

# European Magazine,

For MAY 1800.

[ Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of HUGH BOYD, ESQ. And, 2. A VIEW of the NEW PUMP at the ROYAL EXCHANGE. ]

CONTAINING,

	Page		Page
Account of Hugh Boyd, Esq.	339	which includes the Novel County Rates, Exeter 1799. Second Part,	
Description of the New Pump at the Royal Exchange,	341	Holmes' Epitome of Political History, Ancient and Modern. Third Part,	
Jeu d'Esprit of a late eminent Physician,	342	Holmes on the Police of Exeter specially, Ancient and Modern, as an Accompaniment to Ifaache's Memorials of the City,	383
Cornelianum Dolium,	343	The Latin Scholar's Guide,	ibid.
Observations on Mr. Gray's two Pindaric Odes,	345	A Supplement to the Introduction to the Making of Latin,	ibid.
***'s Account of the late Dr. Joseph Warton,	348	Le Negociant Univerfal, ou Recueil de Lettres Originales de Commerce, &c.	384
Mackliniana; or, Anecdotes of the late Mr. Charles Macklin, Comedian; together with many of his Observations on the Drama, and the general Manners of his time, [Continued]	351	Theatrical Journal; including Fable and Character of Children, or Give them their Way, a comic drama—De Montfort, a tragedy—Paul and Virginia, a musical drama—Indiscretion, a comedy—Liberal Opinions, a comedy—and Account of three New Performers,	384
Account of Dr. Glynn Clobery,	355	Poetry; including Rule Britannia translated into Greek by Robert Luke, A. M.—Lines, written by Christopher Pitt, M. A. on a Great Shoe being lent to him in a Fit of the Gout—On seeing Mrs. Siddons' Busts of her Brothers and herself—Stanzas to Mary—Stanzas by Thomas Adney—Ode to Sensibility—Address to a young Lady on seeing her reading Groffe's 'Dagger'—Letter to a Clergyman, occasioned by a report of his Patron's being one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal—Ode to Eleanor—Ode to Lucas George—Ode to a Medical Friend—and Plague at Philadelphia,	388
On Revealed Religion,	357	Journal of the Proceedings of the Fourth Session of the Eighteenth Parliament of Great Britain, [Continued]	393
Original Letter of Dr. Mark Hildesley, Bishop of Sodor and Mann, (Lett. VI.)	360	Foreign Intelligence, from the London Gazettes, &c. &c.	401
Willich's Reply to the Abbé Barruec,	363	Domestic Intelligence,	410
Account of William Cowper, Esq.	365	Marriages,	413
		Monthly Obituary,	414
		Prices of Stocks.	
<b>LONDON REVIEW.</b>			
Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy, a Rura' Poem,	368		
Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy, from its Establishment to its Dissolution, [Continued]	371		
Haweis' Impartial and Succinct History of the Rise, Declension, and Revival of the Church of Christ; from the Birth of our Saviour to the present Time. With faithful Characters of the principal Personages, ancient and modern, [Concluded]	376		
Bowles's Reflections on the Political State of Society at the Commencement of the Year 1800.	379		
Sotheby's Siege of Cuzco, a tragedy,	383		
The Systematic or Imaginary Philosopher, a comedy,	ibid.		
Sappho Search's Poetical Review of Miss Hannah More's Strictures on Female Education, in a Series of Anapestic Epistles,	ibid.		
Holmes' Tract on Bodies Corporate generally, those in Exeter specially,			

London :

Printed by Bunnery & Gold, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street,

For J. SEWELL, CORNHILL; and

J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY.





THE  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
AND  
LONDON REVIEW,

FOR MAY 1800.

HUGH BOYD, ESQ.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

THE person whose portrait we now present to our readers was one who, with good though not brilliant talents, passed through life with the censure of the wise and the compassion of the good. He was eccentric and benevolent, extravagant and humane; one who wanted prudence more than virtue, but whose conduct verified the remark of Johnson, "that those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." He had passed quietly "to the country from whose bourne no traveler returns," and was nearly forgotten, when a conjecture, ascribing to him some political papers of great celebrity in their day, ill founded we conceive, and supported by vague and inconclusive evidence, brought him again into notice, and occasioned a minute investigation of the circumstances of his life. These, divested of controversy, we propose to present to our readers.

HUGH BOYD was the son of Alexander Macauley, Esq. M. P. for Thomaston, in Ireland, and the intimate friend of Dean Swift. He was born in Ship-street, Dublin, the 16th day of April, 1746, a day memorable in our annals for the decisive battle of Culloden field. His father was extremely attentive to the education of his children, and this his son used to say that he was put very young to school, and soon became much

attached to books; but the Metamorphosis of Ovid first struck his attention, and best amused his infancy. He felt no ambition to display his premature scholarship by making latin verses; nor did he copy the example of Pope, in trying to gratify his father by composing English rhymes. But it is a fact which has been thought important to state, that his father, who laboured anxiously his education, and fondly saw in his budding parts the promise of a copious harvest, sometimes censured his son's prose for being too poetical, and prescribed as a model to him the chaste style of Swift and Addison, that he might learn (to use the old man's own words) to combine the strength and precision of the one with the simplicity and easy elegance of the other. The seeds however of poetic imagery, which nature had scattered in our author's mind, never ripened into a harvest of poetry. He was educated at the school of the Rev. William Ball, in Ship-street before mentioned, a school, which among other distinguished scholars and characters, sent forth Lord Clare and Henry Grattan, who being nearly of the same age, were of the same class with our author, and yet remained a year behind him in Ship-street.

The step from the school to the college forms an important epoch in the biography of youth. Our student was received as a fellow-commoner into the University of Dublin by the name of Hugh Macauley, on the 8th of July 1761. Here he is said by his biographer to have pursued his favourite studies with assiduity and delight. He certainly ac-

quitted

quitted himself with credit. He obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1765. He thus continued long enough in Trinity College to be highly cultivated, and to possess considerable talents. He could not well be otherwise from his natural endowments. He had a memory of singular strength; he had an apprehension of great readiness; an intellect of uncommon solidity; and besides all those faculties, he enjoyed a wonderful dexterity in applying them to every purpose. The characteristic precision with which he carried off the speeches of the greatest orators, is alone a satisfactory proof, that he enjoyed all those powers in a high degree: and it is a strong confirmation of this reasoning, that he was a good chess player, and made a stand against Count Bruhl.

Like other young men of powerful minds and irregular practices he remained for some time in suspense about the choice of his profession. He inclined for a while to prefer the sword to the gown; as his eldest brother Alexander had already entered himself of the Temple. After some consideration he determined however from the propensities of his habit, to follow the profession of his father. In the meantime Hugh Macauley, owing to his passion for play, and dissipation, became involved in great pecuniary difficulties at the age of nineteen (1765).

With all those embarrassments, practices, and habits, he came to London, before the decease of his father on the 13<sup>th</sup> of July 1766, in order to prosecute the study of the law. But the propensities of our student carried him as often to St. Stephen's Chapel as to Westminster Hall. He used frequently to retire from a long debate to the Grecian Coffee-house, where he met his fellow Templars, and would sometimes astonish them by a seemingly perfect recital of the *chef d'œuvre* of the night. He is at this time described by another lawyer who knew him personally, "as a good natured lively man, famous for repeating parliamentary speeches, and always bawling about something or another." As to his politics Macauley, partly from the place of his birth, partly from the example of his father, partly from his natural temperament, and partly from the fashionable of the times, was an anarchist, if we may consider his avowed writings, as preferable proofs to private prejudice: as a *Whig*, he was *Whig-Liberal*; not an old Whig but a new

Whig, who exerted great activity in promoting "the good Old Cause." If from the Whig we throw a retrospective glance upon the letters of the Freeholder to the Electors of Antrim in 1776, we shall perceive that he then maintained revolutionary doctrines in order to influence an election. If from these letters we take another retrospect of ten years, we shall easily discover the political principles which Macauley brought with him from the noisy scene of Dr. Lucas at Dublin to the more ample theatre of Wilkes and Liberty at London.

Hugh Macauley was naturally recommended to the care of Mr. James Adair, an Irish factor in the city, the father of the late Serjeant, and his own relation, in whose house he for a while became domesticated. The genteel address and insinuating manners of Macauley easily introduced him into fashionable life and literary society. He became intimate with Mr. Richard Burke, whose principles and habits are said to have been similar to his own. He gained ready admission into the families of Mr. Edmund Burke and of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He obtained the familiarity of Garrick. He became acquainted with many of the members of the Literary Club. And becoming a man of the town, he incidentally became all things to all men.

But whatever a man's friendships and occupations may be, the principal epoch of his life is his marriage. From Hugh Macauley's connections in the city he probably became acquainted with Miss Frances Morphy, a lady of elegance and of some fortune, who lived with her mother, at Lodgings in Mincovy-court, Tower-hill: and her he married, on the 29<sup>th</sup> of December 1767, when he was yet under two and twenty; and she was still younger. The mother and the daughter possessed between them about seven thousand pounds sterling, which consisted in Negroes and other property in Jamaica. His mother's father is said to have died in 1765.

Our author was now to maintain a family as well as he could by whatever means. Towards the latter end of the year 1768 we are told that he began to be extremely sedulous in collecting political information of every kind, and being in habits of confidential intimacy with the late Mr. Laughlin Macclair, as well as some other political characters, from whom he was enabled to obtain very early and accurate political intelligence of all ministerial proceedings. His attention



tention to the dictates of prudence had been very slight, and from distressed circumstances he found himself no longer able to live in London. The place of his retirement was Ralton-Green, near Harrow. In this retreat he found leisure to regret the past and to provide for the future. From that place he used frequently to walk to town and to return the same day; for the purpose, no doubt, of providing for his family and of collecting intelligence.

Distress is seldom stationary, and our author returned with his family to London, probably in 1775. At this epoch of his life, he engaged in a very arduous task when he undertook to persuade the world that Robert and Daniel Perreau were innocent of the felonious charge of forging the bond of William Adair, with design to defraud Robert and Henry Drummond. The forgery was detected in March 1775: bills of indictment were found against them on the 25th of April. They were tried not long after; when Robert Perreau read a defence of uncommon art and ability, elegance and pathos, which very much affected those who were nevertheless constrained by the evidence to find him guilty. Daniel Perreau was also found guilty. — Notwithstanding every endeavour to save them they were both executed on the 17th of January 1776.

After the fate of these men was decided, our author appeared in the North of Ireland. Whatever motive carried him thither, his attention was at once drawn to it, by the found of an election, for the county of Antrim, in pursuance of the parliamentary limitation for which his father had written. Assuming the familiar appellation of a Freeholder, he addressed a dozen letters to the independent electors of Antrim; in order to gain their votes for “*a constitutional candidate.*” It was one James Wilton, an

obscure adventurer; and these letters are said to have contributed to the raising that wild clamour, which carried Wilton's election by an enthusiastic blast of momentary madness. Those who favour the notion of our author being the writer of the letters signed JUNIUS, support their opinion by resemblances between the two performances. They should have shewn that he wrote like Junius before the year 1770.

From Belfast our patriotic freeholder went to Dublin, where he was called to the Bar in Easter term 1776. His embarrassments forced him to put on the gown, while his dissipation induced him to cast it off as an incumbrance to his pursuits: and he soon returned to London, which had attractions for him that were too powerful for his interest and too seductive for his happiness. “We have,” says the author from whom the chief facts of this account are taken, “in Macauley Boyd the example of a man, who, with every material quality in him of a great lawyer, facility of apprehension, strength of intellect, retentiveness of memory, confidence of address, could only busy himself in writing anarchical essays, although he was goaded by distress, and assailed by the cries of a family.”

From Dublin it may be presumed he returned to his old haunts and habits in London. How he was employed during the years 1777 and 1778 is unknown. But it is certain he began to write a seditious paper in 1779 and ended in March 1780. The London Courant was the vehicle of those papers, which were entitled *The Whig*. In these papers also the style of Junius is supposed to be found, but at this period many imitators of that writer had appeared in the diurnal journals. No conclusion therefore can be drawn from such resemblances.

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE NEW PUMP AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

(WITH A VIEW.)

THE revival of this useful and long discontinued public accommodation has afforded to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Cornhill cause of general satisfaction. It is much to be regretted that supplies of water are not more frequently to be found in the midst of so populous a city as London is, as they would occasionally contribute to the gratification and comfort of more than live in the vicinity of the place.

“The chief ornaments in Cornhill ward,” says John Stow (See his Survey of London, 4to. 1603, p. 189.), “are these: First at the east end thereof, in the middle of the High-streete, and at the parting of foure wayes, have ye a water standard, placed in the yeare 1582 in maner following: a certain German named Peter Morris, having made an artificial forcier for that purpose, conveyed Thames water, in pipes of leade,  
over

over the steeple of St. Magnus church, at the north end of London bridge, and from thence into diverse men's houses in Thames street, New Fish-street, and Grass-street, up to the north-west corner of Leadenhall, the highest ground of all the citie, where the waste of the maine pipe rising into this standarde (provided at the charges of the citie) with foure spoutes, did at every tyde runne (according to covenant) foure wayes, plentifully serving to the commodity of the inhabitants neare adjoining in their houses, and also cleaned the chanelis of the streete towards Bishopsgate, Aldgate, the bridge and Stocks market; but now no such matter, through whole default I know not."

"Then have ye a faire conduit of sweete water, castellated in the midst of that ward and street. This conduit was first builded of stone, in the year 1282, by Henry Walles, Major of London, to be a prison for night walkers and other suspicious persons, and was called the TUNNE upon Cornhill, because the tune was builded somewhat in fashion of a TUNNE standing on the one ende.

"To this prison the night watches of this citie committed not onely night walkers, but also other persons, as well spiritual as temporal, whom they suspected of incontinencie, and punished them according to the custom of the citie;" but complaint thereof being made about the yeare of Christ 1297, King Edward the First forbad the laity to punish the clergymen.

"By the west side of the aforesayd prison, then called the TUNNE, was a faire well of spring water, curbed round with hard stone: but in the yeare 1401 the said prison house called the TUNNE was made a cesterne for sweet water, conveyed by pipes of lead from Tiborne,

and was from thenceforth called the Conduit upon Cornhill. Then was the well planked over, and a strong prison made of timber, called a Cage, with a paire of stockes therein set upon it, and this was for night walkers. On the top of which cage was placed a pillorie for the punishment of bakers offending in the assize of bread, for millers stealing of corne at the mill, for bawdes, scolds, and other offences."

"The foresaid conduit upon Cornhill was in the yeare 1475 enlarged by Robert Drope, draper, Major, that then dwelt in that ward, he increased the cesterne of this conduit with an east end of stone, and castellated in comely manner."

"In the year 1546 Sir Martin Bowes, Mayer, dwelling in Lombard streete, and having his back gate opening into Cornhill against the said conduit, minded to have enlarged the cisterne thereof with a west end, like as Robert Drope before had done toward the east: view and measure of the plot was taken for this worke, but the pillorie and cage being removed, they found the ground plained, and the well aforesaid worn out of memorie; which well they revived and restored to use; it is since made a pompe: they set the pillorie somewhat west from the well, and so this work ceased."

This is the account given by honest John Stow. The advantage derived from the water to the inhabitants had been many years lost, and the remembrance of it had again been long worn out. Accident brought it lately into notice, and the convenience of the public has been once more consulted by the erection of the pump, at once useful and ornamental, of which we now present our readers with a view.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The following *Jeu d'Esprit* of an eminent physician in his day was lately found among some family papers. It was written on the birth of the Princess of Brunswick, the King's eldest sister, and has never appeared in print, as far as I am informed. Your giving it a place in your Magazine will oblige

Yours, &c. P. A.

## A CHARACTER OF HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS.

ATTEMPTED BY RICHARD HOLLINGS, M. D.

I AM sensible how difficult it is to be impartial, and how much more difficult it is to seem so, in drawing the characters of persons of the highest birth and

rank; the praise or the blame, which they may justly deserve, is severally ascribed to the interested views, or the private resentment of the author. I should therefore



therefore not have attempted the character of this most excellent Princess, could there have been the least room for suspicions of that nature; but I call God to witness that, having no obligation or disobligation whatsoever to her, I shall speak the truth in the sincerity of my heart; and I likewise call upon all and every one of those who have the honour to know her as well as I do, to contradict me, if they can, in any one particular. I have observed her with attention from almost the hour of her birth, and have carefully marked the progressive steps of nature; I have seen her in her unguarded moments, and have seriously and critically considered whatever fell from her; so I may without vanity assert, that nobody is better qualified to tell the truth than myself, though others might be much more capable of adorning it. I shall say nothing of the beauty of this incomparable Princess. It is her mind, and not her person, which we intend to delineate; neither shall I dwell on her high birth and station any longer than to observe that she seems to be the only person ignorant of that superiority; she has never been heard to give the most remote hint of it, much less has she ever been observed to assume even that degree of state which others much inferior to her in birth are so foolishly fond of. It would be saying but little in praise of this excellent Lady, to observe that she had early acquired many friends; for who in that high station has not? where the power of obliging and doing good is so extensive, it must be the weakest head, as well as the worst heart, that does not exert it, and make many happy friends; but what is much more rare in her station, she has not one enemy.

Equally humane to all who approach her, she neither stoops to meannesses, nor insults in proportion as she imagines the persons are useful or useless; for having nothing to ask, fear, or conceal, from any, she behaves herself with equal unconcern to all.

She was never known to tell a lie, or even to disguise a truth. Uncorrupted nature appears in every motion, and ho-

nestly declares the present sentiment. Her smiles are the immediate result of a contented and innocent heart; they are never prostituted to disguise inward rancour and malice, nor insidiously displayed to betray the unwary into a fatal confidence. The tears she sometimes sheds are not less sincere, they flow only from justifiable causes, and not from disappointed avarice, ambition, or revenge; nor are they the forced tears of simulated compassion, which conceals a real hardness of heart; moreover she never cries for joy. She is a rare instance of liberality; and though her income be but small, she retains no more of it than what is absolutely necessary for her subsistence, and properly and privately disposes of the rest; free from the ostentation of little and sordid minds, who by profusion in trifles hope to conceal the insatiable avarice and corruption of their hearts.

Though born and bred in a Court, she never engages in the intrigues and whisperers of it, nor concerns herself in public matters. Far from retailing or inventing lies, promoting scandal and defamation, and encouraging breach of faith and violation of friendship, one would think by her behaviour that she had never heard of such things. Her silence, and her sex, is not the least admirable of her many qualifications; she never speaks when she has nothing to say, nor graciously tires her company with frivolous, improper, and unnecessary tattle.

She is entirely free from another too general weakness of her sex, attention to dress; and it is observable, that if she is ever out of humour, it is in those moments in which she is obliged to conform to custom in that particular.

Having thus finished this imperfect sketch of this inimitable character, I shall only add for the information of the curious, that this most incomparable Princess was given us on the 31st of July, in the 1737th year of our redemption. Name indeed she has none; but had ever such a Princess a name? or can any man name me such a PRINCESS?

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,  
I AM too well acquainted with the politeness which actuates the conductor of the European Magazine, to doubt his willingness to oblige an occasional Correspondent: and I have to high an opinion of your very numerous readers, as to

be confident that the publication of this little article would procure me ample information.

At Messieurs Leigh and Sotheby's late sale, by auction, of the elegant and truly valuable library of James Maistone, Esq. on the tenth day of sale (Thursday, 8th May),

May), was fold No. 2230, entitled, "Cornelianum Dolium Comoedia lepidissima, optimorum judicii approbata, et theatri coryphæo, nec immeritò, donata, palma choralì apprimè digna. Auctore T. R. ingeniosissimo hujus ævi heliconio. Londini, apud Tho. Harperum. Et vaneunt per Tho. Slaterum, et Laurentium Chapman. 1638.

"Ludunt dum juvenes, lascivunt senes, Senescunt juvenes, juvenescunt senes."

I should esteem myself greatly indebted to any Gentleman who could inform me what name T. R. designates; on what occasion this facetious comedy was written; and when, and where it was acted. A vague suspicion leads me to THOMAS RANDOLPH \*, author of "The Muse's Locking Glass," and many other theatrical pieces, of whom an account is given in Baker's "Biographia Dramatica." Another suspicion, equally indeterminate, might incline us to THOMAS RUGGLE †, the celebrated author of "Ignoramus," and various satirical productions. Part of the comedy seems borrowed from one of Boccace's Novels.

Randolph died, I believe, a year or two before "Cornelianum Dolium" was printed; at the premature age of twenty-nine. Of Ruggle's decease ‡ I can collect no certain intelligence.

As this is a most curious little play, and probably seldom met with, your readers may perhaps be gratified with a copy of the DEDICATION and PREFACE.

*Dedicatio.*

"Spectatissimo Viro,  
ALEXANDRO RADCLIFFE,  
Baenſi Militi;  
Musis Grato,  
Suis charo,  
Alienis benigno,  
Omnibus benevolo;

\* POSTHUMOUS VATES

Hanc opellam  
in extremam observantiæ  
sue memoriam,

Candidè, candidè, conditè;  
intimidè, integrè, intemeratè;  
dedit, dicavit, dedicavit."

*Prefati.*

"OMNIBUS ET SINGULIS.

"Noverint universi per præsentès, me Cornelium Sumæriani fuisse natum et

egregiè notum. Ubi diutius vanà spe lactatus, genio liberè indulgens, meretriciis artibus acquiescens, per totum Lupanar ejusque lecti, testi, et triclivi annuos redditus, horales quæstus ad unguem retinui. Tartaræ illius portæ per tres integros annos Janitor fui: me omnes fecerunt transennam, per quam facilius aditus pateat ad pellicem.

"Ab eo verò ad altiorem evestus fui gradum: ad recordanda (scilicet) chyrurgorum nomina, et iis solvenda stipendia.—hinc illæ lachrymæ! Qui me norunt lascivientem in Prostibulo, nunc me videant dolentem in Dolio. Verè doleo; et benè est quod doleo; periissem enim nisi periissem. Ut sensi, sapui. Errando didici, discendo, docui. Cornelius ducitur in Scenam, corpus in Dolium.

"Nunc quod ad vos attinet, ne Scena lateat, arrigite aures; ne Cornelius langueat, præbete manus. Valetè, videtè, ridetè, vivite."

I had intended to send you the jocosè Argument; but am refrained by the fear of prolixity. A list of the CHARACTERS, however, will take up but little space, and with this list I shall for the present conclude.

"DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cornelius.  
Grinchamus, Cornelii Servus.  
Opilio, Pastor gregis.  
Prunella, Marito ejus.  
Simplicius et Balbutius, Parochiani.  
Siringius, Chyrurgus.  
Peregrinus Neapolitanus, Medicus.  
Pecadilla et } Meretriculæ.  
Tubercula }  
Ciatica, Cornelii ancilla.  
Lurcanio et } Meretricii confortes.  
Latrunculus }  
Vespilo, sepulchralem curam agens;  
cum aliis ministris Dramati propriis.

SCÆNA, GENUA."

In the pleasing hope that you will condescend to print this letter, I subscribe myself, Sir,

Your obliged and obedient,

Gbelsca, 14th May 1800.

W. B.

\* Mr. Douce, in a note on *Timon of Athens*, in the last edition of Shakspeare, vol. xi. p. 594. has offered the same conjecture. EDITOR.

† The name of this author was not *Thomas*, but *George*. EDITOR.

‡ He died between 6th September 1621 and 3d November 1622. See Hawkins's republication of *Ignoramus*, 8vo. 1787, p. 74. EDITOR.

§ Robert Randolph republished all his deceased brother's works.



## OBSERVATIONS

ON

## MR. GRAY'S TWO PINDARIC ODES.

MY DEAR F.

THE subject touched upon in my last has taken such strong hold of my imagination, that I cannot forbear recalling your attention to it. I do this with the less scruple, as I do not mean to trouble you with any of those "vulgar passages," which the Learned Critic, with a delicacy highly commendable, \* "spared his friend the disgust of considering." Under this restriction, it may not be unentertaining to see in what manner writers of the first rank and acknowledged abilities imitate their predecessors so, as to make what they borrow appear their own. You will not, I apprehend, require any apology from me for suspending awhile the design, with which I seemed to set out. I see no reason why, in our conversation or correspondence with each other, we should confine ourselves within any one certain track. Whatever subject may accidentally be started in our way, we are, I think, at full liberty to follow whithersoever it may lead; and to continue the pursuit, so long as it affords amusement.

We have often, you will recollect, read together, and been as often charmed with, the introductory stanza to the first of Mr. Gray's two Pindaric Odes—the Progress of Poetry: where you have these admirable lines:

Now the rich stream of Music winds  
along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden  
reign:

Now rolling from the steep amain,  
Headlong impetuous see it pour,  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow  
to the roar.

The great excellencies of the sublimest poetry are here united with an ease and elegance, which give to the composition so much the air of an original, that none of Mr. Gray's Editors or Commentators on his Works seem to have suspected an imitation.

Mr. Mason, who appears to have been sufficiently assiduous in bringing together every sentiment or expression from other

authors, bearing resemblance to any part in the writings of his respected friend, has produced no parallel to this exquisitely beautiful passage.

Mr. Wakefield, who has given us an edition of Mr. Gray's poems, enriched with many valuable and interesting notes, professes † "not to be sparing of quotations from the poets," and conceives "no author to be a more proper vehicle for remarks of this sort, at once useful and entertaining, than Mr. Gray:" yet, in all his extensive range through the fields of classic lore, he notices only one or two slight ‡ resemblances.

Having thus taken the liberty of introducing Mr. Wakefield, I cannot suffer so favourable an opportunity to escape me, without returning to that candid and discerning critic my warmest thanks, in which I am persuaded I shall be joined by every friend to genius and lover of the Muses, for his very able and spirited defence of the British Pindar against the illiberal attacks of a prejudiced Commentator: whose puerile strictures on these divine poems certainly cast a shade on his literary character.

Even Dr. Johnson himself, willing, as he evidently was, from an unmanly jealousy of contemporary merit, to degrade the high character, which Mr. Gray deservedly held, of an original writer, with uncommon powers of fancy and invention; and therefore ever on the watch to detect any latent imitation, has been able to discover no instance of similar composition.

Now allow me to submit to your consideration the following lines, which I am inclined to believe you have already in imagination anticipated, from one of the sublimest Odes in Horace:

—Quod adest, memento  
Componere æquos. Cætera fluminis  
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo  
Cum pace delabentis Etruscum  
In mare; nunc lapides adesos  
Stirpetque raptas, & pecus, et domos,  
Volventis unâ; non sine montium  
Clanore, vicinæque sylvæ.

B. iii. O. 23.

\* Marks of Imitation, p. 73.

† Wakefield's Ed. Gray's Poems, Advertisement.

‡ Pages 77, 78.

With this stanza before us, will there not arise in the mind something like *suspicion*? that Mr. Gray, when he wrote those fine lines quoted above, *had his eye* on Horace. Allow me to mark the principal features of resemblance. We have in each poet a stream; applied by the one to the various forms of poetry; by the other, to the vicissitudes of human affairs, with especial reference to political revolutions. It is conducted by both, first in a course of placid serenity, then in torrents of rapid impetuosity; producing at the close, in both instances, the same alarming effect.

“The rocks and nodding groves rebellow  
to the roar;”

very nearly a verbal translation of the Latin text

—“Non sine montium  
Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.”

Here is certainly in these two passages an extraordinary coincidence of thought and imagery. In addition to which, the varying circumstances, described in both, follow each other in exactly the same order. The attentive reader will however discover, under this general similitude, a considerable difference in the mode of composition between the British and the Roman Pindar. Enough, perhaps, you will think, to remove all appearance of direct imitation. It is most probable that Gray, without recurring to the text of Horace, has only copied from the traces which a frequent perusal had left upon his memory. This hypothesis will appear the more credible, when we analyse the different forms of composition. While the stream of Horace glides quietly into the Etruscan ocean, with no other distinction than that of gentleness; the stream of Gray winds along with a marked character, appropriate to his subject:

“Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong.”

