the theatre. Berndorf was but too sensible of the new passion that was springing up in his bosom, and honest enough to acknowledge that it was his duty to check it in the bud; nevertheless, his inward dissatisfaction, his respect for the rules of politeness, and his own inclination, got the better. On leaving the theatre, he was again asked, as if wholly by chance, to be of the party to-morrow for an airing: he made Julia half a promise to come: and, after walking up and down in his chamber for two hours in hesitation, said at last to himself, "Only for this once;" and so continued to play the same part, with a few slight variations, for six or seven days.

Yet Berndorf often reflected with anxiety on Amelia, and the means of appealing her resentment. One word of favour from her would have brought the wanderer back to the right way; but alas! she still refused to utter it; and, since the last adventure upon the bridge, resolved to persist in keeping him at a distance.

Julia's attractions, on the other hand, became daily more dangerous; and he was just on the point of assuming courage to speak, when he heard that Amelia was returned to town. His good angel now interposed; he flew to her habitation, but was not admitted; thrice he repeated his application, and thrice was he repulsed from the door. The plague of human life, the unlucky race of tale-bearers, interfered in this matter, and added to Amelia's resentment by a thousand stories concerning the number of times, and the precise circumstances, in which Berndorf and Julia had been seen together.

She now resolved to prove him in an exemplary manner. Of this sort of trial he soon became weary, and began to absent himself from a door which he now found always shut against him. This behaviour was looked upon by Amelia as high treason; and Julia, in consequence, soon beheld herself the declared mistress of his heart. He avowed his love; she confessed that it was mutual; her father gave his entire approbation, and in a few weeks their hands were united.

[ *To be continued.* ]

The Life of Catharine II. Empress of Russia. In Three Vols. 8vo. Longman and Debrett.

(Continued from Page 317.)

“THE truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” concerning the public and private transactions and characters of the Sovereigns and Ministers of great Nations, can hardly be expected from the pens of cotemporary writers: biassed either by party zeal, personal attachment, views of promotion, by adulating the ruling powers; or influenced by pecuniary rewards, none but partial and imperfect narratives of such important events as great Revolutions appear from the press, at the time, or soon after they have taken place.

To verify this remark, we have only to compare the accounts published of the extraordinary Revolution which placed the Empress Catharine II. on the throne of Russia, and of the character and conduct of the unfortunate Peter III. during the first and second years of her reign, with the History now before us, published after a lapse of thirty-six years, and the demise of the principal parties acting, or interested in that memorable event.

The biographical portrait of the much injured Peter III. is exhibited in a new light, and it now appears well authenticated, that he possessed many virtues, which it was by no means the interest of his cruel oppressors to acknowledge, when they were compassing his dethronement and subsequent assassination: we find him held forth to the world, at that period, as the most imbecile Prince that ever ascended the throne of a vast empire, and adding to his mental incapacity, every vice that could degrade the regal office. According to those annals, he was a drunkard, revengeful, cruel, irreligious, a slave to his passions, a detester of his own subjects, and a zealous patron of foreigners.

But we have now original documents to prove that he was of a humane and generous disposition; that the Russians are indebted to him for some excellent regulations, which are the more highly to be valued, as they were made in the very short space of time in which he enjoyed the power of doing good; and that his principal misfortune appears to have been a want of judgment to discriminate the proper time and circumstances for introducing great innovations and reforms

in the government of his empire, and in the manners and customs of his subjects. That neither the circumstances under which he ascended the throne, nor the time when he attempted them, were favourable for such alterations as he meditated, must be evident to every impartial reader of the plots that were formed against him by different parties, as soon as they discovered, from their own dissensions, the impracticability of excluding him from the succession. The party, headed by the Grand Chancellor Bestucheff, adhered steadily, after his disgrace and exile, to the plan he had chalked out for them; and their cabals tended, on the approaching death of Elizabeth, to place Catharine on the throne, who had declared to her intimate friends, that the title of Mother of the Emperor she should always think preferable to that of Wife of the Emperor. In this arrangement therefore it was proposed that the infant Paul (the present Emperor) should be proclaimed Sovereign of Russia, under the regency of Catharine. Another party, which defended the right of Peter III. to the succession, had for their leader the Senator Woronzoff, brother to the new Chancellor; and a third, which vigorously opposed the other two, was patronised by Count Panin, preceptor to the young Prince. This Nobleman was likewise devoted to Catharine, but with a cautious reserve, to secure his own safety, in case of her failure in an enterprize attended with so much danger. Fearful that he might be suddenly hurled from the throne and the bed of the Emperor; and that her son, his pupil, would partake in her fall, he hit upon an expedient to avoid this misfortune, which was to engage the two opposite parties in a coalition, thereby to pave the way for Peter to be seated on the throne; “and in order that he might be proclaimed Emperor, not by the troops (as usual), but by the Senate, who would limit his power, and secure the authority to his wife and his son.” But Catharine, not being early apprized of the whole extent of this project, it failed in the end; and as this important negotiation points out in the clearest manner, the intricate situation of the Emperor

Emperor on his accession, and serves as a clue to guide us to the real causes of his melancholy catastrophe, we shall relate the particulars which were not known out of Russia at the time, and are now first made public in this Work.

“The Grand Duke, having granted an audience to Panin, he addressed him to the following effect: It is on the first step you shall take on ascending the throne, that the prosperity of your reign, and the glory you will merit, chiefly depend. There are two methods, my Prince, of investing yourself with the sovereign power; the first, by causing yourself to be proclaimed Emperor by the army; the second, by receiving the crown at the hands of the Senate. The former is more prompt; the latter more sure. You know how frequent revolutions have been in this empire; you know with what facility a seduced or mutinous soldiery have crowned or dethroned their Monarchs. The method that I propose is the only one adapted to the prevention of dangerous machinations. The Senate, having once elected you, will feel itself interested in supporting the work of its hands; and the people, regarding your person more sacred, will always be ardent in your defence.”

The Grand Duke was moved; he was yielding to the impression, when suddenly two of his courtiers entered. He communicated to them the proposal of Panin, and asked their opinion. One of them, who presently perceived the insidious nature of the measure, advised him to submit his decision to the judgment of the old Prince Trubetskoi, whose long experience and consummate wisdom rendered him a proper guide. Prince Trubetskoi had been witness of several revolutions, and was a perfect master of the usages and customs of his country. He was sent for. The Grand Duke repeated to him all that he had just been hearing from the mouth of Panin, and did not conceal his inclination to follow the advice of the Count. But Trubetskoi expressed himself of a different opinion, and delivered it with all the boldness of a veteran soldier, jealous of the honour of his sovereign.

“My Prince,” said he, “the step you are advised to take is not only attended with far greater danger than that you are told to dread, but in direct opposition

to the customs of the empire. The Russian Constitution is purely military; and the Senate has never pretended to interfere in the election of the Czars. And what is that imaginary glory in preferring to be crowned by a juridical assembly rather than by a victorious army? The true, the only glory of a Monarch is to reign worthily. Make it your endeavour then to merit that glory, without disquieting yourself about a vain formality, and putting yourself under the tutelage of an ambitious Senate, who will soon make you repent the confidence you have reposed in it. But if unhappily your throne should shake, will that Senate have the force to establish it? And if you should set out with rendering the army dissatisfied by disdaining to follow their ancient usage, will you not, sooner or later, have reason to repent it?”

This speech caused the Grand Duke to waver in his resolution. He was flattered by the brilliant novelty of the counsels of Panin; but the dread of affronting the army deprived him of courage to follow them. In this perplexity of mind, not knowing what determination he ought to adopt, he dispatched one of his chamberlains to consult the Grand Duchess Catharine, who had been employed for some days in framing the form of the Proclamation, as well as of the oaths to be taken by the troops, who plumed herself on writing in a style of peculiar elegance, and who imagined that these two pieces would be received with admiration by the people at large, foresaw that her labour would be lost if the Prince should cause himself to be elected by the Senate, and therefore returned an abrupt answer, “that he ought to conform to established custom.”

Almost at the moment he received this answer, word was brought him, that his aunt the Empress Elizabeth “*commanded him to live long\**.” In other words, that she was dead.

No sooner had the Empress closed her eyes, than the courtiers pressed in crowds to the Grand Duke, who, laying aside his weakness and indecision, accosted them with dignity, and received the oaths of the officers of his guard. In about an hour he got on horseback, and traversed the streets of Petersburg, distributing money to the multitude. As he passed, the soldiers flocked about him,

\* The usual form of announcing to another the death of any person, in practice among all classes and conditions of the people,

crying, "If thou take care of us, we will serve thee as faithfully as we served our good Empress." The people mixed their shouts of joy with the acclamations of the soldiers, and, though his enemies had long since succeeded in their attempts to bring odium and contempt upon him, yet his accession to the throne was not attended with the least mark of discontent or ill will, on the part of the people.

But in the palace the case was widely different, all tempers seemed out of tune; the Emperor neither feared nor felt any more affection in the larger circle of his Court, than in the smaller one of his family. The different parties, who had apparently coalesced to promote their own views, saw themselves disappointed. Those who wanted to deprive him of the succession, once more cast their eyes on his consort, and the failure of Panin's scheme leaving her without any hope of having the government placed in her hands as regent to her son, she secretly encouraged their designs against her husband, from whom she expected no favour. Another class of opponents industriously propagated reports, that the new Monarch wanted entirely to change the whole system of Government, and to put every thing upon a German establishment; and finally, that he meant to detach himself from his family, and to secure the succession to a paternal relation. Unfortunately, the Manifesto, by which he proclaimed his accession to the whole empire, made no mention of Catharine, or her son (of whose legitimacy he seemed to entertain some doubts). Interpreters were not wanting, who clearly perceived in this omission, the overthrow of the hereditary succession. But instead of entering more minutely into the intrigues that were carried on against him, let us for a moment divest ourselves of the prejudices conceived against him, and form a conjecture concerning his future conduct, from the first acts of his reign, if he had not fallen a victim to the ambition, jealousy, and revenge of his wife; they are thus delineated by our impartial Historian:

To say that he revenged himself on no one, though he very well knew who had injured him with the late Empress, would be but slight commendation in comparison of the acts of beneficence and justice with which he signalized his first accession to the supreme command, to the astonishment of those who knew him only by his vices. The transformation appeared as complete as it was sudden. Gentleness

and humanity took the place of violence, and reflection succeeded to passion. The Grand Duke had been inconsistent, impetuous, and wild, Peter III. now shewed himself equitable, patient, and enlightened. He exercised kindness towards all who had been attached to the late Empress: he continued in their posts almost all the great Officers of State. He pardoned his enemies, he even left in his place Alexey Razumoffky, the favourite of Elizabeth, and her *Grand-Veneur*, though he had formerly injured him so much with that Empress, that one day he sent him an axe upon a red satin cushion, as a hint of the catastrophe he was to expect; but when seated on the throne, he disdained every idea of revenge.

One of his first public cares was to recall that multitude of state prisoners, with whom the suspicious temper of Elizabeth, and the jealousies of her favourites and ministers, had peopled the deserts of *Siberia*. It is said that Peter III. recalled no less than 17000 exiles. Among these unfortunate wretches were the famous Count *Biron*, and Marshal *Munich*, at the age of 82; upon which one of his sons, and thirty-two of his grand-children and great grand-children, went to meet him, on his approach to the suburbs of Peterburgh. The old soldier presented himself before the Emperor, with his numerous family, dressed in the same sheep-skin pelice which he had worn in *Siberia*; but Peter hastily restored him the badges of the Order of St. Andrew, together with his rank of Field-Marshal, and said to him in a friendly tone of voice, "I hope that notwithstanding your advanced age, you may still serve me." Munich replied, "Since your Majesty has brought me from darkness to light, and called me from the depths of a cavern to admit me to the foot of the throne, you will find me ever ready to expose my life in your service. Neither a tedious exile, nor the severity of a Siberian climate, have been able to extinguish, or even to damp, the ardour I have formerly shewn for the interests of Russia, and the glory of its Monarch." He survived his benevolent Sovereign about three years.

Lestok, who had planned the revolution of 1742, which placed Elizabeth upon the throne, which that ungrateful Princess not only forgot, but banished and detained him in prison till she died, was likewise restored to liberty; and the daily return of some of the victims of the



the foregoing reign, made the whole empire rebound with the praises of the new Sovereign: and it is impossible to describe the transports of joy occasioned by his going in state to the Senate, and reading a declaration, by which he permitted the Nobility either to bear arms or not, at their own discretion, and to travel abroad, a liberty not allowed them before. He enfranchised them at the same time from the servitude in which they had been held by his predecessors. The Nobility, in the excess of their gratitude, would do no less than erect to him a statue of gold; but this enthusiasm lasted not long.

But a benefit still more essential, which Russia owes to the unfortunate Peter III. is the abolishment of that Inquisition, that terrible tribunal called the secret Chancery Inquisition, a persecuting Court that shunned the light, in which every cruelty of indefinite accusation, and an examination without judicial forms, prevailed; and which had perpetrated so many horrors during the reign of the suspicious and timid Elizabeth. Our Historian further assures us, that he had undertaken to correct the numerous abuses that had crept into the administration of justice; and that Commerce, the Sciences, and the Arts, were equally the objects of his attention. He afterwards gives a most affecting account of the Emperor's private visit to the wretched Prince Ivan, who had been a state prisoner to Elizabeth from his infancy, and who was cruelly assassinated, in the reign of Catharine, in consequence of a pretended conspiracy to set him at liberty, and to raise him to the throne. Whether Peter III. really intended to adopt this Prince or not, remains undecided; but certain it is, that he was the lawful Sovereign of Russia, proclaimed and received as such when in his cradle, and his mother the Princess Anne appointed Regent in 1741, before the revolution that placed Elizabeth on the throne; and it is very remarkable, that he was cut off at a crisis when great disaffection prevailed at Moscow and other parts of the Empire, so that little doubt can be entertained by whose dark intrigues he was sacrificed.

The humane attention and compassion of the Emperor, who ordered new commodious apartments to be erected for him in the fortrels, where he had been confined in little better than a dungeon, was confrmed by the emissaries of Ca-

tharine into a design to declare him his successor, to disown his son Paul Petrovitz, the present Emperor, and to shut her up for life in these new apartments. But we may fairly infer, from the conduct of the reigning Monarch, that all these reports were the political artifices of the late Empress, to render her husband odious to the Russians; for it is inconceivable that Paul I. should order the remains of his father to be taken up, and such funeral honours to be paid to them; or that he should have invited his wife's favourite Poniatowsky, the late King of Poland, to Petersburg, where he lived in regal state; if he had given credit to any plan of Peter to deprive him of the succession, on the ground of illegitimacy. However it served the purpose of the conspirators to propagate the report, and it was circulated with great industry. In the mean time, the secret manoeuvres of Catharine, by some treachery on the part of her confidants, reached the ears of the King of Prussia, who cautioned him to be on his guard, and especially, for his personal security, to go and be crowned at Moscow, with all the customary pomp and ceremony; and his neglecting this advice was a principal cause of his ruin, for the people of Moscow, throughout the long reign of Catharine, shewed themselves upon various occasions dissatisfied with the revolution, and abhorrent of the assassinations of the Emperor and of Prince Ivan.

For a variety of interesting circumstances and anecdotes respecting the preparations for, and the final accomplishment of this extraordinary Revolution, we refer the curious to the First Volume of this Work; and shall only remark, that in many particulars our Author differs considerably from the accounts inserted in our Annual Register, and in other periodical publications, at the time of Catharine's accession.

But we cannot pass over the narrative of the assassination of the dethroned Monarch, at the short interval of one week after that event. "A Chief of the Conspirators, accompanied by an Officer, came to him with the news of his speedy deliverance, and asked permission to dine with him. According to the custom of the country, wine glasses and brandy were brought previous to dinner; and, while the Officer amused the Emperor with some trifling discourse, his Chief filled the glasses, and poured a poisonous mixture into that intended for

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the Prince, who, having no distrust, swallowed the potion, on which he presently experienced the most cruel pains, and refused a second glass offered to him under pretext of giving him relief. He called aloud for milk, but the two monsters offered him poison again, and pressed him to take it. A French valet-de-chambre, greatly attached to him, now ran in: Peter threw himself into his arms, saying in a faint tone of voice, "It was not enough then to prevent me reigning in Sweden, and to deprive me of the Crown of Russia! I must also be put to death!" The valet interceded for his master, but the two miscreants forced him out of the room. A third person now came in, and joined the other two. One threw down the Emperor, and repeatedly struck upon his breast with both his knees, firmly gripping his throat with his hand. The unhappy Monarch now struggling with that strength which arises from despair, the two other assassins threw a napkin round his neck, and put an end to his life by suffocation. Such is the account of the death of Peter III. which has never been contradicted; "but," adds our Author, "the real manner in which he came by his death is, after all, one of those events over which, it is probable, there will for ever be a veil impenetrable to human eyes." But there cannot be a doubt left that the perpetrators of it were the three Orloffs, brothers, to whose custody he was committed from the first by the Empress; and as Gregory Orloff had been her favourite in secret from the time of Peter's accession, and after his death became publicly so, and was promoted to the highest rank and offices in her Court, it is hardly possible to clear her from the imputation of being the director of this atrocious crime, which was to secure her from all apprehensions of a counter-revolution in his favour; for which, part of the army, and a great part of her new subjects, seemed disposed, especially the inhabitants of Moscow." (See the substance of a paper delivered by Catharine herself to the Princes Daskoff, extracted from the statement given of the murder, by M. de Boillegin, p. 346.)

It is evident, however, that none of the Sovereigns of Europe were ignorant of the means by which this extraordinary woman ascended the throne; but they made no hesitation in acknowledging her title: some of them even testified their joy on the occasion, and the King of

Prussia alone lamented the fate of Peter. Her first concern was to secure peace with the foreign potentates; and, to the great disappointment of Maria Theresa, the reigning Empress of Germany, she confirmed the treaty with the King of Prussia, which had been lately concluded by her unfortunate husband; her next object was to maintain tranquillity at home, for she had much more to fear from her own subjects than from any foreign power. She therefore alternately employed art and severity. The Court presently assumed a new face: every thing there was submissive to the secret pleasure of Gregory Orloff, whose influence and haughtiness were increasing every day; humiliating and irritating the other courtiers, who ardently desired his fall: some of them ventured loudly to complain of this insolent favourite, and a resolution to remove them was the immediate consequence. Aware that it was indispensably necessary to be crowned without delay at Moscow, she appointed Alexey Orloff, the favourite's brother, to be Governor of Peterburgh, and then set out on her journey, attended by Gregory, the old Chancellor Bestucheff, most of the nobility who were entirely devoted to her, and the chief of those whom she dreaded to leave at Peterburgh during her absence. Above all, she neglected not to take with her the young Grand Duke Paul Petrowitz, and the principal ladies of the Court. "This numerous cavalcade made its entrance with great pomp into Moscow; but, notwithstanding the money that had been previously distributed, it was received without any tokens of public welcome, without acclamation. Catharine too easily perceived by this solitude and silence, that her presence was disagreeable to the people; she nevertheless repaired to the chapel of the Czars, where she lavished her flatteries on the Archbishops and the Popes (the parish priests), and she was crowned in the presence of the soldiery and the attendants of her Court. The crowd, which retired at the approach of the Empress, ran every where to meet the Grand Duke, and mingled, with the emotions of tenderness they felt for the child, a visible concern for the fate of his father. Catharine, dissatisfied with Moscow, industriously concealed her chagrin; and, attending only to the necessary delays, retook the road to Petersburg."