Mr. Gray gives also peculiar grace and beauty to the piece by his skilful use of the metaphorical style, blending the simile with the subject, so much in the manner of \* Pindar; and not making as Horace has done, a formal comparison of the one with the other. Pope has in many instances adopted this graceful manner; and in none more successfully

than in that celebrated address to his Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, in the Essay on Man, Ep. 3d.

Oh! while along the stream of time thy  
name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;  
Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the  
gale?

It will be rather a matter of curiosity, if it do not appear too trifling, to see how this beautiful passage would read, taken out of metaphor, and delivered in the plain comparative form. I will endeavour to render it in this form as correctly as may be:—Oh! while your name flies abroad along the course of time, and gathers all its fame, like a ship going down the stream; and, with expanded sails, gathering, as it goes, the wind; say, shall I attend, like a little bark; pursue the triumph, and share in your fame, as the little bark partakes the gale, which swells the canvas of the larger vessel. You will not, I trust, require any further comment, to prove the superior elegance of the metaphorical style.

Mr. Gray, it will be seen, has still further improved upon the Roman Bard by the addition of those verdant vales and golden fields of corn, through which, in the first division of his subject, he conducts the peaceful stream.

“Through verdant vales and Ceres’  
golden reign.”

In the second division he simply describes it, now swollen into a torrent, rolling impetuously down the steep descent; which Horace expresses, from † Homer, by its effects.

You, who are wont to view all works of taste with so correct and critical an eye, cannot fail to observe, and at the same time to admire, the masterly skill of these great artists in the execution of their separate designs.

In Mr. Gray’s Ode the varying movements of Music or Poetry are very happily illustrated by the inconstant current of a river; assuming, in different places, a different character; presenting you by turns, either with rich and beautiful prospects in soothing composure; or rousing the mind into emotions of wonder and astonishment, by scenes of a bolder

\* Hungerford’s Ap. p. 80.

† Il. xi. 492. Virg. Æn. ii. 496.



feature; rolling, with the roar of thunder, down broken rocks and precipices.

The object of Horace was the course of events, which alternately take place in a popular government: at one time peaceful and orderly; dispensing ease, security, and happiness to all around: at another, irregular, tumultuous, and turbulent; marking its progress with terror and destruction: like the changeful course of a river, the Tybur for instance, which was continually in his view, flowing at one time quietly and equably within its accustomed banks; at another,

“Cum fera diluvies quietos  
“Irritat amnes:”

raising its swollen waves over all bounds; breaking with irresistible fury through all obstacles; and with wide-spreading desolation bearing down every thing in its way;

—————“lapides aefos,  
“Stirpesque raptas, & pecus, & domos.”

I cannot here resist the temptation of recalling to your recollection an exquisitely fine passage in the book of Psalms, in which similar imagery is applied in a manner most awfully sublime. It is where the divinely-inspired Poet, magnifying the God of his salvation, describes, in the true spirit of Eastern poetry, his protecting power, as follows:

\* “Who stillest the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of the people.”

It is the more remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have overlooked this apparent imitation, when he has chosen, with Algarotti he says, to consider the Bard as an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. This is more than Algarotti any where affirms. In his letter to † Mr. How, he says that the Bard is *very far superior* to the prophecy of Nereus: in which opinion Dr. Johnson does not seem equally disposed to concur with the learned Italian.

This is a question which does not admit of argument. If there be a man who can hear the sudden breaking forth of those terrific sounds in the exordium, at which  *stout Glöster stood agbass, and Mortimer cried to arms,* and not thrill with horror: if there be a man, who can behold the awful figure of the Bard, in

his sable vestments, with his haggard eyes, his loose beard, and hoary hair, which

Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled  
air,”

and hear him

“Strike the deep sorrows of his lyre,”

without emotion: this man, if such a man there be, has no feelings, to which a critic on the works of a great poet can apply. It were as vain and useless to converse with a man of this description on such subjects, as with a deaf man on the enchantment of Music; or, with one blind, on the charms of Beauty.

While I am conversing with you, who are neither deaf nor blind, I am tempted to enter more deeply into the examination of this astonishing performance; which I shall consider in rather a new light. Every reader is stricken with the wildness of the scenery—the grandeur and sublimity of thought—the boldness of the imagery—the fire and enthusiasm, which animate the ode throughout. What most strikes me is the highly figurative and majestic diction, which pervades the whole; involved in that awful obscurity, so suited to the occasion, and characteristically the language of prophecy. This very obscurity, objected to by many as a fault, has always appeared to me as the distinguishing excellency of the poem. The tissue, woven with bloody hands by the Bard, in consort with the spectres of his murder'd brethren,

*The winding sheet of Edward's race,*

on which were to be traced their impending misfortunes, has in it something tremendously sublime; analogous to the emblematic images, under which are usually conveyed the † prophetic denunciations of divine wrath in the sacred writings: of these every one feels the effect. In the same sublime strain the descendants of Edward are in succession designated, not by name, but by some mystic allusion; under which the figures assume a more terrific appearance from the mist, which is gathered round them. The tragical fate, which severally awaits them, is denounced under the representation of some terrible image, enveloped in almost impenetrable darkness, impressing on the mind a dreadful foreboding of future calamity, the more alarming as its

\* Pf. lxxv. V. 7.

† Mason's Ed. of Gray, Notes, p. 85.

‡ Vide passim Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, B. of Rev.

nature, extent, and effect, are unknown and undefined.

From these scenes of horror the Bard is rapt, by a sudden and unexpected transition, into visions of glory; and the imagination, but now appalled by terror, and sunk into dismay, is roused by the prospect of happier events, described in dazzling splendour, though still with the same indistinctness of imagery, at a distance, into transports of joy and triumphant exultation over Edward on the ultimate defeat of his impious attempt.

The transcendent merit of Mr. Gray's manner can no way be better illustrated, than by a comparative view of the manner adopted by Horace in the ode, of which Dr. Johnson is so willing to think the Bard an imitation. The appearance of Nereus, engaged in the important office of calming the winds, in order to sing the cruel fates of Paris, has a solemnity in it, which raises in the mind an expectation of something great and momentous. Yet, when we contemplate the figure of Nereus, presented, as he is, with no appropriate investment, with no local advantages, stationed we know not where, uttering his denunciations we know not whence, with what superior dignity and spirit does the Bard appear! in the romantic situation and interesting attitude described by Gray, *striking* with solemn accompaniments *the deep sorrows of his lyre*.

Mr. Gray will rise still higher in your opinion as you proceed. You have seen how he aggrandises his subject by his manner of treating it. What has Horace done? He has recounted in the simplest mode of narration the adventures of Paris, as he found them related by Homer. Every circumstance is exactly detailed, without any veil or disguise.

Every agent introduced is represented under his known character, and marked by his proper name. No room is left for doubtful and alarming conjecture. The whole tale is told in the plainest terms. In the concluding stanza we are informed in the same simple manner, without any preparation denoting so important an event, that after a certain term of delay, occasioned by the anger of Achilles, Troy will be consumed by the Grecian fires.

I would not wish you to suspect that I mean here to undervalue the works of our old friend; whom I was early taught with you, and still continue to love and admire. I have often read this very ode with great pleasure and approbation. It is an elegant and beautiful composition. But is there in it any, even the faintest, trait of resemblance to the Bard of Gray? or are you disposed, with Dr. Johnson, to allow Gray only a secondary merit, as a copyist from the first inventor?—Inventor of what?—What has Horace invented? which Gray has imitated. Gray neither wanted nor sought assistance elsewhere. He consulted his own great mind. There only did he find the source, whence issued that *rich stream*, which he has conducted with consummate address, now in majestic solemnity; now, as occasion required, with rage and violence, through the various parts of this unrivalled poem: and every man of taste and feeling follows its course with rapture and enthusiasm.

Having thus faintly expressed the high reverence which I bear to one of so superior an order, I will here close this long, yet, may I hope? to you not tedious, discussion.

Adieu,

O. P. C.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS you give to your Readers (with the most obliging attention), in your valuable Repository, what you think will be acceptable relative to the Lives of eminent Men, I flatter myself you will insert a few particulars of the late lamented Dr. WARTON. As that excellent man, for a great number of years, was my most intimate friend; in justice to his many virtues and talents, it is a debt I owe to his memory, which I cannot dispense with, to *endeavour* to draw a short Sketch of his Life, Character, and Writings; and which, by inserting in your valuable Magazine, will oblige, Sir, your constant reader,

\*\*\*

**T**HERE is certainly a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially to those whom their learning and virtues have made celebrated, to deliver some account of them, as well as of their works, to posterity. It is, however,



however, true indeed, that many men, who have been eminent for learning and for genius, and whose characters have obtained a pre-eminence in the opinion of the world, have yet but little of variety in their lives, to furnish a biographical memoir in the age in which they lived. Those who have known them, can tell of their private virtues—whilst those who have read their works, can speak of the pleasure or instruction they have afforded: but as to wonderful adventures—“hair-breadth ‘scapes”—and astonishing events; as the life of a Columbus—a Sir Francis Drake—or a Captain Cook—exhibits; it is not to be expected in certain stationary allotments in life, which confine men to one object. But perhaps it is, or ought to be, of more use to the world, to exhibit a character endowed with every moral virtue, and who was also as eminent for learning and for genius, as for the most correct taste, than it would be to astonish the world with improbable stories of an adventurer in foreign countries. Especially when the character I would give to the public, is that of the late much regretted Dr. Warton, whose name was dear to all lovers of literature, and who lived as universally respected, as he died sincerely lamented.

Dr. Warton was born in 1722. He was descended from an ancient and honourable family in the North of England; from Sir Michael Warton, Bart. of Warton Hall, Lancashire; and from the wealthy and respectable family of the same name at Beverly, in Yorkshire. The parents of both his father and mother lived in affluence, and were eminently good. The father of Dr. Warton (who deserves an eulogium separately for merit, learning, and for genius,) was highly respected, not only for his literary talents, but for his worth and virtues. He was Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Poetry Professor in that University, where he was universally esteemed. He married the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Dursfold, Surrey, a man of exemplary character, and she inherited all his virtues. They had two sons—Joseph, the worthy subject of this short memoir—one daughter, Jane, I believe, still living—and Thomas, the late Laureat, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford; of which place he was the ornament, as well as of the literary world at large. Such indeed was the vigour of his mind, the classical purity of his taste, and the extent and va-

riety of his learning, that his memory will be for ever revered, as a profound scholar and a man of true genius; whilst his most amiable disposition, and simplicity of manners, rendered him dear to all who knew him:—I *must* be pardoned for this digression, as it is impossible to mention *his* name, without paying that tribute of affection which his great and modest worth demanded; he was in truth a pattern of all the mild and social virtues: words cannot express his merit: it however still lives in the remembrance of every friend who enjoyed his engaging society. To see the *two learned brothers* together, as Dr. Johnson called them (with whom they were intimately acquainted), was as interesting as pleasing to behold.

Dr. Warton was entered early in life on the foundation of Winchester College; where he made the most rapid progress in his studies, and was an honour to the society, and to the instructions of his excellent master, Dr. Burton. It was in his early age, at Winchester College, that he commenced a strict friendship with his school-fellow Collins, the poet, which lasted till the death of that ingenious but unfortunate man. Also the worthy late Baron Eyre, and other eminent men (his school-fellows), continued till death his intimate friends; for those who loved him *once*, loved him *always*.

When he had finished his studies at Oxford, he took orders; and in the year 1754 commenced second Master of Winchester school, and in 1766 was chosen head master: with what honour he acquitted himself in that public capacity, is too well known to need my feeble praise.

In 1793, after near forty years spent in the instruction of youth at Winchester, he resigned the office, and retired to his living at Wickham, Hants, to spend in quiet the remainder of his excellent life.

Dr. Warton had derived from Nature a strong and vigorous understanding, which he had enriched with a large share of knowledge, extensive, and profound. His parts were brilliant and enlightened; but yet his wit was tempered with humanity, and his knowledge with humility. Those only who knew him intimately can best describe his unfailling judgment; his quick discernment; his brilliant wit; above all, his sincerity, and the ingenuousness of his mind. Noble and elevated in his sentiments, he has left behind him a character unfulfilled by a single mean or dishonourable action. Perhaps

no man living possessed more the powers of enlivening conversation than Dr. Warton: cheerful as he was in the highest degree, convivial in his disposition, and of a most elegant taste, with the liveliest imagination, and a very general knowledge of the Belles Lettres, his company was sought, and was delightful to all who knew him. He was a most intimate friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds and of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Montague and of Mr. Seward; and almost every other literary character sought his acquaintance.

To his excellent character, with strictest truth it may be added, that he had nothing of that austerity and reserve—of that importance and superciliousness—of that pride and self-importance, and ostentatious affectation of dignity, which forbid access, and which we so often see in men of literature and talents. It may justly be said, that to an accurate and very extensive knowledge of classic learning he joined a correct judgment, a clear and refined taste. But his private virtues even exceeded his learning, wit, and genius: his cheerful and sweet disposition was invincible (under many severe trials), and to his excellent temper was also added the utmost politeness of manners. He was (like his much esteemed brother) a pattern of all the social virtues.

One of the chief traits in Dr. Warton's character was his benevolent and charitable disposition; which he exerted to the utmost of his abilities, and of his income, which, though easy, was certainly not equal to his merits: but yet it enabled him to live in that style of hospitality, that he could enjoy the company of his many friends.

His charities were often secret—always *unostentatious*; some were known—but others only to his Creator, to good angels, and to himself. He knew how to relieve, without offending the delicacy of the distressed; and to render poverty rather sensible of the heart that *pities*, than of the hand that *beflowed*.

His strong and vigorous understanding remained to the last hour of his life:—his mind, to the moment of his departure, was clear and perfect in an uncommon degree; for, although reduced to great bodily weakness, yet his strong mind was still unbroken: and he conversed with all around him with his usual cheerfulness, energy, and spirit. His patience was *exemplary*; he uttered not the least

complaint—and, to use Dr. Johnson's words,

“When Heaven in pity sign'd the last release,

“And bid afflicted worth retire to peace,”

not even a sigh escaped him:—so calm was his passage to eternity, that his attendants thought him still in a sweet and profound sleep.

In the various characters of *Husband* (he had been twice married), *Father*, *Brother*, *Friend*, and *Master*, he was truly exemplary. He had many children; five of whom are now living—two sons in the Church, and three daughters—Mary, married to Colonel Morgan—Harriet, to Robert Newton Lee, Esq.—and Charlotte, unmarried. His preferment was—Prebend of Winchester, the rectory of Upham, Hants, and that also of Wickham, in the same county. He was likewise Prebend of St. Paul's.

After a long life, spent in the practice of every virtue, he departed, with as much peace and calmness as ever a devout spirit returned to God, on February 23, 1800.

What we have of Dr. Warton's works are excellent in their kind, and we have to lament they were not more in number; but the duties of his station at Winchester rendered it impossible for him to have that leisure which works of literature require. As a prose writer, whoever will examine his excellent and elegant Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope, will find that he is entitled to a place amongst the purest and most correct writers in the English language. His periods are full and easy—his style familiar—but never coarse. His works in prose are,

1. Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope, 2 vols.

2. Several admirable Critical Essays on the Tragedy of King Lear; first published in the *Adventurer*, marked Z. Since printed in an elegant separate volume.

3. An Edition in 9 Vols. of all Pope's Works, with his Life: and with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and other Illustrations.

4. Two large Vols. in 4to. (the title of which I know not) finished ready for the press, and will, I presume, be shortly published.

This work, as well as his Edition of Pope, is a very uncommon proof of his strong



strong mind and vigorous faculties at his advanced age; the latter being finished but just before his lamented death.

Dr. Warton was an excellent poet: and what we have of his poetry (which abounds with elegance and beauty) does him the highest honour.

Numberless little elegant pieces (some I think in Dodley's Collection) which

we lament were not collected together, and given to the world.

This small and inadequate tribute to the memory of so good a man, and excellent a scholar, is paid by one who sincerely loved his virtues, and will ever cherish his memory with that high respect he so justly deserved.

April 16, 1800.

\*\*\*

## MACKLINIANA;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES MACKLIN, COMEDIAN:

TOGETHER WITH

MANY OF HIS OBSERVATIONS ON THE DRAMA, AND GENERAL MANNERS OF HIS TIME.

(As principally related by Himself, and never before published.)

[Continued from Page 270.]

THE jealousy of Quin and Cibber, so far from injuring Garrick the least in his well earned reputation, helped to increase it; as it called upon the attention of the best Critics to study such a phenomenon the closer, and be satisfied themselves, as well as give the *ton* to others, "whether the general praises ascribed to this actor were the sudden effusions produced by novelty, or the effects of real merit?"

Mr. Pope, amongst others, though at that time rather in the decline of health, was persuaded by Lord Orrery to see him at Goodman's Fields; and though he had all the prejudice about him of a long and intimate acquaintance with Betterton (whose talents he so much admired as an actor, and whose conversation and character he so much valued as a man, that he painted a picture of him, lately in the possession of William Lord Mansfield), yet such was the force of genius, operating upon a man of candour and true discernment, that he told Lord Orrery, after the performance, "he was afraid the young man would be spoiled, for he would have no competitor."

What particular play it was that Pope saw him in, we have no account—Macklin could not remember it, though he could the observation of the Poet; and Davies, who afterwards wrote Garrick's life, is equally silent: the presumption is (Pope seeing him at Goodman's Fields), that it was either King Richard—or

Bayes, in *The Rehearsal*—as these were the two principal characters he performed on that theatre.

The praises of Garrick, though loud and universal, did not seduce his understanding; but, on the contrary, led him to consider how to preserve it, so as to establish his reputation on a firm and permanent basis. Accordingly, when he quitted Goodman's Fields, and made his engagements with Fleetwood in the spring of 1742, he dismissed many of those characters which he performed in the city—such as Clodis, Jack Smatter, the Ghost in Hamlet, &c. &c.—and aspired to higher walks, such as would bring him on a level with the Bettertons, the Booths, and Wilkes of former times; for, feeling his own force, he knew of no over awed timidity, but was zealous of trying the bow of Ulysses with his ablest competitors.

With this view, he consulted Macklin and Dr. Barrowby (a very eminent Physician and Critic at that time, and of whom more will be said hereafter) about the part of *Lear*—which they for some time paused upon as a character rather of too much weight and variety for so inexperienced an actor; they, however, referred him to himself, adding, "that if he felt equal to the conception and execution of the part, he was the best judge." Garrick answered in the affirmative, and the tragedy of *Lear* was announced for representation. He, however, previously stipulated

stipulated that his two friends should sit in judgment on him the first night, and report their opinions faithfully to him afterwards.

To this both Macklin and Barrowby agreed; and, though the fascinating powers of this great actor had their usual influence with the generality of the audience, these two Critics, acting like real friends, made rather an unfavourable report to him on the next morning. They said, that although he was dressed very appropriate for the character of Lear, he did not sufficiently enter into the infirmities of "a man fourscore and upwards:" That in the repetition of the curse, at the close of the first act, he began it too low, and ended it too high; that reversing this in a great measure would have a better effect—only by letting his rage fall off towards the close, and melt itself in the pathetic: That he had not dignity enough for a King in the prison scene: and that he was particularly defective in the following speech of the fourth Act, Scene 5.

"It were an excellent stratagem  
To see a troop of horse with felt,  
I'll put it in proof—no noise—no noise—  
Now will we steal upon those sons in law,  
And then—kill—kill—kill——"

by raising his voice too high in the first part, and letting it down too much in the last line—whereas the very text of "no noise—no noise" intimated it should be repeated in a voice not much above a whisper; whilst the words "kill—kill—kill" should be given in all the loud-toned fury of revenge.

Whilst Macklin and Barrowby were thus freely commenting on the actor, the latter had his pencil in his hand, noting the several passages and observations; which, when he had concluded, "he thanked them, said it exactly met his *own* better judgment; and, as a proof of it, promised them he would not play the same character till he had made himself absolute master of the very kind and judicious hints which he then received."

Recollecting afterwards, however, that the play was advertised for the next week, he would not disappoint the public; and he appeared again in Lear, which Macklin said he played rather *worse* than the first night; and this he very judiciously attributed to the sudden difficulty that arose in getting rid of his old habits, and adopting the new. The performance on the whole was respectable; and the tragedy, though much called for by the

town, was laid upon the shelf for six weeks.

At the end of this period *Lear* was again advertised; and his two friendly Critics, eager to see his or rather their improvements, begged hard to be present at the rehearsal; but Garrick was resolute to the contrary: he answered—"if there should be any little thing not quite right, being told of it so near the performance, it may hurt his feelings in the execution, as he experienced on the second night, after their friendly admonitions—that he would rather trust to have his defects corrected afterwards, which he could better do at his leisure, than run the risk of a present embarrassment."

There was an observation in this reply which satisfied his friends, and they contented themselves with waiting for the first night of its revival. We have often heard Macklin speak of this night with all the rapture of an *amateur* (and, perhaps, there was no little self-vanity mixed in the applause, considering himself as one of the causes of this improvement): the curse he particularly admired; he said it exceeded all his imagination, and had such an effect, that it seemed to electrify the audience with horror—the words "Kill—kill—kill" echoed all the revenge of the frantic King, whilst he exhibited such a scene of the pathetic on discovering his daughter Cordelia, as drew tears of commiseration from the whole House. "In short, Sir," added the Veteran, "the little dog made it a *chef d'œuvre*, and a *chef d'œuvre* it continued to the end of his life."

And here we feel it right, for the benefit of future actors, to recommend this conduct of Garrick as a rule to them in their progress to theatrical reputation. Had even this great actor continued to perform *Lear* in the manner he first adopted, he would have grown rooted in error, and perhaps have communicated this error, as a kind of *bâse heir loom* to posterity; but he had the good sense and true taste of his profession to know that perfection is only to be obtained by art—by assiduity—and experience; and, though the pursuit of these may cost a man's vanity some humiliations—some forbearance—there is an ample reward, in a true and permanent reputation, for every present difficulty and embarrassment.

How many rising actors have we seen (and we have even now some before us in our mind's eye), who have been consi-

derably



derably nipped in their powers by the contrary practice? who have, during the very first season of their appearance, and in the very juvenility of life, attempted most of the great characters in tragedy in a rapid succession, without giving themselves leisure to mark their common dissimilarity—much less to study their several historical and poetical bearings—who have *dasbed*, night after night, from *Richard to Othello*, from *Othello to Macbeth*, from *Macbeth to Lear*, &c. &c. without its being possible for them to embody those different characters, other than giving the *bare words* of the author; and even in this, there has been some praise due to the retentiveness of their memories.

Let it not be offered in excuse, that a young actor is so much in the hands of his Manager, that he cannot well avoid this *burry*; and that his principal is more to be blamed than himself. What actor of spirit will permit his future fame and fortune to be thus sacrificed by another? Nor is it the Manager's real interest to act so: it is nine times out of ten the folly and the presumption of the *Tyro*, who wants to obtain the *end* without the *means*, and which sometimes falling in with the avarice or ignorance of a Manager, will suffer him to knock out his brains for a little temporary profit.

Every man should be the *guardian of his own fame*; and, if even when pressed by a Manager to try a variety of leading characters in succession, a young actor should remonstrate, and call for more time and observation—the Manager, if he has common sense, will find in this a sufficient answer—he will augur well of the real abilities of his performer, whose becoming diffidence will present one of the best harbingers of his future perfection.

It was not in *Lear* alone that Garrick exercised this caution; he carried his prudence into almost all the principal parts of tragedy and comedy, and particularly in those characters which had been pre-occupied by persons of established reputation—it was not, for instance, till after his first return from Dublin, where he had prepared himself by several exhibitions, that he brought *Hamlet* forward on the London stage; and then performed it so characteristically just, that it has been observed by many who remembered his first appearance, that through the remainder of his life he had little to add to his excellence.

His *Abel Druggier* in the *Alchymist* was another of his long meditated characters; for though, in the great variety of Garrick's powers, low comedy was unquestionably his *forte*, and that in consequence he had little to fear from the trial; yet he very properly considered that this was a long established and favourite part of Theo. Cibber, who was then living; and who, he well knew, from the spirit of jealousy which he and his father had shewn on many occasions, would be on the *alert* to find out and expose his errors. Under this prepossession, he had several private rehearsals of this character before Macklin and other friends, who, from the first view, saw every promise of success. His manner, however, Macklin said, was very different from Cibber's. "Theophilus, Sir, though laughable in many respects, rather *facified* this part too much; he was for making *fun for himself*, as well as the audience—a lamentable mistake for an actor!—but Garrick's awkward sober simplicity at once announced the ignorant selfish Tobaccoist, and he very properly left his audience to *divert themselves* with the very singular absurdities of the character.

In Garrick's thus pursuing his reputation with caution and foresight, we scarcely ever find him misled to persevere in characters where he lost ground.

His *Othello* was a remarkable instance of this:—Willing to take in such a conspicuous part in the great circle of his professional talents, he attempted this very difficult character, where, independent of all judgment and taste, there is a demand of figure and tones of voice, perhaps superior to the whole range of the drama; but though his ambition tempted him to a trial, his judgment would not suffer him to continue in it—he dropped it after the first night, and never afterwards assumed a second representation.

Two additional motives may have probably determined him to abandon *Othello*. The one was, that Barry very soon afterwards made his appearance on the London boards in this part, and the very just and deserved applause he acquired might have shewn him the impolicy of a contention. The other was, the sarcasm which Quin made upon his performance, when asked by a lady how he liked Mr. Garrick in *Othello*?—"Othello! Madam," replied the Cynic; "Psha! No such thing!—There was a little black boy, like Pompey attending  
with

with a tea-kettle, fretting and fuming about the stage, but I saw no Othello."

Garrick had not only judgment in relinquishing a part that he found, upon experience, was unfit for him; but he had such a knowledge of his own powers in other characters, "that a whole college of wit-crackers could not flout him out of his humour," when he found he was right. Quin, for instance, attempted to be equally witty and severe on his Sir John Brute, by calling it "Jacky Brute;" but Garrick persevered in the character notwithstanding, and the Town, to the last, admitted the justice of his choice.

We shall mention one more instance of Garrick's judgment (which seldom or never yielded to his vanity), in the instance of the tragedy of *Cæsar*, as adapted to the British stage from the French play of Voltaire's, by Aaron Hill, Esq.

After the success of this author's *Merope*, he tried all his arts to make Garrick perform in this his favourite tragedy of *Cæsar*—he told him "he had written this character expressly for the exhibition of his powers, and to shew that *energy of passion* in which he stood so much unrivalled." He stooped even to the most barefaced flatteries; and, in a letter addressed to him on this subject, talks "of a *mouth* he could name, together with such *eyes* and *attitudes*, &c. &c. as would outdo all his former outdoings." But Garrick, though a good deal impelled by flattery as well as fear upon other occasions, never let either interfere with his theatrical reputation—he politely parried all these solicitations, and was determined, like *Brutus*, not to be tyrannized by *Cæsar*.

In short, upon the receipt of this letter, Garrick gave such reasons to the author for his not appearing in his tragedy to any advantage, that he gave up all designs of bringing it forward; and, as the author died in a few months afterwards, this offspring of his *Muse* accompanied him to the grave in silence and obscurity.

At what period Garrick became acquainted with Mrs. Woffington, we do not exactly know; by computation, it must be some time before his appearance at Goodman's Fields, or immediately afterwards, as we find them both engaged for the Dublin theatre in the summer of 1742, and both embarking on that expedition in the month of June the same year.

We have likewise a song of Garrick's on his mistress about the same time, beginning with

Once more I'll tune my vocal shell,  
To hills and dales my passion tell,  
A flame which time can never quell,  
Which burns for thee, my Peggy;

which was much talked of that day under the general title of "Lovely Peggy." Macklin used often to call this "a water-gruel thing," which made its way amongst fashionable circles, merely through the medium of Garrick's theatrical powers, without any point or peculiarity of sentiment to support it; but perhaps this may be to the praise of his *passion*, as most of our best love songs have been written by mere *poetical* lovers, who had no other interest to support than their reputation as writers.