We are now to enter upon the career of the political life of this renowned Sovereign

Sovereign of all the Russias; and, as most of the public events of her long reign are too well known to require any needless amplification, we shall pass over them rapidly, and in our concluding Review select the most interesting and entertaining domestic occurrences, which remained unknown beyond the confines of the empire, previous to the appearance of the present Work; we shall also endeavour to point out the true causes of

the aggrandisement and wide extended fame of this celebrated Empress. M.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### ERRATA

In our last Review of The Life of Catharine II.

P. 315, Col. 1, Line 32—For *Cbernicbef* read *Obernicbef*.

P. 316, Col. 2, Line 22—For *till* read *that*.

Line 23—For *Holfstenius* read *Holfsteiners*.

Remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, in which the Origin of Sindbad's Voyages, and other Oriental Fictions, is particularly considered. By Richard Hole, L. L. B. London: T. Cadell, jun. and W. Davies, Strand. 1797.

(Continued from Page 321.)

OUR Traveller, in his Fourth Voyage, is thrown upon a coast that proves deplorably inhospitable. His companions and himself are surrounded on their landing by a crowd of negroes, who separate them from each other. Sindbad and five more, after arriving at their place of destination, are ordered to sit down and eat of a certain herb provided for them, which he alone avoids, on observing that none of the negroes tasted it. The consequence of indulging in this vegetable repast is a total deprivation of sense. His companions afterwards devour greedily such food as the negroes provide; in order, as it appears by the sequel, to fatten them for their own banquet. Within a short time all are killed for that purpose, except Sindbad: his spare diet and terrifying apprehensions render him a meagre and ineligible object. At length he embraces a fortunate opportunity of escaping, and within eight days arrives at the sea-shore, where he finds some white people gathering pepper. They take him under their protection, and carry him to their own island.

The Mohammedan traveller in the 9th century says, that in the sea of Andaman, that is, the Bay of Bengal, through which Sindbad appears to have been steering his course, the people eat human flesh quite raw; their complexion is black, their hair frizzled, their countenance and their eyes frightful. Modern travellers likewise represent many islands in this Bay as inhabited by cannibals, particularly those which still retain the name of Andaman.

It is observable, that in these isles the cannibals are also negroes. Mr. Ha-

milton concludes his account of the Cornicobar Islands, in Volume the second of the Asiatic Researches, with mentioning that it was commonly supposed that a Portuguese vessel, having a large number of Mozambique slaves on board, was wrecked on the Andamans, soon after the passage to India was discovered round the Cape of Good Hope; and that from them their present inhabitants were descended. But, without saying a word of Sindbad's testimony, the Mohammedan traveller asserts that they were inhabited by cannibal negroes in times of much greater antiquity. Lieutenant Wilford observes, in the third Volume of the Asiatic Researches, page 355, that various hordes of emigrants from India were negroes; and that such a race, with curled hair, existed in that part of the globe at an early period, may be inferred from that particularity being observable in their ancient idols. There is therefore no necessity of deriving this race of people from Africa.

The account of vessels being wrecked by the attractive power of a magnetic rock, appears to have been a long established opinion in the Eastern world. In the history of the third Calendar we meet with a mountain of adamant, possessing the same properties: and Aboulfoueris, the Sindbad of the Persian Tales, is wrecked by means of a magnetic rock; for that must be intended by a mountain which resembled polished steel, and which, by virtue of a talisman, rendered every vessel that approached it stationary and immoveable.

Serapion, "an Author," says Brown in his *Vulgar Errors*, "of good esteem  
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and reasonable antiquity," asserts that "the mine of this stone, the magnet, is in the sea coast of India, whereto, when ships approach, there is no iron in them which flies not like a bird unto those mountains; and therefore their ships are fastened not with iron but wood, for otherwise they would be torn to pieces."

It is not probable that Mandeville ever saw Scrapion, yet he gives the same account: "In an isle clept Crues, ben schippes withouten nayles of iren or bonds, for the rockes of the Adamandes; for thei ben alle full there aboute in that see, that it is marveyle to spoken of. And zif a schipp passed by the marches, and hadde either iren bandes or iren nayles, anon he sholde ben perisheit. For the Ademande of this kinde draws the iren to him; and so wolde it drawe to him the schipp, because of the iren; that he sholde never departen fro it, ne never go thens."

Notwithstanding the striking similarity between the inhabitants of the Andamans and Sindbad's negroes, other circumstances render it more probable that he was wrecked on the coast of Sumatra. Some old voyagers mention a stupifying or inebriating vegetable as peculiar to it: others say, that it was customary with its inhabitants to fatten children in order to eat them.

"In Lamaraye (Sumatra)," says Mandeville, "is a cursed custom; for thei eaten more gladly manne's flesche than any other flesche; and zit is in that contree habundant of flesche, of fische, of cornes, of gold and sylver, and of all other godes. Thidre gon marchautes, and bryngen wid hem children, to sell to hem of the contree, and thei byzen (buy) them: and zif thei ben fatte, thei eten hem anon: and zif thei ben lene, they feden hem, till thei ben fatte, and thenne thei eten hem."

Though many of the Indian islands appear to have been inhabited by cannibals in common with Sumatra, yet there are some circumstances which, if not absolutely appropriate, yet taken in conjunction, seem pretty clearly to identify it as the coast on which Sindbad is supposed to have been wrecked.

Davis, who sailed to Sumatra in the year 1599, says, in this country there is a kind of seed, whereof a little being eaten, maketh a man to turn fool, all things seeming to him to be metamorphosed. Linschoten mentions an herb as very common in India, called Dutroa, which hath certain small kernels, which

being stamped and put into any meat, wine, or water, and eaten or drunke therewith, maketh a man in such case as if he were foolish, so that he doth nothing else but laugh, without any understanding or sense once to perceive any thing that is done in his presence. Dampier mentions, that the inhabitants of Sumatra make use of a certain herb like hemp, called Ganga or Bang, which, if infused in any liquor, exerts its operation on those that taste it after a very odd manner, according to their different constitutions; for some it stupifies, others it makes sleepy, others merry, and some quite mad.

Pepper is the common product of the Sunda Islands, and more peculiarly so of Sumatra. It was an early object of commerce to the Arabians; who, at the supposed period of Sindbad's existence, chiefly supplied Europe with this and all other East Indian commodities. During his flight he supports himself on cocoa nuts, which served him, as they have done many others, for meat and drink; and they likewise, it is well known, abound in Sumatra.

The King of the Island to which Sindbad is conveyed, receives him with great hospitality, insists on his marrying, and settling for life in his country. From this circumstance an evil results, of which he is not aware; an immemorial custom having prevailed in the island, "for the living husband to be interred with the dead wife, and the living wife with the dead husband." Sindbad's wife dies, and notwithstanding all his arguments and supplications, he is buried alive with her.

Some distant resemblance of this supposed custom of the husband accompanying his deceased wife to be interred in the same grave, occurs in St. Jerom: "The Scythians bury those alive who were beloved by their wives along with the bones of the deceased." Mandeville also says, that in "the contree of Polombe, zif the women dye before the husbände, men brennen him with hire." He adds however, "zif that he wole, and zif that he wole not, no man constreyneth him thereto." From which we may conclude, that it was no very prevalent fashion. He mentions likewise, that "in the yle of Calanak, zif a man that is maryed dye, men buryen his wif with him alle quyke. For men sayn there, that it is resown, that sche make him companie in that other world, as sche did in this."

Mr. Grose, in his voyage to the East Indies, says, that among a particular cast of Indians, a plate of rice, a jar of water, and the cloaths and jewels a wife wore when alive, were buried with her. Similar ceremonies were used in the funeral of Sindbad's consort.

In Voyage the Fifth Sindbad touches at a desert island in which his companions perceived an egg equal to that he had seen in his second voyage. A young roc was in it, just on the point of being hatched, and its bill began to appear. His brother merchants, in spite of his remonstrances, break the egg with hatchets, and pull out the young bird, piece by piece, and roast it. But the banquet proves fatal to them: two dark clouds in appearance, but in reality the parents of the roc on which Sindbad's associates had so imprudently feasted, are seen advancing through the air. They frequently wheel round the place where their young one had been slaughtered, and uttering most frightful screams at length depart.

The Captain urges his crew to quit the coast with all expedition. They obey his commands, but ere long observe these monsters of the air hovering over their heads, and bearing in their talons stones of an enormous size. The second which they drop falls on the devoted vessel, splits it in a thousand pieces, and all the crew except Sindbad perish: borne on a fragment of the wreck, he with much difficulty gains footing on a delicious island.

This story is extremely similar to one related by an Arabian writer, named Demir or Damir, who died in the year 1405. Bochart styles him a naturalist: whether the fabulist or the philosopher had the priority in point of existence is not easily ascertained. They probably lived near the same period of time, and derived their information from one common source. We shall translate the passage, as it is quoted by Mr. H. from Bochart:

"There came a certain merchant to the land of Megareb, that is the western part of Africa, who had long lived in China. He had with him the quill of a wing feather belonging to a young bird, which would hold nine buckets of water; and he related, that being once in the Chinese sea he arrived at a large island. On which, having landed for wood and water, they saw a tent more than a hundred cubits high, in which there was a great splendor and brightness. On ap-

proaching it, they discovered that it was the egg of a roc, which they continued to batter with staves, and stones, and hatchets, till they had separated it from the bird, which was of the size of a mountain. They suspended themselves from the wing feather, in order to force the huge bird along, but they found their strength insufficient. So that they were able to bring nothing away with them except this single feather, which was torn by the roots from the wing, before it was quite grown. The sailors then killed the young roc, and took away of its flesh as much as they could. This they boiled in the same island; the wooden staff, with which they stirred it about in the pot, becoming black. They quitted the island the same evening; and at sunrise the next day a roc was seen aloft in the air, like an immense cloud, having between its talons a vast fragment of a rock, like a prodigious house, and bigger than the ship itself, which she dropped upon the navigators, as soon as she got directly over them. But, as the vessel kept going on, the huge fragment fell into the sea. Thus the power and goodness of Almighty God preserved them from destruction."

In Lucian's true history a fiction occurs not unlike the present, in which the egg of an enormous king-fisher is demolished with hatchets; and free egress given to a young one "larger than twenty large vultures."

Sindbad now being left to himself, a weak and decrepid old man meets his view, sitting beside the bank of a stream, whom he salutes. The other makes no reply, but signifies by gesticulation that he wishes Sindbad would take him on his back, and convey him over the river. Our hero willingly complies; but, stooping to let him down, the seemingly feeble old man clasps his legs nimbly round his neck, and he perceives his skin to resemble that of a cow.

This malicious being now grasps our traveller's throat straitly; day and night sticks close to him, and makes him weary of his existence. One day Sindbad, having filled a dry calebash with the juice of grapes, the liquor proved so exquisite on the next, that he drank freely of it; and, his spirits being exhilarated, he began to dance and sing under his uneasy load. The vinous quality so quickly acquired by the grapes is, it seems, consistent with fact. Any saccharine liquor will ferment in twenty-

four hours in a very hot climate. Sindbad's gaiety tempts the old man to partake of so delicious a beverage. Our traveller willingly assents, and his tormentor plies the calabash with such perseverance, that he becomes completely intoxicated, and relaxes his hold. Sindbad at length shakes off his living burthen, and with a stone dashes out his brains.

The crew of a vessel, who land on the island to take in water, and to refresh themselves, inform him that the person he had destroyed was known by the name of the Old Man of the Sea, who had rendered the coast famous by the number of persons whom he had strangled.

The Arabians had their Mermen and Mermaids, the idea of which they probably derived from the Tritons and Nereids of the Greeks; or more immediately from India, their common origin.

An Arabian writer mentions, among other ideal inhabitants of the ocean, one styled Senex Judæus, who has the face of a human creature, a hoary beard, a

body speckled like a frog's, a skin like an ox, and about the size of a calf. He introduces another under the designation of *bomo aquaticus*. "Sometimes an animal of this kind," says he, "is seen in the sea of Damascus, with the shape of a man and a hoary beard, which is called the Old Man of the Sea; and his appearance denotes great abundance of grain."

Having made this ground, as it appears to us sufficiently tenable, our Author quits it on a sudden, and imagines that the Author of Sindbad's adventures might rather have reference in his mind to the Ourang Outang, which may have some time surprized and suffocated an unwary stranger. But surely there seems no occasion for such a supposition. And if, for the purpose of rendering it probable, we must be forced to believe t at the phrase of the Sea, in Sindbad's story, was foisted in by the translator, we cannot but reject it as a forced interpretation.

(To be continued.)

*Anecdotes of the last Twelve Years of the Life of J. J. Rousseau, originally published in the Journal de Paris, by Citizen Corancez, one of the Editors of that Paper, 8vo. Wallis. 2s. 6d. 1798.*

THE conduct of this extraordinary man, the insane Socrates of the French Nation, as Mr. Burke properly styles him, has long been the subject of controversy. While one party has been willing to ascribe his eccentricities to the derangement of his mind, others have imputed them, and not without the appearance of truth, to less justifiable causes. The drift of the present performance is to shew that insanity was the prevailing governing power to which all his deviations in life are to be ascribed; and, with this clue in our possession, many acts otherwise liable to the severest censure may be palliated, though it is impossible to defend them. The present Author, who was his intimate friend, appears to be of opinion that he finished his life by an act of suicide; but this is denied by his wife, whose testimony we have inserted at p. 381.

*The Theory of Chess; a Treatise in which the Principles and Maxims of this Game, or rather Science, are clearly and concisely explained; as concisely at least, as might be*

*advisable to attempt: including Directions for playing, modelled and arranged in an original Manner: accompanied with necessary Illustrations. 8vo. Bagster. 2s. 6d. 1799.*

The Author of this Treatise proposes, without at all changing the principle of Chess, a general or partial revision of name only. Instead of considering the game as an emblem of war—the blood stained species of it; he apprehends it more to resemble those less ensanguined political hostilities which take place between great men in free countries: he therefore is inclined to consecrate the Chess-board to *Minerva* rather than *Mars*, and make it decidedly represent a political contest. "To do this it was only necessary to call the queen a minister; the rooks or castles, peers; the pawns, commoners; and casting, closting; leaving to the other pieces, the king, the bishops, and the knights, their commonly received appellations; and to those, no less than these, their powers and properties unaltered in the least." How far these proposed regulations are necessary or expedient, we with the Author leave to the determination of the *Philidors* and *Arwoods*, who are more competent to judge of them. The following anecdote of the viceroy emperors of Holland is sufficiently ludicrous to

deserve notice: "Not long ago, in a country where republicanism rages, some of those who have taken care to condense the sovereignty of the people in their own persons, published a dictatorial mandate, requiring those among their subjects that practise Chéfs-playing, to forbear calling any of the pieces by names of a monarchical or aristocratical complexion; and to lose no time in exchanging all such for others more conformable to their own government."

*Cases of the Diabetes Mellitus, with the Results of the Trials of certain Acids and other Substances in the Cure of the Lues Venerea.* By John Rollo, M. D. Surgeon-General of the Royal Artillery. 2d Edition with large Additions. 8vo. Dilly. 1798. 8s.

A most important publication, and highly deserving the attention of every medical practitioner. With great care and minuteness Dr. Rollo has detailed a variety of cases of the new treatment of the Diabetes Mellitus, and pointed out the manner of applying the doctrines of chemistry to medicine so as to promise very beneficial effects to society from his discoveries. He appears to have withheld no case which has fallen under his observation, or which he could obtain any notice of from any miscarriage in the application of his mode of treatment; and his reasonings and facts appear to us so conclusive, that we deem it our duty to recommend this publication in the strongest manner to our medical readers.

*NILUS; an Elegy occasioned by the Victory of Admiral Nelson over the French Fleet on August 1, 1798.* By Eyles Irwin, Esq. 4to. Nicol. 1798.

Referring to his Ode to the Nile, written during a voyage down that river in Sept. 1777, and published in his Travels, Mr. Irwin connects the subject of that eulogium on the country with his present celebration of the splendid action at the mouth of this now more famous river. The victory obtained by British valour is deserving of all the applause which can be bestowed upon it. It is in truth a subject which will mark the present period with respect, and which those who may live in future times will delight to

dwell upon, and participate in the honours derived to them by their ancestors.

*Copies of Original Letters from the Army of General Buonaparte in Egypt, intercepted by the Fleet under the Command of Admiral Lord Nelson, with an English Translation.* 8vo. Wright. 4s. 6d.

This interesting and authentic publication displays to this country, to Europe, to all the world, such a scene of fraud, hypocrisy, blasphemy, and brutal barbarity, as never before stained the annals of mankind, or disgraced the character of civilized society. "The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate," says Addison: and we are by no means desirous of presumptuously dealing out the vengeance of the Supreme; but, from the situation of the arch apostate at this time, we are strongly inclined to imagine the day of retribution for his manifold offences cannot be far distant. Whoever is tainted with French principles, or so much besotted as to entertain a favourable opinion of French practices, may receive conviction of the dangerous tendency of their opinions from the perusal of this instructive collection, which cannot be too much recommended to notice\*.

*The Irish Boy, a Ballad,* 4to. 1799. Kearsey.

This pathetic Ballad relates the miseries inflicted on an innocent Irish Roman Catholic family during the late unnatural rebellion. The story is poetically told, and does honour to the Author's feelings. The offending party he describes as protestants, who we have generally been led to believe have been the victims of this detestable warfare. To whatever description of persons the horrors so forcibly here related are to be ascribed, they cannot be too much reprobated. The Christian Religion, however divided into sects, countenances no such horrible practices; and, for the honour of humanity, we hope the perpetrators, whatever religion they may profess, will for the future pause, repent, and amend. This Ballad is dedicated to the subscribers towards a fund for the relief of the sufferers, without party favour or political distinction.

\* While this sheet was at the press, advice arrived of the catastrophe of this sanguinary prodigy. At his fate (if it is confirmed) no one but must rejoice who reads the following passage in a letter from Adjutant-General Boyer (See the above Collection, p. 150.) to his parents in France, dated Grand Cairo, July 23th, speaking of the entry of the French into Alexandria, he says: "Repulsed on every side, they (the inhabitants) betake themselves to God and their prophet, and fill their mosques—men, women, old, young, children at the breast, ALL are massacred." This is the man a certain writer has declared "prefers the preservation of a single citizen from death to the melancholy glory that could result from a thousand triumphs of a conqueror wading through floods of slaughter." Is not this the language of a mind deranged?

# THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 23.

**THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR**, a Farce, by Mr. Dibdin, jun. was acted the first time at Covent Garden. The principal Characters by Messrs. Fawcett, Knight, Murray, Emery, Mansell, and Farley; and Mesdames Matlocks, Mansel, and Leserve. The story is briefly as follows:

A female child was left in a house in Amsterdam, and brought up by a benevolent Jew, who gave her a good education. He arrives with her in this country, where she excites the affection of Charles, the son of a rich miser, who is averse to a union between them as he understands the girl to be a poor foundling. By means of a ring, however, which belonged to her mother, and the counterpart of which is in the hands of her father, she is discovered to be the daughter of Dr. Specific, an amiable physician, who chiefly endeavours to cure mankind of their mental infirmities. As the Doctor is rich, and as the Jew is ready to give a portion of five thousand pounds to his adopted daughter, Charles's father is easily reconciled to the match.

By this story there are matrimonial squabbles between the miser's daughter and her husband Mr. Changeable, a fashionable Buck. The Miser proposes, according to a custom in Switzerland, to lock up the conjugal controvertists till they find the necessity of concord. The adoption of which plan occasions some laughable embarrassments.

The piece was exceedingly well acted, and was received with great applause. It has been many times performed since, and promises to take its turn on the stage as often as any other modern farce.

29. MISS STEVENS appeared the first time on any stage at Drury Lane, in the character of Polly, in *The Beggar's Opera*. Her voice, the principal quality for this part, is musical, strong, and of considerable compass. Her figure by no means elegant, nor is her face to be remarked for its beauty. She performed with ease and spirit, without attempting more than was necessary. Her deportment was unembarrassed, and on the whole gave no unfavourable picture of this celebrated, and never to be lost character.

DEC. 5. **A WORD FOR NATURE**, a Comedy, by Mr. Cumberland, was acted the first time at Drury Lane. The Characters as follow:

Sir Toby Truckle	Mr. Suett.
Lord Glenorden	Mr. Aickin.
Capt. Clifton	Mr. Barrymore.
Leonard	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Runic	Mr. Dowton.
Mr. Sterling	Mr. Palmer.
Lady Truckle	Miss Pope.
Matilda	Miss Biggs.
Ruth	Mrs. Walcott.

The plot of this piece is of a flimsy texture. Sir Toby, who has a daughter, Matilda, heiress to his immense estates, marries as his second wife Lady Truckle, whose great object is to effect a marriage between her son, Leonard, and the heiress of her husband's property. Matilda had previously fixed her choice on Captain Clifton, who is deeply in love with her; yielding, at length, however, to the importunities of her father, overcome by the violence of Lady Truckle, by whom he is governed, she signs a contract to marry Leonard. The latter, however, too generous to avail himself of a legal title without the lady's heart, resolves to overcome his own passion for the lady, and to unite her to his friend Clifton, the object of her choice. He contrives to get possession of the contract, which he transfers to Clifton. Such is the story on which the interest is founded, and with which the character and dialogue are connected.

In this, as in the least successful of Mr. Cumberland's plays, there is nothing to offend. There is some sentimentality, neatness in the dialogue, and sometimes a little smartness. There is nothing however to rouse and to interest the mind. The catastrophe is anticipated from the beginning, and the situations produced by the obstacles to the union of the lovers, are too common to excite even a momentary expectation, quite destitute of passion to engage the sympathy of the audience. Every thing is tame and languid. The plot creeps on to the conclusion without any attempt to overcome the listlessness of the spectator.



On various occasions Mr. Cumberland has shewn talents equal to the production of pieces of the first rate character; the haste, however, in which the generality of his performances have been evidently brought to light, has precluded him from the advantage of revision. The produce of haste and carelessness are not calculated to obtain lasting applause.

The present Comedy was represented only five times. A Prologue was spoken by Mr. Barrymore, and an Epilogue by Mr. Bannister, jun.

8. LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN, a Comedy, by Mr. Reynolds, was acted the first time at Covent Garden. The Characters as follow :

Mortimer	Mr. Holman.
Goffamer	Mr. Lewis.
Bonus	Mr. Munden.
Delville	Mr. Whitfield.
Sambo	Mr. Fawcett.
Costly	Mr. Townsend.
Master Mortimer	Miss Gilbert.
Mrs. Mortimer	Mrs. Pope.
Miss Gloomly	Mrs. Mattocks.
Emily	Miss Mansell.
Dorothy	Mrs. Gibbs.

The plot chiefly turns upon the supposed seduction of Mrs. Mortimer by Delville, her relation, and the intimate friend of her husband. Mortimer, informed of the infidelity of his wife by a letter from Miss Gloomly, returns to England from Gibraltar, and, stopping at an inn in Richmond, is confirmed in the intelligence by finding Delville and Mrs. Mortimer together there. Delville, acquainted with his arrival, attempts to secure his person by arresting him for money advanced by him to Mrs. Mortimer in her distress. This scheme is, however, defeated by the benevolent interference of Delville's negro servant, Sambo. Mortimer, however, determined not to sur vive his dishonour, is about to take poison, when his arm is stopped by his son. Mrs. Mortimer appears at this crisis, and an explanation takes place; her innocence is established by the testimony of Sambo, and the written confession of Delville, who, stung with remorse, makes this atonement for his villainy. Bonus, the uncle of Mortimer, pays his addresses to Miss Gloomly; but they are prevented from succeeding by the ludicrous stratagems of Goffamer; and the uncle is at length reconciled to his nephew, whom he had neglected on

account of his marriage. Goffamer also succeeds in tricking, or, to use the fashionable cant of the day, in *boasting* Bonus out of his consent to marry his ward Emily, an heiress, with a fortune of 30,000l.

The fable is trifling, and hardly worth notice; but the conduct of the piece produces what the Author intended, much mirth. It is certainly lively, entertaining, and moral. Though to excite laughter is evidently the first design of the author, he has introduced some pathetic scenes, which produce no small effect. It was well acted, and as well received by the audience. A Prologue to it was spoken by Mr. Holman, and an Epilogue by Mrs. Pope.

11. ALBERT AND ADELAIDE; or, THE VICTIM OF CONSTANCY, a grand heroic Romance, in three parts, taken from the German, was acted the first time at Covent Garden. The principal Characters by Messrs. Inledon, Fawcett, H. Johnston, Emery, Betterton, Townsend, Simmons, Follett, and Miss Webb, Miss Wheatley, &c.

The plot of this piece differs in some degree from that of *The Captive of Spilburg*, now performing at Drury Lane, which is a close translation of the original story of *Madam Genlis*. Mr. Cobb, who is the translator of the Romance now before us, has materially deviated from the text of the author, in order that he may not be considered as the servile copyist of Mr. Hoare, who had the start of him in bringing his translation forward some weeks since with considerable *eclat* at the other Theatre. We shall not attempt to make any invidious comparison between the two pieces; each possesses a sufficient share of interest to answer the purpose of the stage, and both will long continue to be held in high estimation by the public. The attraction of *Albert and Adelaide* consists not merely in the interest of its scenes, or the literary exertions of its author; the Manager, by a judicious exertion of his wonted liberality in the decorative department, has rendered it a splendid spectacle, as well as an interesting drama; and, although the whole is rather too serious a cast for an afterpiece, curtailment has contributed to ensure it the most ample success. The music, which is the joint composition of Steibelt and Attwood, is of the most excellent description,

F f f

scription,

scription. The House was full in every part, and the entertainment was received throughout with universal applause.

Miss Webb made her first appearance on the stage in male attire, and was received with applause.

15. MR. TURNER, a Gentleman lately practising at the Bar, appeared the first time on any stage at Covent Garden, in the character of Macbeth. Perhaps in the whole range of the drama it would not be possible to fix on any part which requires the mature talents of a veteran, and which therefore should be so carefully avoided by a young performer.

Mr. Turner shewed that he possessed taste, and was well acquainted with the business of the stage. He displayed at times judgment and sensibility. His voice is of considerable compass, but his figure wanted consequence, and his features expression. His demeanor was also wanting in gracefulness. There was, however, enough in his performance to demonstrate that he was capable of improvement, and that study and practice would mature and bring forward the talents he possessed.

Mrs. Johnson performed Lady Macbeth in a manner not to discredit the reputation she had acquired.

## POETRY.

### APOLLO'S STRATAGEM.

ADDRESSED TO A FAVOURITE ACTRESS.

“DEAR Sisters celestial, Minerva and Venus!

“Attend to the truant Apollo;

“Consider the love and affection between us,  
“Nor fear my example to follow.

“You know that Jove’s dulness, and life without motion,

“From Olympus have forc’d me to roam;

“That I wander’d at large over earth, air, and ocean,

“Then perch’d upon Drury’s high dome.

“There pleas’d with my station, remote from old Jove,

“I reign without rival or foe,

“Nor envy my brethren their pleasures above,

“While possess’d of my pleasures below.

“Sometimes, like Salmoneus, I roll mimic thunder,

“And with lightning the galleries affright,

“Or with wit’s dancing meteors make critics wonder,

“And gild the long darkness of night.

“Then for sports such as these, quit your upper domain

“And temples of gilded expansion;

“The joys which you Goddesses fight for in vain,

“May be found in my favourite mansion.”

The Goddesses listen’d with joy to the measure,

And began their hard lot to deplore;

They quitted celestial, to try earthly pleasure,

For Olympus was “veted a bore.”

Night shadow’d the globe with her sable pellice,

The Goddesses set themselves free;

Then drove down to Drury in safety and ease,

The Young Quaker and Blue Beard to see.

Now Phœbus, the rogue, had a plot in his brain,

To put their critique to the test:

By bidding one female two parts to sustain,  
Then asking which acted the best.

In a snug private station, molested by few men

(By beings invisible raised),

They observed all that passed with a critic’s acumen,

And alternately censured, and praised.

The fair Dinah Primrose, Minerva approv’d,  
Meek, chaste, unassuming, and mild;

Her acting applauded, her character lov’d,  
And call’d her, her favourite child.

But Venus with rapture recounted each grace

That shone in Irene the gay;

Extoll’d her demeanour, her person, her face,

And laugh’d the light hours away.

Each dwelt on her favourite actress’s merit,  
Each scoff’d at the taste of the other;

Till high in debate, and unyielding in spirit,  
The dispute was refer’d to their brother.

The God shook with laughter, then joyous and airy,

Exclaim’d, “Let me suffer the blame!

“The stratagem’s mine—tho’ the characters vary,

“The actress is one and the same.

" The versatile fair who, to-night so myste-  
 rious,  
 " Has put your critique to the test,  
 " Is in all she performs, either comic or  
 serious,  
 " So equal that each seems the best.  
 " To each of her characters, daring and free,  
 " The fire of true genius is given :  
 " Then (if you approve) it hereafter shall  
 be  
 " With fire, like Prometheus, from  
 Heaven.  
 " For sure, to reward her obedience and  
 duty,  
 " You hold it both prudent and fit ;  
 " So Venus shall lend her the cestus of  
 beauty,  
 " And Pallas her helmet of wit."  
 The motion was carry'd—the morn'gan to  
 beam—  
 'Twas resolv'd that the public should  
 know it ;  
 And while they determined to make her  
 their theme,  
 They determined to make me their poet.  
 Some scruples arose, but were instantly  
 quell'd,  
 What mortal more honours desired ?  
 By wisdom commanded, by beauty impell'd,  
 And moreover, by Phœbus inspir'd !

S.

## THE DECEMBER DAY.

" ADVERSITY'S long day appears,  
 " Engloom'd by tearful grief ;  
 " No cheering sound of joy it hears,  
 " 'Tis senseless to relief.

" Adversity's long year is roll'd  
 " With one dark season round ;  
 " Recover'd bloom no springs unfold,  
 " No autumn fruits are found.  
 " Adversity's sad tedious life  
 " Sighs long with sorrow's breath ;  
 " Present is woe's tempestuous strife,  
 " Distant the rays of death."

Thus sang a youth to griefs long known  
 (December closed the year),  
 When lo, the sudden sunbeams shone  
 With mild effulgence clear.

The streams, encurv'd with wintry breeze,  
 In sportive brightness play'd ;  
 And all the snow envelop'd trees  
 Glitten'd with gems array'd.

The clouds with silver radiance bright  
 Sail'd thro' the lucid sky,  
 Ten thousand tints of joyful light  
 Struck the astonish'd eye.

And from her cell fair Nature rose,  
 Mant'd with drifted snow ;  
 Ice-drops upon her crown were froze,  
 A pearl resembling row.

A lyre within her hand she held,  
 Of soul-subduing sound :  
 She sang—all being was compell'd  
 To mute attention round.

But ah, the numbers of her verse  
 To other bards belong ;  
 My simple lines would but rehearse  
 The tenor of her song.

" Mortals (she cried), the life I give,  
 " Why thus with grief annoy ?  
 " There is no day thro' which you live,  
 " But has its hour of joy.

" Ev'n winter has its chearful glow,  
 " Its noon with blissful smiles ;  
 " E'en this dark season of my woe  
 " With short delight beguiles.

" Learn, Mortals! learn, that even pain  
 " Has moments that may please ;  
 " That years of labour still contain  
 " Their days of peace and ease.

" Engloom not life with mournful tears,  
 " But watch for pleasure's ray ;  
 " Seize the bright moment which it cheers,  
 " And hold it while you may."

T. NOBLE.

## ODE TO EVENING.

BY THOMAS ENORT OF HAMMERSMITH.

" Now teach me, Maid compos'd,  
 " To breathe some fotten'd strain."  
 COLLINS'S " Ode to Evening."

I.

THE gentlest sound which wakens echo's  
 ear,  
 In pow'rless numbers breath'd without a  
 guide,  
 Would fain with modest pleadings now be  
 heard  
 By thee, O courteous Eve !

II.

Such as some Elfin minstrel lightly pours  
 In strains symphonious to thy whip'ring  
 gales,  
 As o'er the grave where dove-ey'd beauty  
 sleeps,  
 Soft pity bends and mourns.

III.

Or such as village swains have taught to flow,  
 With pastoral music in some woodland wild,  
 Or she, the melancholy bird who sings  
 Amid thy mantling shade.

F f f 2

O hither

## IV.

O hither come, soft footed matron Eve !  
 And whilst proud day-light in his pomp re-  
 tires,  
 Drefs'd like some pilgrim in his Palmer's  
 weed,  
 With sober graces come.

## V.

And to my sight those pensive charms reveal  
 Which please me more than all the gaudy  
 hues,  
 Which Phœbus owns, when o'er the cheek  
 of morn  
 He sings his colours gay.

## VI.

O come, and with thy sombre pallet draw  
 Those dark'ning lines which veil great Na-  
 ture's face,  
 And from some holy tower or mountain give  
 Me, cloister'd nymph, to view

## VII.

The grey-rob'd landscape stealing slow away,  
 Where Sylvan spires and lessening groves are  
 seen,  
 With low roof'd thatches, on whose simple  
 shapes  
 Thy mild reflection gleams.

## VIII.

Or view chaste Cynthia bend her pearly bow,  
 And greet thee, Evening, with her kisses  
 sweet,  
 And o'er thy shadowy features smiling throw  
 Her beams of softest light.

## IX.

Thee, best belov'd of all the virgin train,  
 In "sweetly pleasing" numbers teach me  
 how,  
 Pure Nature's nun, with licence unpro-  
 fan'd,  
 To praise thy soft'ning mien.

## X.

Which wins more true the feeling's sober  
 turn,  
 Meek star-crown'd Eve, than all that morn-  
 ing boasts,  
 When first he waves his orient locks of gold,  
 Hung with Aurora's pearls.

## XI.

Still mayst thou smile, calm votarefs, placid  
 Eve,  
 With genial influence thro' earth's varying  
 round ;  
 So shall each season share thy kindest beam,  
 And bless thy steadfast reign.

*Written at the Swan Inn,  
 Leatherhead, Surry, Oct. 19, 1798.*

ON A LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE  
 TURNING SOLDIER ;

In Imitation of Horace's Ode to Iccius,  
 L. 1. Od. 29.

By DR. TROTTER, Physician to the Fleet.

MY learned friend I now behold,  
 Equipp'd for sharing Spanish gold ;  
 With tow'ring crest and martial air,  
 Long whiskers—what a face of hair !  
 His charger, honest Yorkshire's breed,  
 And well he fits the prancing steed :  
 Then bow, ye proud Directors, bow,  
 Whom Austria's bands could never cow ;  
 And when he frowns, or moves his clutch,  
 Go seek your swamps, ye trembling Dutch.

But when thy arm has wrought the fall  
 Of some remorseless bloody Gaul,  
 What gayest of Parisian dames,  
 For printed darts and am'rous flames,  
 Shall turn to you her wishful eyes,  
 A victor thou, and she thy prize ?  
 If Tallien, what an host of charms !  
 Long ankle, shoulders bare, and naked arms !

You want a valet ? chuse at pleasure,  
 Around your throng the Etat Major ;  
 All grinning for old English fare,  
 'Yclept th' army d'Angleterre.  
 Or to the Tribune cast thine eyes,  
 And see the speaker gape and rise,  
 With all a Marat's logic grace,  
 A tyger's heart, a monkey's face \*.  
 His speech the bulletins record,  
 " Honourable Mention," every word.  
 Tho' here the orator presumes,  
 A tonfor he, and vends perfumes ;  
 How pert, how frisk he enters in !  
 How glib he sweeps the yielding chin !  
 Murmurs !—'twas but the bristling hair ;  
 Applauses !—your mustaches stare.

What wonders then shall give surprize ?  
 What new born monsters meet our eyes ?  
 Shall the fam'd Nile, more famous now,  
 From wreathes that circle Nelson's brow,  
 To Abyssinia backwards course,  
 And bear fresh glories to his source ?  
 Shall Thames than Gravesend flow no higher,  
 And leave all London town in mire ?  
 Since you those classic vales desert,  
 Nor leave them with an aching heart :  
 Quit bowers and academic groves,  
 And walks where science fondly roves,  
 Dear seats that woo the Muse to play,  
 Where Flora might with Darwin stray ;  
 For gorget, fish, and pomp of war,  
 And cap that marks the stern huffar ;

\* Alluding to Voltaire's definition of the French character.

For tented fields, where cannons rattle,  
And trumpets mock the groans of battle.

We watch'd your morn serenely fair,  
And flowers and blossoms op'ning there ;  
And fondest wishes, hopes so gay,  
Ne'er dream'd of this unwelcome day.

## EPIGRAM.

**A**S the hero of France sat musing of late  
On the prosperous state of his fleet ;  
I stept his unfortunate messenger Fate,  
And announced its shameful defeat.

“ Is it thus, partial Demon,” he cries in a  
rage,  
“ That thou with old Ocean combines ;  
“ Shall Britain's proud genius with one arm  
engage  
“ Thus to frustrate my noble designs ?”  
“ Tho' Britain her one armed trophies can  
raise,  
“ Shall I be call'd partial,” cries Fate,  
“ When thou with one tongue dost all Deities  
praise,  
“ And with two arms canst plunder a  
state.”

## EPI TAPH

## ON A FAVOURITE CAT,

Inscribed on a Stone in a Gentleman's Garden,  
Surrey.