Upon their return from Dublin, Mrs. Woffington lodged in the same house with Macklin; and as Garrick often visited there, there was a constant course of society between the parties: a fourth visitor too sometimes made his appearance there, but in *private*—who was a noble Lord now living, and who was much enamoured with Miss Woffington's many agreeable qualifications. It, however, unfortunately happened one night, that Garrick had occupied Miss Woffington's chamber when his Lordship took it in his head to visit his favourite *Dulcinea*. A loud knocking at the door announced his arrival, when Garrick, who had always a proper presentiment of danger about him, jumped out of bed, and, gathering up his cloaths as well as he could, hurried up to Macklin's apartments for security.

Macklin was just out of his first sleep when he was roused by his friend, who told him the particular cause of disturbing him, and requesting the use of a bed for the remainder of the night; but what was Garrick's surprise when, on reviewing the articles of his dress which he brought up with him, "in the alarm of fear," he found he had left his *scratch wig* below in Miss Woffington's bed-chamber. Macklin did all he could to comfort him—the other lay upon tender hooks of anxiety the whole night.

But to return to his Lordship: He had scarcely entered the apartment, when, finding something entangle his feet in the dark, he called for a light, and the first object he saw was this unfortunate *scratch wig* which, taking up in his hand, he exclaimed



claimed with an oath—"Oh! Madam, Have I found you out at last? so here has been a lover in the case!" and then fell to upbraiding her in all the language of rage, jealousy, and disappointment. The lady heard him with great composure for some time; and then, without offering the least excuse, "begged of him not to make himself so great a fool, but give her her wig back again."—"What! Madam, do you glory in your infidelity? Do you own the wig then?"—"Yes, to be sure I do," said she; "I'm sure it was my money paid for it, and I hope it will repay me with money and reputation too."—This called for a farther explanation: at last she very coolly said, "Why, my Lord, if you will thus desert your character as a man, and be prying into all the little peculiarities of my domestic and professional business, know that I am soon to play a breeches part;

and that wig, which you so triumphantly hold in your hand, is the very individual wig I was practising in a little before I went to bed: and so, because my maid was careless enough to leave it in your Lordship's way—here I am to be plagued and scolded at such a rate, as if I was a common prostitute."

This speech had all the desired effect: his Lordship fell upon his knees, begged a thousand pardons, and the night was passed in harmony and good humour.

Garrick heard these particulars with transport next morning; praised her wit and ingenuity; and, "what was still better, Sir," said Macklin, "gave us a dinner the same day at Richmond, where we all laughed heartily at his Lordship's cullibility."

(To be continued occasionally.)

---

### DR. GLYNN CLOBERY.

SIR,  
THE pleasure and the utility that results from the study of Biography, has seldom been controverted. *Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienam puto.* I would apply the language of Terence to the illustrious dead, with a sentiment not less warm, than that inspired by living worth. To snatch from the oblivious tomb the excellence of heart, the fire of genius, and the extended philanthropy admired in life, is one of the great duties the living owe to the dead. If the departed spirit can view the concerns of this world, and is yet interested in the actions of man, will it not be soothed by the labours of the Biographer? It seems to me, Sir, that a feeling of this has pervaded the heart of man in all ages: it has given a tinge to the religious systems of antiquity, and it is seen, in our day, in the "short and simple annals of the poor." To record the worth, to vindicate the fame of men once valued and respected, and to excite to virtue by their example, is among the best directed efforts of the human mind.

Dr. Glynn Clobery, better known, however, by the name of Glynn, derived no celebrity from his family; on his own merit were raised his fame and fortune. The early part of his education he received at Somersham under a worthy man of the name of Whiston, then Curate of that place for the Regius Professor of

Divinity. From thence he removed to Eton, and from Eton to King's in 1737. In 1752 he took his degree of Doctor in Physic, resided in his College 63 years, and died there on the 6th of February 1800, in the 82d year of his age, with an unblemished reputation.

Whoever attempts a biographical account of Dr. Glynn, must examine his character as a physician, a wit, a poet, and a humourist; for in each of these his reputation soared above the common standard. For 50 years he was at the head of his profession in Cambridge; and no case of consequence or unusual emergency occurred in the vicinage, without his advice being required. In his attendance on the sick, he sometimes disgusted by a singularity of manners and language; but the disgust was of short duration: it vanished under the apparent exertion he made to acquire a complete knowledge of the case, and the solicitude he shewed for the welfare of his patient. That his practice was extensive, and his reputation high, is an undeniable fact. Were these originally acquired, or were they supported, by real merit? Were they raised by arts known to almost every individual of every profession, or did they result from the imposing splendour of local situation? Dr. Glynn was a man of strong talents, and active mind; that he was attentive, investigating, and laborious, will not be denied: his knowledge

ledge of nature, of diseases, and of his profession, must have been in proportion to the employment of his great intellectual powers. He was formed in a school long since lost in the vortex of fashion, and his warmth of mind did not suffer him to bear with temper what he considered as the innovations of modern systematics. To the doctrines of Cullen he was peculiarly hostile; and his insensibility to the merit of that great man forms the deepest shade in his character. It is generally understood among his brethren, that he never prescribed bleeding, tartarized antimony, opium, nor cathartics. That he should reject what the medical world believe to be the most powerful and efficacious remedies, seems at first very unaccountable. That evacuations are seldom found in his prescriptions is easily solved, from the first *stadium* of the disease having commonly elapsed before he saw the patient; but the total banishment of opium from his materia medica, is not to be accounted for on any known principle. The judgment of the world, however, on the practice of a physician of tried integrity, should be suspended until his reasons for deviating from the common routine are known. Long experience proves the fallacy of many a vaunted system, and oft-times disrobes an Herculean remedy of its borrowed plumage. When rivalry no longer exists, it will be remembered that Dr. Glynn was a physician of sound judgment, cautious but not timid, that he was often successful where others had failed, and that he deserved the reputation he enjoyed. High as that reputation stood, it received no assistance from the arts of authorship, for it does not appear that he ever published on a professional subject.

As a poet, the character of Dr. G. is principally sustained by "*The Day of Judgment*," a Seatonian prize poem, published in 4to. 1757. The donation of Mr. Seaton has called forth the powers of many candidates; among these, the author of the *Day of Judgment* occupies a conspicuous station. A true poetical spirit runs through that interesting performance; it is animated, picturesque, and harmonious. Where every part is highly finished, it is difficult to select.

The proof of a future state from the united consent of mankind, and of future rewards and punishments from the triumph of vice and the depression of virtue in this world, deserves particular attention. The myriads of the human race, of all times and all nations, appearing before the judgment seat, forms an animated and glowing picture. The rapid glance of the poet's eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," o'er the universe, in the last conflict with the element of fire, is in the highest strain of English poetry. After describing the effects of this dread conflict in the destruction of the visible creation, the poet assumes a tone of the most soothing melancholy. Such, says he,

—"Is that awful, that tremendous  
day,  
"Whose coming who shall tell? For as  
a Thief  
"Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent  
pace  
"Through Night's dark gloom.—Per-  
haps as here I sit,  
"And rudely carol these incondite lays,  
"Soon shall the Hand be check'd, and  
dumb the Mouth  
"That lips the fault'ring strain.—O!  
may it ne'er  
"Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;  
"But find me rapt in meditations high,  
"Hymning my great Creator!"

—"Power supreme!  
"O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,  
"To thee I lift my voice. With fervent  
heat  
"Melt all ye elements! And thou, high  
Heaven!  
"Shrink like a shrivell'd scroll! But  
think, O Lord!  
"Think on the best, the noblest of thy  
works;  
"Think on thine own bright image!  
Think on him  
"Who died to save us from thy righteous  
wrath;  
"And, 'midst the wreck of worlds, re-  
member Man!"

The public, who is seldom wrong in its judgments, shewed an early and continual sense of the excellencies of this poem: it has been more read and more known than any other in the Collection\*.

The

\* That Dr. Glynn was really the author of this Poem, has been more than doubted. The general opinion of his contemporaries at the time of its production was, that it was written by a Fellow of King's College, who afterwards signaled himself by works of a similar kind; but who had not then taken the degree of M. A. the necessary qualification, by



The evanescent property of wit eludes the pen that would record it. Like the electric fire, it strikes and vanishes. The contemporaries of Dr. Glynn will not forget, as long as the power of memory lasts, the flashes that set the "table on a roar." Though he certainly was not the author of *Lucina sine Concubitu*\*, yet the circumstance of its having been attributed to him, sufficiently marks the opinion the world had of his talents. That ingenious piece of irony, aimed at the once idle and paradoxical pursuits of the Royal Society, came from no common hand; and it was highly honourable to the intellectual powers of Dr. G. that the world gave him the credit of being its author.

It is ever a high gratification to be made acquainted with the private life of celebrated men; yet to dwell with minute precision on personal singularities or outre habits, is not required of the bio-

grapher. The subject of this sketch had as much of personal singularity as most of his species; but his native goodness of heart, his philanthropy, his benevolence, threw a veil over it. Let no unhallowed hand withdraw that veil!—In his stature Dr. G. was below the middle size: his constitution was vigorous; and the strength of his body, and the powers of his mind, were preserved to him, by a rigid temperance, to a very advanced age. His face had a peculiar expression of archness, and his eye was so well formed that it never required the use of glasses. If he did not combine the wild humour of Rabelais with the genius of Sydenham, and the wit and erudition of Pitcairne, his talents were certainly of the first order. Few men possessed more of classical literature; few had more wit, few more humour: *none had more beneficence, none had more integrity.*

March 16, 1800.

### ON REVEALED RELIGION.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following Letter, for which I solicit insertion in THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, was written near forty years ago by a Lady to a Man of Letters who had entertained doubts on the subject of Religion. It has never appeared in print, and may probably be of use in the present day. The person to whom it was written has been long dead, and the writer of it herself has passed "that bourne from which no traveller returns."

I am, &c.

Birmingham, May 3, 1800.

BENVOLIO.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST have great faith in your opinion of my veracity, to think it possible for you to believe, that since the latter end

of September I have never had time to consider your letter in the manner I wished to do: I have no other support for this assertion than my bare word. I

by Mr. Seaton's will, to be a candidate. The reason assigned for this extraordinary manœuvre was said to be unjustly to disappoint George Bally, another Fellow of the College, an absurd and eccentric character, who had obtained the prize twice, but was then at variance with Dr. Glynn. This man vauntingly stiled the land at Kilsingbury, out of which the prize issued, *his estate*; and had actually written a poem on the subject of *The Day of Judgment*, which he afterwards published. The above statement has ever since been current in the College and in the University; and, if correct, does no credit to the memory of Dr. Glynn, who, with many acknowledged good qualities, cannot be said to have taken any pains to stife revenge, when influenced by passion or prejudice. That he was capricious and implacable, many of the Fellows of the College, junior to him, have attested; and some still living have been heard to complain of wanton severities and petty acts of tyranny, in the early part of their lives, in the discipline of the College, totally incompatible with the character of a good-tempered man. A very sarcastic character of him, in the form of an epitaph by Mr. H——, occasioned by his treatment of a friend of that gentleman who died young, was some years ago in circulation, and is still in existence.

\* *Lucina sine Concubitu* we can, from good authority, assert to be the production of Francis Coventry, author of the *Adventures of Pompey the Little*. It was some time ascribed erroneously to Dr. Hill.

am not now sorry that my silence has been of so long standing, as this very time seems to me to favour my design. The mind is more susceptible of serious truths when it is softened by affliction, and such any man must feel for the death of such a friend as Mr. Shenstone; and you, who are melted by representations of imaginary distress, must suffer the deepest sorrow in such a real loss.

Before I enter upon the subject of your letter, give me leave to mention that I have no other motive for what I am going to say than a sincere wish for your happiness. I want to divert you of the comfortless opinion of annihilation, and persuade you, that the gloomy hour of death ought to be supported by the cheerful hope of giving up your soul into the hands of a merciful good God; a God, who either did or did not create it: if he did, it is absurd to doubt but that he can continue its existence, and make that existence happy; to believe he did not, is Atheism. "It is impossible that God, that great and good Being, created such weak and imperfect creatures as we, with faculties so narrow and minds so dark, and with understandings so weak and perplexed, and then made our eternal happiness to depend on *rightly believing* such points as it is impossible for us to conceive or comprehend:" this is what you advance. Is it not as impossible to imagine that, under all these disadvantages, we were dropped into the world without receiving any instructions to enlarge our faculties, enlighten our minds, and strengthen and guide our understandings! This sure would be an impeachment of God's goodness and wisdom. If God Almighty intended that our innate idea of him should guide and direct us, how comes it to pass that the same sense of Religion was not universal? If the reproofs of a man's own conscience are to restrain him, and no given law to direct, how uncertain a guide is this! for the most hardened profligates (I presume you will allow) have fewer checks of this kind, than a beginning sinner. Thus Reason, not sufficient to direct us, is to cast her eyes upon some ally powerful enough to support her against her rebellious subjects; she must call in the Fear of God to awe them, and the Love of God to attach them to somewhat more worthy and attractive than their own present destructive ends and objects, and to learn from him the true remedy for her own defects, and the right method of preserving her own dignity and power.

This knowledge is handed to us with every mark of authenticity that any fact can admit of, of which we have no ocular demonstration. May not a man born in Guinea give credit to the account of water being turned into a solid body, though he can have no conception of the fact, but from the representation of it? There is not in the Christian system one point of doctrine *contrary* to Reason, though there are things *above* it; if there were not, there could be no faith. You say that Religion consists *more* in good actions than in right opinions; but let me ask you, if you had a servant that did his duty because he loved you, and, in consequence of that love, fulfilled all your directions, would you not be apt to prefer that servant to one who by chance was equally diligent, but would do his work his own way without the least attention to any thing that you said, telling you that he did not understand a Master's troubling himself about such trifles, they ought to be much below your attention; for his part, he knew his duty without being instructed, and if you were not contented with his doing it in his own way, you were an unreasonable master, who might be fear'd but could not be loved: he found that you deputed others to explain your will, but for his part, if you sent your orders by other people, though there was as much reason to believe they really were your orders as there could be about any fact in the world, yet he never would believe or put them in practice. You say that "our minds are so weak that we cannot believe what we please." A good and gracious God has given a law to guide us; and that so explicit, that to a person whose vices do not make that law a restraint (and you, I verily think, have not one vice that wants to be sheltered under the dark covering of disbelief), it is matter of astonishment to me that such a one can have a doubt. I allow, that to believe without conviction is impossible; but, on the other hand, consider, my good friend, that to remain in ignorance in an affair of such importance, is highly culpable, when you may receive such information as would, in worldly matters, be amply satisfactory. The Trinity, you'll say, is too great a mystery for you to subscribe to; and yet, my dear Sir, you believe my soul and body are one and the same person, and if you had ten thousand times the understanding you have, you cannot explain this union, though I presume you will  
not



not dare to deny the fact. The mistaken tenderness of your own heart leads you to think it inconsistent with God's mercy and goodness to suffer his only son to undergo a painful and ignominious death, when by his Almighty will he might have made it otherwise; consider, my good friend, that God has other attributes besides mercy, he has justice too. Have not the best of us any merit towards God? (I am sure I know of none but through the merits of my Saviour.) Have not all of us (supposing we own no light but that of Nature) done many wrong things? Are we not happy, therefore, in knowing that these things are blotted out by the expiation of our Saviour's death? You would not think a person inconsistent who knew that his son's paying a temporary penalty (suppose even that it is a severe punishment) might be a means of making a great number of people happy—people whom he loved and pitied; yet this son, after having passed through these severities, would be soon (for what is time to eternity?) restored to his former happy state, with the additional happiness of knowing that his sufferings had procured them pardon and peace. In this light, does his death appear incomprehensible? If you will not allow the Resurrection, how do you (who highly extol God's mercy, and sink his other attributes to aggrandise that,) reconcile to yourself the prosperity of bad men and the adversity of the good? Adversities they might often extricate themselves from by being dishonest. Surely, if there is not a state of retribution, you will be much puzzled to account for this unequal dispensation. God in no instance shews his tenderness for the good and virtuous more than in his severe threats to the wicked. He knows the heart of man is wicked, and therefore in tenderness to others has not left it to dictate a loose and indulgent law to itself, but given it a plain rule of duty, and enforced that rule with eternal rewards and punishments; *your* life and property is better secured by the punishment annexed to this law; and God also, by threatening me with eternal punishments for sin, shews infinite goodness, because he furnishes *me* with the strongest arguments for a good life. You do not think societies guilty of cruelty who form laws which are enforced by inflicting severe penalties upon the breach of them; for instance, if a man who robs you is hanged for the theft, do you charge the laws by which he suffered

with cruelty or injustice? And why is God Almighty to be arraigned for want of mercy in appointing rewards and punishments? "You do not think," you say, "that our religious tenets are of equal importance to ourselves or others with our moral duties." As to ourselves, I think morality without piety may possibly procure us a good character in this world, but can no more secure us happiness in another, than piety without morality; what God has joined together, let no man put asunder. In regard to our neighbour, I think piety equally necessary; for if, by your neglecting to instruct your children or servants in religious duties, they rob me and cut my throat, what is it to me whether you actually encouraged them to be rogues, or whether they chose to be so themselves for want of being informed of those laws which Christianity lays down as preventions to such crimes?

In order to prove it inconsistent with the goodness of God to confine the knowledge of Christianity to a part of mankind, it lies upon you to prove that God is by his goodness necessarily obliged to do all manner of good to all his creatures at all times; and as I suppose you allow the infinite nature of God is free, and limited by no necessities of this or any other kind; Creation and Being, with all the good things annexed to them or resulting from them, are free gifts of God; he could have withheld them, and therefore his goodness is manifest in granting them, and our gratitude due upon receiving them; and, as I suppose you will allow all the good things we enjoy are the free gift of God, it is nonsense to say that we have a right to any thing that is a free gift: you do not charge it as a defect in God's goodness, that all things in the moral world are not more upon an equality, and yet I should think the same disposition that leads you to cavil at religious dispensations, might induce you to ask how it is consistent with God's goodness to make one man rich, another poor; one wife, another foolish; one healthy, another miserably afflicted with pain and diseases? How is it possible to reconcile the necessity of an equal distribution of religious knowledge, even supposing Deism was allowed to be the best scheme of religion? for will not one person, by the force of a better understanding and a more improved education, draw nearer to the truth than another, and a few than all the rest? These facts sure fully refute that equal

equal distribution of religious knowledge so much contended for by you and other Deists. You do wrong to fancy that a worthy well-instructed Christian reprobrates the whole world: no, he leaves them to the infinite mercy and wisdom of God their Creator, who will require no more of them than he hath given, and who can provide for their salvation by ways and means unknown and inconceivable to you and me. So feeble, so imperfect is the light of Nature, that society and civil government can in no country rest upon it; and so unequally is it dispensed to different countries, to different individuals, that if this is an objection of any weight, it lies more strong against natural than revealed Religion, and therefore is more suited to the sentiments of an Atheist than a Deist. Can you give me an instance of any country in which some, either real or pretended, revelation was not the established religion, and the basis of civil society? Did you ever read or hear of a people who believe in nothing concerning God but what each man draws from within himself, and who do not follow the customs and traditions of their forefathers in matters of religion? If Christianity is not extensive enough in the world, what you call natural Religion is full as confined. Let us accept the mercy offered, and not reject it because we don't know how it may please God to dispose of *others*; God has given you a comfortable subsistence; you will not, I suppose, throw it up because he has not explained his reasons to you for leaving so many of your fellow creatures in distress. Will you turn apostate to your own principles, because there are so many thousand whose natural reason is so weak as to render them utterly incapable of discovering natural Religion, and of defending them against what you call the craft and encroachments of

Priests? You tell me, I am certainly right; you may be wrong; my good Sir, would you leave your worldly affairs in so doubtful a situation as this? If you have made inquiry with an intention to be convinced, and have not been able to meet with any satisfactory determination, it is then certainly your misfortune, not your fault; but, my dear Sir, don't deceive yourself in an affair of this importance; you perhaps don't wish to change from wrong to right, and your saying that you are too old now to fix your affections on a new object, or to change your faith, makes me suspect that you do not chuse to be convinced that you have been mistaken; this very argument that you use is against you, for if you are near your journey's end, does it not behove you to lose no time in being quite sure that you are in the right road to happiness. Your friend is just gone; it may be your turn next; do let me persuade you to provide yourself with the only comfort that I think can attend a death-bed—a firm opinion in God's mercies through the merits of a Saviour.

If you call me an enthusiast in religion, I desire you will extend the epithet to my friendship too; for that is the only apology that can be made for this letter, if you think it requires any.

I am, dear Sir, with sincere and hearty wishes for your happiness, your faithful and obliged humble servant,

A—G—

P. S. I hear you are setting out to-morrow morning for Worcestershire; therefore, don't think of reading this long letter to-night, but put it in your pocket, and when you are in your post-chaise, give it a perusal. God bleis you! I wish you a good journey and safe return.

A—G—

---

## DR. MARK HILDESLEY.

### LETTER VI.

*Bishop's Court, Dec. 5, 1759.*

DEAR SIR,

**S**UCH is the difference between a Butcher's and Baker's conveyance from Hitchin to L—, and the sea-channel and long land-postage round by London.—

If you apologize for your five months delay, what must I say for mine of eight? The incessant attention I had occasion to bestow on the business of distributing the recovered moneys from Lord Derby, for the use of my Clergy and Schoolmasters, must in some measure speak for me: but

I must



I must at the same time acknowledge this will not wholly acquit me. Whatever may have been the causes of my long silence, I desire you will do me the justice to believe, oblivion or want of due regard was not in the number. The purposes of directing my pen toward you have been more than a few, but my will and inclination to write you a long letter from this distant place, I fancy may in great measure account for my putting it off from day to day till opportunity of uninterrupted leisure should offer; till finding, if I waited for that, I should stay so long, till I might be in danger of your returning my letter unopened, as a just resentment of my neglect of a friend I had ever made and sincerely entertained the most cordial professions of love and esteem.

The sundry deaths of friends and acquaintance since I was in England, give me a just idea of all sublunary enjoyments. The sight of Lady Torrington's hand to paper, after I had been assured she was dead and buried, surprised me greatly: but this was owing to the slow and uncertain passing of letters to this unacquainted Land of Man; for though it is possible for me to receive a letter from you in five days, although a post beyond London, the chance is still greater for that of as many weeks.

I am still, as you ever remember me, a valetudinary, and ride as per order for my life, for the sake of such as are desirous of its preservation. I have much such a lawn very near me, as that of Lillyhoo, for my exercise, and sometimes I take a ride on the sandy sea shore, which is very pleasant and agreeable in calm weather. Our winters here are rather milder than in England; for immediately after the greatest rains, I can command terra firma. But the winds are rather more frequent than I could wish; which the natives regard not.

I am obliged to you for your instructions to your brother, or rather your sister farmer; for Mrs. Hildesley is the Lady Governante in those affairs. There is no danger of our land's being too rich for St. Foin, most of it being a dry sand or gravel. I have tried a small quantity, and if it succeeds, and I live to see another season, shall augment my crop. Barley is the chief commodity cultivated in this country, of which we have tolerable crops; and my cunning dame, knowing that nothing is to be done

without manure, has thought proper to breed a great number of hogs, confined in large walled yards; and which are also useful in our large family. But 20 bushels of foot, good Sir, where shall we have it? You speak like one that lives within reach of the reservoirs of the great metropolis of England: for though we keep good fires, it would be long before we could save that quantity of foot.

It is usual in this country to fling all their turf and coal ashes on the dunghill; but I have taught 'em better, by housing mine; and have surprised them with telling them, if they would carry them dry to a certain Clergyman in Hertfordshire, he would give them 3d. per bushel for them. Our turf here is the best of fuel; but though we have it for cutting and carrying, it is dearer than coals, which we have from Whitehaven at 13s. per ton, viz. 48 bushels: but n. b. they strike their coals, and heap their corn measure; just the reverse of what is done in England. Wheat is commonly 4s. per bushel, and barley 2s. with little or no variation; excepting that in the very scarce time I sold for 6s. and 3s. Turnips, as you say, would be an improvement, especially in our sandy soils. But they don't go out of their track; they prefer potatoes for their own eating, and leave their sheep to what grass they can find. Another reason they give me is, that potatoes save bread, which turnips would not. There is a great deficiency this year in the herring fishery, which is a great loss to the country in general, not only with respect to the necessary food, but of money also, of which there hath been produced in a year sometimes 10,000l. besides what were reserved for their own eating. You will smile at another custom of this country, almost universally prevailing, viz. of making both ends meet of corn and hay every year, from a strange fancy they have of their not being good the second year. Our food of all sorts, though double of what it was 20 years ago, is still certainly much cheaper than in the South of England. Mutton and beef at 2d. or 2½d.; pork the same: veal we do not boast of: geese in plenty at 10d. and 1s. What think you of twelve boiled geese at the christening of a poor body's child? This is a fact I am assured of from one of our Clergy, who was at the partaking of them. They will have a vast deal of victuals on such occasions, though they

are

are to live on salt herrings and potatoes all the rest of the year.

Clover is a pretty general improvement here, but seldom lasts above 3 years. Nor can we let any of our grafs lay much longer, on account of being soon overrun with gofs or furze, by the spreading of the feed in windy weather. Our great deficiency is that of fences; and yet all enclose with hedges (as they call 'em), made with fods, and filled up in the middle with sand or dirt, about 4 feet broad and 5 high. But these fences the sheep laugh at: and indeed scarce any thing can confine them, they are so wild and given to ramble: hence many feuds amongst neighbours on account of trespassing: the little hories and cows too will clamber surprisngly.

Thus little as I am skilled in farming affairs, I think I have given you a long history of Manks farming: and which possibly is a repetition of what I have told you before; a foible common to describers or story-tellers, which you must excuse, for it is difficult to find matter for entertainment to one who is a stranger to our country and people.—As to publick affairs; about once a month I see the papers; and perhaps, whilst we are rejoicing at his Majesty's successes in one quarter, there may be a defeat and disappointment in another. Upon my word, the City of London's address was a well drawn, spirited composition!

I am not out of pain for the credit of a late noble Commander, returned from a victorious engagement, of which he was so unfortunate as to share none of the laurels. My small personal acquaintance with him and the family, as well as his former general good character, incline me to wish he may be able to rescue it from its present diminution.—Pray, what say your wife ones to this threatened invasion? Or has the present joy for the sundry acquisitions in America dissipated all fear of an avenging attack nearer home?—We hear there have been great outrages in Ireland, occasioned by the populace having taken it into their heads that the Parliament there were about somewhat very detrimental to them.

We Manks folks, being put to it to find somewhat to contend for, having no places of considerable honour and profit to aspire to, are often engaged in suits about boundaries and private property.

But as to national concerns of our neighbouring countries, we trust to Providence to stand or fall with them. Our situation and insignificance together, may be reckoned among the ingredients of our safety. However we should not be too confident; for Monsieur Thurot, they say, is not far from us: but we are in hopes Commodore Boys will shew him which is the best port of Scotland to land in. A confirmation of Admiral Hawke's further success is impatiently expected, viz. of his having taken two more ships, and destroyed nine. But this and perhaps more events will be stale by the time this reaches your hands; for our Manks packets are very uncertain. Before I shut up my paper, which 'tis high time was closed (though apologies from this distance, I think, should be applied only to short letters), give me leave to enquire, whether you have seen Mr. Hanbury, a Leicestershire Clergyman's, publick-spirited scheme for benefiting posterity by planting? Of which he has himself set a good example; and which, if I had not had one in my worthy predecessor here, I should be inclined to have followed, as far as this climate and country would admit. He laments greatly the decline of that profitable amusement in England. The late Bishop of this See lived to see and partake of the good of his genius in this way. And, though this cannot be my motive and expectation to tread after him in that track, yet I shall endeavour at least to recruit the great number that were cut down by his executors for repairs.

I should be glad, at your leisure, to be informed of the receipt of this volume from Manks land, and of your and Mrs. H——'s health, though it be upon a card. For the design of writing a long letter (which, as I said, is very natural and desirable from such far distant friends) I believe is one main occasion of delays in writing. Be it sooner or later that you favour me with your hand to paper, it will be extremely acceptable whenever it comes. In the mean time, be assured I remain (in which Mrs. Hildesley joins) your and Mrs. H——'s most steadily faithful and affectionate friend,

M. SODOR & MANN.

When you next see the Ladies at the Temple, will you be so good as to present them with my wife's and my respectful compliments, together with my thanks  
for



for their being so obliging as, in the height of their affliction, to acknowledge the receipt of my friendly condolence on the great loss they in particular and the neighbourhood in general had sustained

by the death of the most worthy Gentleman, who was an honour and happiness to the country where he resided.—I dare say, Sir, you, amongst others, sensibly miss so valuable a neighbour.

---

TO THE ABBE BARRUEL.

“The cause of Religion is ill served by the endeavour to swell, without the strongest proofs, the catalogue of its adversaries

“We could demonstrate that the precipitation with which M. Barruel has written, has prevented him from catching the *true* sense of the works which he undertakes to confute; has made him discover contradictions which do not exist; and has sometimes made him appear in the wrong, in respect of persons with whom it is so easy to be always in the right.”

*Anti-Jacobin Review, Append. to Vol. III. pages 508 & 513.*

SIR,

I MUCH doubt whether you have read my letter, dated January 10th, with that attention and disposition to be convinced which the importance of the subject demanded. After having dispassionately pointed out your erroneous conclusions, not only by quotations from the original work, but also by a faithful translation of those passages which principally related to the subject under consideration, I hoped, from your clerical character, that you would neither presume to repeat false propositions, which were amply refuted, nor bring forward a *new* quotation, with a view to distort the meaning of Professor Kant's principles by another misrepresentation.

As I am desirous to conclude this controversy with the present reply, allow me to assure you that I find no reason whatever to retract a *single* word of my former assertions and proofs: 1. That you have unjustly ascribed immoral motives to Professor Kant; and 2. That you are a Casuist rather than a Logician, and consequently unqualified to write upon philosophical subjects.

Having in my former letter satisfactorily demonstrated, that you had not only misquoted Kant's propositions, given them promiscuously from different parts of his Essay in question, and thrown them out piece-meal from a mutilated French translation, I was not a little amused to find that you had resorted to your old expedient, and quoted a new passage altogether unconnected with any of the five *charges* which you, in the character of a *public accuser*, had preferred against the peaceful and venerable

Kant. Indeed I trust it will appear from the following quotation, that I have with some justice doubted your talent of reasoning, and that *your logic bears no similitude to mine.*

Instead of repeating the original text of the words which you have selected to convince the public that Kant has somewhere affirmed “it was melancholy to be obliged to seek in the hopes of another world for the end and destiny of the human species,” I shall first present you with an *accurate* translation of the *new* passage which you have triumphantly exhibited as tantamount to your absurd assertion, though it is confessedly a *logical conception*, or rather one of your illogical conclusions, but by no means what you made it appear before, a quotation from Kant; and next, I shall subjoin your erroneous translation of that new passage.

At the conclusion of Kant's Essay, entitled “An Idea or Plan of an Universal History in a Cosmopolitical View,” he states the 9th and last proposition, which involves a philosophic attempt to prove the possibility of writing a general history of the world, according to a *natural plan*, tending to point out a perfect civil union of mankind, and promoting at the same time that beneficent purpose of nature. After having deduced from the history of ancient nations, that a gradual improvement of the moral and political constitution of man in our quarter of the globe is obvious, even in the destruction of states; and that, by tracing the successive changes and revolutions of different nations, we shall at length discover a guide that points out the pleasing though distant prospect of attaining such

a state or condition as promises the complete developement of those talents and natural faculties of mankind, by which their terrestrial destiny may be fulfilled (page 685); the learned Professor observes, that such a *justification*\* of Nature, or rather of *Providence*\*, is no unimportant motive for adopting a peculiar point of view in the contemplation of the world. For, says he,

“Of what use is it to praise the magnificence and wisdom of Creation in the irrational (*i. e.* animal) kingdom of Nature, and to recommend its contemplation, if that part of the great theatre of supreme wisdom which involves the scope of the whole—the history of mankind—shall remain an everlasting objection against it (that is, against such praise and contemplation, but certainly *not* against the supreme wisdom itself); if in viewing that part of the theatre (*i. e.* mankind and its history), we are obliged to turn our eyes from them with indignation; and, while we despair of ever finding therein (*i. e.* in that history) an accomplished rational end, we are led to hope for this end in another (*i. e.* in a better) world?”

The reader is requested to compare this genuine translation of the misapplied passage with that of my Reverend antagonist, which is as follows:

“And of what import, indeed, can it be to us to extol and exhort us to consider the majesty and wisdom of the Creation in beings deprived of reason; if in the superior part of the theatre, in that which contains the *great end* of all the rest, in the history of the human species, we find an eternal objection to that supreme wisdom; *if reluctantly obliged to turn our eyes from this scene, and, despairing of ever seeing HERE a reasonable end accomplished, we are reduced to hope for it in another world.*”

Who then, my worthy Abbé, is the *Sophister*? Who is the *false* translator that wishes to *impose such impious doctrines on an English Public*? If I were inclined to imitate your example of dealing in barefaced and unsupported *declamations*, where would be the end of a controversy in which *you* are the ag-

gressor? What! Do you imagine that the world is so blind, so destitute of judgment and liberality, as to be guided by *mere assertions*, when you say that you could adduce *many proofs of my astonishing and convenient logic*, without being able to substantiate even a *single one*, after having searched several months for unconnected passages which might answer your purpose of distorting them? A *convenient* mode of reasoning indeed! But the charming confidence and self-approbation evinced in every page of your writings, and the opprobrious epithets you bestow on Kant, are truly edifying: they deserve no reply from my pen. If, however, you should, fortunately or unfortunately for the good cause, fulfil your *solemn engagement*, and DEMONSTRATE that the *religious doctrines of Kant are more impious than those of* (your execrable countryman) *Robespierre*, I trust I shall not find it very difficult to prove that your polemic spirit, or rather your principles of religious and political persecution, are infinitely more dangerous to the peace and welfare of society, than the infernal engines contrived by the worst of iniquitors. Nay, *the* condemned the unhappy victim only in consequence of his own professions; but *you* wish to blast the reputation of a man whom the world (a few *fanatics* excepted) revere for his age, his talents, and his integrity; even after you have been told and convinced that he *does not* maintain or profess the principles you impute to him in consequence of false interpretations.

Believe me, Sir, I do not envy you the office you have undertaken, or the peculiar species of logic with which you defend your strange reveries: nor need you be in the least apprehensive that “all Germany will rise in judgment against you.” There is no danger from that quarter: the Germans are too well acquainted with KANT; whose works will descend to posterity, when your *polemical sketches and personal invectives* will be consigned to eternal oblivion.

MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PRÆVALEBIT.

A. F. M. WILLICH,  
London, April 17, 1800.

\* These two words are likewise marked in the original German.



ACCOUNT  
OF  
WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

THIS delightful poet and truly original genius, whose works will engage the attention of posterity equally as they have done the present times, was born at Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire in November 1731, as the Journal writers inform us. His father, John Cowper, Rector of Berkhamstead and Chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty, was second son of Spencer Cowper, Esq. one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, brother of Lord Chancellor Cowper. Our author is said to have received his education at Westminster; from whence, we believe, he was transferred to Cambridge, which he left without taking any degree: his plan at that time was to study the law; he therefore quitted the University, and entered himself of the Inner Temple. At this period of his life he was celebrated for the vivacity and sprightliness of his conversation, and the brilliancy of his wit. He associated with those who were most eminent in the literary world; and though we do not know that he employed the press on any work, he was well known to possess the powers of composition, and was not the least distinguished of the group which then dictated the laws of taste. An office of considerable value, which had been secured for a term to his family, it is supposed he was intended to fill; and in the mean time he engaged in the study of the law with some application, but with little success. His temper and disposition were not in unison with the bustle of business; his health became precarious, and some events alluded to in his poems, but not sufficiently explained, compelled him to seek that country retirement, the charms of which he has so beautifully descanted on in the following lines:

But slighted as it is, and by the Great  
Abandoned, and, which still I more regret,  
Infer'd with the manners and the modes  
It knew not once, the country wins me still;  
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,  
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly blis,  
But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd  
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice  
Had found me, or the hope of being free.

My very dreams were rural; rural, too;  
The first-born efforts of my youthful Muse,  
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells  
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their powers  
No bard could please me but whose lyre  
was tun'd  
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats  
Fatigued me, never weary of the pipe  
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,  
The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite beech.  
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:  
New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd  
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue  
To speak its excellence. I danc'd for joy.  
I marvell'd much that at so ripe an age  
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first  
Engag'd my wonder; and admiring still,  
And still admiring, with regret suppos'd  
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.  
There, too, enamour'd of the life I lov'd,  
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit  
Determin'd, and possessing it at last  
With transports such as favour'd lovers feel,  
I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known,  
Ingenuous Cowley! and, though now reclaim'd  
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,  
I cannot but lament thy sprightly wit  
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.  
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd;  
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertley's silent bow'rs,  
Not unemploy'd; and finding rich amends  
For the lost world in solitude and verse.  
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works  
Is an ingredient in the compound man,  
Infus'd at the creation of the kind.  
And though th'Almighty Maker has throughout  
Discriminated each from each, by strokes  
And touches of his hand, with so much art  
Diversified, that two were never found  
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,  
That all discern a beauty in his works,  
And

And all can taste them : minds that have  
 been form'd  
 And tutor'd with a relish more exact,  
 But none without some relish, none un-  
 mov'd.  
 It is a flame that dies not even there,  
 Where nothing feeds it : neither business,  
 crowds,  
 Nor habits of luxurious city life ;  
 Whatever else they smother of true worth  
 In human bosoms ; quench it, or abate.  
 The villas with which London stands be-  
 girt,  
 Like a swarth Indian with his belt of  
 beads,  
 Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,  
 The glimpse of a green pasture, how  
 they cheer  
 The citizen, and brace his languid frame !  
 Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town,  
 A garden in which nothing thrives, has  
 charms  
 That soothe the rich possessor ; much  
 consol'd,  
 That here and there some spigs of  
 mournful mint,  
 Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the wall  
 He cultivates. These serve him with a  
 hint  
 That Nature lives ; that sight-refreshing  
 green  
 Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,  
 Though sickly samples of th' exuberant  
 whole.  
 What are the casements lin'd with creep-  
 ing herbs,  
 The prouder sashes fronted with a range  
 Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,  
 The Frenchman's darling \* ? Are they  
 not all proofs  
 That man immur'd in cities, still retains  
 His inborn inextinguishable thirst  
 Of rural scenes, compensating his loss  
 By supplemental shifts, the best he may ?  
 The most unfurnish'd with the means of  
 life,  
 And they that never pass their brick wall  
 bounds  
 To range the fields, and treat their lungs  
 with air,  
 Yet feel the burning instinct : over head  
 Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,  
 And water'd duly. There the pitcher  
 stands  
 A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot  
 there ;  
 Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets  
 The country, with what ardour he con-  
 trives  
 A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health, and  
 ease,  
 And contemplation, heart consoling joys  
 And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd  
 abode  
 Of multitudes unknown ! hail, Rural  
 Life !  
 Address himself who will to the pursuit  
 Of honours, or emoluments, or fame ;  
 I shall not add myself to such a chace,  
 Thwart his attempts or envy his success.  
 Some must be great. Great offices will  
 have  
 Great talents : and God gives to ev'ry  
 man  
 The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,  
 That lifts him into life ; and lets him  
 fall  
 Just in the niche he was ordained to fill.  
 To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land  
 He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, an  
 heart  
 To feel, and courage to redress her  
 wrongs ;  
 To monarchs dignity ; to judges sense ;  
 To artists ingenuity and skill ;  
 To me an unambitious mind, content  
 In the low vale of life, that early felt  
 A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long  
 Found here that leisure and that ease I  
 wish'd.

TASK, Book iv.

The retirement he chose was at Olney in Buckingham, where he resided with the widow of a deceased friend, the Rev. Mr. Unwin, and here cultivated his poetical talents. The first performances he is known to have produced were some hymns, published in a collection called the *Olney Hymns*, and distinguished by the letter C. In 1782 the first volume of his *Poems* appeared, which soon obtained, as they deserved, a singular share of attention. After the first edition, a preface was added to the volume by the Rev. John Newton, who in these terms speaks of the author :

“ It is very probable these *Poems* may come into the hands of some persons in whom the sight of the author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes, which through length of time they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of *one* who was once the companion of their chosen hours ; and who set out with them in early life, in the paths which lead to literary honours, to influence and affluence, with equal prospects of success. But he was sud-

\* Mignonette.



denly and powerfully withdrawn from those pursuits, and he left them without regret; yet not till he had sufficient opportunity of counting the cost, and of knowing the value of what he gave up. If happiness could have been found in classical attainments, in an elegant taste, in the exertions of wit, fancy, and genius, and in the esteem and converse of such persons as in these respects were most congenial with himself, he would have been happy. But he was not—He wondered (as thousands in a similar situation still do) that he should continue dissatisfied, with all the means apparently conducive to satisfaction within his reach—But in due time, the cause of his disappointment was discovered to him—he had lived without God in the world. In a memorable hour, the wisdom that is from above visited his heart. Then he felt himself a wanderer, and then he found a guide. Upon this change of views, a change of plan and conduct followed of course. When he saw the busy and gay world in its true light, he left it with as little reluctance as a prisoner when called to liberty leaves his dungeon. Not that he became a Cynic or an Ascetic—a heart filled with love to God, will assuredly breathe benevolence to men. But the turn of his temper inclining him to rural life, he indulged it, and the providence of God evidently preparing his way and marking out his retreat, he retired into the country. By these steps the good hand of God, unknown to me, was providing for me one of the principal blessings of my life; a friend and a counsellor, in whose company, for almost seven years, though we were seldom seven successive waking hours separated, I always found new pleasure: a friend, who was not only a comfort to myself, but a blessing to the affectionate poor people among whom I then lived.”

A long indisposition, Mr. Newton proceeds, followed, which secluded the author still more; but at length the preface of the returning day arrived, and some of the first fruits of the poet's recovery were then presented to the public. This preface is dated the 18th of February 1782.

The recovery of the author enabled him further to attend to his literary pursuits. In 1785 he gave the public the work by which he will be the best known to posterity, we mean “THE TASK,” a Poem, in six Books, occasioned by a Lady, fond of blank verse, demanding a poem of that kind from the author, and giving him at the same time the SOPHA

for a subject. The injunction he obeyed, and connecting another subject with it, pursued the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him. This brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair, a volume. A volume, however, which will continue to be admired so long as the English language shall exist. Added to it, are An Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq; Tirocinian, or a Review of Schools, containing severe strictures on the general mode of public education in these kingdoms; and the History of John Gilpin, which had been rendered popular by the inimitable recitation of Mr. Henderfon at Freemason's Hall the preceding year.

Mr. Cowper's next work was “The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, translated into English blank verse,” which were published in 2 volumes 4to. in 1791. The chief design of this undertaking was to give the English reader a version of Homer free from the factitious embellishments of Pope's established translation, more faithful to the original, and without the additions which that translator licentiously introduced. How far this design has been executed, we believe the learned have not yet entirely decided.

The remaining literary work of Mr. Cowper, though supposed to be finished, has not yet seen the light, we mean his complete translation of Milton's Latin and Italian Poetry, which Mr. Hayley describes as an elegant and spirited version. To this may be added some parts of Andreini's *Adamo*, which the same Gentleman mentions in the following terms: “He (Andreini) happened to engage my attention when the health of my revered friend Mr. Cowper allowed him to be my guest; and, after our more serious morning studies, it afforded us a pleasant relaxation and amusement to throw some parts of the *Adamo* into English in a rapid yet metrical translation. In this joint work, or rather pastime, it would be needless, if it were possible, to distinguish the lines of the united translators, as the version has no higher aim than to gratify the curiosity of the English reader, without aspiring to praise. A very different character is due to that version of Milton's Latin poetry, which my excellent friend has finished with such care and felicity, that even from the separate specimens of it, with which this life is embellished, you, my dear Warton, and every delicate judge

of poetry, will, I am confident, esteem it an absolute model of poetical translation. For the honour of Milton, and for that of his most worthy interpreter, I hope that the whole of this admirable performance may be soon imparted to the public, as I trust that returning health will happily restore its incomparable author to his suspended studies; an event that may affect the moral interest and the moral delight of the world—for rarely, very rarely indeed, has Heaven bestowed on any individual such an ample, such a variegated portion of true poetical genius; and never did it add greater purity of heart to that divine yet perilous talent, to guide and sanctify its exertion. Those who are best acquainted with the writings and virtues of my inestimable friend, must be most fervent in their hopes, that in the course and close of his poetical career he may resemble his great and favourite predecessors, Homer and Milton; their spirits were cheered and illuminated, in the decline of life, by a fresh portion of poetical power; and if, in their latter productions, they rose not to the full force and splendour of their meridian glory, they yet enchanted mankind with the sweetness and serenity of their descending light\*.”

The hopes and expectations of Mr. Hayley, expressed in the preceding paragraph, we fear were not gratified, as, according to the information of a friend, we have reason to apprehend that Mr. Cowper's state of health continued wavering and uncertain during the remainder of his life; subject to frequent relapses, and exhibiting at times a spectacle of calamity most distressing to a feeling mind. By the exertions and solicitations of the same amiable friend, to whom he owed the above panegyric, he was indebted for a pension obtained from the Crown, than which no exercise of royal benevolence was ever calculated more to satisfy the wishes of the good, or the expectations of the generous. It was in truth a tribute to virtue and genius, which did honour to all the parties concerned in the transaction.

To this account we shall only add, that Mr. Cowper was released from the cares and troubles of life the 25th April 1800, at East Dereham in Norfolk; and it would afford us pleasure to receive a more detailed account of this admirable poet than we have been able to obtain.

---

THE  
LONDON REVIEW,  
AND  
LITERARY JOURNAL,  
FOR MAY 1800.

---

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

---

The Farmer's Boy; a Rural Poem, in Four Books. By Robert Bloomfield. 4to. and 8vo. Vernor and Hood, &c. 1800.

**I**T is the observation of Dr. Warton, speaking of Thomson, that he “was blessed with a strong and copious fancy; he hath enriched poetry with a variety of new and original images, which he painted from Nature itself, and from his

own actual observations: his descriptions have therefore a distinctness and truth, which are utterly wanting to those of poets who have only copied from each other, and have never looked abroad on the objects themselves. Thomson was

\* Dedication of the Life of Milton to Dr. Joseph Warton, p. 21, 4to. 1796.



accustomed to wander away into the country for days and weeks, attentive to "each rural sight, each rural sound," while many a poet, who has dwelt for years in the Strand, has attempted to describe fields and rivers, and generally succeeded accordingly. Hence the nauseous repetition of the same circumstances; hence the disgusting impropriety of introducing what may be called a set of hereditary images, without proper regard to the age or climate or occasion in which they were formerly used." To the truth of these remarks, every reader of pastorals will give his assent. It is therefore with satisfaction that we announce a performance, which, though written as it appears in the heart of London, presents to the reader scenes drawn from Nature, and many of them affording novelty as well as entertainment. The Farmer's Boy delineates the varied employments of his life during the four seasons of the year, in verse at once strong and harmonious; he paints scenes which please the imagination, and presents to view situations which every observer of nature will recognize, and far superior to the hackneyed descriptions of modern pastoral poets. In short, whether we consider this poem with reference to the situation of the author, the total absence of the advantages of education, the sentiments it contains, or the beauties it exhibits, we cannot deny it very considerable praise, and rank it much above the common efforts of the Muse.

We shall select some passages for the entertainment of our readers.

In the first part, the Spring, the following animated procession occurs:

Neglected now the early *daisy* lies;  
 Nor thou pale *primrose* bloom'st the only  
 prize:  
 Advancing *SPRING* profusely spreads  
 abroad  
 Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fra-  
 grance stor'd;  
 Where'er she treads, *LOVE* gladdens  
 every plain,  
*Delight* on tiptoe bears her lucid train,  
*Sweet Hope* with conscious brow before  
 her flies,  
 Anticipating wealth from summer skies;  
 All nature feels her renovating sway;  
 The sheep-fed pasture and the meadow  
 gay;  
 And trees and shrubs, no longer budding  
 seen,  
 Display the new-grown branch of lighter  
 green;

On airy downs the shepherd idling lies,  
 And sees *to-morrow* in the marbled skies.  
 Here then, my soul, thy darling theme  
 pursue,  
 For every day was *GILES* a shepherd too.

The scenery of the following lines will please the contemplative reader:

Shot up from broad rank blades that  
 droop below,  
 The nodding *WHEAT-EAR* forms a  
 graceful bow,  
 With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd  
 down,  
 Ere yet the Sun had ting'd its head with  
 brown;  
 Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever  
 gay,  
 Loud chirping *sparrows* welcome on the  
 day,  
 And from the mazes of the leafy thorn  
 Drop one by one upon the bending corn;  
*GILES* with a pole assails their close re-  
 treats,  
 And round the grass-grown dewy border  
 beats,  
 On either side completely overspread,  
 Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops  
 the head.  
 Green covert, hail! for through the vary-  
 ing  
 ing year,  
 No hours so sweet, no scene to him so  
 dear.  
 Here *Wisdom's* placid eye delighted sees  
 His frequent intervals of lonely ease,  
 And with one ray his infant soul inspires,  
 Just kindling there her never-dying fires,  
 Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,  
 And heaven-directed thought his bosom  
 warms.  
 Just where the parting bough's light  
 shadows play,  
 Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching  
 day,  
 Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled  
 bed,  
 Where swarming insects creep around  
 his head.  
 The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs  
 with pain  
 O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious  
 plain!  
 Thence higher still, by countless steps  
 convey'd,  
 He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,  
 And flirts his filmy wings, and looks  
 around,  
 Exulting in his distance from the ground.  
 The tender speckled moth here dancing  
 seen,  
 The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,

And all prolific *Summer's* sporting train,  
Their little lives by various powers sus-  
tain.

But what can unassisted vision do?  
What, but recoil where most it would  
pursue;

His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,  
When music waking speaks the *sky-lark*  
nigh.

Just starting from the corn she cheerly  
sings,

And trusts with conscious pride her  
downy wings;

Still louder breathes, and in the face of  
day

Mounts up, and calls on *GILES* to mark  
her way.

Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,  
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends  
just aid enough to dull the glaring light,  
And place the wand'ring bird before his  
sight;

Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,  
Lost for awhile, yet pours her varied  
song:

He views the spot, and as the cloud moves  
by,

Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;  
Her form, her motion, undistinguished  
quite,

Save when she wheels direct from shade  
to light:

The fluttering songstress a mere speck  
became,

Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream;  
He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,  
Unwillingly his jaded eyelids close.

Delicious sleep! From sleep who could  
forbear,

With no more guilt than *GILES*, and no  
more care?

Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guar-  
dian wing,

Nor conscience once disturbs him with a  
sting;

He wakes refresh'd from every trivial  
pain,

And takes his pole and brushes round  
again.

With another quotation from the con-  
clusion of *Autumn*, we shall dismiss this  
pleasing performance:

In safety hous'd throughout *NIGHT's*  
length'ning reign,

The cock sends forth a loud and piercing  
strain;

More frequent, as the glooms of mid-  
night flee

And hours roll round, that brought him  
liberty,

When *Summer's* early dawn, mild, clear,  
and bright,

Chas'd quick away the transitory night—  
Hours now in darkness veil'd; yet loud  
the scream

Of geese impatient for the playful stream;  
And all the feather'd tribe imprison'd  
raise

Their morning notes of inharmonious  
praise;

And many a clamorous hen and cockeril  
gay,

When daylight slowly through the fog  
breaks way,

Fly wantonly abroad: but ah, how soon  
The shades of twilight follow hazy noon,  
Short'ning the busy day!—day that slides  
by

Amidst th' unfinished toils of *HUS-  
BANDRY*;

Toils that each morn resum'd with double  
care,

To meet the icy terrors of the year;  
To meet the threats of *Boreas* undif-  
may'd,

And *Winter's* gathering frowns and  
hoary head.

Then welcome, *COLD*; welcome, ye  
snowy nights!

Heaven, midst your rage, shall mingle  
pure delights;

And confidence of hope the soul sustain,  
While devastation sweeps along the plain;  
Nor shall the child of poverty despair,  
But bless *THE POWER* that rules the  
*changing year*;

Assur'd—though horrors round his cot-  
tage reign—

The *Spring* will come, and Nature smile  
again.

The author of this poem is the off-  
spring of parents, from whom he could  
derive no advantage of education. He  
was born about the year 1767, at Ho-  
nington, near Euston, and his father  
died before he was a year old. At the  
age of eleven years he became a servant  
to a farmer, and afterwards, under the  
direction of an elder brother, a shoe-  
maker in the city of London. In this  
situation he laudably found time to cul-  
tivate his mind, and in consequence be-  
came a poet. His conduct in his servile  
state has been diligent and exemplary;  
and his character, as described by Mr.  
Capel Loft, the publisher of the poem,  
has been such as to excite admiration  
and to command applause. We have  
heard that a Noble Duke, in the neigh-  
bourhood of the place of our poet's birth,  
has



has read his poem with approbation; and from the known liberality of his disposition, it may be hoped that so deserving a person as our author is described to be, may at least be freed from the incon-

veniences of absolute poverty, though it may not be prudent hastily to translate him from that situation of life to which he has hitherto been accustomed.

The History of the Helvetic Confederacy, from its Establishment to its Dissolution.  
By Joseph Planta, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. Stockdale.

(Continued from Page 294.)

IN tracing the further progress of the energetic measures pursued by the virtuous Swiss, towards the final permanent establishment of their independence, the reader will be under the painful necessity of entering into the details of several bloody battles, and of encountering all the calamities of war; if, therefore, he is not fond of the description of military operations, he will wish, as we have done most heartily, to pass rapidly from their disastrous events to the pleasing scenes which exhibit the success of their long and sanguinary contests with domestic and foreign oppressors; and represent them as the happiest people under the canopy of Heaven, in the full enjoyment of the greatest blessings of civil society, *religious and political freedom.*

That we may the sooner arrive at that happy period of their history, we shall only briefly state the intervening occurrences from the commencement of the *Second Volume* to the conclusion of Chapter VII. of that Volume, with this interesting record—"Thus ended a war (*the war of Tockenburg*), commenced upon slight pretences; but the termination of which was the last gradual step towards the final settlement of the Helvetic Constitution."

As an introduction to the very interesting narrative of the Burgundian war, Chap. I. Mr. Planta makes the following judicious remark: "Had the Confederates profited by the experience they had so dearly purchased in their late civil contest with Zurich (which had entered into a traitorous league with Austria against the other Cantons), they would, no doubt, have ever and steadily resisted all new offers of foreign connections, and all temptations to further acquisitions; and they might have insured to themselves a long interval of peace and domestic happiness. But, unmindful of the maxims by which alone this country can prosper, they, soon after emerging from their late imminent dangers, listened to the artful insinuations

of designing neighbours, and found themselves again involved in a destructive war, of far greater magnitude than any they had ever waged before; in which, when once they were deeply engaged, the very instigators to it basely deserted them; and which, though it afforded them abundance of laurels, yet gradually, in its event, undermined the national character, which had gained them the admiration of Europe, and to which they owed the inestimable blessing of their independence."

The alliance with Charles the Seventh, King of France, in 1453, appears to be the occurrence which gave rise to the preceding remark; for, by one of the clauses stipulated in the treaty, the inhabitants and subjects of the Swiss Cantons were to have free ingress and egress throughout the kingdom of France, with full liberty of commerce, and perfect security for their persons and property; thus, a familiar intercourse being once established, the fascinating manners and external splendour of the French nation seduced the rough unpolished Swiss travellers and sojourners in that region of gaiety and sensual pleasure; and the temptation to adopt their mode of life was from time to time artfully enforced, by turning into ridicule the awkward deportment and vulgar behaviour of their homely but honest neighbours; every thing that was disgusting, or that seemed to be so in the eyes of the all-accomplished French nobility and gentry, was branded with the name of Swiss; so that the latter, to avoid the stigma, adopted the vices and follies of their foreign allies, and transplanted them into their own country.