**B**ENEATH this slender pear-tree's grate-  
ful shade,  
The mould'ring relics of a Cat are laid,  
A grateful master bids this stone relate  
In simple verse a playful favourite's fate ;  
Scarce life had dawn'd, ere death's unerring  
dart  
Pierc'd watchful Tabby's unsuspecting  
heart ;  
No sable train, with well-feign'd grief, at-  
tend  
To guard the tomb where sleeps a wealthy  
friend,  
No sculptur'd marble, rear'd by pride, for  
fame  
To tell a hero's, or a patriot's name,  
But a true friend to poor humanity,  
My lifeless Tabby, heaves a sigh for thee.

Soon shall the bard, who now attunes the  
lyre,  
Pierc'd by misfortune's shafts, with grief ex-  
pire ;  
Then no kind friends will drop the silent  
tear,  
Or press with rev'rence round his humble  
bier,  
No kindred muse record his worth, or tell  
How lov'd he liv'd, or how lamented fell.

W. S.

*Box Hill, Surrey, Nov. 12, 1798.*

## ADDRESS TO THE RIVER WHIMRAM,

## NEAR HERTFORD.

**O**H chrysal River, whither haste,  
Why flow thy glassy waves so fast ?  
Arrest thy rapid tide, and say,  
Whether in all thy length of way  
Thy waters bathe a scene like this,  
Pregnant of beauty and of bliss,  
Whose banks the verdant willows shade,  
Impervious to Sol's rays has made ;  
Whilst friendly to the eye, is seen  
Earth's carpet deck'd in deepest green ;  
Where fruits and flowers together rise,  
And, mix'd with hues of various dyes,  
The ground in sweet confusion lies. }  
Then say what various virtues grace  
The tenants of this happy place ;  
The Master see of noble mind  
“ Feels, like a man, for all mankind.”  
No heart more free, no temper franker,  
And much too liberal for a Banker ;  
His consort see in life's gay prime,  
(Now twenty for the second time)  
With a maternal pious care  
Attend her young and lovely fair ;  
With her own grace their charms inspire,  
And add the virtues of their fire.  
Not only teach them to supply  
The silken nets that catch the eye \*,  
But make the firm and lasting cage  
The heart's affections to engage.  
Now, stream, no more I'll vex thy ear,  
For charming Caroline's not here ;  
Besides, as I'm a very sinner,  
The bell now summons me to dinner.

S.

\* “ The present young Ladies,” says Mademoiselle Deshoulieres, “ amuse themselves with making nets for catching the men, and do not think of making cages to keep them afterwards.”

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

London, Dec. 7, 1798.

SIR,

ON perusing your last Magazine, p. 305, I observe the following sentence: "Gilbert West, Esq. the Author of Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul:" as I am perfectly satisfied you are desirous of rendering your Work correct, and that you will not take amiss any hint which may be suggested to that end, I take the liberty to point out an error in attributing the "Observations" to G. West: they were

written by George Lord Lyttleton, at the particular request of Mr. West, in consequence of Lord Lyttleton's asserting in conversation that he deemed the Conversion of St. Paul a most striking evidence of the truth of Christianity. These "Observations" were addressed in a Letter "to Gilbert West, Esq." which has probably occasioned the mistake.

I am,

Your sincere friend and reader,

S. D.\*

## JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

THIRD SESSION OF THE EIGHTEENTH PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

TUESDAY, NOV. 20.

THIS day the House met for the dispatch of business; about three o'clock his Majesty came in his usual state, and being robed, and seated upon the throne, Sir Francis Molyneux, the Black Rod, was sent to require the attendance of the Commons: on his return to the Bar with the Speaker and a few Members, the King opened the session with a most gracious speech; for which see our last Magazine, page 295.

Lord Darnley rose to move an Address. His Lordship referred at some length to the various points in the speech, and seemed to dwell with particular force on the advantages derived by our naval successes, and the Russians and Turks being at length induced to take up arms against our inveterate enemy. His Lordship then moved the Address, which was a mere complimentary echo of the speech.

Lord Craven felt himself strongly induced to second the Address, because it went to express the high sense their Lordships must feel of the great and glorious victories obtained by our Naval Commanders, who, against a superior force, had almost totally annihilated the naval power of our implacable enemy; a victory that must even convince that enemy

of the strength of this kingdom, which when threatened with hostile invasion from abroad, and the seeds of rebellion were industriously sowing at home, could even then be able to attack them from the Banks of the Thames to the Mouth of the Nile.

The Marquis of Lansdowne thought the two Noble Lords, in so highly extolling the bravery of our Navy, had merely done their duty; but there was another duty incumbent on that House, namely, to be careful that every advantage was made by our Ministers of that bravery and of their success. Fleeting victories would soon pass away, and it was only by producing a permanent peace that these victories could be of any real utility; it was, therefore, that he felt no small concern that the speech gave not the most distant hope of that which was so very desirable to the nation—it breathed indeed nothing but war—for, instead of hinting at negotiations, it talked of foreign alliances. He thought that the various changes in the five years war were sufficient to have convinced Ministers that very little was to be derived from them. The conduct of the French had certainly been such as to make every wise and honest man abhor

\* The mistake had been discovered before the receipt of our Correspondent's Letter.—

EDITOR.

and

and dread them, and wish to check their destructive career; but he did not think harsh language or violent epithets either prudent or necessary—it would widen a breach in private life, and could not be calculated to conciliate nations. He concluded by asserting that the present was an auspicious moment for proposing peace to France; and that if peace was found to be unattainable, we should confine ourselves to a defensive war, to be conducted on the most economical principles.

Lord Mulgrave began by giving a due and splendid panegyric on the talents and bravery of Lord Nelson. He was far from thinking that the present was the moment to sue for, or, as it was termed, to propose a peace to France. Our position was by no means the same as when the war began. The two Great Nations then began the contest upon even ground; at present, whether we considered the relative force, the resources, or the spirit of the respective countries, we occupied in every point of view “the vantage ground.” Why then, when we had it in our power to rescue Europe from bondage, should we trust for a precarious security to the moderation of France?

Lord Grenville said, that after the able speech of his Noble Friend, he should not have thought it necessary to speak; but being called up by a Noble Lord, he did not wish to decline the challenge. On the contrary, he rose to invite the Noble Lord to detail and specify the dates and facts, and to shew when a fair opportunity for effecting a peace had been overlooked by the British Cabinet. In his opinion, it would be more easy for that Noble Lord to shew that these opportunities, such as they were, had ever been cultivated too far. He had seen the time when, with deep regret, he had consented to abandon the other Powers of Europe to their fate, but it was not until those Powers had abandoned themselves. It was at the time when the same arguments which their Lordships had heard this day from a certain quarter—when selfish considerations were unhappily listened to, and produced a paralyzing effect on other countries. He had ever condemned the selfish argument—“let us shift for ourselves”—“let us obtain a temporary respite.” The policy which he ever had in view was to prevent France from becoming mistress of the Continent. If he

wished the influence of Britain to prevail it was not for inflammatory, but for conciliatory purposes.

The Address was read, and carried without a division.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21.

Lord Spencer moved, “That the Thanks of this House be given to the Right Hon. Lord Nelson, for his very meritorious conduct in the signal victory obtained by him over the French Fleet in the Mediterranean; and that the Thanks of that House be also given to the Officers, Sailors, and Marines, who served under his Lordship upon that glorious occasion.”

The question was put, and the motion unanimously agreed to.

Lord Spencer, after stating his high sense of the services performed off the coast of Ireland, made a similar motion, “That the Thanks of this House be given to Sir John Borlase Warren, and to the Officers, Sailors, and Marines, serving under him, for their conduct in defeating the French Fleet off the coast of Ireland;” which also passed unanimously.

Their Lordships then proceeded to St. James’s, with their Address to his Majesty.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28.

Lord Grenville presented a Message from his Majesty on the subject of Lord Nelson’s Annuity, precisely similar to that recently sent to the House of Commons.

His Majesty’s Message being then read from the Woolstack,

Lord Grenville observed, that it was obviously unnecessary that he should take up the time of their Lordships in enlarging upon the transcendent professional merits of the Noble Admiral in question, or upon the incalculable services he had rendered: he would therefore only move, “That an Address be presented to his Majesty, upon his most gracious Message, expressive of the high sense entertained by their Lordships of the merits and services of the Noble Admiral in question, and stating, that the House would most cheerfully concur in enabling his Majesty to settle the desired Annuity upon Lord Nelson and the two next heirs to his peerage.

His Lordship then presented an Address to the above effect, which was immediately voted by their Lordships *unanimously*.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TUESDAY, NOV. 20.

THE Speaker informed the House, that he had been in the House of Lords, where he had heard a most gracious speech delivered by his Majesty from the Throne; of which, to prevent mistakes, he had procured the copy. (See our last Magazine, page 295.)

Lord Granville Levison Gower rose to move an Address of Thanks to his Majesty. He commenced with an apology to the House for offering himself to their attention on the occasion; which he considered the more necessary, as he was convinced that no degree of eloquence, not even that which had hitherto distinguished the proceedings of that Assembly, was capable of doing justice to the great and important topics of the speech which they had just heard read. Whatever the objections of some Gentlemen might have been to the principles upon which the war was commenced, and however their opinions might hitherto have differed from those of his Majesty's Ministers, with respect to the necessity of continuing the contest, he hoped there would that night be found but one sentiment and one feeling upon the subject: all, he trusted, would now agree as to the expediency of proceeding in the cause in which we were embarked, until it should be brought to a safe and happy issue. Two attempts to negotiate had been made by his Majesty, in hopes of bringing the contest to an honourable termination, and that the Government of France would be induced to restore peace to Europe on just and equitable terms. The result of each, however, sufficiently proved how much Ministers were mistaken in the opinion which they had formed of the intentions of the enemy.

Sir Henry St. John Mildmay seconded the Address. He was convinced that it was only by a vigorous perseverance in the same line of conduct that had raised us to our present enviable condition, that we could hope to attain the ultimate object of our exertions, a safe and honourable peace.

Sir Francis Burdett said, that he would endeavour to give the fullest extent of his approbation to every expression of applause with which the Noble Lord (Gower) had distinguished and extolled

the naval victory. He beheld, in common with every Englishman, the brilliancy of that glorious day, and participated with them the triumph of our fleets and armies. That victory had undoubtedly put us on high, and enabled us to speak on advantageous terms to the enemy. The conditions were now in our power, and Ministers should be cautious in proportion as they were on that day fortunate.

The Address was put and carried without a division.

FRIDAY, NOV. 23.

Captain Berkeley, Chairman of the Committee to whom his Majesty's Message respecting Lord Nelson had been referred, brought up the Report, stating, that the Committee were of opinion, that a pension of 2000*l.* a year should be granted to his Majesty, payable out of the Consolidated Fund, from the first of August, 1798, to enable his Majesty to settle the same in the most beneficial manner on Lord Nelson, and the two next succeeding heirs on whom the title should devolve.

The Report was agreed to, and Captain Berkeley and Mr. Pitt were ordered to prepare and bring in a Bill for that purpose.

Mr. Rose then moved for an Address to his Majesty, praying that his Majesty would give directions for the Army and Navy Estimates to be laid before the House. Agreed to.

Mr. Rose moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the more effectually punishing Mutiny and Desertion, and Persons inciting the Soldiers and Sailors to Mutiny and Desertion. Agreed to.

MONDAY, NOV. 26.

Captain Berkeley brought in the Act for settling an annuity of 2000*l.* on Admiral Nelson, and his two next heirs in remainder bearing the title. Read a first time.

The Army, Navy, and Ordnance Estimates were brought up, and ordered to lie on the table.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, and a motion having been made that 120,000 seamen be granted for the service of the ensuing year, including 20,000 marines,

The Chairman then put the question, and the supply was voted.

TUESDAY,



TUESDAY, NOV. 27.

Mr. W. Dundas brought in a Bill to continue for a time to be limited, the circulation of small Notes in Scotland. Read a first time, and ordered to be read a second.

Captain Berkeley brought in a Bill to enable his Majesty to settle an Annuity of 2000l. out of the Consolidated Fund, in the most beneficial manner, on the present Lord Nelson, and his two next succeeding heirs male: to commence from the 1st of August last. Read a first and second time, and ordered to be committed.

Mr. Hobart brought up a Report of the Committee of Supply, voting 120,000 seamen.

Sir John Sinclair opposed so great a number of seamen and marines; contending that under the present circumstances, in consequence of our great victories, and the weakness of the enemy, it would be œconomy and prudence to vote an inferior number. He said, the gallantry of our seamen rendered such a disproportion unnecessary, he should therefore give it his negative.

Mr. Wallace supported the question. He observed that a few thousand men might make a material difference, and be the means of deciding the war; the single question, he said, was, whether we should give the enemy an opportunity of recovering themselves, or whether we should follow up the advantage we had gained; and that œconomy in war, upon some occasions, was bad policy.

Mr. Tierney said he by no means agreed in opinion with the honourable Baronet; the question was, whether we were more likely to obtain peace by humiliation and supplication, or by being seen in a spirited and warlike attitude? We owed every thing to our navy—it has done every thing for us, it will do every thing, it will bring about a peace; the reduction of it, at this moment, would be a most destructive and impolitic measure.

The Resolutions were then read a first and second time, and agreed to.

Mr. Pitt moved that the House do resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to-morrow, on the Land and Malt Tax.

Mr. Pitt moved for leave to bring in a Bill to extend the terms and powers of the Bill of last Sessions, to enable his Ma-

jefty to send militia troops to Ireland, if necessary.

He prefaced this motion by observing, that Ireland was not yet in that perfect state of security as to permit the Bill of last year on this subject to expire. Leave granted.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 28.

Mr. Pitt moved the Order of the Day, that the House do now resolve itself into a Committee, to consider of the Supply. The House having resolved itself into the said Committee, Mr. Hobart in the Chair,

Mr. Pitt moved, that the Land Tax, Tobacco Bills, &c. be continued till the 25th of March 1800; and for the Malt, Mum, Cyder, and Perry, to be also continued to the 24th of June 1800.

The Chairman reported progress, and asked leave to sit again. Ordered, on motion, to sit again on Friday next.

Mr. Boon, from the Customs, brought up accounts of India Goods imported and deposited in the Warehouses during the last year, together with an account of naval stores. The titles were read, and ordered to lie on the Table.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the Order of the Day for the House to resolve itself into a Committee for securing the annuity of 2000l. to Admiral Lord Nelson. The blanks being filled up, the report was ordered to be received on Friday.

The Committee of Supply was deferred.

FRIDAY, NOV. 30.

Mr. Hobart brought up the Report of the Bill for granting an annuity of 2000l. to Lord Nelson.—Ordered to be engrossed and read a third time on Monday next, if then engrossed.

Mr. Hobart brought up the Report of the Committee of Ways and Means. The different Resolutions were read a first and second time and agreed to.

Mr. Secretary at War moved, that the House do resolve itself into a Committee of Supply, which was done accordingly.—Mr. Hobart in the Chair.

Mr. Secretary at War then moved, that the Estimates, Ordinary and Extraordinary, of the Army Ordnance, &c. be referred to the said Committee. After which several Resolutions were put and carried, and the Report ordered to be brought up.

MONDAY,

MONDAY, DEC. 3.

The Bill for granting Lord Nelson an annuity of 2000*l.* per annum was read a third time, and ordered to the Lords.

## WAYS AND MEANS.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee, Mr. Hobart in the Chair, On the motion of Mr. Pitt, the Act of the 38th of the King, called "The Assessment Tax Act," was read.

Mr. Pitt then addressed the Committee, and after enumerating, in detail, the particulars of the Supply, which he stated generally to be

Navy, allowing 120,000 men, at 7 <i>l.</i> each man	8,400,000
Extrasordinaries for ditto	5,244,000
Army, with its Extrasordinaries	8,840,000
Miscellaneous and other services	6,788,000
Total	29,272,000

He entered into a statement of the Ways and Means to meet the same.

## DRAWBACKS.

He observed, that the imports and exports of the country had increased in a very astonishing degree, and that it was necessary to encourage them in proportion as they increased: for this purpose he meant certain regulations with regard to drawbacks, that, as well as encouraging traffic, would increase the permanent revenue.

These regulations, which at a future period he meant to detail, and submit more precisely, he signified would, on the nearest calculation, leave the permanent revenue for the ensuing year, at about 19,000,000*l.* To provide for the remaining sum of 29,272,000*l.* recourse was to be had to means which he should have the honour of submitting to the House. Last year he introduced a mode of taxation, which he had supposed would answer all the exigencies of the State; and he had the satisfaction of saying, that it produced the amount of what he had anticipated, for that he had calculated the produce of that measure, together with that of convoys on imports, at no more than about 8,000,000, and already they had produced, without including the current quarter, 7,500,000*l.* But though he had the satisfaction of stating, that the amount of the assessed taxes equalled his first expectations; yet,

had they been collected with the same degree of equality, and paid with the same degree of honour that the law provided in its equity and spirit, their amount would have been productive in the most extraordinary degree. This was defeated by a shameful abuse, and a dishonourable evasion of that act, an evasion that in many instances amounted to fraud. To remedy an evil so disgraceful to the British name, and to forward the object he had long since in his contemplation, he found it expedient to have recourse to other means, and for that purpose should propose

## A TAX ON INCOME.

The plan he should submit for this purpose, he trusted, would meet the approbation of the Committee. He then entered into a general outline of the plan: That Commissioners should be appointed in the different Counties, Cities, and great Towns, whose qualification should be 300*l.* per annum. That they should act in a Ministerial capacity, but that parties, finding themselves aggrieved, should have the right of appeal; and that the Appeal Commissioners should be a select body, chosen out of the two last Grand Juries of the respective counties. That with regard to the payment of this tax, the Bill should specify a certain given time for all persons to come and give a statement of their income to the Commissioners, and pay one tenth of the same accordingly.

That a check should necessarily attend this statement, to prevent abuses, which should remain with the proper Officer of the District, the Surveyor of Taxes; and that if he expressed a doubt of such statement, then, and in that case only, the Commissioners should have an authority to examine the party suspected on his oath, to scrutinize his books, and to interrogate his clerks; and in all cases where the offending party committed perjury, that the law, as in such cases, should be put in force.

Here Mr. Pitt entered more minutely into the nature of the new tax. He signified, that it would admit of much arrangement relative to exemptions, excluding from its power those whose income was under 60*l.* per annum. and confining the fractional limitation, as in the said act, to those whose income does not exceed 200*l.* per ann. in the same way.

Mr. Pitt then mentioned the several objects which came within the meaning of

of the Bill, and the amount they would produce for the purpose of Taxation, which he recapitulated as follows :

Land	20,000,000
Land Tenants	6,000,000
Tythes	4,000,000
Timber, Mines, and Collieries	3,000,000
Houses	5,000,000
Professions	2,000,000
Colonial Property	5,000,000
Scotland	5,000,000
The Funds	12,000,000
Foreign Trade	12,000,000
Domestic Trade and Artizans	28,000,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>102,000,000</b>

Dismissing from this account the odd 2,000,000, and take one tenth of the remainder, the sum thus produced as the object of this Bill, will exactly amount to 10,000,000, which is that required. This he stated, with the sum of nearly 20,000,000 provided by the permanent taxes, would meet the expenditure of the ensuing year, comprising in the whole the sum of nearly 30,000,000.