On the death of Charles, his son and successor, Lewis the Eleventh, not only renewed the treaty, but sought every opportunity of forming a still closer union with a people whose bravery he had personally witnessed, and whose services he moreover wanted against an aspiring adversary. This was no other

than the renowned Charles Duke of Burgundy, who, prior to the fatal war against the Confederates, the event of which we shall shortly relate, "was one of the most powerful and formidable among the Princes of Christendom.

"He possessed five dukedoms, viz. Burgundy, Brabant, Limburgh, Luxemburg, and Gueldres; seven counties, viz. Flanders, Artois, Holland, Zealand, Hainault, Namur, and Zutphen; and four other considerable territories, namely, Antwerp, Friezland, Malines, and Salines. His pecuniary means were ample, having, besides his ordinary revenues, obtained frequent grants and subsidies from his clergy and states; and having moreover seized on a large fund, which pious Christians had collected and deposited at Auxone for the purposes of a crusade. His immoderate ambition inspired him with the project of extending his dominions from the German Ocean to the Mediterranean, and establishing a powerful kingdom in the heart of Europe. With this view he repeatedly possessed himself of Lorraine, and endeavoured to extend his authority over the Ecclesiastical States on the Rhine; but none, he saw, would oppose greater obstacles to his premeditated grandeur than the Confederated Cantons, the greatest part of which he considered as appendages to his hereditary dominions, and which therefore it appears to have been his prime object to subdue. His personal courage and spirit of enterprise had early procured him the appellation of *bold* and *audacious*, and his cruelty annexed to these the additional title of *terrible*. He had been early trained to arms, and, till he engaged with the Confederates, had met with no considerable check. Edward the Fourth, King of England; the Duke of Milan, René, King of Sicily; and Isantha, Duchess Dowager and Administratrix of Savoy, were his friends; and all of them occasionally became his allies, and either drew out in his favour, or helped to recruit his armies.

His love of splendour shone forth in the magnificence of his equipages, his abundance of precious gems, and sumptuous apparel, all which he took into the field, and which, by the powerful temptation they offered to his enemies, contributed perhaps not a little to his destruction. He is the first who, while Count of Charlerois, took a body of Swiss into his pay, five hundred of them having been enrolled under the Duke of Calabria,

one of his Generals, and marched to the army, which he and other Princes, confederated under the name of *the League of the Public Good*, were collecting against France in the year 1454."

Such was the potent antagonist whom, and his supporters, the brave but poor (comparatively speaking) Swiss Cantons had to contend with for all that was dear and valuable in social life; fortunately, however, their national strength had received a considerable addition by the accession of Schaffhausen and Appenzel, the latter forming, about sixty years after, the *thirteenth* Canton in the Union. The Abbot of St. Gallen also became an ally to the Confederates at this critical juncture, and bound himself, and all his vassals between the Lakes of Constance and Zurich, to afford them aid in all their emergencies; yet, justly apprehensive of being overpowered by superior force, the Confederates employed every means in their power to ward off the approaching danger, and to avert from their happy country the calamities of war. Notwithstanding their close alliance with Lewis XI. King of France, who had agreed by a new treaty to supply them with considerable sums of money by way of subsidy, and had used every other means, particularly by bribing some of the leading men amongst the unguarded Confederates, they condescended to send deputies from Berne, Soleure, and Friburg, to meet the Duke of Burgundy at Britsch, who had been instructed to remonstrate against the conduct of Hagenbach, Heudorf, and other Nobles, their oppressors, whom he had taken under his immediate protection; to remind him of the friendly intercourse that had long subsisted between them and the Sovereigns of Burgundy; and finally, to request proper redress, and a return of confidence and friendship; but their remonstrances made no impression upon the obdurate Prince: he received the deputies with austere reserve; would not suffer them to address him but on their knees; and dismissed them at Dijon (whither they had followed him, in hopes of softening him by their obsequious perseverance), without deigning to give them any answer. "On this, or some other occasion, the Swiss deputies assured the Duke, that the riches of their whole country did not exceed in value the bridles and stirrups of his cavalry."

The commencement of hostilities seemed now unavoidable; and the crafty Lewis, to promote his own sinister designs against the



The Duke, brought about a new and extraordinary alliance between the Confederates and Duke Sigismund of Austria, cousin to the reigning Emperor of Germany. In the mean time, Hagenbach, whether instructed, or elated by the favour and countenance he had experienced from his Master during his late visit, had laid aside all moderation, and even the very semblance of justice. He insulted the cities of Basle and Straßburg, over whom he had no legal jurisdiction, and threatened to send them Burgundian garrisons. The people of Mulhausen, who were in close alliance with the Confederates, he harassed by every species of insult he could devise; he introduced into the towns under his government bodies of Flemish mercenaries, who committed all manner of outrage; he even, in the wantonness of unlimited power, abridged the Nobles of their privileges; and thus uniting all ranks against him, brought on his own ruin, and prepared that of his Master, who may well be held up as a warning to Princes who think they may with impunity sport with the feelings of their people. At length, through the interference of Sigismund, who flew to the assistance of the citizens of Brisach, they had already arrested Hagenbach in the Duke's name, whom they acknowledged to be their lawful Sovereign, as he had only mortgaged their town to the Duke of Burgundy for a sum of money, which he had lately offered to refund to that haughty Prince, who had refused to accept it; and after a trial which lasted only one day, but at which deputies from several of the Cantons attended, this atrocious Governor and cruel tyrant suffered the condign punishment he had so long deserved: in the evening he received sentence of death, and was beheaded in the night by torch-light."

Charles now perceiving that a storm was gathering against him, and that his conduct in protecting an obnoxious Minister had raised him new enemies, in his turn, attempted a reconciliation with the Confederates, but too late; they recollected the treatment of their deputies at Brisach, and considered his specious professions of renewed amity as mere pretexts, in order to gain time for hostile preparations. The event justified their suspicions; for, unable to suppress his resentment against Henry Count of Wurtemberg, he seized on the person of that Nobleman, who had been necessary to the death of his favourite, and summoned

his town of Monbelliard to surrender: its inhabitants, however, prepared for a vigorous resistance; and the Government of Berne, seeing their own peril in the danger that threatened this neighbouring city, which they considered as a key to their own country, declared that they took it under their immediate protection; and in this they were followed by the rest of the Cantons.

At length, the Confederates yielded to the urgency of the case, and the importunities of the representatives of the Emperor, the King of France, Duke Sigismund, and various neighbouring Princes and Prelates, at a meeting held at Lucerne, where a declaration of war was drawn up on the 27th of October 1475, and conveyed to Charles at his camp before Nuys, the siege of which took him up a whole year: he received it with disdain, and after a long pause, his rage preventing his utterance, he at length, being well apprised which of the Cantons had chiefly contributed to this bold resolve, exclaimed — "Oh Berne, Berne!" and shewed symptoms of resentment, which struck all around him with terror.

Having now sufficiently established the necessity and justice of the Burgundian war on the part of the Confederates, we shall leave our readers to pursue it through its interesting operations in Chapter III. of the second Volume; and shall only prepare them for the catastrophe which terminated the life of this cruel despot, by quoting one passage to demonstrate that his punishment, if ever we may be allowed to take upon us so to decide, was the act and deed of the Almighty avenger of tyranny, perfidy, and almost unexampled cruelty.

After taking the town of *Granson* by storm, he found himself unable to make any impression upon the Castle; and well knowing that the Confederates were encamped at Morat, waiting only for reinforcements before they would venture to relieve the place, he had recourse to the basest treachery. He sent into the garrison an emissary to acquaint them that the Confederates were in the utmost discord; that the Burgundians had taken and burnt Friburg; and that Berne was on the point of sharing the same fate: the garrison, on the most solemn assurances that no harm should befall them, if they reposed full confidence in the Duke's honour and magnanimity, unfortunately surrendered, and marched out on the 27th of February 1476; but scarce

scarce had they passed the gates, when they were seized, bound, and led through the Burgundian camp, amidst the scoffs and insults of the whole army. On the next morning, four hundred and fifty of them were hanged on the trees round the town; and on the succeeding day, one hundred and fifty more, being the remainder of this devoted band, were carried out in boats, and sunk in the lake of *Neuchâtel*. This atrocious deed, whilst it drew upon the Duke the execration of his foes, did by no means add to the love of those who were willing to befriend him. It was soon followed by a total defeat of his army, his own precipitate flight, and the seizure of the Burgundian camp by the Swiss, with the loss of only fifty men; the immense booty they acquired almost beggars description. In his residence at *Nozeroy*, in Upper Burgundy, he shewed evident marks of delirium, accompanied by a desperate resolve to make every effort to retrieve his lost power and reputation. In the month of May he had already assembled at *Lausanne* a fresh army of sixty thousand men, and these, with a train of artillery consisting of one hundred and fifty cannon, he conducted to *Morat*, the key to *Berne*. One of the greatest victories recorded in history was gained by the Confederates at this memorable battle of *Morat*, with a very inferior force; and a charnel house near the spot, erected to contain the bones of the many thousand Burgundians who fell victims to the blind fury of their Sovereign, remained as a monument of the dreadful carnage of that day, till destroyed by the French army in their late invasion of Switzerland. The following modest and elegant inscription, that was placed on the façade of this edifice, the writer of this article read and contemplated on the spot, in the summer of the year 1792, and he now enjoys the satisfaction of inserting it here from *Mr. Planta's History*, as one of the remaining means of preserving it from oblivion:

*Deo Opt. Max.*  
*Carolincliyti et fortissimi Ducis Burgundiæ,*  
*Exercitus Muratum obsidens*  
*Ab Helvetiis cæsus,*  
*Hoc sui Monumentum reliquit.*  
MCCCC LXXVII.

The third and last battle was fought at about two miles distant from *Nancy*, a town which the Swiss had taken from Charles, who, contrary to the advice of his best friends, attempted to recover it;

and there, being deserted by a part of his army, he rushed among the combatants with the fury of a lion, and slew many with his own hand; but at length, seeing himself abandoned entirely, he consulted his own safety by riding full speed towards the road that leads to *Metz*. Being hard pressed by his pursuers, he attempted to leap over a ditch; but his weary horse, being unable to clear it, they both fell into the trench; and here Charles met his fate from hands unconscious of the importance of the life they were abridging. After having been some time missing, his body was found among other dead bodies in the ditch, and conveyed to *Nancy*. His head is said to have been cloven asunder, and he had two other wounds, each of which was mortal. Most of the Burgundian Nobility, that had not fallen at *Granson* or *Morat*, were here either killed or taken, and a third Burgundian camp became the prey of the victorious Swiss, whose independence was from this time firmly and permanently established; their Cantons now became an important link in the chain of European Powers, and their alliance was courted with much solicitude and intrigue by the greatest Potentates.

Did we possess the genius of *Plutarch*, we might here aptly draw a comparison between the character of Charles and of the late Sultan *Tippoo Saib*; a striking similarity being perceptible in their ambition, perfidy, and fall, as well as in their splendour and magnificence, the costly decoration of their persons, and their passion for jewels; but conscious inability arrests the pen, and we shall only notice some of the articles amongst the rich spoils found in the tent of the Duke of Burgundy in his camp at *Granson*, which might vie with part of the valuable plunder of the palace of *Tippoo* at *Seringapatam*. They found the largest diamond at that time known, a precious jewel called the *Three Brethren*, a sword set with seven large diamonds, seven rubies, and fifty pearls; his plate, said to have weighed upwards of four hundred pounds; and belonging to himself and his principal officers, four hundred magnificent tents, some of silk lined with velvet, and embroidered with gold and pearls. It appears by the marginal dates, of which, however, our author is sometimes too sparing, and not always accurate, that the Duke did not survive his first odious favourite more than two years, and that he owed his

final



final defeat and death principally to the insidious councils of a second, the *Condottiere de Campobasso*, an intriguing Italian, who commanded a corps of Neapolitan troops in his service at the battle of Nancy. Lewis soon after took possession of Burgundy, as a male fief of his Crown, and annexed it to the French Monarchy. In Chapter IV. we find the first symptoms of the destructive influence of the close alliance between France and the Swiss Cantons already hinted at; for only a few weeks had elapsed since the victory of Nancy, when upwards of seven hundred young Swiss adventurers assembled at Zug, assumed the name of the *Mad Society*, and by their illegal proceedings nearly involved their country in a civil war. This event happened in 1477, which the reader will observe bears the same date as the inscription in memory of the battle of Morat. Happily they were diverted from carrying matters to this dangerous extremity by a diet held at *Stanz*, where, when the deputies were about to separate without coming to any accommodation, a division of interests having been fomented by the insurgents, which threatened a dissolution of the Confederacy, a venerable Hermit suddenly made his appearance, and, uncovering his hoary head, thus addressed the assembly: "My friends, I come from a deep solitude: I am a stranger to the ways of men; but I serve the Lord! You, Cities, must relinquish your separate league; it is big with mischief. You, rural Cantons, forget not the services that have been rendered you; and reward *Friburg* and *Soleure* by freely admitting them into the Confederacy. I learn with sorrow, that instead of thanking God for the victories he has bestowed upon you, you are still contending for the division of the spoils. Let all territorial acquisitions be proportionably distributed among the Cantons, and all moveables among the individuals, according to the number supplied by each Canton. Lastly, let me exhort you to join all your separate leagues into one great and intimate Union, of which truth and friendship shall be the basis and firm support. I have nothing to add. God be with you!" His voice was deemed the voice of Heaven. *Friburg* and *Soleure*, against the admission of whom the rural or forest Cantons had solemnly protested, were constituted the *ninth* and *tenth* Cantons in the Confederacy, a few days after this pious admonition; and, on the principles advanced by this soli-

tary politician, a convention was drawn up and sanctioned, which became the basis of the future Swiss Constitution.

The Suabian war, in which the Confederacy were engaged in consequence of their alliance with the King of France, is the chief subject of the remaining part of this Chapter. Chapter V. opens with informing the reader, that the history of the Confederacy, soon after the termination of the war of Suabia, becomes so much blended with the events, projects, and intrigues of the neighbouring and even some distant states, that to follow with any degree of accuracy the various and complicated incidents that henceforth compose their annals, would require a far wider scope than comes within the intended limits of our author's plan: he, therefore, selects with judgment the most important transactions; and such are the wars of Milan, in which the Swiss Cantons acted as auxiliaries to France. At this era, A. D. 1501, *Basle* and *Schaffhausen* were admitted as the *eleventh* and *twelfth* Cantons of the Confederacy.

Historians have likewise recorded, with surprise and marked disapprobation, the enormous prodigality of the Ambassadors from Lewis XII. King of France, at this time residing in the Cantons. They almost daily entertained most of the principal inhabitants of the towns in which they were stationed. One of them, the Bishop of Riez, often at Berne and at Lucerne, sat at table with 1000 guests; and, in their excursions to different parts of the country, they artfully scattered abundance of money among the crowds, who, in expectation of such largesses, did not fail to present themselves on their passage. Considerable presents were likewise made to the women who were thought to have most influence among the rulers; nor were gratuities to favourite children sparingly distributed. At the same time, these Envoys represented in glowing colours the great advantages that would accrue to their country from a close union with the powerful and magnificent Sovereign of the French Nation, and insinuated that the treasures he still destined for his Helvetic friends, would soon raise their Republic to an equality with all other nations in point of wealth and consequence. These temptations had for their object, to induce the Cantons to render nugatory a treaty of alliance which they had concluded with the Emperor Maximilian, who wished for their aid in his design to invade Milan. Though the

French Ambassadors did not succeed to the extent of their wishes, their artifices so far prevailed as to occasion internal divisions; and their faction, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Magistrates, encouraged the recruiting service in many of the Cantons for the army of Lewis; in direct violation of the strict neutrality their Government had resolved to observe in the war of Milan; till at length, the Confederacy became involved in it; took an active part, together with Pope Leo the Tenth, in favour of Maximilian; came to an open rupture with the French; defeated them at the battle of Novarra; and obliged Lewis to cede the duchy of Milan, by treaty, to the Emperor. The following year, 1515, commenced with the death of the French Monarch, who was succeeded by Francis I. and the war in Italy was continued with fresh vigour. The Swiss again obtained a complete victory at the battle of Marignan over a French army consisting of fifty thousand of the choicest troops of the kingdom, with a very inferior force, said not to consist of more than twenty thousand; but in a second attack, the French obliged them to retreat, and to abandon Milan, which was now recovered by Francis, and the following year a general pacification was concluded at Friburg; the ancient alliance with France was renewed; and Appenzel having been incorporated in the Confederacy as the *thirteenth* Canton, the Swiss Republic was completed, nearly in the form and manner in which it subsisted till its dissolution.

The History of the well-known Reformation, which took place in Germany, introduced by Martin Luther, and which soon spread far and wide over Europe, and was first propagated in Switzerland by the eloquent preaching of Ulrich Zwinglius, is amply related in Chapter VI. The causes which produced it, have

been so often laid before the public by various writers in different languages, both at the epoch when it took place, and ever since, in all polemical and theological works and occasional sermons, that the reader must not expect to find any new light thrown upon it: but the chain of civil history could not be preserved, without noticing its progress through the Cantons, and the horrid cruelties occasioned by the resentment of the bigots who adhered to the Papal Hierarchy, together with the domestic troubles which were the result of its first establishment. Zwinglius himself fell a martyr to his holy zeal, being wounded in the battle of Cappel near Zurich, in defending that city from the forces of the Roman Catholic Cantons; he was safely stabbed through the neck by a Captain of Underwalden, as he lay on the ground slowly recovering from his former wounds. From the date of this fatal event in 1531, the religious contest, and the horrid civil wars it occasioned, were continued, and gave rise to political ruptures with neighbouring states; so that the Cantons, collectively considered, enjoyed only short intervals of tranquillity for nearly two centuries; the general pacification at *Arau*, and the subsequent congress at *Baden*, which confirmed the county of Tockenbourg in the enjoyment of many valuable privileges, bearing the modern dates of 1717 and 1718.

The most interesting part of this eventful History of a Country which has attracted such general notice in our time, remains to be analyzed in our next Review; and we have only to premise, that it will afford a rich fund of important information, and highly gratify those readers who prefer the authentic records of great national events to the ordinary productions of the press.

(To be concluded in our next.)

An impartial and succinct History of the Rise, Declension, and Revival of the Church of Christ; from the Birth of our Saviour to the present Time. With faithful Characters of the principal Personages, ancient and modern. By the Rev. J. Haweis, LL. B. M. D. 3 Vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. 1800.

[ Concluded from Page 302. ]

WE now advance to the third period; this commences with the 16th Century, and requires the most serious attention, as it contains the doctrines of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, and Zuinglius, and a threefold division of the

Churches, the first establishment of Protestantism, and other most important information.

In the pontificate of Leo X. began the Reformation by Martin Luther: the extravagance of the Pontiff had entirely exhausted



exhausted the coffers of the See; to replenish them, the means made use of were the last consideration, provided the end was obtained; in short, every thing was made venal. Leo, in his great munificence, granted to all Christians (*who could afford to purchase*) indulgences "for all sins past, present, and to come." For this service were collected instruments the best calculated to impose upon the credulity of the vulgar: "men of popular talents, unblushing effrontery, and perfect devotedness to the See of Rome. Among these the Archbishop of Mentz found the famous Monk, John Tetzel; whose craft equalling his impudence, he undertook the task with wondrous alacrity and success, and exalted the value of the favours which he was dispensing with an eloquence, and exaggerated commendations of the efficacy of his indulgences, that could not but produce among the superstitious multitude innumerable customers. He blazoned the virtues of the Saints in colours of the most transcendent glory; vaunted the rich treasures of merit, now opening from the Church's repository; of which the keys were to *him* entrusted. He could exceed all wants; supply all deficiencies; and cancel all crimes. He boasted his ability to save even the ravisher of the blessed Virgin herself; and affirmed that *he, John Tetzel*, had rescued more souls from Hell and Purgatory, by these complete nostrums of indulgences, than ever St. Peter himself had converted to Christianity by his preaching. The gaping crowd heard with wonder this matchless Knight of the Golden Key, and sent up their money to the stage, to purchase with avidity these precious packets of ecclesiastical panaceas, which were to set their consciences at rest for ever. An inconsiderable Monk at Wittemberg heard with indignation these hyperbolic pretensions. He belonged to the Augustin order, and had, for his learning and talents, been raised to the Professorship of Divinity, in the academy of that city, by Frederic, Elector of Saxony. *Martin Lubei*, a name for ever to be revered by every real Christian, resolved to check this impudent Mountebank in his career; and not to suffer him, in the city where *he* held the divinity chair, to propagate

blasphemies so opposite to all revealed truth, without rebuke. He therefore challenged him in ninety five propositions, to defend himself and his pontifical employers, whom Luther dared to censure as accomplices, for suffering such impostures, and countenancing such abominable frauds and impositions on the people."

A summary extract of the characters of Luther and Calvin will finish our remarks upon the second Volume.

"Never was a man more formed for the contest in which he was engaged with the See of Rome, than this brave Saxon. His faculties were singularly great; his memory prodigious; his mind fraught with the richest stores of ancient wisdom and literature, to which he had addicted himself; but above all, he was deeply read in the oracles of God, and conversant with the best of the fathers and their writings, particularly St. Augustin, the patron of his order. His natural temper was strong and irascible; his courage invincible; his eloquence powerful as his voice, and darting the lightnings of his arguments on his confounded opponents. No dangers intimidated him; no difficulties, trials, or emergencies, deprived him of self-possession; in perseverance unshaken; in labours indefatigable. Rome knew not the Hercules in the cradle, that was ready to strangle her snakes, and at first despised such impotent efforts. Nor did he himself know his own strength, or suspect or intend the consequences which would result from this small commencement."

Thus Rome, or at least Roman power, fell a second time a sacrifice to her own ambition, luxury, and pride; and the decline of the Papal power may be traced in very visible characters from the time of Luther to its present little more than name: two such personages as himself and Calvin were more than sufficient to expose the folly, absurdity, and impiety of the Popish Religion, which could produce no arguments but those of power to controvert the points of doctrine which the Reformers maintained.

"Calvin was a native of Noyen, in Picardy: his mental powers were great; his diligence indefatigable; his condition equal to the first of that age; his eloquence was manly; his style perspi-

\* Surely there is a manifest contradiction in this passage. The man that filled the divinity chair at Wittemberg, and that was patronised by the Elector of Saxony, could not be an *inconsiderable* Monk.

cuous, and admirably pure; as a minister of the sanctuary, as a professor of divinity, his labours were immense. Yet in the zenith of his power, his income amounted only to twenty-five pounds a year; and he refused the increase of stipend which was offered him by the magistracy, chusing rather to give an example of disinterestedness to his successors. His morals were strictly exemplary; his piety fervent; his zeal against offenders in doctrine or manners rigid. He had much opposition to encounter, but he subdued it by persevering ardor and dignity of conduct. His influence at Geneva was vast, and he was looked up to by the Reformed in general as their oracle. Every where his name was mentioned with reverence. Tenacious in point of doctrine, he met an host of opponents, who rejected the system of unconditional decrees. Controversy sharpened his spirit, and he is accused of abusing his power and influence in acts of oppression towards his adversaries. The sufferings of Gruet, Bolfac, Castalio, Ochimis, but particularly of the ever-remembered Servetus, put to death by the Genevan Magistrates for his Socinian and infidel opinions, have brought an odium on Calvin's name, as having instigated them to such acts of violence; at least, not having exerted the authority he was known to possess, to prevent the shedding of blood: and if this were a just charge, let the reproach rest upon him."

We now approach the close of this *professedly* impartial work, and here we must confess we find much reason to question as well the impartiality in the description of those characters which the third volume contains, as the unjust omission of even the mention or slightest notice of men in the Established Church, whose labours have been equally meritorious, and abilities far superior to those of Messrs. Wesley, Whitfield, or any other Methodist. Have the evidences of a Paley, the apology of a Watson, or the unremitting assiduities of a Porteus in discharging the duties of his diocese, no claim to a place in the Church History of the Eighteenth Century! If we mistake not, we were promised "faithful characters of the principal personages, ancient and modern;" and, what do we meet with? The origin of Methodism in the University of Oxford, under the auspices of Messrs. Wesley, Whitfield, Ingham, and Harvey; high flown panegyrics upon their incessant labours; their failings softened, their virtues blazoned,

by the daubings and varnish of flattery; a long account of Lady Huntingdon and her call to salvation; to which is added, at the end of the volume, a similar divine call of Captain James Wilton to the command of the vessel containing the first Pastors from the Missionary Society to the South Seas. The plea of divine calls has been so often made use of as an artifice to delude the vulgar, that we must own we give not that implicit credit to Inspiration, which enthusiasm has so often mistaken for divine, and which has so often been the instrument of practices the most diabolical. In this volume is likewise seen the source from whence the infinite number of passages containing sarcastic and unjust observations upon the present state of Episcopacy arise. No Bishop, without sufficient cause, would divest a man of his cure; that of Oxford had no doubt good reason for what he did; and if the discourses of Dr. Haweis (which he himself allows to be the case) were productive of disturbance, most assuredly his removal from such a place as Oxford was both wise, just, and prudent.

The door has been opened, separation from the Established Church has been made; Dr. H. says to the advancement of religion. Of this we have the greatest doubt. It may have been productive of some advantage; it certainly has of much evil. Then the most illiterate, the most improper, and the most turbulent, have rushed in; and because their doctrines, from their novelty, their language, from its absurdity, procure a numerous congregation, we are to conclude that religion is benefited, and particular service rendered to the Almighty.

In the country this is particularly the case; soldiers, taylor, cobblers, barbers, "et hoc genus omne," pleading forsooth *divine Inspiration*, are capable of leading the gaping ignorant crowd to Heaven. And will Dr. H. say these are not *our* brethren, but *his* brethren have pointed out the way, and his own opinion that every man has a right to officiate, provided he meets with the approbation of his audience, all converge to the same point. Have their seminaries, since their institution, been productive of those advantages which might naturally have been expected from them? Have they benefited society by their literary productions equally with the Divines of the Established Church? Are they as a body better regulated, or are their regulations more appropriate to religion, decency, and good order, than those of the



the Church. One great plea of the Methodists is—we work not for hire, but voluntary contributions as large as you please. Their plan of itinerancy favours much more of worldly policy than of that Apostolic form and practice which they are anxious it should assume: every one knows that the most popular preacher will in a short time be heard with much less attention by his congregation than one more novel though not of equal powers: we therefore, say the Methodists, will adopt a different plan; each of our brethren shall continue one, two, or three months in his station, and then be removed; by these means curiosity is kept alive, and novelty made a substitute for religion, and the effect is to be estimated not by internal but external evidence.

We shall sum up all our observations with these additional remarks:

A more simple Church Establishment, a more general liberty into the service of the Sanctuary, a most explicit belief in the doctrine of Predestination, seem to be the objects which the reverend historian enforces and demands. Upon the two first articles we confess, that when we see it asserted that there is “no scriptural reason or injunction to hinder any man, with the approbation of the congregation, from speaking for their instruction,”

we dread that a wide field would open (and that it has we before remarked) for licentiousness, for doctrines inconsistent with morality, inimical to society, to our Sovereign, and to God, taking into consideration the great difference that exists between this and the primitive ages of the Apostles. We possess establishments wherein they who are destined for the service of the Church may perfect themselves in those attainments necessary to their office; we possess men well versed in scriptural learning, and worthy of the high stations they enjoy, who are and ought to be the proper judges of each man's competency for the office he designs to take upon him; fully sensible of these assertions, and acknowledging our conviction of the propriety of the present Episcopal form, we proceed to the doctrine of predestination, to which we heartily subscribe under these three cautions: 1st. “To look upon election in such a light, as not to give occasion for desperation on the one hand, or of unclean living on the other. 2dly. To take the promises of God in the sense in which they are set forth to us in holy scripture. 3dly. To think it our duty to act always with a view of following the will of God, as it is expressly declared to us in his word.”