Here Mr. Pitt, in an eloquent and masterly appeal to the passions, and to the judgment of the House, took opportunity to glance at the superior rank that Great Britain held among Nations, and concluded one of the most argumentative and persuasive orations, (in delivering which he occupied more than three hours) by appealing to the manly sense and dignified feelings of that House, to support him in that measure.

The Resolutions were then severally agreed to, the Report was ordered to be brought up to-morrow, and the House adjourned.

#### TUESDAY, DEC. 4.

The Small Scotch Note Bill was read a second time, and committed for Thursday.

The English Note Bill was read a second time, and committed for Friday next.

Mr. Hobart brought up the Report of the Committee of Ways and Means of last night.

By these Resolutions the Assessed Taxes are to be altogether abolished; and in lieu of them every person is to contribute to the burdens of the State, according to his actual means and property. The scale of contribution is to be similar to that which was last year adopted for the Assessed Taxes. The person enjoying 60*l.* a year is to pay the 120th part of his income and this proportion will rise

gradually to an income of 200*l.* when the contribution will be one 10th part. The Tax to take effect on the 5th of April next, at which time the repeal of the present Assessed Taxes will take place.

The Resolutions were read a first and second time, and a Bill ordered to be brought in founded on them, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary at War, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, Mr. Long, and Mr. Hobart.

The Secretary at War moved for leave to bring in the Mutiny Bill, which was ordered.

#### WEDNESDAY, DEC. 5.

Several public accounts were presented, and ordered to lie on the Table.

Mr Pitt brought in a Bill, which he presented without any preface, for repealing the Act of last Session of Parliament, intituled, "An Act for increasing the Assessed Taxes," and "For substituting instead thereof, a Tax on Income."

The Bill was read a first, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

#### THURSDAY, DEC. 6.

On the motion of Mr. Pitt, the Bill for a Tax on Income was read a second time, and ordered to be committed to-morrow.

Mr Pitt, pursuant to the notice he gave last night, moved, that leave be given to bring in a Bill to explain and amend an Act of the last Session of Parliament, intituled "An Act for the Redemption of the Land Tax." The Motion being seconded, leave was given to bring in a Bill.

Mr. A. Taylor moved, that there be laid before the House an account of the General and Staff Officers in Great Britain, and the several districts to which they are appointed. Agreed to.

#### FRIDAY, DEC. 7.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought up the Amended Land Tax Bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

The Bill to enable his Majesty to accept the services of the Militia who should voluntarily offer to serve in Ireland, was brought in, and read a first time.

The House went into a Committee upon the Bill for a Tax upon Property, the blanks were filled up, and the Report ordered to be received to-morrow.

In a Committee upon the Small Note Bill, Notes under 20 shillings were to be called in by the 1st of February, and the duration of the Bill itself limited to the 1st of May.—Adjourned.

## BATTLE OF THE NILE.

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF HIS MAJESTY'S SQUADRON UNDER THE COMMAND OF REAR ADMIRAL SIR HORATIO NELSON, FROM ITS SAILING FROM GIBRALTAR TO THE CONCLUSION OF THE GLORIOUS BATTLE OF THE NILE :

DRAWN UP FROM THE MINUTES OF AN OFFICER OF RANK IN THE SQUADRON.

SIR HORATIO NELSON had been detached by Earl St. Vincent into the Mediterranean, with the Vanguard of 74 guns, the Rear Admiral's flag ship, the Orion and Alexander, of 74 guns each, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and la Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war. Nothing material occurred to the squadron from the day it sailed from Gibraltar, which was on the 9th of May, till the 22d, when, being in the Gulph of Lyons, at two A. M. a most violent squall of wind took the Vanguard, which carried away her topmasts, and at last her foremast. The other ships experienced the fury of the gale, but not in the same degree as the Vanguard, a stronger vein of the tempest having taken that ship. The three line of battle ships lost sight of the frigates on the same day; and at the moment of the misfortune which befel the Vanguard, the British squadron was not many leagues distant from the French fleet under Buonaparte, which had on that very day set sail from Toulon. The squadron bore up for Sardinia, the Alexander taking the Vanguard in tow, and the Orion looking out a-head to endeavour to get a pilot for the purpose of gaining St. Pierre's Road.

On the 24th, with very great difficulty, we reached that anchorage, where we were in great hopes of meeting with a friendly reception, which our distresses seemed to demand from a neutral power. The Governor of St. Pierre, however, had orders from the French not to admit any British ship; but their utmost hostility could not prevent us from anchoring in the Road. The resources which British seamen always have within themselves availed us much upon this occasion. Captain Berry, with the very great assistance he received from Sir James Saumarez and Captain Ball, was enabled, with great expedition, to equip the Vanguard with a jury foremast, jury main and mizen topmasts, and to fitch the bowsprit, which was sprung in many places; and from the fourth day of our anchoring in St. Pierre's Road, we again put to sea

with top-gallant yards across. It is proper to observe here, that although the Governor of St. Pierre, in consequence of peremptory orders from the French, denied us a public reception, he yet *privately* acted in a friendly manner, giving us, in an underhand way, every assistance in his power. The Admiral, eager to execute the orders which he had received, did not think of sailing to Naples, or any other port where he could have received the most open friendly assistance in getting the ship properly refitted, which her condition seemed to require, but immediately steered for his appointed rendezvous; nor did he ever express the smallest intention of shifting his flag to either of the other ships, which to many officers the peculiar circumstances of his own ship might have seemed to render desirable. The Admiral and officers of the Vanguard, indeed, had the happiness to find that the ship sailed and worked as well as the other ships, notwithstanding her apparently crippled condition.

The squadron reached the rendezvous on the 4th of June, and on the following day was joined by la Mutine, Captain Hardy, who was charged with orders to the Admiral, and who brought the highly acceptable intelligence that Captain Trowbridge had been detached with ten sail of the line and a fifty gun ship to reinforce us. This intelligence was received with universal joy throughout our little squadron; and the Admiral observed to Captain Berry, that he would then be a match for any hostile fleet in the Mediterranean, and his only desire would be to encounter one.

June 6th. The squadron was spread, anxiously looking out for the expected reinforcement. By a vessel spoke with on that day, we were informed that several sail then in sight were Spanish ships richly laden; but prize money was not the object of the Admiral; all selfish consideration was absorbed in his great mind by that of the honour and interest of his country; and his attention and anxiety

anxiety were solely engrossed by his desire to meet his promised reinforcement, that he might pursue the enemy, of the sailing of whom from Toulon he had certain intelligence. The *Alexander* being on the look out, stopped one of these ships: finding she had on board eighty or ninety Priests, driven by the French persecutions and cruelties from Rome, he thought it would be an act of humanity to permit the ship to pursue her voyage; and he accordingly released her and rejoined the Admiral, bringing with him a few volunteers from the Spanish vessel, chiefly Genoese, who were desirous of the honour of serving in the British fleet, expressing at the same time their detestation and resentment at the ill usage which they had experienced from the French.

On the 8th, at noon, we had the happiness to discover from the mast-head ten sail, and it was not long before we recognized them to be British ships of war, standing upon a wind in close line of battle, with all sails set. Private signals were exchanged, and before sun-set the so much wished for junction was formed, an event which was certainly facilitated by the great professional ability, judgment, and zeal of Capt. Trowbridge. The Admiral had received no instructions what course he was now to steer, and no certain information respecting the destination of the enemy's fleet; he was left, therefore, entirely to his own judgment. He had the happiness, however, to find, that to the Captains of his Squadron he had no necessity to give directions for being in constant readiness for battle. On this point their zeal anticipated his utmost wishes; for the decks of all the ships were kept perfectly clear night and day, and every man was ready to start to his post at a moment's notice. It was a great satisfaction to him, likewise, to perceive that the men of all the ships were daily exercised at the great guns and small arms, and that every thing was in the best state of preparation for actual service. The Admiral knew that the enemy had sailed with a N. W. wind, which naturally led him to conclude that their course was up the Mediterranean. He sent *la Mutine* to Civita Vecchia, and along the Roman coast, to gain intelligence, and steered with the fleet to Corfica, which he reached on the 12th of June. Several vessels had been spoken with on the passage thither, but no intelligence whatever had been obtained

from them. He continued his course on the 13th between Corfica and Elba, and between Planosa and Elba, through the latter of which passage large ships or fleets had not been accustomed to pass. We made the Roman coast, and were rejoined by *la Mutine*, without gaining any intelligence, notwithstanding the active exertions of Capt. Hardy. The Admiral now determined to steer towards Naples, in the hope of some satisfactory information. It had been reported that the plundering Algiers was the object of the French armament; but this account was too vague to warrant the Admiral in implicitly adopting it. We saw Mount Vesuvius on the 16th, and detached Capt. Trowbridge, in *la Mutine*, to obtain what information he could from Sir William Hamilton. He returned with a report only, that the enemy were gone towards Malta. The Admiral now lamented that even a day had been lost by visiting the Bay of Naples, and determined, by the shortest cut, to make the Faro di Messina, which the fleet passed through on the 20th, with a fair wind. The joy with which the Sicilians hailed our Squadron, when it was discovered by them to be British, gave the most sincere satisfaction to every one on board of it. A vast number of boats came off, and rowed round it with the loudest congratulations, and the sincerest exultation, as they had been apprehensive that the French fleet was destined to act against them, after the capture of Malta. Here we gained intelligence from the British Consul that Malta had actually surrendered. We had now hopes of being able to attack the enemy's fleet at Goza, where it was reported they were anchored, and the Admiral immediately formed a plan for that purpose. We were now steering with a press of sail for Malta, with a fresh breeze at N. W. On the 22d of June, *la Mutine*, at day-light in the morning, spoke a Genoese brig from Malta, which gave intelligence that the French had sailed from thence on the 18th, with a fresh gale at N. W. The Admiral was not long in determining what course he should take, and made the signal to bear up and steer to the S. E. with all possible sail. At this time we had no certain means of ascertaining that the enemy were not bound up the Adriatic. From the day we bore up till the 29th of June, only three vessels were spoken with, two of which had come from Alexandria, and had not seen any thing

of the enemy's fleet; the other had come from the Archipelago, and had likewise seen nothing of them. This day we saw the Pharos Tower of Alexandria, and continued nearing the land with a press of sail, till we had a distinct view of both harbours; and, to our general surprise and disappointment, we saw not a French ship in either. La Motine communicated with the Governor of Alexandria, who was as much surprised at seeing a British Squadron there, as he was at the intelligence that a French fleet was probably on its passage thither. It now became a subject of deep and anxious deliberation with the Admiral what could possibly have been the course of the enemy, and what their ultimate destination. His anxious and active mind, however, would not permit him to rest a moment in the same place; he therefore shaped his course to the northward, for the coast of Caramanea, to reach as quickly as possible some quarter where information could most probably be obtained, as well as to supply his ships with water, of which they began to run short.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July we made the coast of Caramanea; steering along the South side of Candia, carrying a press of sail both night and day with a contrary wind, on the 18<sup>th</sup> we saw the island of Sicily, when the Admiral determined to enter the port of Syracuse. With this harbour no person in the fleet was acquainted; but by the skill and judgment of the officers, every ship safely got in, and immediately proceeded to get in water, &c. with all possible expedition. This was the first opportunity that the Vanguard had had of receiving water on board from the 6<sup>th</sup> of May, so that not only the stock of that ship, but of several others of the Squadron, was very nearly exhausted. Although there was no proper or regular watering place, yet the great exertions of the officers and men enabled us to complete this necessary service in five days, and on the 25<sup>th</sup> the Squadron again put to sea. We received vague accounts while at Syracuse, that the enemy's fleet had not been seen in the Archipelago, nor the Adriatic, nor had they gone down the Mediterranean; the conclusion then seemed to be, that the coast of Egypt was still the object of their destination; therefore, neither our former disappointment, nor the hardships we had endured from the heat of the climate, though we were still to follow

an uncertain pursuit, could deter the Admiral from steering to that point where there was a chance of meeting the enemy. Now that it is ascertained by events that Alexandria was the object of the enemy, it may seem strange that they should have been missed by us both in our passage thither, and our return to Syracuse; but it appears that the French steered a direct course for Candia, by which they made an angular passage towards Alexandria, whilst we steered a direct course for that place, without making Candia at all, by which we of course very considerably shortened the distance. The smallness of our Squadron made it necessary to sail in close order, and therefore the space which it covered was very limited; and as the Admiral had no frigates that he might have detached upon the look out, added to the constant haze of the atmosphere in that climate, our chance of detecting the enemy was very much circumscribed. The distance likewise between Candia and the Barbary coast, about 35 leagues, leaves very sufficient space for more than two of the largest fleets to pass without mutual observation, particularly under the circumstances described. On our return to Syracuse, the circumstance of our steering up to the Northward, while the enemy kept a Southern coast for Alexandria, makes it obvious that our chance of falling in with them was still less than before.

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of July we left Syracuse, still without any positive information respecting the enemy; but it occurred to the Admiral that some authentic intelligence might be obtained in the Morea. We steered for that coast, and made the Gulph of Coron on the 28<sup>th</sup>. Captain Trowbridge was again employed on that important service of obtaining intelligence, and was dispatched in the *Culoden* into Coron, off which place, by the great exertions of that able officer, the fleet was not detained above three hours. He returned with intelligence from the Turkish Governor, that the enemy had been seen steering to the S. E. from Candia, about four weeks before. Capt. Trowbridge had had the satisfaction of observing, during his very hurried visit to Coron, that the inhabitants there entertained the most serious apprehensions from the French armament, and the most perfect detestation against that people. Upon the information obtained by Capt. Trowbridge, the Admiral determined again

again to visit Alexandria, and carried all sail steering for that place, which we had the pleasure to descry on the first of August at noon; but not as before, it now appearing full of vessels of various kinds, and we soon had the satisfaction of perceiving the French flag flying on board some of the ships. The utmost joy seemed to animate every breast on board the squadron at sight of the enemy; and the pleasure which the Admiral himself felt was perhaps more heightened than that of any other man, as he had now a certainty by which he could regulate his future operations.

The Admiral had, and it appeared most justly, the highest opinion of, and placed the firmest reliance on, the valour and conduct of every Captain in his squadron. It had been his practice during the whole of his cruise, whenever the weather and circumstances would permit, to have his Captains on board the Vanguard, where he would fully develope to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute upon falling in with the enemy, whatever their position or situation might be, by night or by day. There was no possible position in which they could be found that he did not take into his calculation, and for the most advantageous attack of which he had not digested and arranged the best possible disposition of the force which he commanded. With the masterly ideas of their Admiral, therefore, on the subject of Naval Tactics, every one of the Captains of his squadron was most thoroughly acquainted; and upon surveying the situation of the enemy, they could ascertain with precision what were the ideas and intentions of their Commander, without the aid of any further instructions; by which means signals became almost unnecessary, much time was saved, and the attention of every Captain could almost undistractedly be paid to the conduct of his own particular ship, a circumstance from which, upon this occasion, the advantages to the general service were almost incalculable.

It cannot here be thought irrelevant to give some idea of what were the plans which Admiral Nelson had formed, and which he explained to his Captains with such perspicuity, as to render his ideas completely their own. To the naval service at least they must prove not only interesting, but useful.

Had he fallen in with the French fleet

at sea, that he might make the best impression upon any part of it that might appear the most vulnerable, or the most eligible for attack, he divided his force into three sub-squadrons, viz.

Vanguard,	Orion,	Culloden,
Minotaur,	Goliath,	Thefeus,
Leander,	Majestic,	Alexander,
Audacious,	Bellerophon,	Swiftsure.
Defence,		
Zealous.		

Two of these sub-squadrons were to attack the ships of war, while the third was to pursue the transports, and to sink and destroy as many as it could.

The destination of the French armament was involved in doubt and uncertainty; but it forcibly struck the Admiral, that, as it was commanded by the man whom the French had dignified with the title of the *Conqueror of Italy*, and as he had with him a very large body of troops, an expedition had been planned, which the land force might execute without the aid of their fleet, should the transports be permitted to make their escape, and reach in safety their place of rendezvous; it therefore became a material consideration with the Admiral, to arrange his force, as at once to engage the whole attention of their ships of war, and at the same time materially to annoy and injure their convoy. It will be fully admitted, from the subsequent information which has been received upon the subject, that the ideas of the Admiral upon this occasion were perfectly just, and that the plan which he had arranged was the most likely to frustrate the designs of the enemy.

It is almost unnecessary to explain his projected mode of attack at anchor, as that was minutely and precisely executed in the action which we now come to describe. These plans, however, were formed two months before an opportunity presented itself of executing any of them, and the advantage now was, that they were familiar to the understanding of every Captain in the fleet.

It has been already mentioned, that we saw the Pharos of Alexandria at noon on the 1st of August. The Alexander and Swiftsure had been detached a-head on the preceding evening to reconnoitre the ports of Alexandria, while the main body of the squadron kept in the offing. The enemy's fleet was first discovered by the Zealous, Capt. Hood, who immediately communicated, by signal, the number

number of ships, sixteen, laying at anchor in line of battle, in a bay upon the larboard bow, which we afterwards found to be Aboukir Bay. The Admiral hauled his wind that instant, a movement which was immediately observed and followed by the whole squadron; and at the same time he recalled the Alexander and Swiftsure. The wind was at this time N. N. W. and blew what seamen call a top-gallant breeze. It was necessary to take in the royals when we hauled upon a wind.

The Admiral made the signal to prepare for battle, and that it was his intention to attack the enemy's van and centre as they lay at anchor, and according to the plan before developed. His idea in this disposition of his force was, first, to *secure the victory*, and then to make the most of it, as circumstances might permit. A bower cable of each ship was immediately got out abaft, and bent forward. We continued carrying sail, and standing in for the enemy's fleet in a close line of battle. As all the officers of our squadron were totally unacquainted with Aboukir Bay, each ship kept sounding as she stood in.

The enemy appeared to be moored in a strong and compact line of battle, close in with the shore, their line describing an obtuse angle in its form, flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van. This situation of the enemy seemed to secure to them the most decided advantages, as they had nothing to attend to but their artillery, in their superior skill in the use of which the French so much pride themselves, and to which indeed their splendid series of land victories was in general chiefly to be imputed.

The position of the enemy presented the most formidable obstacles: but the Admiral viewed these with the eye of a seaman DETERMINED ON ATTACK; and it instantly struck his eager and penetrating mind, *that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor.* No further signal was necessary than those which had already been made. The Admiral's designs were as fully known to his whole

squadron, as was his determination to CONQUER, or perish in the attempt.