Reflections on the Political State of Society, at the Commencement of the Year 1800.

By John Bowles, Esq. 8vo. Longman and Rees, 1800. 154 pages.

THIS judicious, lively, and animated appeal to the heads and hearts of Britons, is made by an author well known to the public, and much in favour with it. The appeal is peculiarly seasonable at this crisis. And the writer's spirit throws a vivacity of colouring over the piece, that attracts the attention powerfully. Because we most cordially cooperate with the writer in his views, we shall give such extracts from the pamphlet, as will serve best to exhibit his manner and promote his views at once.

“If the allied powers should triumph,” Mr. Bowles observes concerning the approaching campaign, “the worst that can happen will be the downfall of a republic, which has produced only misery, carnage, and desolation; a termination of the disastrous experiments of the system of liberty, equality, and the rights of man; and a continuance of the existing establishments, and of the ancient institutions of society, under which, with all their defects, mankind have arrived at a high

degree of perfection in all the improvements of cultivated life, and which, with all their abuses, have for their undoubted objects the harmony of states, the security and independence of nations, the safety of persons, the protection of property, the promotion of virtue, the prevention of injury, the redress of wrong, and the quiet and good order of society. To prevent the exchange of such a state for one involved in uncertainty, should call forth all the energies of the human soul. No uncertainty, however, attends the other part of the alternative. Supposing the French Republic to triumph over her opponents, there are ample grounds to enable us to judge of the consequences which would attend such a result of the conflict. The principles of that republic are too well known, to admit of any doubt upon this subject; and principles are the natural springs of human conduct; and those of a pernicious and immoral kind, falling in with our passions, operate more powerfully and more uni-

formly, than those which have a beneficial tendency. Now it is too notorious to be disputed, that the principles of the republic would lead her to change the whole face of civil society; to subvert every established government, and every subsisting institution; to supersede all the laws, treaties, usages, and habits, which regulate the intercourse of mankind in all their various relations; to tear asunder all the ties, political, civil, and moral, which bind together the human race in their infinitely diversified connections; nay, to dissolve, in regard to all influence upon the minds and actions of men, their first, their last, their most sacred tie, that which subjects them to their Maker in a state of unceasing dependence and of awful responsibility; to spread, in short, universally the system of anarchy, vice, and impiety, which has been introduced into France, and to subject the whole world to her oppressive and merciless dominion."

The author then proceeds to prove this, by a general appeal to the declarations of the republicans themselves, and by a particular one to their actual conduct. This he specifies with force and clearness in the Austrian Netherlands, the United Provinces, Savoy, Nice, and Piedmont, Avignon, Venaissin, and the Roman territories, to the United States of North America, to Switzerland, and to the Ottoman Porte. "Such has been the conduct of the French Republic to one half of Europe," cries Mr. Bowles with equal vigour and judgment at the close of his appeal, "even at the time when she had the other half to conquer. What then would mankind have to expect, if in consequence of her successes in war, or (which is still more probable) by means of her treaties of peace, the whole of Europe should be brought to lie at her mercy? A supposition, which past occurrences forbid us to consider as absolutely chimerical; a supposition, which after the treaty of Campo Formio would have been realized, if Bonaparte at the head of the Army of England, assembled on the Gallic coast, could have shaken the firmness of the British Government, and have inspired it with that conciliating, wavering, timid policy, which has brought ruin upon Switzerland. If at that moment the British Monarch (may the suggestion be pardoned), hoping to appease the fury of France and to stifle the cries of faction, had been prevailed on to part with the ministers, whose energy had rendered

them odious to both; the fate of Britain, of Europe, and of the world, had been sealed. Nor is the danger passed. The peril, though apparently less imminent, is still impending, and will continue to be so while the French Republic has any being. Whatever internal changes that republic may experience, the only question at issue between her and the rest of mankind will continue to be, whether or no she shall render the face of the earth one vast scene of desolation and anarchy. Wherever rulers her incessant revolutionary movements may place at her head, it will not be in their power to restrain her fury, when she shall have attained the undoubted object of all her exertions, the power of giving law to the whole world. It will scarcely be contended that those rulers, whether they be Reubell and Merlin, or Bonaparte and Sieyès, would be likely to learn moderation from success; that stung by remorse, or glutted with prosperous ambition, they would exert themselves to mitigate the sufferings of humanity. Admitting however the conjecture, much as it outrages both reason and *experience*, that men who had set at defiance all laws divine and human, who had till then proved themselves deaf to the voice of conscience, and invulnerable to the stings of remorse, should in the moment of victory and exultation become mild, humane, just and merciful; it would not be in their power, to stop the torrent which they had let loose. They would not be able, to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." They might as well hope to alter the course of nature, and arrest the planets in their rapid whirl, as to prescribe bounds to the infuriate demon of anarchy, when all the ancient bulwarks of social order shall be laid low. Who yet has been able to control the French revolution? How many of the first movers and of the chief supporters of that revolution, have been the victims of its fury? How many of both has it not dashed in pieces, at the moment they thought themselves able to give it whatever direction they chose? How few, how very few of those, who most contributed to set and to keep it in motion, have escaped its wanton and indiscriminate rage? Has not this unnatural monster devoured her friends and her enemies, her parents and her children? If therefore it were possible that Bonaparte, the most ambitious and the most mischievous of all her agents, should be so changed since he was the invader of Italy



Italy and Egypt, as to be desirous of moderating her foreign system; he would soon become the victim of his temerity." All this is said with the precision of a logician, and with the persuasiveness of a rhetorician, united together. The appeal to facts corroborates the course of reasonings; and both unite to hold up a picture to our eyes, which is peculiarly useful to be contemplated at the present moment.

"There is a large portion of mankind," adds Mr. Bowles, "who find themselves unable to join in the manly resolution of the great Northern Potentate, the Emperor of Russia, 'not to sheath the sword until they have seen the downfall of this Monster, which threatens to crush all legal authorities.' They cannot call up firmness of mind, to determine on a continuance of this war until it shall have accomplished the complete destruction of the enemy. They wailingly ask, Must we then see no end to the struggle? Must we at all events continue the war, and go on augmenting our debt, increasing our burdens, and exhausting our strength, until France shall cease to be a Republic? What are these questions but the repinings of the sick man, who, groaning under a painful and obstinate disease, inquires, Must I still endure these sufferings? Must I be confined to my bed, and debarred from all the pleasures of society, all the enjoyments of life? Must I still take this loathed medicine? Must my blood be again drawn forth, and my strength be more and more wasted, without any prospect of relief? Yes, poor querulous patient, you must endure all this, if you would get the better of your malady; if you would again taste the comforts of life; if you would not fall a victim to your disorder. The French Republic is the most loathsome, malignant, and pestilential disease, that ever thinned the human race. Until this disease be exterminated, it will be impossible for society to regain its pristine health and vigour. But what are the symptoms of suffering, which can authorize such restlessness under a war, to which we have hitherto been indebted for our safety? 'To which we owe whatever remains in Europe of stability for property, for personal liberty, for social order, and for the free exercise of religion?' Are our increasing commerce, our flourishing revenue, our growing luxury and dissipation; are the gait, levity, trivo-

lity, and unconcern, which are displayed wherever we assemble; are these such striking proofs of the intolerable hardships of the war, as to justify our eagerness for its conclusion before it can be concluded with safety and honour? There are, indeed, scenes of the greatest misery before our eyes; but these are to be found only in those countries which have indulged their impatience for peace, or which have never been willing to exchange its blessings for the manly and conservative exertions of war." The address here is as proper as it is powerful, and must be felt by all those to whom it is made.

The author immediately turns to others among us, in this manner:—"Another class of persons," he says, "are unwilling to pledge themselves to irreconcilable hostility with the French Republic, not so much because of any sufferings attending or likely to attend the war, but on account of the obscurity in which the future is enveloped. They do not know what may happen, what reverses and disasters may occur, what necessity may at length compel them to treat with this Republic. Considering such an event as possible, and recollecting with what kind of enemy they have to do, a sentiment of chilling fear glides into their minds, and suggests that it may be prudent not to incense that enemy too much, lest he remember that they had sworn eternal hatred against him. They resemble the penitent, who, when he had made his offerings to the Saints whose intercession he implored, presented a taper to a figure of the Devil, not knowing how much he might afterwards be in the power of that enemy. Thus, while in the spirit of timid caution, they are careful to provide for the worst, they stifle the energy, and suppress the exertion, which are necessary to prevent that worst from taking place.

"And thus the native hue of resolution  
 "Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
 thought;  
 "And enterprizes of great pith and mo-  
 ment,  
 "In this respect their currents turn  
 away,  
 "And lose the name of action."

The ingeniousness of this passage is not greater than the justness, and the wittiness is not superior to the wisdom.

\* "Lord Grenville's official Note to Talleyrand."

“Others again,” he cries in his address to the only remaining class of persons, “please their fancies with the contemplation of modifications in the Republican system, which may make it safe to treat with France. They admit that at present the idea of peace is the most absurd that can enter the human mind. That certainly France has no Government which can negotiate, and that the principles on which she now acts are so repugnant to those of the rest of mankind, as to render all relations of peace and amity between her and other nations absolutely impracticable. But perhaps the Republic may undergo a material change; perhaps she may adopt the principles of civil society; and then, becoming also moderate in her ambition, and consenting to something like a balance of power, she and other countries may jog on together, not indeed with much cordiality, but at least in sullen repose and dubious tranquillity. Instead of indulging such idle dreams, which bear not the smallest semblance to probability, how much wiser would it be to examine realities, to weigh events, and to consult experience, in order to form a sober and rational judgment of our actual situation, and of the means which are best calculated to lay the foundations of a safe and durable peace. We should then find, that the hope of peace with the French Republic is the most extravagant and dangerous reverie that ever entered the human mind; a reverie, begotten by error, nursed by indolence, pusillanimity, and self-deceit, and leading in its train disgrace and ruin.” Mr. Bowles then goes over the character of the French Republic again, but in general terms, yet “not in apprehension but reality, not in promise but in act, not in accusation but in evidence.—What can be so ridiculous as to imagine that such a Republic can ever be admitted into the fellowship of civilized states; that so ferocious and so insidious a monster may be trusted in the fold of society; that it can be metamorphosed into a quiet, peaceable, harmless, orderly neighbour?—Things do not thus become their own opposites; they do not thus change their elementary qualities, their essential natures, and become perfect contrasts to their former selves. Such transformations exist only in the brains of chimerical visionaries. The French Republic was stamped in its formation with an indelible character of hostility to the

whole system of civil society; and to suppose it can ever coalesce with a system to which it is so repugnant, is no less absurd than to expect that fire and water can lose their antipathy, and mix together in friendly and harmonious intercourse.” The reasoning is strong, and the illustrations are happy here.

“What then must be the credulity of those persons,” Mr. Bowles triumphantly asks, at the close of the last argument, “who look with confidence, or even with hope, to the revolutionary changes which are incessantly occurring in France; and who, notwithstanding the frequent disappointments they have experienced in that respect, still think that these superficial appearances can alter the original *flamina*, the fundamental principles, the subversive character of the Republic? Such changes are inseparable from, and indeed necessary to, that state of anarchy, which admits only an oppressive power to keep the people in chains, but which does not allow the establishment of any regular and fixed authority. They are, as it were, the convulsive efforts of nature, whereby a Republic so constituted relieves itself from time to time of those violent humours, which, if suffered to accumulate, would endanger its existence. They are the eruptions of the volcano, which discharges its subterranean fires, that it may secretly generate matter for a fresh eruption. The Republic rises out of these explosions like a Phoenix, with renovated vigour and increased activity. The individuals who take the lead on such occasions, however they may seem to take into their hands the destiny of France, are in effect but the instruments of the Republic for her own preservation. Far from acquiring any power to subject her to their will, they are themselves impelled in her precipitate career; and they would be immolated to her fury, were they to attempt to check her destructive course. Amidst all the smoke, hurry, and confusion of these revolutionary commotions, the *Genius* of the Republic rides triumphantly, threatening to trample under foot all who shall dare to obstruct his progress.” This extract exhibits Mr. Bowles in a stronger light of lustre than ever: rising into a boldness of imagery, and mounting into a sublime of oratory. Mr. Bowles reminds us here, and has often reminded us before, of that admirable antagonist to the French Revolution, the late Mr. Burke. He has at



times his vivacity and vigour, his ingenuity and rhetoricalness, his respect for Order, and his reverence for Religion. He thus seems to have caught the mantle of that political prophet, as it dropt

from his shoulders, while he ascended from earth; and to have proved its miraculous efficacy himself in this effort of his own.

*The Siege of Cuzco, a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By William Sotheby, Esq. 8vo. 1800. Wright. 2s. 6d.

“THE contest between Pizarro and Almagro, for the possession of Cuzco, forms the historical basis on which the fictitious events of this tragedy are founded;” and Sir Paul Rycaut’s version of the Commentaries of Peru supplied the drama with several Spanish Chiefs, either slightly noticed or wholly omitted in Robertson’s History of America. From the same version some remarkable incidents have been inserted. The Peruvian personages are fictitious; but in that of their chief, it has been the author’s endeavour to exemplify his conception of the peculiar character of their Incas. This drama does not appear to have been offered or intended for the Stage, nor do we think it would have appeared there with much advantage. As a literary production, however, for the closet, it has better claims to applause, and will not take from the reputation of its ingenious author.

*The Systematic or Imaginary Philosopher, a Comedy, in Five Acts.* 8vo. Hookham. 2s. 6d.

This is declared by the author to be his first and only dramatic composition. Though it does not appear to have been offered to either Theatre, he seems not to be without expectation of its yet making its way into the Green-room. The plot is very inartificial, and the characters such as have been already seen on the Stage. The dialogue, however, is sprightly; and the author has shewn that he is not wanting in wit or humour. The present performance has all the appearance of a hasty one, and consequently bears many marks of imperfection. Should the author be inclined to cultivate his talents for stage composition, we recommend him to avoid the too frequent recurrence of alliteration, in which he has indulged himself beyond the example even of Mr. Foote, who practised it to a disgusting excess. On a second attempt, we think the author may be more successful than on the present occasion.

*A Poetical Review of Miss Hannah More’s Strictures on Female Education, in a Series of Anapestic Epistles.* By

*Sappho Search.* 8vo. Hurst. 1800; 2s. 6d.

This Poetical Review is in the verification of Anfy’s Bath Guide; and the author, sometimes seriously and sometimes ludicrously, comments on the principles and doctrines of Miss More’s celebrated performance on Female Education. The present author, whether male or female, is sprightly, observing, and animated; generally good humoured; and, in the *sledge-hammer* measure, as it is styled, has produced a work which will be read with approbation.

*Holmes’ Treatise on Bodies Corporate generally, those in Exeter specially, which includes the Novel County Rates, Exeter 1799. Second Part, Holmes’ Epitome of Political History, Ancient and Modern. Third Part, Holmes on the Police of Exeter specially, Ancient and Modern, as an Accompaniment to Isaache’s Memorials of the City.* 8vo. Exeter printed for Bries.

Mr. Holmes styles himself a deaf independent Freeman of Exeter, and S. C. L. (Student of Civil Law, we believe,) of Oriel College, Oxford. He is dissatisfied with the conduct of the Corporation of Exeter on many accounts, and seems inclined to be more prying into the management of their affairs, than the said Corporation may probably approve of. The whole is local, and will afford little satisfaction beyond the city of Exeter.

*The Latin Scholar’s Guide, or Clarke’s and Turner’s Latin Exercises corrected, together with the References to the Originals from which the Sentences are extracted.* By Mr. Touquet. 8vo. Dulau, &c. 1800. 10s. 6d.

*A Supplement to the Introduction to the Making of Latin: consisting of further Rules for the Purpose: shewing, in a great Measure, wherein, besides Concord and Government, the Difference betwixt the Latin and English Idioms lies.* By John Clarke. 8vo. Kirby. 1799. 3s. 6d.

These Latin Exercises are extracts from the most approved classical writers of the Roman

Roman language, and the publisher assumes no other merit than that of having diligently employed his best care and attention that every sentence should be referred to the proper author with accuracy and precision. What he has undertaken he appears to have executed with success; and, when we consider the labour employed in ascertaining the different authors of more than two thousand passages, which had been given in all former editions without any references whatever, we cannot but applaud the diligence exerted, and recommend the performance as deserving the attention as well of those who are learning the Latin language, as of those who may be desirous of recovering what may have been either lost or forgotten by neglect or diluſe.

*Le Negociant Univerſal, ou Recueil de Lettres Originales de Commerce, ecrites par les meilleures Maisons de Ruſſie, Hollande, Angleterre, France, &c. Par G. Keegan. 8vo. Vernor and Hood.*

The Compiler of this Volume ſays that his principal deſign was to aſſiſt youth by putting into their hands original letters of commerce, abounding in variety of inſtruction, and well calculated to form their minds not only in acquiring a knowledge of the French language, a juſt and accurate mercantile ſtyle, but alſo in imbibing real notions of buſineſs. The collection appears to us to be well calculated for the purpoſe propoſed, and therefore is intitled to our recommendation.

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

APRIL 28.

**C**HILDREN; OR, GIVE THEM THEIR WAY; a comic drama, in two acts, ſaid to be by Prince Hoare, Eſq. was acted the firſt time at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Banniter, jun. The principal Characters by Mr. Suetts, Mr. Banniter, jun. Mr. Palmer, Mr. We-witzer, Mrs. Jordan, and Miſs DeCamp. The plot briefly as follows:

Henry, the ſon of Sir Gabriel Will-would, and Emily, Sir Gabriel's ward, having formed an early attachment to each other, Sir Gabriel ſends his ſon to travel on the Continent for a ſhort time, at the end of which he returns to marry Emily. The young couple, however, have, in the mean time, adopted new opinions, and at their firſt interview, finding a mutual coldneſs, they ſoon agree to part. Henry reſolves to go back to Italy, and Emily to mix with the gay world. Henry orders his chaiſe; but the artful interference of their ſervants, whoſe fate is connected with that of their maſter and miſtreſs, recalls to obſervation their kindneſs to each other, and produces a reconciliation and a wedding.

This ſlight piece, which was well adapted to the talents of the performers, was very imperfectly repreſented. The muſic, by Mr. Kelly, however, met with deſerved applauſe, and the houſe was much crowded.

29. DE MONTFORT, a tragedy, by Miſs Bailey, was acted the firſt time

at Drury Lane. The Characters as follow:

De Montfort,	Mr. KEMBLE.
Rezenvelt,	Mr. TALBOT.
Albert,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Manuel,	Mr. POWELL.
Jerome,	Mr. DOWTON.
Comrad,	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Jane de Montfort,	Mrs. SIDDONS.
Counteſs,	MIſs HEARD.

The Scene lies in Germany.—Matthias, Count de Montfort, having conceived a violent hatred towards the Marquis Rezenvelt, who lives in the neighbourhood of his own manſion, in order to be relieved from the ſight of an object ſo irkſome to him, takes a journey to Augſburg, a place where he was well known and reſpected. He alights at the houſe of Old Jerome, a kind of Hotel, which he had often viſited.—Lady Jane de Montfort is the ſiſter of the Count, a woman of the moſt noble character, fondly attached to her brother, by whom ſhe is held in the moſt affectionate veneration. The hatred which De Montfort bears towards Rezenvelt, had changed the whole complexion of his character, injured his health, and rendered him a prey to conſtant dejection. Lady Jane, by the commanding dignity of her virtues and her endearing tendereſs, without knowing the cauſe of her brother's dejection, or enquiring into its nature, had kept his feelings under ſome reſtraint, but as ſhe had left the family manſion on a viſit, his antipathy to Rezenvelt, embittered by the elevation



and increased wealth of the latter, can no longer be controlled, and therefore De Montfort leaves his house in order to avoid the chance of meeting the man he so abhorred. Soon after De Montfort arrives at Augsburg, Rezenvelt unfortunately arrives at the same place. When De Montfort learns that Rezenvelt is so near him, he breaks out into great fury, considering himself as haunted by an evil spirit. Count Albert, an inhabitant of Augsburg, hearing of the arrival of De Montfort, visits him at the hotel — Albert soon irritates the feelings of De Montfort by his eulogiums on the pleasantries and worth of Rezenvelt — But though the animosity of De Montfort bursts forth whenever the name of Rezenvelt is mentioned, he appears always uneasy when it is noticed by others, therefore when Albert invites him to a festival De Montfort agrees to be present, notwithstanding he is informed that Rezenvelt is to be of the party. Manuel, the faithful follower of De Montfort, conceiving that Lady Jane, on her return home, would be anxious to know the destination of her brother, leaves a letter for her, communicating his mother's intended route. Lady Jane, therefore, follows him to Augsburg, and goes immediately to the house of Albert, the friend of her brother. Albert holds her character in the highest reverence, introduces her to his wife, and invites her to stay and join the intended Fête, as her brother is expected. Lady Jane consents to stay, concealing herself beneath a veil. The company, among whom are De Montfort and Rezenvelt, arrive. — Rezenvelt, struck with the figure of Jane, addresses her with peculiar homage. Some conversation takes place between her and her brother, and the latter, affected by her voice, entreats her to throw aside her veil. Rezenvelt, with a spirit of gallantry, rushes forward to prevent De Montfort from touching her, and the latter, resenting this interruption, Lady Jane discovers herself in order to avert all dissention. De Montfort is at length induced to disclose his feelings to his sister, avowing his hatred to Rezenvelt, and alledging as the cause the malignant gibing spirit of the latter, which thwarted him while a boy, and which was still vented against him during the progress of both of them to manhood. This opposition of temper had once involved them in a contention of arms, in which Rezenvelt was successful. Lady Jane in vain

attempts to sooth the feelings of her brother, whose resentment derives increasing fury from the persevering taunts of Rezenvelt, a man of spirit, who ascribes the hatred of De Montfort wholly to arrogance and pride, which he is determined to mortify. A formal reconciliation is effected by the entreaties of Jane and the mediation of Albert; but De Montfort being induced to think that Jane and Rezenvelt have received a mutual partiality, again indulges the fury of his detestation, and meditates some deadly design against the object of it. Being informed that Rezenvelt is going to visit a Nobleman a mile or two from Augsburg, and that he is to walk alone through a neighbouring forest, De Montfort, full of the most desperate intentions, lies in wait for him and murders him. The dying groans of Rezenvelt reach a Convent, where a funeral ceremony is taking place. — The Friars hasten to relieve the sufferer, find the dead body of Rezenvelt, and secure De Montfort, whose agony and horror dreadfully evince his guilt. The corpse is conveyed to the Convent, in which De Montfort is imprisoned. Lady Jane, alarmed by the sudden retreat of De Montfort, and apprehensive of consequences, follows him, and arrives at the Convent, to be a witness of the disgrace and misery of her brother. At length the remorse and perturbation of De Montfort is too strong for his frame to resist, and he expires, the victim of penitential agony. The world no longer presents any hope of consolation to the afflicted Jane, and with her determination to pass the remainder of her life in the Convent, the Tragedy concludes.

This Play is one of a series intended to illustrate distinct passions. The passion exemplified in the present is hatred, and the features are certainly portrayed with great force. But though drawn with great strength, the passion itself is of so hateful a cast, that the mind revolts against the probability, and refuses its assent to the existence of so detestable a disposition. De Montfort, independent of this circumstance, is distinguished for the noblest and most amiable qualities. He adores his sister for the lofty dignity and engaging tenderness of her character, and yet he cherishes the most deadly hatred against Rezenvelt, because the latter is too lively, and of too satirical a spirit. These are contradictions which, however, the theatre may tolerate; few  
dramatic

dramatic pieces are free from objections as prominent.

The alterations introduced are said to be by Mr. Kemble, whose acting, together with that of Mrs. Siddons, was without fault. The other performers had but few opportunities of shewing their talents; but what little they had to do, they did with propriety and spirit.

A Prologue, in vindication of British genius against foreign rivals, was spoken by Mrs. Powell. A very elegant Epilogue, to confirm the sentiments inculcated by the events of the piece, was spoken by Mrs. Siddons. The Prologue was written by the Hon. Francis North; the Epilogue by the Duchess of Devonshire. The music incidental to the piece was furnished by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Kelly.

MARCH 1.—PAUL AND VIRGINIA, a musical drama, by Mr. Cobb, was acted the first time at Covent Garden. The Characters as follow :

Don Antonio,	Mr. HILL.
Tropic,	Mr. TOWNSEND.
Paul,	Mr. INCLEDON.
Dominique,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Alambra,	Mrs. MILLS.
Diego,	Mr. EMERY.
Sebastian,	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Virginia,	Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE
Jacintha,	Mrs. ATKINS.
Mary,	Miss SIMS.

This drama is founded on the popular and interesting translation from the French of Bernardin de St. Pierre. The subject of it is the triumph of love and constancy over wealth and selfishness. The music by Mazzinghi and Reeve.

2. A young Lady appeared the first time on any stage at Covent Garden, in the character of Joanna, in The Deserted Daughter, for the benefit of Mrs. Mattocks. The performance was not unfavourably received, though it was not sufficiently striking to merit any very extraordinary praise.

10. INDISCRETION, a comedy, said to be by Mr. Hoare, was acted the first time at Drury Lane. The Characters as follow :

Clermont,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Old Burleigh,	Mr. BANNISTER, j.
Sir Marmaduke } Maxim,	Mr. KING.
Frederic Maxim,	Mr. PALMER.
Algernon Maxim,	Mr. TALBOT.
Captain Gayland,	Mr. HOLLAND.

Lounge (Servant } to Clermont),	Mr. WEWITZER.
Thomas (Serv. to } Sir Marmaduke,)	Mr. WATHEN.
Julia Burleigh,	Mrs. JORDAN.
Fanny Burleigh,	Miss BIGGS.
Victoria Burleigh,	Miss POPE.
Mrs. Goodly,	Mrs. WALCOT.
Laura Goodly,	Miss HEARD.

#### FABLE.

The Fable of this Piece is two fold. The serious part of the Story arises from the elopement of Julia, which is supposed to have happened previous to the opening of the Play. Julia quitted her father's house, in order to avoid a marriage with Captain Maxim. She went off with Clermont, who, instead of forming an honourable union with her, makes licentious proposals, which she rejects with disdain, and flies to the protection of Miss Goodly, a worthy woman, who had been greatly indebted to the Burleigh family. Penitent for her fault, on discovering the perfidy of Clermont, Julia solicits an interview with her father, who is inclined to forgive her, though of a very fiery disposition; but as she refuses to disclose the name of the man with whom she eloped, fearful of involving her father in danger, he obliges her to quit his house. It appears that Clermont is fully sensible of his misconduct towards Julia, and desirous of atoning for it, but cannot discover her retreat. In order to try the feelings of her lover, Julia, with the assistance of Mrs. Goodly, assumes male attire, and passes for one of the pert puppies who parade Bond street, and jostle every person, man or woman, who is not "one of us." In this disguise she again enters her father's house, where she addresses herself in a style of fashionable flippancy to her sister Fanny, who quits the room, and who leaves Julia in company with Clermont. Julia contrives to turn the conversation upon subjects suitable to her situation, and having severely wounded the feelings of her lover, and proved his repentance, is then only solicitous to manifest her own innocence to her family. Old Burleigh, in order to hear something about Julia from the young men who were in the habit of visiting his house, induces Mrs. Goodly to invite some of them to tea with her, conceiving that under the disguise of a female he may, perhaps, discover from their conversation which of them had seduced away his daughter. Burleigh being of a passionate disposition, and  
much



much inclined to the practice of swearing, desires Mrs. Goodly to nod whenever he is going to indulge himself in that practice. The young men assemble at Mrs. Goodly's, and Burleigh as an old woman and friend of Julia, is introduced to them, Julia in disguise appearing among them. The discourse soon turns upon Julia and her elopement, and Burleigh, the supposed old woman, is the subject of much railery. At length the feelings of Burleigh are so much irritated that he throws off his disguise, and wants to fight with the whole company. Finding, however, that the general suspicion of taking away his daughter falls upon Clermont, the latter is required to give him satisfaction. Clermont owns his guilt, but being appealed to by Julia, still under her disguise, whether she had not retained her innocence, he pronounces her a miracle of virtue, and avows his readiness to marry her immediately, if after such base conduct he shall be thought worthy of her hand. The proof of Julia's innocence, notwithstanding her Indiscretion, reconciles Burleigh to his daughter, who discovers herself, and is taken into favour.