The Goliath and Zealous had the honour to lead inside, and to receive the first from the van ships of the enemy, as well as from the batteries and gun-boats with which their van was strengthened. These two ships, with the Orion, Audacious, and Theseus, took their stations inside the enemy's line, and were immediately in close action. The Vanguard anchored the first on the outer side of the enemy, and was opposed within half pistol shot to Le Spartiate, the third in the enemy's line. In standing in, our leading ships were unavoidably obliged to receive into their bows the whole fire of the broadsides of the French line, until they could take their respective stations; and it is but justice to observe, that the enemy received us with great funnels and deliberation, no colours having been hoisted on either side, nor a gun fired, till our van ships were within half gun shot.

At this time the necessary number of our men were employed aloft in furling sails, and on deck, in hauling the braces, &c. preparatory to our casting anchor. As soon as this took place, a most animated fire was opened from the Vanguard, which ship covered the approach of those in the rear, which were following in a close line. The Minotaur, Defence, Bellerophon, Majestic, Swiftsure, and Alexander, came up in succession, and, passing within hail of the Vanguard, took their respective stations opposed to the enemy's line. All our ships anchored by the stern, by which means the British line became inverted from van to rear.

Captain Thompson, of the Leander, of 50 guns, with a degree of judgment highly honourable to his professional character, advanced towards the enemy's line on the outside, and most judiciously dropped his anchor athwart hawse of Le Franklin, raking her with great success; the shot from the Leander's broadside, which passed that ship, all striking L'Orient, the flag ship of the French Commander in Chief.

[ To be continued. ]



# FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

[FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 30.

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Durham, Commander of his Majesty's Ship Anson, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated in Plymouth Sound.*

I BEG leave to inclose you a copy of a letter, sent by this post, to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord Bridport.

*Anson, in Plymouth Sound, Oct. 27, 1798.*

MY LORD,

FROM the disabled state of his Majesty's ship under my command in the action of the 13th instant, and the wind remaining to the S. W. I was unavoidably separated from the Squadron under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, Bart. K. B. and drove considerably to the N. W. of Ireland.

I have great satisfaction in informing your Lordship, that on the 18th, at daylight in the morning, I discovered a large ship to leeward, fortunately for me, with the loss of her fore and main top-masts (the Anson being by no means in a situation to chase), her mizen mast gone, main yard and main crossrees; the bowsprit and foreyard shot through in several places.

I immediately bore up, and got alongside of her; after an action of one hour and quarter, most gallantly disputed, which does the highest honour to Citizen Joseph Andrien Segone, her commander, she struck; proved to be La Loire, one of the largest and finest frigates belonging to the Republic, presented by the city of Nantz, quite new, and never before at sea, pierced for fifty guns, mounting forty-six (eighteen pounders) having on board six hundred and sixty-four men (troops included), among whom are a number of Artillery, Etat-Major for three regiments. La Loire had forty-eight men killed and seventy-five wounded, was one of the four frigates which the Anson engaged the 13th, and was making her escape from the coast.

I beg leave particularly to acknowledge the steady and good behaviour of my officers and petty officers; cannot

avoid recommending to your Lordship's notice my first lieutenant Mr. John Hinton, whose conduct not only upon this occasion but many others, has met with my fullest approbation; not derogating from the behaviour of Lieutenants Meager, Manderfon, and Mr. William Christop, the master.

I have also to acknowledge the services of Lieutenants Bell and Derring, of the marines, who commanded the carronades: as to my ship's company, they have been my faithful companions during four years in pretty active service, and whose conduct upon all occasions merits my warm approbation.

Having fallen in, the night before the action, with his Majesty's brig Kangaroo, I ordered Captain Brace, from the Anson's disabled state, to continue in company, and am much indebted to him for the services he has rendered me in taking possession of La Loire.

Herewith I send a list of the killed and wounded.

Killed—Alexander Duncan, quartermaster; Matthew Birch, seaman.

Wounded—Mr. W. Abell, first lieutenant of marines; Mr. William Robilliard, Mr. Francis R. Payler, midshipmen; Henry Wilson, James Davis, John Adams, John Houston, William Shaw, Peter Willman, William Thomas (Second), Patrick Kelly, seamen; James Cummings, Robert Dillon, marines.

Inclosed is a list of the stores, &c. found on board La Loire Republican frigate.

Cloathing complete for 3000 men.

1020 Muskets in Cases.

200 Sabres.

360 Pouches.

25 Cases of Musket Ball Cartridges.

1 brass Field Piece, with a great quantity of Ammunition of different kinds.

Intrenching Tools, &c. &c. &c.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) H. DURHAM.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 30.

*Copy of a Letter from Admiral Peyton, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Downs, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated 29th October, 1798.*

SIR,

I HEREWITH inclose, for their Lordships' information, a letter I have received from Captain Chesshyre, of his Majesty's sloop Plover, stating his having captured a French schooner privateer, of ten carriage guns and eight swivels, that left Calais on Saturday last in the forenoon, but had not taken any thing.

I am, &amp;c.

JOS. PEYTON.

*Plover, at Sea, Oct. 28.*

SIR,

I BEG leave to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on Sunday morning the 28th instant, I observed a suspicious schooner, between three and four leagues S. W. of Fairleigh, to which I gave chase; at ten, after firing five or six chase guns, she struck; on boarding, found her to be Le Corsair L'Eringobrah, of ten carriage guns and eight swivels, viz. Eight three pounders and two four pounders, part of which she threw overboard; she had between forty and fifty men; she sailed from Calais on Saturday forenoon, had taken nothing.

I have the honour to be, &amp;c.

JOHN CHESHYRE.

*Joseph Peyton, &c.*

*Copy of a Letter from Admiral Peyton, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships in the Downs, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated 29th October, 1798.*

HIS Majesty's sloop Racoon is just arrived in the Downs, and I herewith enclose a letter I have received from her commander, stating his having chased three French lugger privateers, and captured one of them, Le Vigilant, of 12 four pounders and two long sixes (55 men) which soon after sunk.

*His Majesty's Ship Racoon, Downs, Oct. 20, 1798.*

SIR,

I BEG leave to acquaint you, that at six A. M. on this morning, Blacknefs

bearing S. E. by E. distance 3 leagues, I discovered three large luggers a-head; immediately made all sail and gave chase; after a running fire of two hours, had the pleasure to come up with and capture one of them, Le Vigilant Lugger, mounting 12 four pounders and two long sixes, carrying fifty-five men (six or seven of which were left on shore at Boulogne), commanded by Citizen Muirbasse. On sending my boats on board, I found that in consequence of her being hulled in several places she was sinking very fast, which detained me a considerable time (in endeavouring to stop the leak), otherwise I must have inevitably taken another before they could possibly have reached the coast of France. I have the pleasure to say, that all the prisoners got safe on board except those killed by my firing, and every exertion was used to save the vessel, but to no effect; at nine A. M. she sunk; she was entirely new, had been out two cruizes only, and taken nothing. One of the luggers in company had captured a brig, which I observed his Majesty's sloop the Plover to take possession of, off Folkestone, at eleven A. M.

I have the honour to be, &amp;c.

ROB. LLOYD.

*Joseph Peyton, Esq.*

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 3.

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Thomas Wolley, Commander of his Majesty's Ship Arethusa, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated off Havre the 24th ult.*

SIR,

I HAVE to acquaint you, for the information of their Lordships, that on the 21st of this month, his Majesty's ship Arethusa under my command drove on shore a lugger privateer on the rocks of Cape La Hogue (where she bilged and upset), mounting, as we suppose, about six guns, carrying forty men, and retook a sloop, her prize. We had one man wounded by musquetry from the shore. The Eurydice had chased her from Guernsey, where she had taken the sloop, and joined us in the evening.

I have the honour to be, &amp;c.

T. WOLLEY.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 6.

*Copy of a Letter from Admiral Lord Viscount Duncan to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated on board the Kent, Yarmouth Roads, Nov. 5, 1798.*

I HAVE the satisfaction to inclose you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a letter I received last night from Captain King, of his Majesty's ship *Sirius*, acquainting me of his having captured two Dutch frigates, in which he has displayed equal spirit and address.

I am, Sir, &c.

DUNCAN.

*Sirius, Grimsby Roads, Nov. 1.*

MY LORD,

I HAVE the honour to inform your Lordship, that in pursuance of orders I received from Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Onslow, Bart. I parted company with the fleet on the evening of the 23d ult. to reconnoitre the force of the enemy in the Texel. At eight A. M. on the following morning, the Texel bearing S. by E. ten leagues, I fell in with the two Dutch frigates named in the margin\*, at that time about two miles distance from each other.

Passing within gun-shot of the leewardmost of them, I stood on until I could (upon tacking) nearly fetch the weathermost (the *Waakzaamheid*), my object being to prevent their junction; and by this means, that being accomplished, I had the satisfaction to cut off the latter, and bring her to about nine o'clock, when she hauled down her colours, and fired a gun to leeward; as soon as the prisoners were exchanged, I made sail after the other; and, although nearly out of sight, I had the good fortune before five P. M. to bring her to a kind of running action, which continued about half an hour, within musket shot at times, during which she kept a smart but ill directed discharge of cannon and musketry, when she

struck to his Majesty's ship; she is called the *Furie*, and under the orders of the Captain of the *Waakzaamheid*, and had the commandant of the troops and a number of officers on board. I am happy to add, there was only one man wounded by a musket ball, and that his Majesty's ship suffered but little; one shot through her bowsprit, her rigging, &c. but little cut. The loss on board the *Furie* was eight killed and fourteen wounded; her hull, masts, &c. have suffered much.

I should be wanting in gratitude were I not to express my acknowledgments of the spirited conduct manifested by all my officers and ship's company on this occasion; particularly so on account of the reduction of numbers, by manning the other prize (in which I sent Mr. Goffet, my senior lieutenant), and in securing the officers, troops, &c. taken out of her.

This expedition has been waiting an opportunity of sailing since the 21st July last. They left the Texel at eleven o'clock the preceding night.

I have the honour to be, &c.

RICHARD KING.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 10.

*Extract of a Letter from Captain George Countess, Commander of his Majesty's Ship Etalion, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated in Plymouth Sound, Nov. 8.*

I HAVE to request you will be pleased to inform my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that since my letter of the 22d of September by Capt. White, of the *Sylph*, I continued to watch the motions of the French squadron in his Majesty's ship under my command (having with me the *Anson* and *Amelia*), until the 4th of October at noon, when a hard gale of wind coming on, we lost sight of them in lat. 53 deg. 13 min. N. and long. 16 deg. 15 min. W. Sligo Bay bearing

\* *Waakzaamheid*, Captain Neirrop, senior Captain, mounting 26 guns, 24 nine pounders on the main deck, 2 six pounders on the fore-castle, having 100 Dutch seamen and 122 French troops (total 222) on board, also 2000 stand of arms, besides other ordnance stores.

*Furie*, Captain Pletz, of 36 guns, 26 twelve pounders on the main deck, and 10 six pounders on her quarter deck and fore-castle, with 153 Dutch seamen and 165 French troops (total 318) on board, also 4000 stand of arms, besides other ordnance stores.

N. 77 E. distance 91 leagues. The wind being off shore, we carried sail to get in with the land, to give the necessary information. The *Amelia* separated on the night of the 8th. I had previously desired, in case of separation, each ship to make the best of her way to give the alarm. On the 11th we fell in with the Squadron under Sir J. B. Warren; but it blowing strong, could not get on board to communicate any intelligence; but seeing the *Amelia* with him, I was satisfied he had all the information I could give. Soon after our joining the above Squadron, the *Anson* made the signal for the enemy, whom we discovered coming down, but they hauled to the wind on observing us. We chased and kept close to them during the night, and next morning the attack commenced, which no doubt you have been fully informed of by Sir J. B. Warren. After the *Hoche* struck, we pursued the weathermost frigate, who was making off, and sailed very fast. After a considerable chase we came up with and engaged her; she made an obstinate resistance for an hour and fifty minutes, after we got abreast of her, when she struck her colours, most of her sails having come down, and five feet water in her hold. She proved to be the *Bellone*, of 36 guns, twelve pounders, having three hundred soldiers on board, besides her crew. The Squadron chased to leeward, and of course we separated, being obliged to remain by the prize, and have been under the necessity of keeping the sea ever since.

I cannot speak too highly of the bravery and conduct of all my officers during the action, as well as of their extreme vigilance in watching them for seventeen days. Mr. Sayer, first lieutenant, is in the prize, and I can with pleasure say, his Majesty has not a more zealous or a better officer. We had one man killed and three wounded: the enemy appear to have had twenty killed.

#### NAPLES, SEPT. 25.

HIS Majesty's ships the *Culloden*, Capt. Trowbridge, the *Alexander*, Capt. Ball, and the frigate *Bonne Citoyenne*, came into this port on the 18th inst. in the evening. His Sicilian Majesty went out in his boat into the Bay to meet them, as did numerous English and Neapolitan boats. The ships gave the

royal salute to his Majesty. Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, in the *Vanguard*, accompanied by the *Thalia* frigate, did not make his appearance in this Bay until Saturday last the 22d inst. having been becalmed off Sicily.

The King of Naples not only went off to meet the Admiral, but instantly went on board the *Vanguard*, and staid on board until that vessel was at anchor in the port. The royal salute was given by all the King's ships, both on his Sicilian Majesty's arrival on board the *Vanguard*, and on his leaving the ship. The day being remarkably fine, numerous boats, with colours and music, attended the *Vanguard*, and all the shores and wharfs of Naples were crowded with a multitude of rejoicing people; and when the Admiral came on shore, the reception the Neapolitans gave him was expressive of the utmost kindness and gratitude.

#### NAPLES, SEPT. 28.

EVERY assistance has been given to the *Vanguard*, the *Culloden*, and *Alexander*, so that these ships will be fit to go to sea again in a few days. Yesterday his Majesty's ship *Colossus*, Capt. Murray, with four victuallers from Gibraltar, came to an anchor in this port.

This morning Sir Horatio Nelson has received a letter from Sir James Saumarez, dated from the port of Augusta, in Sicily, the 17th inst, reporting all well in the Squadron under his command, and that he hoped, having got water and fresh provisions, to sail from thence for Gibraltar the Wednesday following.

#### SEPT. 29.

CAPT. Gage, in the *Terpsichore*, arrived here this morning. He left Malta the 26th inst, when Sir James Saumarez, with his Squadron, in conjunction with the Portuguese Squadron under the command of Marquis Nizza, had summoned the French to surrender and evacuate Malta, which was refused by M. Vaubois, the Commander in Chief of the *Valetta*; and that Sir James Saumarez was proceeding with his Squadron and French prizes to Gibraltar, having left the Portuguese to block Malta, and having, at the request of the Maltese insurgents, supplied them with a large quantity of ammunition, and twelve hundred stand of arms from

his

his French prizes. The Maltese say, that the French are in the greatest want at Valetta.

VIENNA, OCT. 27.

INTELLIGENCE was received on Thursday afternoon from General Bellegarde, of the Austrians having, at the formal request of the Grisons' Government, taken possession of Coire and the important post of Richenau, and of detachments being on their march to occupy the rest of the country.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 16.

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Columbine to Ewan Nepean, Esq. dated Hastings, Nov. 13.*

I AM to acquaint you, that this morning a French privateer having appeared off this place, and Mr. Wenham having offered himself and cutter, the Lion, to go after her, I put on board her as many of the sea fencibles as I thought necessary, chased, and after a little firing, in which one Frenchman was killed, we took and brought her into this Road. She is the Success of Cherbourg, Nicholas Dubois, master, with four guns and twenty-four men: had been out four days, without making any capture. I beg leave to add, that the Hastings' men came forward on the occasion with the greatest zeal and readiness.

I have the honour to be, &c.

E. H. COLUMBINE.

DOWNING-STREET, NOV. 20.

A DECREE having been published by the French Directory, declaring, that all persons, natives of or originally belonging to neutral countries or countries in alliance with France, who may form a part of the crews of any of the King's ships of war, or any other British vessels, shall be considered and treated as pirates; his Majesty has directed it to be signified to the Commissary for the French prisoners in Great Britain, that if this Decree shall, in any instance, be carried into effect against any such persons taken in any vessels the property of his Majesty, or of his Majesty's subjects, and navigated under the British flag, it is his Majesty's determination to

exercise the most vigorous retaliation against the subjects of the French Republic, whom the chance of war has now placed, or may hereafter place, at the King's disposal.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 20.

*Copy of a Letter from Commodore Sir John Borlase Warren, K. B. to Ewan Nepean, Esq. dated on board the Canada, Plymouth Dock, Nov. 18.*

SIR,

I HAVE been waiting with great anxiety the arrival of the Robust and La Hoche at this port, to enable me to make a return of the killed and wounded in the different ships under my orders upon the 12th October last; but, as I understand those ships may be still further detained by repairs at Lough Swilly, I send the inclosed, which it was impossible for me to obtain before the present moment, as the whole squadron was separated in chase of the flying enemy, and have successively arrived at this port; it was impracticable, therefore, to communicate the particulars to their Lordships sooner, or to state the very gallant conduct of Captains Thornborough and De Courcy, in the Robust and Magnanime, who, from their position in the van on that day, were enabled to close with the enemy early in the action, and were zealously and bravely seconded by every other ship of the squadron, as well as by the intrepidity displayed by the Anson in the evening, in obeying my signal to harass the enemy, and in bearing off their frigates.

For further particulars I refer their Lordships to the letters they may have received from Captains Countess and Moore, of the Ethalion and Melampus.

I am happy in reflecting that so many advantages to his Majesty's arms have been purchased with so inconsiderable a loss in the ships of the squadron.

I have the honour to remain, &c.

JOHN WARREN.

*Return of the Killed and Wounded on board his Majesty's Ships.*

Canada—1 seaman wounded; since dead.

Foudroyant—9 seamen wounded.

Robust—

Robust—No return. But I understand the first lieutenant, Mr. M'Colby, lost his arm, and one marine officer was killed.

Magnanime—7 seamen wounded.

Ethalion—1 seaman killed, 4 seamen wounded.

Melampus—1 seaman wounded.

Amelia—No return.

Anfon—2 seamen killed, 2 petty officers, 8 seamen, 3 marines, wounded.

Total—3 seamen killed, 2 petty officers, 30 seamen, 3 marines, wounded.

(Signed) JOHN WARREN.

*List of the French Squadron.*

La Hoche, 84 guns (no return), Commodore Bompard; Monsieur Hardi, Commander in Chief of the Army, Monsieur Simon, Adjutant General. Taken by Sir John Borlase Warren's squadron.

La Coquille, 40 guns, 580 men, Capt. Deperon. Taken by ditto.

L'Ambuscade, 36 guns, 559 men, Capt. Clement la Konfieur. Taken by ditto.

La Resolue, 36 guns, 510 men, Capt. Berjeat. Taken by ditto.

La Bellone, 40 guns, 240 seamen, 340 troops, Capt. Jacob. Taken by do.

L'Immortalite, 40 guns, 580 men, Capt. Le Grand; General of Brigade, Monsieur Menage. Taken by the Fishguard.

La Romaine, 40 guns, Capt. Berguife. Escaped.

La Loire, 44 guns (no return), Capt. Second. Taken by the Anfon.

La Simielante, 36 guns, Captain La Costunt. Escaped.

La Biche, 8 guns, schooner. Escaped.

*Killed and Wounded on board the French Ships.*

La Coquille—18 killed, 31 wounded.

L'Ambuscade—15 killed, 26 wounded.

La Resolue—15 killed, 16 wounded.

La Bellone—20 killed, 45 wounded.

Total—68 killed, 118 wounded.

JOHN WARREN.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 24.

*Copy of a Letter from the Rt. Hon. Lord Bridport, K. B. Admiral of the White, &c. to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated London, the 22d inst.*

SIR,

HEREWITH you will receive, for their Lordships' information, a copy of

a letter from Captain White, of his Majesty's sloop Sylph, stating the capture of a French armed lugger on the 17th inst.

I am, &c.

BRIDPORT.

*Sylph, at Sea, Nov. 18.*

MY LORD,

I BEG leave to acquaint your Lordship, that we last night fell in with two armed luggers, the escort of a small convoy from Nantes to Brest; one of the former, La Fouine, of eight guns and twenty-six men, we took, and ran the other on shore. The convoy escaped in Hodiernne.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. C. WHITE.

*Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant Charles Patey, commanding his Majesty's hired Cutter the George, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated at Plymouth, Nov. 20.*

SIR,

I BEG leave to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, of my having fallen in with, yesterday afternoon off Alderney, and captured, after a short chase of four hours, L'Enterprife French privateer lugger, mounting two swivels, with muskets, pistols, swords, half pikes, &c. Jacques Adam, master, with sixteen men, only two days from Granville, quite new, and had not taken any thing.

I have the honour to be, &c.

CHARLES PATEY.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 24.

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Thomas Thompson, of his Majesty's late Ship the Leander, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated on board the Lazarette, at Trieste, Oct. 14.*

SIR,

UPON my arrival at this place, I immediately acquainted Sir Horatio Nelson with the capture of his Majesty's ship Leander under my command, and beg leave to inclose you a copy of my letter to the Rear-Admiral, for the quicker information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS THOMPSON.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE,

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 24.

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Thompson, late Commander of his Majesty's Ship Leander, to Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, K. B. dated Trieste, Oct. 13.*

IT is with extreme pain I have to relate to you the capture of his Majesty's ship *Leander*, late under my command, by a French 74 gun ship, after a close action of six hours and a half. On the 18th of August last, being within five or six miles of the West end of Goza, near the Island of Candia, we discovered at day-break a large sail on the S. E. quarter, standing directly for the *Leander*; we were then becalmed, but the stranger bringing up a fine breeze from the southward, we soon made him to be a large ship of the line. As the *Leander* was in officers and men upwards of eighty short of complement, and had on board a number which were wounded on the 1st, I did not consider myself justified in seeking an action with a ship that appeared of such considerable superiority in point of size; I therefore took every means in my power to avoid it: I however soon found that our inferiority of sailing made it inevitable; and I therefore, with all sail set, steered the *Leander* a course which I judged would receive our adversary to the best advantage, should he bring us to battle. At eight o'clock the strange ship (still continuing to have the good fortune of the wind) had approached us within a long random shot, and had Neapolitan colours hoisted, which he now changed to Turkish; but this deception was of no avail, as I plainly made him to be French. At nine he had ranged up within a half gun-shot of our weather quarter; I therefore hauled the *Leander* up sufficiently to bring the broadside to bear, and immediately commenced a vigorous cannonade on him, which he instantly returned. The ships continued nearing each other until half past ten, keeping up a constant and heavy firing. At this time I perceived the enemy intending to run us on board; and the *Leander* being very much cut up in rigging, sails, and yards, I was unable, with the light air that blew, to prevent it. He ran us on board on the larboard bow, and continued alongside us for some time. A most spirited and well directed fire, however, from our small party of marines (commanded by the

Serjeant) on the poop and from the quarter-deck, prevented the enemy from taking advantage of his good fortune, and he was repulsed in all his efforts to make an impression on us. The firing from the great guns was all this time kept up with the same vigour; and a light breeze giving the ships way, I was enabled to steer clear of the enemy, and soon afterwards had the satisfaction to luff under his stern, and, passing him within ten yards, distinctly discharged every gun from the *Leander* into him.

As from henceforward was nothing but a continued series of heavy firing within pistol shot, without any wind, and the sea as smooth as glass, I feel it unnecessary to give you the detail of the effects of every shot, which must be obvious from our situation; I shall therefore content myself with assuring you, that a most vigorous cannonade was kept up from the *Leander*, without the smallest intermission, until half past three in the afternoon. At this time, the enemy having passed our bows with a light breeze, and brought himself on our starboard side, we found that our guns on that side were nearly all disabled by the wreck of our own spars, that had all fallen on this side. This produced a cessation of our fire, and the enemy took this time to ask us, if we had surrendered? The *Leander* was now totally ungovernable, not having a thing standing but the shattered remains of the fore and main-mast and the bowsprit, her hull cut to pieces, and her decks full of killed and wounded; and perceiving the enemy, who had only lost his mizen top-mast, approaching to place himself athwart our stern; in this defenceless situation, I asked Capt. Berry if he thought we could do more? he coinciding with me that further resistance was vain and impracticable, and indeed all hope of success having for some time vanished, I therefore now directed an answer to be given in the affirmative, and the enemy soon after took possession of his Majesty's ship.

I cannot conclude this account without assuring you how much advantage his Majesty's service derived during this action from the gallantry and activity of Captain Berry of the *Vanguard*; I should also be wanting in justice, if I did not bear testimony to the steady bravery of the officers and seamen of the *Leander* in this hard contest, which, though

though unsuccessful in its termination, will still, I trust, entitle them to the approbation of their country. The enemy proved to be the *Genereux*, of 74 guns, commanded by M. Lajoille, Chef de Division, who had escaped from the action of the 1st of August, and, being the rearmost of the French line, had received little or no share of it, having on board 900 men, about 100 of whom we found had been killed in the present contest, and 188 wounded. I inclose a list of the loss in killed and wounded in the *Leander*, and have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS THOMPSON.

*Return of Killed and Wounded on board his Majesty's Ship.*

Officers killed—Mr. Peter Downs, midshipman; Mr. Gibson, midshipman of the *Caroline*; Mr. Edward Haddon, midshipman.

24 seamen killed.

Marines killed—Serjeant Dair and 7 privates.

Total—3 officers, 24 seamen, 1 serjeant, 7 marines killed.

Officers wounded—Captain Thompson, badly; Lieut. Taylor, Lieut. Swiney; Mr. Lee, master; Mr. Mathias, boatswain, badly; Mr. Lacky, master's mate; Mr. Nailor, midshipman.

41 seamen.

9 marines.

Total—7 officers, 41 seamen, 9 marines, wounded.

THOMAS THOMPSON.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 23.

LETTERS, of which the following are extract and copy, have been received at this office.

*Extract of a Letter from Captain Samuel Hood, of his Majesty's Ship Zealous, to Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, K. B. dated off Alexandria, Sept. 19.*

I SHOULD have dispatched the *Emerald* to you on the 2d instant, agreeably to your orders, but knowing the French had possession of *Damietta*, also having information they had some vessels likely to sail from thence, I directed Capt. Hope, in the *Alemene*, to proceed off the place with the *Fortune Polacre*, and endeavour to destroy any vessels he might fall in with that were belonging to, or assisting the enemy.

On the 2d inst. his Majesty's ships *Seahorse* and *Emerald* chased in shore, where she anchored near the town of

the Arabs, the French gun-boat (*aviso*) *L'Anemone*, commanded by *Ensigne de Vaisseau Garbon*, of four guns and sixty-two men, having on board *Gen-Camin* and *Citoyen Valette*, aide-de-camp to *General Buonaparte*, with dispatches from *Toulon*, which place they left the 27th July, and *Malta* the 26th August. On the approach of the boats of our ship, she fired on them, cut her cable, and ran in shore into the breakers. *General Cramin* and *Aid-de-Camp Valette*, having landed with the dispatches, and whole of the crew, were immediately attacked by the Arabs. The two former, and some others, making resistance, were killed, and all the rest stripped of their clothes. Her commander, and a few of the men, about seven, made their escape naked to the beach, where our boats had by this time arrived, and begged on their knees to be saved. I am happy in saying the humanity of our people extended to far as to swim on shore, with lines and small casks to save them, which they fortunately effected. Amongst these was particularly distinguished a young Gentleman, midshipman of the *Emerald*, who brought off the commander, *Garbon*, at the hazard of his own life, through the surf.

*Alemene, off Damietta, Sept. 21.*

SIR,

I HAVE the honour of informing you that I arrived yesterday off *Damietta*, and, pursuant to your orders, cut out all the vessels that were anchored in that Road, being eight in number, loaded with wine and other necessaries for the French army.

I am, &c.

GEORGE HOPE.

To Samuel Hood, Esq.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, DEC. 1.

*Copy of a Letter from Sir Charles Thompson, Bart. Vice-Admiral of the Blue, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated at Spithead, Nov. 29.*

SIR,

BE pleased to acquaint their Lordships, that his Majesty's ship *Ambuscade* arrived at *Spithead* this afternoon, with *L'Hirondel*, a French prize of twenty guns and fifty men, from the *Isle of France*.

I am, &c.

CHAS. THOMPSON.

[FROM



[ FROM THE OTHER PAPERS. ]

THE following Extract of a Letter from Citizen Lejoille, Captain of Le Genereux, is extracted from a late French paper. Such a specimen of wretched bombast may not be uninteresting :

“ *Corfu, Sept. 8, 1798.*

“ I HAVE the pleasure to announce to you my arrival at *Corfu*. I have been here for some days past, having brought in the English ship *Leander*, of 74 guns, which I met near the isles of *Goza* and *Candia*, about a league from the shore. This ship had been sent to carry the dispatches from *Bequiers Road*, where the English had attacked us on the 1st of August. We were at anchor, but in a position certainly not very secure for our Squadron; of this bad situation they took advantage, and having placed us between two fires, a most dreadful slaughter took place, the ships not being at a greater distance than pistol shot, and at anchor. From the circumstance of the wind with relation to the English ships, we should have been superior in the contest, if *L'Orient*, our Admiral's ship, had not blown up in the air, which threw us all into disorder; as, to avoid the flames that had already reached *Le Tonnant*, every vessel was obliged to shift its station. Having, however, placed my ship in a situation favourable to the direction of its cannon, I fought her until three in the morning of the following day to that in which at ten in the evening *L'Orient* blew up.

“ By a singular accident, I missed having a broadside at Captain *Derby*, who sailed with us in the last war from the *Cape of Good Hope* to *Cadiz*. His ship, the *Bellerophon*, of 74 guns, sailed past me about half past ten in the evening, having lost her main-mast and mizen-mast. I fired three of our shots at her, which carried away the mast she was hoisting, and struck away one of the lanterns from the poop.

“ I immediately ordered one of my officers to go in pursuit of, and so bring on board of my ship the Captain of *this ship*; but in half an hour afterwards, when I was about to send my boat on board her, the fire from several of the English ships being directed against me, compelled me rather to think of answering their guns, than of taking pos-

session of the other ship, and the slow manner in which the officer whom I had dispatched proceeded to execute my orders, was the cause of my failing to take possession of this other ship.

“ As to the *Leander*, I was obliged to fight with her for nearly four hours and three quarters. She carries 74 guns, 24 and 30 pounders on her upper deck, and 12 on her lower. I should have made myself master of her in less than an hour, had we been at close fighting; during the engagement we boarded her, and I should have succeeded in making prize of her by boarding, if I had a more active crew.

(Signed) “ *LEJOILLE, jun.*”

Captains *Thompson* and *Berry* no sooner arrived on board *Le Genereux*, than they were plundered of every single article belonging to them, save the clothes on their backs. Capt. *B.* vainly expostulated with the French Captain on this ungenerous treatment, and bade them compare the situation of the French officers made prisoners by Admiral *Nelson*, with that of the officers and crew belonging to the *Leander*. The French Captain coolly replied, “ *J'en suis faché mais le fait est, que les Francois sont bons au pillage,*” (I am sorry for it, but the fact is, Frenchmen are good at plunder).

Capt. *B.* expressed a wish to have a pair of pistols returned to him, of which he had been plundered. They were produced by the man who stole them, and immediately secured by the French Captain himself; he at the same time told Capt. *B.* that he would give him a pair of French pistols to protect him on his journey home; but this promise was never performed.

After the glorious action of the 14th of February 1797, Lord *Nelson*, as a mark of his friendship and approbation of Capt. *Berry's* conduct on that day, made him a present of a sword that he had taken from one of the Spanish Captains. Capt. *B.* justly esteemed this present as invaluable. During the action between the *Leander* and *Le Genereux*, this sword was broken by a cannon shot; but even its maimed state, added to its story, could not save it from the hands of these ruffians, or procure its restoration.—“ *Le fait est, que les Francois*

Francois sont bons au pillage." Left it should be supposed that the Captain had not the power to restrain his banditti, be it known (we speak from unquestionable authority), that, notwithstanding the boasted system of Liberty and Equality, the French seamen on board *Le Gene-reux* were treated with a degree of harshness and cruelty unknown in the British service. On the slightest offences the stick was used in such a manner as no British seaman would have borne. Should this fact be doubted, take Captain B.'s own words. "I saw a poor French seaman, who had been wounded in the leg. The Surgeon insisted on an immediate amputation, the man vainly objected, but at length, seeing men approach him, by the direction of the Surgeon, in order to lash him down, he instantly plunged into the sea, and I saw him sink."

The Surgeon of the *Leander* was plundered of his instruments during the very moment that he was performing the chirurgical operations, and what is no less true than appears incredible, the Surgeon was so forcibly withheld from attending Captain Thompson, that that gallant officer was very near losing his limb in consequence.

The vessel in which Napper Tandy and his companions had been, on the coast of Ireland, was driven by a storm to the coast of Norway, from whence, apprehensive that in navigating the North Sea, they should fall in with some English cruisers, they resolved to proceed to France by land. On their arrival at Hamburg they went to an inn, called the American Arms; and it was not until after three separate applications made by Sir James Crawford, that he could obtain an order for their arrest. The officer entered Mr. Tandy's room early in the morning, and demanded his passport, which he, with much confidence, said he would produce, and going to his trunk, took out a pistol, which, presenting at the officer, said "This is my passport!" The officer, however, being a man of uncommon bodily strength,

seized and wrested the pistol from him; at which time the guard, called by the scuffle, entered the room, and secured Mr. Tandy, who, together with his associates, Blackwell, Peters, and Morris, were shortly after put in irons, and confined in separate guard-houses. Tandy and Blackwell were afterwards relieved from their irons at the instance of the French Minister, who has sent to his Court for instructions. Sir J. Crawford has likewise sent home for orders how to proceed in the affair.—The Hamburgers, to free themselves from the embarrassment this affair was likely to involve them in, have referred the claims of the two Ministers to the decision of the King of Prussia, as umpire in the business.

FEVER IN AMERICA.—At Boston, on the 23d of October last, the fever had entirely disappeared, and the citizens had for the most part returned to their dwellings. During the time the *Harlequin* packet lay at New York, it was computed that upwards of 5000 persons fell victims to the yellow fever. It has unfortunately happened, however, that the eagerness of the inhabitants of the large cities to return to their homes, has in some instances occasioned an increase of the malady at the time when its malignant influence seemed about to cease. Several of the most respectable of the physicians have fallen a sacrifice to the fever: among whom are, Dr. Cooper, of Philadelphia; Doctors Smith, Dingley, Jones, and Hicks, of New York. A number of the *Gazettes* are stopped, in consequence of the sickness among the workmen, and the deaths of their Editors. Among the latter are, Benjamin Franklin Bache, Editor of *The Aurora*, and T. Greenleaf, Editor of *The Argus*, of New York, two leading papers in opposition to the Government; and Mr. J. Fenno, Editor of *The United States' Gazette*, and Mr. McLeod, of *The New York Gazette*, two papers of the contrary party. The complexion of the large towns is stated to be gloomy indeed.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NOVEMBER 21.

**T**ONE, whose catastrophe is mentioned p. 356, died.—The inflammation arising from the wound extended itself to the lungs, and is said to have been the immediate cause of his death. He was buried in the same vault with his brother.

Mr. Tone had made a disposition of his little property. He left about 30l. in French crowns and dollars, to be divided between his aged parents and his unhappy wife. He left his sword, uniform, &c. to his father, and his ring, ornamented with General Hoche's hair, he gave to Counsellor Emmet.

26. MANCHESTER.—A coach-driver, late this night (near the hour of twelve), drove his vehicle into the river, near the Old Bridge, for the common but imprudent purpose of washing; there being a high fresh, and the current strong, the horses were soon driven into the centre of the stream, forced under one of the arches, and in that state (too shocking almost to conceive) they swam, with the man on the box, through Blackfriars-bridge, fighting and struggling for their lives, till one in the morning. The poor fellow, in his endeavours, had entangled his legs in the reins, but from them he extricated himself with a knife, when fortunately coming nearly in contact with a dyer's flat, he, by an astonishing effort, jumped from the box upon the same, where he lay several minutes in a state of insensibility. The horses, after swimming about the river some time, followed their master to the flat, and attempted to raise their fore feet upon it: the poor man, with the little strength he had left, held up the head of one of the creatures till with a convulsive groan it expired. From the active assistance of several persons, attracted by the cries of the coachman, they had so far succeeded in rescuing the other horse, as to extricate him from the reins, and had nearly got him out of the river, when, owing to the tempestuousness of the night, he slipped from their holds, and again plunged in, after which nothing more was seen of him.

Happy would it have been had the calamity ended here:—curiosity (early on the morning following) called crowds of people together, to see the bodies of the horses floating; amongst others, a groupe of nine or ten women and children got together on a dyer's stage, hanging over the river near the New Bridge, when, flocking to relate, the bottom of the stage gave way, and they were all in an instant precipitated into the river; three were recovered before life was gone; the strength of the current rendered every endeavour to save the rest ineffectual, and they were all swept away. The insecurity of these stages, from the number of years they have been erected, renders it a matter of astonishment that even an individual will trust his person thereon.

The following are the names of the unfortunate sufferers:—Miss Martha Rhodes, Miss Anna Reed, Miss Jane Holiday, Ellen Neild, Sarah Petty (Mrs. Duxbury's servants), and Richard Boardman. A woman and her child are also said to have perished.

A boy who was saved was fetched out by a dyer's dog. The sagacious animal returned for a woman, but alas! it was too late.

28. Were executed before Newgate, Dennis Nugent, for a rape on the body of a child; R. Troyt, for forgery; and Anne Warner, a coiner, and extensive dealer in counterfeit money.

DEC. 1. Captain Brown, of the Kite sloop of war, was shot with a pistol at Sheerness by an inhabitant of that place, at whose house he had knocked for admission (having occasionally slept there when on shore.) The man, after he had opened the door, refused him admittance, and, while Capt. B. and an officer who was in company with him, were parleying with him, the villain fired a pistol at Capt. B. and shut the door in his face. Capt. B. immediately called out, "The fellow has killed me," and fell into the arms of a fisherman who was passing by at this time. The ball entered Captain B.'s left side just below the ribs, but did not pass through his body. He expired

in a few minutes. The wretch who perpetrated the murder, escaped out of a back door, but was taken in about two hours after, while attempting to cross the ferry. Capt. Brown was son of Commissioner Brown, of Edinburgh.