Such is the outline of the serious part of this drama. The comic scenes chiefly result from a scheme of Sir Marmaduke Maxim to obtain a wife by advertising in the newspapers. The advertisement, which he contrives to get inserted in the public prints, represents him in the prime of life, though he is in reality incumbered with age and all its infirmities. The advertisement is answered by Victoria, the sister of Burleigh, an old maid, who had in her answer as much misrepresented her person as Sir Marmaduke had done his own. After a ludicrous interview between the parties, thus whimsically brought together, passed in mutual reproaches on account of their mutual disappointment, they separate in anger. The piece concludes with the consent of Burleigh to the marriage between Julia and the penitential Clermont; Fanny and Algernon, the youngest son of Sir Marmaduke; and Captain Burleigh and Laura Goodly.

There is more merit in this comedy than in most of the productions of the day. The serious part of the drama affords a good lesson to those young ladies who are too ready to quit their paternal roof, and confide in the professions of a lover, whose passions rather tend to his own gratification than to the permanent

happiness of the object whom he pretends to adore. It also affords a good lesson to fathers, not too rigorously to attempt to controul the passions of their daughters, and force them into connubial ties adverse to their inclinations. These interesting monitions are strongly impressed by the miseries which Burleigh and Julia bring upon themselves; and which, if the latter had not been impressed with a sense of wounded pride, might have terminated in hopeless anxiety on the one part, and infamy on the other.

12. LIBERAL OPINIONS, a comedy, by Mr. Dibdin, jun. was acted the first time at Covent Garden Theatre. The Characters as follow :

Friendly,	Mr. MURRAY.
Liberal,	Mr. MUNDEN.
Frank Liberal,	Mr. LEWIS.
Mildmay,	Mr. H. JOHNSTONE.
Chace,	Mr. FARLEY.
Ephraim,	Mr. FAWCETT.
Grouse,	Mr. EMERY.
Mrs. Howard,	Miss CHAPMAN.
Mariana Howard,	Miss MURRAY.
Fanny Liberal,	Mrs. MILLS.
Lucretia Liberal,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.

## FABLE.

Mr. Liberal, a very benevolent man, who has acquired a fortune in business, has retired into the country. His Cousin, Lucretia Liberal, who is supposed to be worth fifty thousand pounds, resides in the house with him, and upon the privilege of her wealth, assumes the direction of his family. She determines that his daughter Fanny shall marry their neighbour, 'Squire Chace, a rugged Sportsman. Fanny, however, had previously conceived a partiality for Mildmay, who had risked his life in protecting her from a ruffian. Mildmay is the friend of her brother, and is in such an embarrassed state, that he is obliged to fly into the country, from the pursuit of Bailiffs. In this situation he meets unexpectedly with Fanny Liberal, to whom he is equally attached. Though Old Liberal is a very worthy man, and an affectionate father, yet he submits to all the tyrannical whims of his cousin Lucretia, in hopes his children will benefit by her fortune. Fanny is locked up by Lucretia, in order to be secured till the marriage between her and Chace shall be accomplished. By the assistance, however, of her maid Jenny, she and Jenny escape in male attire. They both happen to put on just such a coat as is worn by Mildmay, which coat serves as a sign for the

Bailiffs to know him. These Bailiffs, three in number, in order to prevent their prey from escaping, agree to take different tracks, and a wager is laid amongst them that each will succeed in seizing the unfortunate Creditor. The gain is to be a supper, to be paid by the two losers. Mrs. Howard, a decayed gentlewoman, lives with her daughter in the same neighbourhood, and Frank Liberal, who admires her daughter, Mariana, goes to Ephraim, a Jew dealer in old cloaths and money, to borrow 2000l. at any rate, in order to relieve the distresses of his friend Mildmay. Mrs. Howard, reduced to great distress, disposes of the wardrobe of her deceased uncle to Ephraim, who takes the cloaths to his house. Mr. Friendly, an honest Lawyer, arrives from London, to inform Mrs. Howard that he had not, as she supposed, been overlooked by her uncle. Mr. Friendly opens a letter, written by the deceased, in which she is informed that ten thousand pounds are concealed in the lining of a drab-coloured coat.—Ephraim had opened the lining, and discovered the treasure. While Frank Liberal is negotiating the loan with Ephraim, Lucretia Liberal arrives, and, to conceal himself, he gets among the old cloaths; and hearing her talk about her uncle and his favourite drab-coat, Frank assumes it, and, as no time is to be lost in relieving Mildmay, he marches across the stage, and is taken for the ghost of her uncle by the astonished Lucretia. Unluckily Frank had left the two thousand pounds he received from the Jew in his own coat. In this situation he advises

Mildmay to wear the drab-coat, in order to elude the Sheriff's Officers. They therefore change cloaths, and hence a ludicrous mistake arises, which forms the chief incident in the Piece. One Bailiff arrests Frank, another Fanny, and the third Jenny the maid. At length Old Liberal, tired of the overbearing authority of his cousin Lucretia, throws it off, Friendly shews, by the last will of Mrs. Howard's uncle, that he had revoked the legacy of twenty thousand pounds left to Lucretia, and bequeathed it to Mariana Howard. Old Liberal gives his daughter Fanny to Mildmay, Frank Liberal is to marry Mariana, the Jew relinques the ten thousand pounds found in the lining of the coat, and all the parties, except the discontented old maid, are happy; and thus ends the piece.

The character of this piece is more that of farce, broad farce, than of comedy; but though it turns upon old stories, and contains many old jokes, it is on the whole far from being destitute of merit, and is calculated to excite much entertainment.

15. This day will be memorable in the annals of the Theatre for the atrocious attempt on the life of our Sovereign at Drury Lane Theatre; an account of which is given in another part of our Magazine.

19. Two performers appeared the first time on any stage at Covent Garden, in the characters of Alderman Arable and Emmeline, in Speculation, for the benefit of Miss Waters.

## POETRY.

### RULE BRITANNIA,

Translated by ROBERT LUKE, A. M. of  
Sydney Suffex College, Cambridge.

#### ΣΥ' ΒΡΙΤΑΝΝΙΑ ———

Ὅταν θεῶ θέλοντος ἦν  
Ἡ αἰς Βρεταννίαν φυλαξί,  
Τὸδ' ἦν Δίπλωμα τῆς Δίπλωμα γῆς  
Ἐπὶ ἑδάκαν Ἀγγελιοί.

Σὺ Βρεταννία ἀνασσε κύμασιν  
Διπτικῶς ἐλευθερα.

Ἄριστὰ τ' εἶνα σῆς τύχης  
Τυραννισμὸν δαδουσαι,  
Ἐν οἷς ἀπασιν κερδοῦς ἡ φθόρος  
Σὺ ἀνέσσα ἐμβαλεῖς.

Ἵπέρτερ' ἐσχυρώτερα  
Ἔση δὲ ἔχθρῶ ἕβραις,  
Φανή ἄροια σῶν ὄρων δρυί,  
Μετ' ἐισβολὰς κερυνίας.

Τύρανοι ἐσφαλῶσί σοι,  
Τὰ ἔργα ὧν ἐναντίων  
Παροξυνεῖ μόνον τὸ σὸν μένος,  
Σφίσιω κακῆτα εἰ δέ σοι.

Ἀρετὰ εἰσι κλήμ' σοι·  
Σὰ πλῆθια ἐξαρεῖ πωλεῖ·  
Ἡ αἰς ἐπεσθ' ἡ αἰς ἔπσει σοι,  
Καὶ πᾶσα θιν μακρὰς αἰδός.

Ἄι οἰκέσο ἐλευθερίας  
Σὰ Μῆσο' ἔχρησι δαίματα·  
Γυναξί Νῆσο' ὄπισσε ἀγλααίης  
Σφίσιω φυλαξί κἀνδρασιω.



## LINES,

Written by CHRISTOPHER PITT, M. A.  
Translator of Virgil and Vida,

On a Great Shoe being lent to him in a Fit of  
the Gout by Mr. Muston the Grocer.

Copied from the Original in his hand-writing.

THOU wide machine! the cripple's stand-  
ing prop,  
Thou thing between a spadderdash and stop!  
For the free horn and the free living toe,  
Thou mere reverse of Gallia's wooden shoe:  
Emblem of penitence, yet ease of sin,  
Sable without, and sackcloth all within,  
Hail, young Gambad! Lo, I venture free  
My worst leg foremost while upheld by thee.  
With haughty airs I measure every stride,  
And throw the crutch disdainfully aside,  
Not Ashmole's toy shop saw the like before,  
But in those boots that Cromwell's porter  
wore.

When thou shalt quit thy province of the  
toe,

And act no more in quality of shoe,  
Thou and thy poor inhabitant at ease,  
Still may'st thou serve thy lord a thousand  
ways

Thrice happy Muston! who canst still  
produce

This various engine for a general use!  
Now as a box thy aid he may require  
To pour the sea coal, and revive the fire;  
Now as a tub thy lumber thou mayst keep,  
Now as a cradle rock thy babe to sleep;  
Now as a hamper pack thy grace y ware,  
Now as a huge church bucket wing in air:  
And through more duties run than ever ran  
Thy dagger. HUBBUBS! or thy house, Sir  
VAN!

ON SEEING MRS. SIDDONS' BUSTS  
OF HER BROTHERS AND HERSELF.

SIDDONS! who long has ruled with sure  
control

Each secret spring that moves the feeling soul,  
From female softness claim'd the ready sigh,  
And dimm'd with *stranger* tears the manly  
eye;

Now learns these daily conquests to despise,  
And in pursuit of *other* victories flies.

"O'er *living* Nature long enough I've  
reign'd,

"And o'er the *heart* (she cries) my power  
maintain'd;

"But now let *lifeless* Nature own my sway,  
"And let my genius shape the *formless*  
*clay*."

Then in her hand the plastic earth she molds,  
And soon, o'erjoy'd, she mimic life beholds;

Beneath her fingers fees, with eager eyes,  
Her beauty's face in soft proportions rise.  
Next, at the touch affection bids her give,  
See Grecian grace and Roman grandeur live!  
For into life behold her *brothers* start!

The fair creations of their sister's art;  
While each resemblance glows with equal  
truth,

Majestic manhood *here* — *there* graceful  
youth.

Fair artist! blest with still *increasing* fame,  
Thou thus successful in each daring aim,  
Not to *this* praise, tho' *great*, thy claims  
confine.

For this *superior* source of pride is *thine* : —  
That tho' assail'd by Flattery's *countless*  
arts

(Too oft destructive found of *femal*e hearts);  
Exposed to scenes where varied pleasure  
glows,

And all the lures which Vice for *beauty*  
throws,

'Tis *thine* unhurt 'midst danger to remain,  
And tho' thou feel'st its influence, prove it  
*vain*

The asbestos has the power of fire defies,  
And 'midst its *looming*, uninjur'd lies;  
And tho' *destructive* flames around it roar,  
Quits the fierce furnace perfect as before. —

But *whence* canst thou with feet unhurt still  
treat

The world's dire path with burning plough-  
shares spread?

*Whence* can thy heart Temptation's power  
disdain,

While Envy's darts assail thy fame in vain?  
O'er *THEE* Religion's sheltering pinions  
wave,

And Virtue guards the wreath which Justice  
gave.

AMELIA OPIE.

## STANZAS TO MARY,

On contemplating, in her absence, the Shade  
where first I felt I loved her.

(Written by Moonlight.)

WHERE are my joys? my wonted peace,  
ah! where?

Where—where is fled the balm of soft re-  
pose?

Hope chee's no more! for ah! the fiend  
Despair

Now o'er my breast her darkling mantle  
throws!

Yet do I love to trace the moony beam,  
Faint as it glimmers thro' yon cloudy veil:

Yet do I love, as wrapt in fancy's dream,  
In murmur'ing sighs to breathe affliction's  
tale!

Yet

Yet do I love, when midnight's stilly hour  
In sullen gloom has clad the ambient scene;  
Sighing to muse o'er yonder drooping flower,  
And cherish thoughts—my soul can *never*  
wean!

Yet do I love to court the pensive shade,  
Where first my bosom heav'd the tender  
sigh,

Where first love's blush the soften'd heart  
betray'd,  
Whilst melting fondness warm'd my rap-  
tur'd eye!

And as I wander by the Moon's pale light,  
In sighs unhceded as I oft complain,  
What blissful phantoms start upon my sight,  
What fond illusions fire my glowing brain!

But ah! too soon the tender vision flies,  
Too soon 'tis check'd by the obtrusive  
fear;

I start!—and, as the treasure'd glimmering  
dies,  
Mine eye's bedew'd by the regretful tear!

Ah! from my soul ne'er shall oblivion blot  
Yon shade! tho' now each joy has dis-  
appear'd:

Pale Mem'ry oft shall hover o'er the spot,  
And sigh to think how *once* it was en-  
dear'd!

W. F.

## STANZAS,

BY THOMAS ADNEY.

**H**OPE! thou flatter'ing airy vision,  
Fickle power, sought by all;  
Ever art thou in decision,  
Guest ador'd! when troubles fall!

At a distance we perceive thee  
Dealing fancied charms away;  
All with open arms receive thee,  
Truant Goddess! known to stray.

Ev'ry morn thy smiles inviting  
Lull the sore afflicted breast;  
All thy prospects so delighting,  
Golden trifer! prove a jest!

Thus thou lovest to deceive us,  
Tho' thy gifts enchanting seem,  
When we sue why angry leave us—  
Sad, to contemplate the dream!

## ODE TO SENSIBILITY.

**T**HE mind for vulgar pleasures form'd,  
May Nature's better gifts despise;  
The heart with finer feelings warm'd,  
Will ever nobler passions prize.

For what can wealth or fame bestow,  
When friendship or affection's fled;  
What breast serenity can know,  
By every lawless impulse led.

Nor all that Hope's fond influence brings,  
Nor all that length of life can lend,  
Unless from purity its springs,  
Can ever man's condition mend.

The soften'd heart, the soul refin'd,  
Superior happiness may taste;  
But those to ruder joys inclin'd,  
Have every tender thought eras'd.

Still shall felicity's fair train  
Deal bliss to Virtue's self alone,  
But where the wilder passions reign,  
Nor bliss nor virtue can be known.

Oh! that for ever may be mine  
Those joys that humanize the heart;  
That wake at Pity's plaintive shrine,  
And sympathy's soft tear impart.

Then shall the bosom learn to glow  
With fond affection's liberal flame,  
The heart that seeks another's woe,  
Let Sensibility proclaim.

I. T. WALWORTH.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY,  
On seeing her reading GROSSE'S 'DAGGER.'

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

**Y**IELDS not enough rank weeds our native  
soil,  
Foster'd by vice, and gay with specious  
flowers,  
But we must ransack other realms, and toil  
For trash exotic, rear'd in German  
bow'rs?

Is not the British pen too oft employ'd  
To gild ignoble deeds, and varnish crimes,  
Crowd with immoral themes life's ev'ry void,  
And suit the taste of our degenerate times?

Let Albertina tame submission own—  
The *fiat Procuress* of a faithless spouse;  
Let Julia all her guilty shame make known,  
And listen to a weaker lover's vows!

But thou, FAIR MAID! in conscious virtue  
wise  
Superior to the artful tempter's snare;  
Nor let the mists of sense delude thine eyes,  
Nor forms that shine in *false refinement's*  
glare.

Despise the *wife*, unworthy of that name,  
To honour sacred, and to friendship dear!  
Despise the *man*, that knows no virtuous  
shame,  
The willing victim of a treach'rous tear!



And spurn the *lore*, that with seductive aim,  
Sheds soft infection o'er the female heart,  
The breath that blows corruption's dang'rous  
flame,  
And hand that hides in flow'rs the doubly  
venom'd dart!

*E. India House, April 18, 1800.*

LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN,

Occasioned by a report of his Patron's being  
one of the Lords Commissioners of the  
Great Seal.

Written in 1758.

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.)

IF Fame, dear Mun! the truth reveals,  
Your friend the Baron \* has the seals,  
With two competitors his rev'rend brothers—  
† Willes and Sir Eardley are the others.  
Justice, who long had seen impress'd  
Her fairest image on his breast,  
Plac'd him, her substitute, to awe  
The nations, on her bench of Law,  
And now, to make the work compleat,  
Has thron'd him on her mercy-seat.

I'll hold you, Mun! an honest guinea,  
That pest Ambition's busy in you;  
No more you mind your little crops,  
Nor ever ask the price of hops,  
Nor dream about such idle things  
As half the trumps, and all the kings;  
But blest each night with objects brighter,  
Behold a visionary mitre,  
And see the Verger near you stand  
Majestic, with his silver wand.

Well, if—as matters now foretell it—  
It is thy fate to be a Prelate;  
Tho' loth to lose the comic strain,  
The song and ever mirthful vein,  
Which oft have made me full of glee,  
And kept my spirits up till three;  
Yet fond to see, when pray'rs begin,  
Edmund! thy heteroclitic chin,  
With all its venerable bush on,  
Reposing on a velvet cushion,  
I wou'd the man of honour quit,  
And think the Bishop worth the Wit.

But hark you, Latter! as you mean  
To be a Bishop or a Dean,  
And must of course look grave and big,  
I'd have you get a better wig;  
You know full well when check by jowl  
He waited on his Grace at Knole,  
Tho' that fine artist, Barber Jackson,  
Spent an whole hour upon your caxon,  
With iron hot, and powder plastic,  
To make it look ecclesiastic,

With all his pains, and combs, and care,  
He scarce cou'd curl a single hair.  
It wou'd be right too, let me tell you,  
To buy a gown of new Prunella,  
And let your maid, the art who well knows,  
Repair your cassock at the elbows.

Lord! what a sudden alteration  
Will wait on your exalted station;  
Cawthorn, too proud a prince to flatter,  
Who calls you naught but Mun and Latter,  
Will now put on a softer mien,  
And learn to kiss out Mr. Dean;  
Or, if you're made a mitred Peery,  
Humbly intreat your Lordship's ear;  
Poor Adams too will fork and stare,  
And trembling steal behind your chair,  
Or else, with holy zeal address'ing,  
Drop on his knees, and ask your blessing.

And now, my worthy friend! ere yet  
We read it in the next Gazette,  
That Tuesday last a Royal writ  
Was sent by Secretary Pitt  
To all and singular the Stalls  
Prebendal in the Church of Paul's,  
Commanding them to chuse and name  
A Prelate of right rev'rend name,  
And warmly recommending thee  
The Bishop of the vacant See;  
It will not be amiss to know  
Belorchand, what you have to do.  
First, as you'll want a grave Divine  
To wait upon you when you dine,  
To guard your kitchen from disorders,  
And school the youths who come for Orders,  
Take not an academic sipping,  
But for your life make Simpson Chaplain;  
He's tall and solemn, soft and sleek,  
Well read in Latin and in Greek,  
A proper man to tell the Clerum  
About Eusebius and St. Jerom,  
And wou'd as soon a friend embrace, as  
Give you a jot of Athanasius.  
Then as to what a Bishop steeces  
In Procurations, Fines, and Leases,  
And heaping up a world of pelf,  
You'll want no steward but yourself,  
For faith, your Lordship has great skill in  
The virtues of a splendid stilling,  
And knows as well as Child or Hoare,  
That two and two will make up four.

ODE TO ELEANOR.

MY harp on which I late essay'd  
To sing of troops in arms array'd,  
Recoiling with a quick rebound,  
Return'd a harsh, discordant sound.  
But when, O ELEANOR, thy charms  
Inspir'd my breast with soft alarms,

\* Baron Smyth.

† Chief Justice Willes and Sir Eardley Wilmot.

The chords, responsive to my care,  
 With gentlest murmurs fill'd the air.  
 What though tumultuous oceans roll,  
 To tear thee from my deating soul,  
 What though unheard I constant sigh,  
 While the tear trembles in my eye ;  
 Yet hope her consolation gives.  
 And calmly whispers, "E'er lives,  
 "Once more to snatch thee to her breast,  
 "And sweetly sooth thy cares to rest."

J. D.

## ODE TO LUCAS GEORGE.

**S**TERN Winter now resumes his reign,  
 The leaves descend the waving trees,  
 No more the flow'rs ret'gild the plain,  
 Or flings its fragrance to the breeze ;  
 Where'er you cast the wand'ring eye,  
 The changeful scene exacts a sigh.

But life has joys : the social fire  
 Can bid defiance to the blast ;  
 Now may'st thou swell the tuneful wire,  
 To some poor wretch by tempest cast,  
 Where the loud waves, with flaming pride,  
 His cries amid the rocks deride !

Now, too, with wine thy f'rrors sooth,  
 And laugh away revolving time ;  
 For wine the pensive brow could smooth,  
 Of bard, in ev'ry age and clime ;  
 Th'ambrosial bowl rejoic'd the God  
 That shook Olympus with his nod.

Say ! what does now thy theme engage ?  
 For whom do now thy numbers roll ?  
 Dost thou depict some hero's rage,  
 Or spread his fame from pole to pole ?  
 Whatever strain thy Muse employs,  
 Alike imparts the purest joys.

J. D.

## ODE TO A MEDICAL FRIEND.

**S**INCE on the ocean's boundless deep  
 Once more impell'd by fate you go,  
 The Muse the trembling wire would sweep,  
 And soft invoke each gale to blow.

Long has it been our lot to roam,  
 With hearts by friendship's cement bound,  
 (The world at large our only home)  
 O'er many a wide expanse of ground.

At PHILADELPHIA'S sad confine,  
 Where death stalk'd round with aspect wild,  
 We saw the widow vainly pine,  
 And heard the mother mourn her child :

While desolation mark'd the scene,  
 And groans of dying fill'd each gale,  
 Where dance no more rejoic'd the green,  
 Nor long re-echo'd from the dale.

May no such griefs again demand  
 The sigh of pity from thy breast,  
 But jocund pleasure's mirthful band,  
 Sooth ev'ry baleful care to rest.

Then festive let thy moments flow,  
 While round thee roars the briny flood,  
 May ev'ry breeze auspicious bow,  
 And nought provoke the wail'ry God.

J. D.

## PLAGUE AT PHILADELPHIA.

QUÆQUE IPSE MISERRIMA VIDI !

**H**ERE, pensive Muse, in pity drop the  
 tear

O'er the dead body, o'er th' untimely bier,  
 To parent, kindred, tune thy plaintive  
 strains,

That felt the pestilence consume their veins ;  
 Their loss deplore ! and raise the pensive  
 sigh

For those who mourn, with sorrow stream-  
 ing eye,

A father, child, a brother, or a friend,  
 That healing pity once themselves could lend.

If o'er this scene a retrospect we take,  
 How ev'ry object sorrow doth awake !  
 Here ! in the solemn stillness of the night,  
 The bleeding heart wept o'er the chilling  
 sight,

Of victims seiz'd with pestilential blast,  
 In painful anguish breathing out their last :  
 In each sad street was heard the dying moan,  
 And ev'ry gale came loaded with a groan !

Here widows, weeping o'er their husbands'  
 bier,

With looks distracted drop the briny tear ;  
 Or rend the air with pity moving strains,  
 That echo from the walls, the hills, the  
 neighbouring plains !

There tender mothers act a feeling part,  
 And mourn their children with a buriling  
 heart ;

While friends, as orphans in the streets are  
 found,

Who view their parents lifeless on the ground.

Sad was the scene ! dejected was the sight,  
 Of bodies carried by the moon's pale light,  
 Where the drear church-yard's isolated cave,  
 At ev'ry part display'd the nursing grave !

J. D.



## JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

FOURTH SESSION OF THE EIGHTEENTH PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[ Continued from Page 319. ]

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22.

THE various Bills before the House were forwarded in their respective stages. Amongst those was the Mutiny Bill, which went through a Committee of the whole House.

MONDAY, MARCH 24.

Several Bills were received from the Commons, each of which went through its respective stage.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25.

Some private and other Bills were received from the Commons.

The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Bill for liquidating the National Debt, the Mutiny and Starch prohibitory Bills, and to some private Bills.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

Received some private Bills from the Commons, which were forwarded in their respective stages.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

An officer from the Commissioners of Customs presented an account of the ships entered and cleared at the Port of Hull for the last seven years, which was ordered to be referred to the Committee on the Hull Port Bill.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28.

The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Bank Charter Bill. The Commissioners were Lord Leicester, the Lord Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2.

The Duke of Portland presented a Message from the King relative to the Legislative Union between the two kingdoms (for which see the Commons).

Lord Grenville then moved, that an Address be presented to his Majesty, thanking him for his gracious communication, and that the House should take his Majesty's Message into consideration on the 21st of April inst.—Agreed to *nem. dis.*

Lord Auckland rose, and, after expatiating upon the enormous increase of the vice of Adultery, and the perversion, as

well as abuse, of many Divorce Bills which had passed the Legislature of this country, moved for leave to bring in a Bill to prevent any person divorced for adultery from intermarrying with the guilty person.

His Lordship then moved that the Bill be printed, read a second time on Friday, and at a day after the recess proceeded on.

THURSDAY, APRIL 3.

Read a third time and agreed to the Land Tax Redemption Bill, with amendments, and the Corn Bounty Bill.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4.

The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Land Tax Corporation and Corn Bounty Bills, the Hull Pilot Bill, and several private Bills.

The Bill to prevent persons divorced for adultery from intermarrying with the person guilty of the adultery, was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

MONDAY, APRIL 21.

The Bishop of London presented a Bill for the better observance of that day before Easter, commonly called Good Friday. The Rev. Prelate observed, that though, generally speaking, the day in question was very properly observed, yet it was conceived proper to remove certain liabilities and circumstances of inconvenience which Bankers, &c. under the existing laws were subject to, with respect to the Negotiation of Bills of Exchange on that day, which object constituted one of the principal provisions of the present Bill.

The Bill was read a first time.

The Order of the Day for summoning their Lordships upon the consideration of his Majesty's Message relative to the Union with Ireland, being read,

Lord Grenville rose and moved, "That his Majesty's Message on the subject of a Legislative Union with Ireland, the papers and documents accompanying the same, and the Resolutions of the Parliament of Ireland on the same subject, be referred to a Committee of the whole House.

The question being put on this motion, it was ordered accordingly.

His Lordship then rose and moved, That the House do now resolve itself into the said Committee.

On the question for this proceeding being put,

Lord Holland opposed it, in which he was supported by Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Radnor, and Lord Derby, when a division ensued—For the question, 82; against it, 2. The House, therefore, went into a Committee, and Lord Walsingham having taken the Chair,

Lord Grenville, after a few prefatory observations, moved the three first Resolutions pursuant to his statement in the early part of the debate, and which are as follow :

Resolved, That for the purpose of establishing an Union upon the basis stated in the Resolutions of the two Houses of the Parliament of Great Britain, communicated by his Majesty's command in the Message sent to this House by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, it would be fit to propose, as the first Article of Union, that the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland shall, upon the 1st day of January, which shall be in the year of our Lord 1801, and for ever after, be united into one kingdom, by the name of "The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland;" and that the Royal Style and Titles appertaining to the Imperial Crown of the said United Kingdom and its dependencies, and also the Emblems Armorial, Flags, and Banners thereof, shall be such as his Majesty, by his Royal Proclamation under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, shall be pleased to appoint.

Resolved, That for the same purpose it would be fit to propose, as the second Article of Union, that the Succession to the Imperial Crown of the said United Kingdom, and of the dominions thereto belonging, shall continue limited and settled in the same manner as the Succession to the Imperial Crown of the said Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland now stands limited and settled, according to the existing Laws, and to the Terms of Union between England and Scotland.