7. The Colossus man of war, of 74 guns, came into Scilly road, with a direct contrary wind, having under her convoy eight vessels from Lisbon, that arrived at the same time, the rest of the fleet having parted two days before for Ireland, and the northern ports: in the evening, the wind having increased to a gale, her cable parted, and all attempts to secure the ship with others failing, she drifted on a ledge of rocks, called Southern Wells, from 18 to 24 feet under water, all the convoy riding in safety then, and since, notwithstanding the wind had arisen to a perfect tempest; most fortunately not a life was lost, save Quarter Master Richard King, who dropped overboard in the act of founding.

The islanders, at very great risk, exerted themselves to the utmost, in cutters and open boats, and by Tuesday evening every person was taken out and safely landed, the sick and wounded first, whereof many were from the battle of the Nile; the worthy Captain remaining to the very last. The following night, the ship fell on her starboard beam ends, and so violent was the persevering gale, that no craft could attempt to approach the ship, and at present little prospect offers of any of the stores, property, or even the officers' baggage being saved, or hereafter recovered to any extent. The ship is said to have been distressed, in order to supply other vessels of his Majesty's fleet, and also had been in a bad state before, and worse since she left Lisbon. The main-mast and bowsprit are already gone over the side.—Passengers, Capt. Peyton, of the Defence, at the battle of the Nile, with Capt. Draper, and two officers from other ships; also a Mr. Harcourt and servants, with the remains of the late Admiral Lord Shuldbham, intended to have been deposited under British turf.

8. Saturday evening, the Henry Ad-dington, outward bound East Indiaman, came on shore on Bembridge Ledge, Isle of Wight. She was laden with naval stores, and 242,000l. in dollars; part of the stores, and all the dollars, saved; the ship since gone to pieces, five of the hands perished.

*ExtraEt of a letter from our Correspondent at Plymouth, dated Dec. 15.*

“The catastrophe of the fire of La Coquille, 44 guns, last night in Hamoaze, was occasioned (though all the powder and stores was taken out) by some loose powder being either left below for the purpose of smuggling, or by accident, perhaps the latter; she blew up about four o'clock, P. M. Her mizen mast was hurled in the air near 100 yards. She soon drifted on the west mud by the exertions of the boats of the fleet cutting her moorings adrift, by which means much mischief was prevented to the shipping and men of war in Hamoaze; for had the wind been S. W. and blown hard, perhaps the lower part of the dock yard would have been affected materially, as she was literally a blaze of fire from 4 in the afternoon till 4 in the morning. Three fine young gentlemen, midshipmen of the Magnanime, viz. Mr. Drury, nephew of Capt. B. Drury; Mr. Everfson, son of the Collector of Cork; and Mr. Bute, were at dinner at the time the explosion took place, and were, together with eleven seamen and three women, blown to atoms. The fire ran in all directions, and several seamen and women jumped through the flames into the sea, and were saved by the exertions of the Naiad, Glenmore, Phoebe, Anson, Magnanime, Cambridge's, and other boats of the fleet. The fight was awfully grand, terrific, and sublime, yet dreadful. The horizon was so illuminated, that the whole sky for miles round appeared like a volcanic eruption. The returns are, 13 blown up, 20 saved, and 20 on shore on service; of the saved, three seamen badly wounded, and one woman, are at the Royal Naval Hospital, in a fair way of recovery.

21. Intelligence of an important event, that of the assassination of Buonaparte, was received at Lord Grenville's Office from Sir Morton Eden, his Majesty's Ambassador at the court of Vienna, to whom it was communicated on the 3d instant by Baron Thugut. The account was received at Constantinople on the 17th of November, by seven different messengers from Egypt, and immediately forwarded by the Imperial Minister at the Ottoman Porte. It appears, that Buonaparte, being apprised of the rapid approaches of Mourad Bey, Ibrahim Bey,

Bey, and Pacha Gaza, from Upper Egypt and Syria, called a Council of War, consisting not only of all his own principal Officers, but the Chiefs of those countries which he had organized, and the Ministers resident at Grand Cairo, for the purpose of deliberating upon the best means of opposing the formidable armies which were on their march against that city, and also of supplying his troops with the necessary supplies of provisions. The General having opened the business in due form, the Envoy from the Bey of Syrian Tripoli immediately rose, and pulling a loaded pistol from his girdle, shot the Republican Chief dead upon the spot.

The French Officers present, furiously indignant at this outrage, threatened instant destruction of the city. The exulting natives, however, to whom the report of the pistol served as a signal to commence the attack, resolved to be beforehand with the enemy in the dreadful work of human slaughter, and accordingly proceeded without delay to murder every French soldier that came in their way; great numbers of whom, including two Generals, had fallen victims to their rage.

A demi-official note, to the foregoing effect, was handed about in the Houses of Lords and Commons on Friday night. The East India Company likewise put forth a paper, said to be received from their agent at Constantinople, stating that Buonaparte and his principal officers were killed in the town-house of Cairo, whilst he was giving orders for levying a new contribution, and that the armies

were afterwards dispersed with great slaughter.

The following Letter is taken from the Foreign Journals. If genuine, it shews the writer to be an object of detestation and contempt.

LETTER OF GENERAL KOŚCIUSKO TO THE EMPEROR PAUL I. OF RUSSIA.

“SIRE,

“I PROFIT of the first moments of the liberty which I enjoy under the protecting laws of the greatest and most generous Nation, to return you the presents that your apparent bounty and the atrocity of your Ministers forced me to accept. If I do wrong, Sire, attribute it only to the irresistible force of the attachment that I bear for my compatriots, companions in misfortunes, and the hopes of yet serving my country. Yes, I repeat it, Sire, and I am desirous of making to you the declaration: your heart appeared to me to be touched at my disastrous situation; but your Ministers and their satellites have not conducted themselves to me according to your wishes.—Should they attempt to impute to my free will a measure they compelled me to take, I will devolve to you, and to all men who know the value of honour, their violence and perfidy; and that it will be to them only you will owe the publication of their crimes. Receive, Sire, the testimonies of my respect.

(Signed) “KOŚCIUSKO.”

“Paris, 17 Thermidor.”

## MARRIAGES.

**M.** WINTER, esq. to Miss Perchard, daughter of Alderman Perchard.

Spencer Smith, esq. English Ambassador at Constantinople, to the daughter of Baron Herbert, the Imperial Internuncio.

The Rev. Thomas Salmon, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Miss Adams, of Weddington, in Essex.

The Rev. William Tournay, rector of Denton, Kent, to Miss Stephenson, of Queen's-square.

Mungo Dick, esq. to Miss Janet Douglas, of Weston House, Chertsey.

The Rev. W. Wade, sen. fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, to Miss Margaret Serecold.

At Stevenage, Herts, R. Whittington, esq. to Miss Catharine Amelia Hinde, of Preston Castle, Hertfordshire.

Randle Wilbraham, esq. second son of Richard Wilbraham Bootle, esq. to Miss Rudd, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Rudd.

James

James Strange, esq. M. P. banker, to Mrs. Drummond, widow of Mr. Drummond, and daughter of Mr. Dundas.

John Woodcock, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Amelia Hotham, second daughter of Baron Hotham.

General Tarleton to Miss Bertie, said to be natural daughter of the late Duke of Ancafter.

Richard Mounteney Jephson, esq. judge advocate of Gibraltar, to Miss Catharine Jolliffe.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY.

NOVEMBER 5.

**M**R. William Malcolm, nursery-man, at Stockwell.

19. Francis Jalabert, esq. of Stanlake, Buckinghamshire.

21. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Thomas Hardy, D. D. one of the ministers of that city, and regius professor of Church History, and Divinity, in the University.

Thomas Macklin Wilson, esq. of Derby, aged 68.

Lately, at Hinkley, Leicestershire, of a paralytic stroke, Dr. James Tanfcott, physician of that place.

23. At Bath, William Baynes, esq. of Harefield place, Middlesex.

At Dumfries, the Rev. Mr. Affleck, late minister of a Presbyterian Church in Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Collinson, of Kirkella, Yorkshire. They were born the same day, had each attained their 73d year, died on the same day, and were buried in the same grave.

Thomas Mitchell, esq. late of Stoke Newington, aged 85 years.

Simon Rofs, esq. of Gladfield, Roxshire, in his 70th year.

24. At Belvidere, in Landsdowne road, in the 100th year of his age, Mr. John Ycrbury.

Lately, at Aberdeen, in his 90th year, James Dun, LL. D. who was rector and master of the grammar school in that city 66 years, having been appointed a master in 1732, and rector in 1744.

26. At Durham, Mrs. Halhead, relict of the late Nicholas Halhead, esq. of that place.

Mr. William Crofs, of Wells, Somersetshire.

Lately, at Weymouth, Robert Salisbury Cotton, esq. son of Sir Robert Cotton, bart. of Cumbermere Abbey, Cheshire, and captain in the Royal Cheshire militia.

27. At Oundle, in Northamptonshire, John Bramston, esq. many years an eminent solicitor of that place.

Mr. William Jackson, of Chancery-lane.

Mrs. Ellifon, mother of Mr. Ellifon, of the Bath theatre.

At Hackney, Mrs. Catharine Cole, eldest sister of the late Rev. William Cole, of Milton, Cambridgeshire.

28. Mr. David Kinghorn, gentleman jailor of the Tower.

Luke Hollister, esq. of Thornbury, in Gloucestershire.

At Great Canford, the Rev. Robert Henning, justice of peace for the county of Dorset.

29. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Carnigie, daughter of David Earl of Northesk.

The Rev. Richard Bafnett, vicar of Loppington, in the county of Salop.

At Stranton, Worcestershire, the Rev. Benjamin Briscoe, 35 years rector of that parish.

Lately, John Edgeworth, sen. esq. late of Brynnygrog, in the county of Denbigh.

30. Jonathan Hayler, esq. of Great St. Helens, Irish factor, in his 54th year.

Richard Ripley, esq. of the Exchequer Bill Office.

At Coventry, George Iott, esq. barrack-master there.

DEC. 1. Mr. Peirson, attorney at law, at Soham.

Mr. James Dickson, merchant, aged 81.

Lately, at Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, in his 41st year, John Norris, esq. of Nonsuch, Wiltshire.

Lately, at Bath, Capt. Mark Magrath, of the 89th regiment of foot.

2. At Trinity College, Cambridge, the Hon. William King, brother to the Right Hon. Lord King.

At Lea, in Lincolnshire, Lady Anderson, wife of Sir Edmund Anderson, bart.

Mr. Benjamin Sealy, late of Boswell-court, attorney at law.

Sir Thomas Gage, bart. of Hengrave and Coidhall Halls, both in Suffolk, captain in the volunteer corps at Bury, in his 47th year.

3. Mr.

3. Mr. Samuel Hilyear, many years first clerk to Peter Holford, esq. senior master in chancery.

Mr. Henry Allan, of Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street.

Lately, at Aughnacloy, in the county of Tyrone, the Right Hon. John Earl of Portarlington, colonel of the royal regiment of Queen's County militia.

Lately, Capt. George Cockburne, of the royal navy.

8. The Rev. Edward Taylor, of Bifrons, near Canterbury, patron and vicar of Patrickburne with Bridge annexed.

At Surenden Dering, in Kent, Sir Edward Dering, bart.

At Cleobury Mortimer, the Rev. John Atwood, rector of Wheatnill and Broughton, in Shropshire.

9. Mr. Richard Newton, caricaturist and miniature painter, of Brydges-street, Covent Garden.

Mr. Biggs, of Drury Lane theatre, where he had performed only twice. He lately come from the Bath theatre, and, besides his merit as an actor, was an excellent performer on the violoncello.

Jacob Cazeneuve Troy, esq. of Chatham.

Lately, at Knapton-House, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, Otho Cooke, esq. of the Queen's own dragoons.

10. At Gloucester, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, late lieutenant of the 34th regiment of foot.

At Eden Farm, the Hon. George Charles William Eden, third son of Lord Auckland.

At Titchfield, Major Cowcher, of the Portland cavalry.

At Ludlow, E. Merrick, esq.

Also at Ludlow, Edward Wellings, esq. who served the office of mayor of Worcester in 1770.

At Sheepy Hall, Warwickshire, the Countess Dowager Carhampton, relict of the late, and mother of the present Earl and the Duchefs of Cumberland.

12. At Smithwick, aged 90, Mr. Edward Walker.

13. At Totteridge, Herts, the Rev. William Pagett, rector of North Wingfield, Derbyshire, aged 71.

14. At Woolley-Park, Berks, in his 64th year, Bartholomew Tiffing, esq.

At Enfield, W. Claxton, esq.

Mrs. Lowndes, wife of William Lowndes, esq. of Whaddon Hall, Bucks.

15. At Kentish Town, Capt. John Walsh, sen. one of the oldest superannuated officers in the British navy.

Mrs. Judith Bull, relict of Frederick Bull, esq. late alderman and member of parliament for the city of London.

Lately, at Afted, in his 82d year, Mr. Allport, painter, of Birmingham.

Lately, in his 66th year, the Rev. Charles Hope, M. A. minister of All Saints, and vicar of St. Werburgh, and St. Michaels, Derby.

16. Mrs. Abel, wife of George Abel, esq. of Frognal, Hampstead.

17. At Peckham, Mrs. Jane Shank, widow of Robert Shank, esq.

18. In Sloane-street, Mrs. Gainsborough, relict of the late celebrated painter Thomas Gainsborough, esq.

At Pimlico, Mr. George Philip Strigel, watchmaker, in his 80th year.

19. At Clapham, Robert Whitworth, esq. Lately, William Cowper, esq. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

AUG. 19. In his 20th year, on board the *Leander*, in the Mediterranean, Mr. Peter Downes, midshipman, of a wound received in the engagement with the French ship.

SEPT. 4. In Bethel township, near Philadelphia, of the yellow fever, Bowes Richardson, late of Darlington, in the county of Durham.

In his passage to China, John Kincaid, esq. the younger, of Kincaid, Scotland.

In Virginia, the Hon. Thomas Martin, brother of the Rev. Dr. Denny Martin Fairfax, of Leeds Castle.

SEPT. 11. At St. John's, Newfoundland, Mr. Robert Baylis, son of the late Rev. J. Baylis, rector of Luggershall, Wilts, lieutenant of his Majesty's ship *Mercury*.—Among the many escapes of a naval life of 15 years, the most remarkable was that when the *Centaur* foundered. This ship, one of the fruits of Lord Rodney's memorable victory in the West Indies, sunk on her passage to England. Captain Inglefield and about twelve others had the good fortune to get off in the long boat, but, before they were at any material distance from the ship, Mr. Baylis, then a midshipman, threw himself into the sea, and reached the side of the boat, which, though much crowded before, was just capable of allowing the additional weight of such a lad. He was accordingly lifted into it. After 17 days and nights encountering all the distress of hunger, thirst, and fatigue, the boat, by skilful management and the signal interposition of Providence, made the island of Fayal.

Oct. 26. At Guernsey, Mrs. Rachael Dobrée, wife of Peter Dobrée, esq. of Beaugard, in that island, aged 67.

Nov. 22. At Guernsey, Mr. William Southey, midshipman, of the *Eurydice*.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR DECEMBER 1798.

Day	Bank Stock	3 per Ct. Reduc.	3 per Ct. Consols	3 per Ct. Scrip.	4 per Ct. 1777.	5 per Ct. Ann.	Long Ann.	Ditto, 1778.	S. Sea Stock.	Old Ann.	New Ann.	3 per Ct. 1751.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	New Navy.	Exche. Bills.	English Lott. Tick.	Irish Ditto.
26	133 $\frac{1}{2}$	52 $\frac{7}{8}$	53 $\frac{1}{8}$ a 5 $\frac{5}{8}$		66	81 $\frac{5}{8}$	15 1-16	6 $\frac{1}{4}$											
27	132	52 $\frac{3}{4}$	52 a 53 $\frac{1}{8}$		65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81	15 13-16												
28		51 $\frac{1}{4}$	51 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 52 $\frac{1}{8}$		64 $\frac{3}{4}$	81	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 $\frac{1}{8}$										13l. 11s.	
29																			
30																			
1		52 $\frac{3}{8}$	52 $\frac{5}{8}$ a 7 $\frac{7}{8}$		65 $\frac{1}{8}$	81 $\frac{7}{8}$	14 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 3-16										13l. 13s. 6d.	
2	Sunday																		
3		132 $\frac{1}{4}$	52 $\frac{1}{8}$	52 $\frac{5}{8}$ a 5 $\frac{5}{8}$	65	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 13-16	6 3-16					16 1 $\frac{1}{2}$					13l. 12s. 6d.	
4			52 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 53 $\frac{1}{8}$		65 $\frac{1}{4}$		15	6 $\frac{1}{4}$										13l. 12s. 6d.	
5					65 $\frac{3}{8}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 1-16	6 $\frac{1}{4}$										13l. 13s. 6d.	
6					65 $\frac{5}{8}$	82 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$					16 1 $\frac{1}{2}$						
7					66 $\frac{1}{8}$		15 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{8}$										13l. 15s. 6d.	
8					68 $\frac{1}{8}$		15 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 7-16										13l. 15s. 6d.	
9	Sunday																		
10		54 $\frac{7}{8}$			68 $\frac{5}{8}$		15 $\frac{7}{8}$	6 7-16										13l. 15s. 6d.	
11		136 $\frac{1}{2}$	54		68		15 $\frac{3}{8}$	6 5-16										13l. 14s. 6d.	
12			54 $\frac{3}{8}$		68		15 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ 16							2 Pr.				13l. 15s.	
13		137	54 $\frac{1}{4}$		68		15 9-16											13l. 14s. 6d.	
14			54 $\frac{1}{2}$		67 $\frac{5}{8}$		15 9-16	6 5-16											
15			54 $\frac{3}{4}$		67 $\frac{7}{8}$		15 $\frac{5}{8}$	6 $\frac{1}{8}$										13l. 14s. 6d.	
16	Sunday																		
17		137	54 $\frac{1}{2}$		67 $\frac{3}{4}$		15 $\frac{5}{8}$	6 $\frac{5}{8}$											
18		137	54 $\frac{1}{8}$		67 $\frac{1}{2}$		15 $\frac{1}{2}$												
19		137	54 $\frac{3}{8}$		67 $\frac{5}{8}$		15 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{4}$										13l. 13s.	
20		137 $\frac{1}{4}$	54 $\frac{1}{8}$		67 $\frac{3}{8}$		15 7-16	6 3-16										13l. 11s. 6d.	
21																			
22		136 $\frac{1}{4}$	53 $\frac{1}{4}$		66 $\frac{7}{8}$		15 7-16	6 $\frac{1}{4}$										13l. 12s.	
23	Sunday																		
24			53 $\frac{5}{8}$		67		15 $\frac{1}{4}$	6 3-16										13l. 11s. 6d.	
25																			

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