Resolved, That for the same purpose it would be fit to propose, as the third Article of Union, that the said United Kingdom be represented in one and the same Parliament, to be styled "The Parliament

of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

The Resolutions were then read by the Chairman, and agreed to without observation or amendment by the Committee, who were ordered to sit again on Friday, and the Lords to be summoned for that day.

TUESDAY, APRIL 22.

The various Bills before the House were forwarded in their respective stages. Among these was the Good Friday Bill, which was read a second time.

Six private Bills were brought up from the Commons, and read a first time.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23.

On the motion of Lord Grenville, the Bill for granting to his Majesty a duty on Penions, Places, and Tobacco, was read a third time and passed, as were several private Bills, which were transmitted to the Commons.

THURSDAY, APRIL 24.

The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Land Tax Commissioners' Name Bill; the Bill to indemnify persons serving in certain Volunteer Corps, &c. omitting to take out Licences for wearing Hair Powder; and to fix Bills of a private and local description.

In consequence of the indisposition of the Secretary of State, the motion which the House had agreed to, to go into a Committee to-morrow on the Fourth Resolution of the Irish Parliament, was postponed.

FRIDAY, APRIL 25.

The Seventh Article of the Union was taken into consideration, on the motion of Lord Grenville, which in substance is to the following effect;

"That for the space of twenty years after the Union shall take place, the contributions of Great Britain and Ireland respectively, towards the common expenditure in each year, shall be defrayed in the proportion of fifteen parts for Great Britain and two for Ireland; and that at the end of the said twenty years, the future expenditure of the United Kingdoms, other than the interest and charges of the debt incurred before the Union, shall be defrayed in such proportions as the Imperial Parliaments shall deem just and reasonable, upon a comparison of the real value of the exports and imports of the respective countries."

After a long and desultory conversation, the Resolution was agreed to.



## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, MARCH 24.

**M**R. Buxton presented a Petition against the Bill for enclosing Wastes, &c. to extend the cultivation of Potatoes.—Ordered to lie on the Table.

An Account of the Funded Debt, as it stood on the 1st of January, 1800, was presented from the Exchequer.

An Account of the quantity and price of Copper now used in his Majesty's Navy was also presented.

Sir Charles Bunbury's Bill for the better relief of the Poor was read a third time and passed.

The Bill to enlarge the time for the Redemption of the Land Tax was ordered to be committed to morrow.

The Bill for granting a Bounty on the Importation of Wheat, Rice, &c. was ordered to be read a third time to-morrow.

The Volunteers Indemnity Bill was read a third time, and committed for to-morrow.

Lord Hawkesbury moved the Order of the Day, for the House to resolve itself into a Committee on the Copper Mines and Trade; and the House being in a Committee accordingly, his Lordship said his intention was merely on this occasion to submit certain Resolutions to the House for their mature consideration and opinion.

His Lordship then moved the following Resolutions, which were severally put and agreed to.

1st, That the exportation of Copper in bars, rods or ingots, plates, sheets, nails, or bolts, when the price should exceed a certain sum, be prohibited.

2d, That the importation of Copper unwrought or in bars, rods or ingots, when the price should exceed a certain sum, be permitted duty free.

3d, That when the standard price of Copper Ore at the Frikelings, in Cornwall, shall exceed 100l. per ton, foreign Copper, unwrought or in rods, bars or ingots, shall be imported duty free.

4th, That when the standard price of Ore at the Frikelings shall exceed 100l. as above, a duty of 5l. per ton be laid on all British Copper exported.

5th, That when the standard price as above shall exceed 105l. per ton, a duty of 10l. per ton be charged on exportation.

6th, That when the price as above

shall exceed 110l. per ton, the exportation to be prohibited.

7th, That the importation of Copper Ore from Ireland be permitted duty free.

On the recommitment of the Bill for cultivating Potatoes in Waste Lands, and the question being put that the Speaker do now leave the Chair,

Sir John Wrottesley opposed it, upon the principle that it would be impossible to carry it into effect, from the multiplicity of jarring interests, and the incompetency of magistrates to decide in cases submitted to their judgment, and moved, instead of the word "now," the words "this day six months" be inserted.

Mr. Wilberforce observed, that all he heard against the measure went merely to the specifications, not to the principle of the Bill, and that the objections urged stated that the measure was by no means unworthy the attention of the Legislature. He added, that he was one who had accounts from various quarters of the country, that it was useful and highly necessary to cultivate this article, which held a place so near the staff of life in the nourishment of the poor. And so strongly was he convinced of the propriety of promoting a more extensive cultivation thereof, that he was not very doubtful whether he would not submit a proposition on that subject to the House without delay.

The question on the amendment was then put and carried, and the Bill thus virtually lost.

TUESDAY, MARCH 25.

The Corn Importation Bill was read a third time, passed, and ordered to the Lords.

On the motion of Mr. Dundas, the House went into a Committee on the State of the Affairs of India, and the several accounts were referred to the Committee, Mr. Smith in the Chair.

Mr. Dundas then rose and entered into extensive and comprehensive statements relative to the Affairs of the East India Company; and, having given a detail, laborious and accurate, of the state of the financial affairs of the East India Company at home and abroad, proceeded to shew the flourishing and increasing prosperity of the Company to the present period; and instanced that

in the article of tea alone, their sales had increased progressively from 15 millions to 25 millions annually, within the last 8 years, increasing the revenue on that only from 324,730*l.* to 1,410,178*l.* annually.

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

The Bill for indemnifying Volunteers from the Hair-Powder Duty went through a Committee.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26.

The Hair-Powder Indemnity Bill was read a third time and passed.

On the Order of the Day being read to consider the Bill for improving the Highways,

Mr. Burdon, after a few observations, wherein he enlarged upon the necessity thereof, moved that the consideration thereof be referred to a Committee of the whole House on Friday.

Mr. Wilberforce said, that the failure of the Bill recently before the House, for the cultivation of Potatoes, rendered it necessary for him to say, that some other measure of a tendency similar, in a graduate nature, was required to avert the forebodings that must arise to the poorer part of the community by the discomfiture of that Bill. That which he intended to introduce would be of a partial nature, calculated to meet partial exigencies, since that of a more general tendency was rejected. His object was merely to alleviate, and if possible soften, some of the calamities. In many parts, Potatoes might be cultivated without any breach of right or private property, and several places in the kingdom furnished example. To cultivate these quarters was his wish, and in Yorkshire he had documents sufficient. Therefore, after some observations on the present high price of Potatoes, he gave notice of moving for leave to bring in a Bill to enable Overseers and other Parish Officers to appropriate certain Lands for the cultivation of Potatoes for the benefit of the Poor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27.

The Land Tax Regulation Bill went through a Committee, and was ordered to be read a third time when engrossed.

The Bills to regulate Mills and the Assize of Bread were brought in, severally read a first time, and ordered for a second reading to-morrow.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28.

The Bills for regulating Mills and

Assize of Bread were read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

The Bills for enlarging the term in certain cases of redeeming the Land Tax, and that of appointing Commissioners of the same, were read a third time, and ordered to the Lords.

Leave was given to bring in a Bill to increase the rate of subsistence of Soldiers billeted.

MONDAY, MARCH 31.

The Bill for increasing the rate of subsistence for Soldiers billeted, was read a first time.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Pitt moved a series of Resolutions, of which the following are the principal:

“Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Committee, that a sum not exceeding 2,506,250*l.* be granted to his Majesty for the purpose of paying off the Exchequer Bills raised upon the credit of the Act of last Session, relative to certain Duties on Income;

“That a sum not exceeding 1,079,740*l.* be granted to his Majesty to pay off the Exchequer Bills raised upon the credit of the Bill for Assessed Taxes, and the Export and Import Duty Bill;

“That a further sum of 3,500,000*l.* be granted to his Majesty, to pay off the Exchequer Bills issued in 1799, upon the credit of the aid to be granted next Session of Parliament.”

These and several other Resolutions were agreed to.

The Bill for preventing the Removal of the Casual Poor was read a second time.

Mr. Wilberforce then brought up his Bill for supplying the Poor more effectually with Potatoes: which, after a few words from Mr. Buxton in approbation thereof, was read a first time.

TUESDAY, APRIL 1.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland took the oaths and his seat.

A Message from the Lords informed the House that their Lordships had agreed to the Aberdeen Paving Bill, and several other private Bills.

A Writ was issued for the election of a citizen to serve in Parliament for the city of Lincoln, in the room of the Hon. George Rawdon, deceased.

Lord Hawkesbury moved, that the House do to-morrow resolve itself into a Committee to consider of the expediency of permitting the Importation from



from America of goods and commodities belonging to Foreign States in neutral bottoms.—Agreed to.

The House went into a Committee on the 30th of the King respecting the Salt Duties.

In which leave was given to bring in a Bill to amend so much of the said Bill as relates to the duty on Saltpetre.—The Report was ordered to be received to-morrow.

Mr. Rose moved, that the House do to-morrow resolve itself into a Committee on the 30th of the King, as far as it relates to Duties on Sugar, Coffee, &c. &c.—Ordered.

The Reports of the Committees of Supply and of Ways and Means were received, and the Resolutions agreed to.

The Bill for Widening and Improving the Entrance into the City by Temple Bar was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

Mr. Baker brought up a Bill for building a Workhouse in the Parish of St. John, Hampstead, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

The Order of the Day for the third reading of the Land Tax Commissioners Name Bill was, on the motion of Mr. Rose, deferred till Thursday next.

The Committee appointed to examine the Index, &c. for the year to the Journals of the House, reported that the same had been correctly compiled.

The Volunteers' Hair Powder Indemnity Bill was read a third time, and passed.

The Bill for increasing the Rates to be paid to Innkeepers upon Soldiers being quartered on them, was read a second time.

Mr. Baker having moved the Order of the Day for the House to resolve itself into a Committee upon the Casual Poor Bill,

Mr. Joliffe said he had several objections to the Bill, but he still wished it might go through a Committee, in order that he might see how far it could be amended.

The Master of the Rolls wished that the Bill, with the Amendments, might be printed, and undergo a full consideration upon the Report.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee on the Bill, in which several amendments were made to it; but on the last clause a division was called for, and there not being 40 Members present, the House was of course adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2.

Sir William Pulteney, after some previous remarks on the cruelty and barbarity of Bull-baiting, which, he observed, seemed daily to be gaining ground, moved for leave to bring in a Bill to prevent the practice of Bull-baiting.

Sir Richard Hill seconded the motion.

Mr. Baker wished the Bill to extend to other diversions equally cruel, and particularly to cock-fighting.

Sir John Wrottesley said, an Hon. Friend of his intended shortly to bring forward some propositions on that head.—Leave granted.

Mr. Pitt brought down the following Message from the King:

GEORGE R.

It is with the most sincere satisfaction that his Majesty finds himself enabled to communicate to this House, the joint Address of his Lords and Commons of Ireland, laying before his Majesty certain Resolutions which contain the terms proposed by them for an entire Union between the two Kingdoms.

His Majesty is persuaded that this House will participate in the pleasure with which his Majesty observed the conformity of sentiment manifested in the proceedings of his two Parliaments after long and careful deliberation on this most important subject; and he earnestly recommends to this House to take all such further steps as may best tend to the speedy and complete execution of a work so happily begun, and so interesting to the security and happiness of his Majesty's subjects, and to the general strength and prosperity of the British Empire. G. R.

Mr. Pitt moved, that it be taken into consideration on Thursday fortnight.—Agreed to.

He then moved an Address of Thanks to his Majesty for his most gracious communication, which being also agreed to, it was read, and was, as usual, an echo of the Message, signifying the intention of that House to consider the measure with all convenient speed.

THURSDAY, APRIL 3.

The Bill for prohibiting the practice of Bull-baiting was read a second time, and committed to a Committee of the whole House.

In the Committee Sir W. Pulteney moved, that a penalty should be inflicted upon all those concerned in Bull-baiting, not less than 20s. nor more than 5l. He thought it proper that considerable

derable discretionary power should be entrusted to the Magistrate, so that he might be lenient to those who erred through inattention, and severely punish all obdurate offenders.

The Resolution was agreed to, the House resumed, the Report received, and ordered to be taken into farther consideration on Friday fortnight.

Mr. Long brought up a Bill to enable the Lords of the Treasury to issue Exchequer Bills to a limited amount on such Aids and Supplies as have been, or shall be granted for the year 1800.—Read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland brought up the Report of the Committee, to whom was referred the consideration of the most effectual means to encourage the importation of Oats and Oatmeal. The Report was read and agreed to, and a Bill ordered.

The farther consideration of the Report of the Committee on the Bill for the better regulation of Mills was put off till the 21st of April.

The Bill for better regulating the Price and Allowance of Bread was ordered to be recommitted to a Committee.

The Lord Advocate of Scotland gave notice, that immediately after the Easter recess, he would move for leave to bring in a Bill for the more easy Recovery of Small Debts in North Britain.

Mr. W. Dundas said, that he would at the same time move for leave to bring in a Bill to indemnify such persons in the East Indies as had drawn Bills upon this country to greater amount than is allowed by Act of Parliament.

The Report of the Committee of Ways and Means was brought up, and Bills ordered.

Mr. Bragge moved for leave to bring in a Bill to permit the importation of Goods from America in neutral Vessels.—Leave granted.

Mr. Rose brought in a Bill to repeal so much of an Act passed last Session, as granted permission for the warehousing of East India Goods, and for altering the duties to be paid by the same.—Read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time to-morrow.

The Bill for appointing Commissioners to carry into execution an Act imposing a duty on Sugar, Malt, and Tobacco, was read a third time and passed.

On the Order being read, for the House to resolve itself into a Committee

on the Bill for preventing the Removal of the Casual Poor.

Mr. Baker moved, that the Speaker should leave the Chair. On a division, the numbers were, Ayes 23; Noes 30. It was therefore completely lost by a majority of seven.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4.

The House having been summoned to attend the Lords Commissioners in the House of Peers, the Speaker on his return informed them that the Royal Assent had been given by Commission to the Land Tax Redemption, the Corn Bounty, and several private Bills.

The Exchequer Bills Bill was read a second time.

Columbine's Divorce Bill was read a first, and ordered to be read a second time on Thursday se'nnight; as were also the Oat Importation Bill, the Militia Cloathing, the Bill for allowing the Importation of Foreign Goods from America in neutral bottoms, and several others.

The Coal and Fishery Committee had leave to sit, notwithstanding any adjournment of the House.

Mr. Joddrell, after some prefatory remarks, moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend and explain the Vagrant Act. The Bill was presented, read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Thursday se'nnight.

Mr. Jones gave notice, that at an early period after the adjournment, he should submit a Motion respecting a Parliamentary Reform.

Mr. Stanley moved, that the Petition of the Weavers of Lancashire, York, Chester, &c. be referred to a Committee to consider of, and report on the same, which was agreed to.

Mr. Johnes gave notice of making a motion relative to the War the first opportunity that should be afforded after the recess.

Mr. Pitt, after shortly expatiating on the abuses in the returns and consequent collection of the Income Act, obtained leave to bring in a Bill to remedy the same: it was intitled "A Bill to explain, amend, and render more effectual two Acts of the 38th and 39th of George III. for granting to his Majesty certain Duties upon Income;" which, being read a first time, he moved that it should be printed for the convenience of Members, and lie on the table till a day should be appointed for a second reading.—Ordered.

THURSDAY,



THURSDAY, APRIL 17.

Several petitions from Innholders concerning the Bill now pending for billeting Soldiers on their houses, were presented.

The Order of the Day being read, for taking into consideration his Majesty's Message on the subject of the Irish Union,

Mr. Rose said, that in consequence of the indisposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was under the necessity of postponing it till Monday next.

Mr. Rose then moved, that the Order of the Day for the second reading of the Income Bill, which stood for to-morrow, should be discharged, and that the same be postponed to Friday se'nnight, in order that opportunity might be afforded to consider several objections made thereto, and to adopt alterations or additions accordingly.

Mr. Tierney with some warmth rose, and desired to know through what quarter had those objections been started.—He knew of no quarter but that of the House of Commons, from which objections could legally or honestly be submitted. It abounded with many objections, not only the Bill then in question, but the whole measure; and for that reason he took the opportunity now of giving notice, that on Thursday next he would move the House for a repeal of it altogether.

Mr. Rose differed with the Hon. Gentleman, and was of opinion, that without any degradation of parliamentary dignity, objections might very fairly be made and heard, and alterations adopted accordingly, when grounds for such alterations were submitted.

Mr. Tierney contended that the Bill in its present shape was unprecedented, as instead of amending an old law, it was forming a new one, which, if that had been fairly stated, the House would not have had the disgrace of being duped into the adoption of an act which reflected reproach on them. This Bill took the tenth of every man's income, together with the addition of the assessed taxes, which were particularly exempted from that of last year. This therefore was a new tax, and consequently a trick played on the condescending temper of the House.

The Speaker observed, that if the Bill were as the last Hon. Member described, it certainly was invalidated by several standing orders of the House, and could not proceed a step further; therefore he submitted to Gentlemen the propriety of turning that circumstance in their minds in the interim between this and Friday

se'nnight, to which day he suggested the propriety of postponing further discussion.

The Solicitor General entered into a long discussion on the principle and propriety of the Bill, and the hasty manner in which Gentlemen were then prematurely reflecting on it. He spoke to the propriety of reading it a second time on Friday.

The Speaker then put the question, that the Bill be read a second time on Friday next, which Mr. Grey and Mr. Sheridan both opposed, and the House divided—for the motion, 85; against it, 20.—Majority for the second reading next Friday, 65.

The House then went into a Committee on the Exchequer Bills Bill.

FRIDAY, APRIL 18.

The Speaker rose in his place, and signified to the House, that having applied his best attention to the Bill for amending the Income Act, and having applied himself more especially to the subject which last night occupied the consideration of the House, he felt it his duty to state, that it is a Bill, which by the introduction of some clauses therein, that ought previously to have been voted in a Committee of the whole House, is vitiated, that it must be withdrawn. He then observed, that the form now to be pursued should be, if the House agreed with him on the propriety of withdrawing it, to signify the cause thereof, for the reasons before stated.

Mr. Long said, that in conformity with the advice and opinion of the Chair, he would move to have the Order for reading the Bill a second time on Friday next discharged; which being moved accordingly and agreed to, he then asked permission of the House to withdraw it, assigning on record the reasons stated from the Chair; and leave being given, it was withdrawn accordingly.

Mr. Long said, that in the absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer it was committed to him to state, that the Right Hon. Gentleman he had just mentioned intended on Friday next to move, that the House should resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to take into consideration the laws relating to the Duty on Income, for the purpose of framing, on the Report of the said Committee, such a Bill as may best meet the intent of rendering more effectual the said laws.

Mr. Tierney, in adverting to the notice of Mr. Pitt's intended motion on Friday

Friday next, and in consequence of the absence of several Gentlemen attending the Sessions through the country, said he should postpone the motion which he proposed for Thursday, until Thursday fortnight, which, after an observation from the Master of the Rolls, was put down for that day.

The Order of the Day for taking into consideration the Report of the Bill for preventing Bull-baiting, being read,

The Secretary at War opposed it, and moved, "That instead of now, the Report be taken into consideration this day six months," when the House divided—for the Bill, 41; against it, 43. It was therefore lost by a majority of 2.

MONDAY, APRIL 21.

Mr. Johnes postponed his motion relative to the War with France until Thursday fortnight.

The Order of the Day being read for considering the King's Message on the Union,

Mr. Pitt moved, that the resolutions of the Houses of Parliament of both kingdoms be referred to a Committee; and the House having resolved itself into a Committee,

Mr. Pitt rose and said, as the sentiments of this and the other House of Parliament already expressed their sense of the adoption of the measure on its general principle, it was now his duty to lay before the House, without further recapitulation, and within one comprehensive scope, the complete views of the Governments of both countries, which, in compliance with his Majesty's most gracious Message, had been considered as fit to submit to Parliament, and here consented to already.

The Right Hon. Gentleman then proceeded to state the several resolutions, which were similar to those moved by Lord Grenville in the House of Lords.

Mr. Grey rose and said, that without venturing into the tedious consideration of the detail of the subject then before the House, he had no hesitation at once in declaring that he abhorred even its principle, and should oppose it accordingly. He would assure the House that a Union was held in detestation by the almost unanimous opinion of the people of Ireland. The landed interest was against it, and the whole trading part of the community. Of the 300 Irish members, 120 were decidedly hostile to it; of the 162 that voted for it, he knew

that 116 were placemen or English Generals in command there, who had not a foot of land in the country. He should therefore move for suspending all further proceedings till the people of Ireland are satisfied.

Mr. Dundas entered into a very long argument in favour of the measure; asserting that Scotland was benefited by the Union, and using a variety of arguments to that effect.

Mr. Tierney, against the measure, and in support of Mr. Grey's motion, took a comprehensive view of the subject, and concluded with saying, that, considering it in whatever way he might, he deemed it equally disgraceful to Ireland, and detrimental to this country.

The House then divided on Mr. Grey's motion—for it, 30; against it, 236;—Majority, 206.

The further consideration of the Report was ordered for to-morrow.

TUESDAY, APRIL 22.

Mr. Pitt moved for the House to resolve itself into a Committee, further to consider the Union.

The House being in a Committee, he then said, that he would postpone till Thursday the consideration of those Articles that relate to the admission of the 100 Members into that House, and those relative to the Church and to Commerce, confining himself simply to the seventh Article, as it adverted to the contribution Ireland should hereafter pay, which he did by merely moving that Resolution of the Irish Parliament, which, after some debate, was agreed to, and the further discussion on the Union ordered for Thursday next.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23.

Sir Charles Bunbury moved, that the proper officers do lay before the House accounts of the number of persons confined for civil debts in the various prisons within the Bills of Mortality.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Buxton, and immediately granted, and the requisite orders issued forthwith accordingly. [This is understood to be preparatory to an Insolvent Act, in consequence of the very crowded state of the gaols of the metropolis with distressed debtors.]

The Bill for authorizing the issue of Exchequer Bills was read a third time, passed, and ordered to the Lords.

Adjourned.

FOREIGN



## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

[FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.]

DOWNING-STREET, APRIL 12.

**T**HE Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Fleet in the Mediterranean, having by his Proclamation, dated in Leghorn Roads on the twelfth of March last, declared the Cities of Marseilles, Toulon, and Nice, and the whole coast of the Rureva de Ponente, to be in a state of blockade; and the Commanders, as well of his Majesty's ships of war, as of the ships of war belonging to his Majesty's Allies, and serving under his Lordship's orders, having been directed to enforce the said blockade, by detaining and proceeding according to law against all such vessels as may be found attempting to infringe the same; notice is hereby given thereof, in order that all Masters and Owners of neutral vessels may govern themselves accordingly.

*Copy of a Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Bridport, K. B. Admiral of the White, &c. to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated in Torbay, the 7th inst.*

SIR—Herewith you will receive a copy of a letter from Captain Cooke, of his Majesty's ship Amethyst, stating the capture of the Mars French privateer, mounting 20 twelve-pounders, and two thirty-six pound carronades, which is transmitted for their Lordships' information.

I have the honour to be, &c.

BRIDPORT.

*Amethyst, at Sea, April 1.*

MY LORD,

I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that his Majesty's ship under my command captured last night the Mars French ship privateer, belonging to Bourdeaux, mounting 20 twelve-pounders and two thirty-six pound carronades, and manned with 180 men. She had been out on a cruise, had made several captures, and was returning into port. I feel peculiar pleasure in having made this capture, as she was esteemed one of the finest privateers fitted out of Bourdeaux.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN COOKE.

*Letter from Capt. Towry, of the Uranie, to the Right Hon. Lord Bridport.*

*Uranie, at Sea, March 25.*

MY LORD,

I beg leave to inform your Lordship of my having, in his Majesty's ship under my command, this morning captured Le Cerberre French schooner privateer, of six guns and 20 men, three days from Bayonne, and had taken nothing; she is coppered and sails fast.

I have the honour to be, &c.

G. H. TOWRY.

*Right Hon. Lord Bridport, K. B. &c.*

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Temple, of the Jaloufe, to Vice-Admiral Dickson.*

*Jaloufe, at Sea, April 5.*

SIR,

It gives me great pleasure to inform you, that I this morning captured a small French cutter privateer L'Inatendu, with 25 men, armed with two guns and small arms: she left Ostend on Wednesday last—has not taken any thing.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. TEMPLE.

*Vice Admiral Dickson.*

*Copy of a Letter from Captain Sotheron to Vice-Admiral Dickson.*

*His Majesty's Ship Latona, at Sea, April 6.*

MY LORD—I beg leave to acquaint you his Majesty's ship Latona, under my command, captured on the 5th inst. about 13 leagues to the eastward of Flamborough Head, La Virginie French lugger privateer, of 14 guns and 53 men, belonging to Dunkirk, commanded by Aubin Sevry; had been five days from Calais, and had not taken any thing.

I have the honour to be, &c.

F. SOTHERON.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, APRIL 19.

*Copy of a Letter from Capt. Middleton, Commander of his Majesty's Ship Flora, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated off Cape Finisterre, the 28th ult.*

SIR,

I Enclosed I send for their Lordships' information a copy of my Letter to  
Capt.

Capt. Cockburn, of La Minerve, relative to the capture of one of the enemy's privateers.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

R. G. MIDDLETON.

*His Majesty's Ship Flora, off Cape Sir, Finisterre, March 20.*

I have the pleasure to inform you, that after a chase of eight hours I this day, at a quarter past twelve at noon, captured a Spanish ship privateer, of sixteen guns (six of which she have overboard during the chase) and ninety men; proves to be the *Corunesa*, of and from Corunna fifteen days, commanded by Robert Tortau; has captured during his cruise the brig named at the bottom hereof.

I am, Sir, &c.

R. G. MIDDLETON.

*George Cockburn, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's Ship Minerve.*

William Brig, of Jersey, loaded with salt.

A Swedish Brig loaded with talk, fish, and butter.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, APRIL 22.

*Extract of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Pasley, Bart. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels at Plymouth, to Ewan Nepean, Esq. dated the 20th inst.*

Enclosed is a letter from the Commander of the Spitfire, stating his having captured the French privateer brig therein mentioned.

*Spitfire, Plymouth Sound, April 20.*

SIR—I have the honour to acquaint you, that at four A. M. on the 17th inst. the Bolt-Head bearing N. distant nine leagues, chase was given to a brig to the Eastward, in which at seven, a Guernsey brig privateer joined, and at nine (for an hour) his Majesty's ship *Diamond*, the former being left hull down astern, at eleven gave over the pursuit, and both were out of sight at noon, when the *Telegraph* from under Alderney crossed on her, and having exchanged a broadside with her, dropped astern and joined us; but the *Spitfire* having distanced her also, at two P. M. *Cape Levy* bearing S. S. W. distant four leagues, brought to the chase, which proved to be *L'Heureuse Societe* of Pleinpont, carrying 14 guns and 64 men, a new vessel, out three days, but had not made any capture.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

M. SEYMOUR.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, APRIL 26.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. James Le Bair, Commander of the Maxflower private Ship of War, to Ewan Nepean, Esq. dated at Guernsey the 17th Inst.*

SIR,

I have the honour to acquaint you, for their Lordships' information, that on the 8th inst. *Cape Penas*, at ten A. M. bearing S. W. distance about five leagues, saw a schooner on our lee beam standing to the Northward; at noon perceived said schooner to tack and standing for us; shortly after which she tacked again and stood off, we continuing to chase her; at five P. M. came within a league of her, and shewed her our colours, which she answered by hoisting the National Flag; at eight it fell calm, in consequence of which we got out sweeps and stood for her till midnight: on the 9th at two A. M. lost sight of her; at five discovered her about four miles ahead, the weather continuing to be calm; at nine a breeze sprung up, when we set sail after her; at three P. M. came within gun-shot of her, she always attempting to get off; at half past three she took in sail and hove to; at four came a-breast of her within musket-shot, when we attacked and continued to engage her for the space of five hours, without altering our position; when she struck, and proved to be *Le Troisième Ferrailleur* privateer, belonging to Bourdeaux, commanded by Francois Lugeol, mounting two 12 pound carronades and twelve long 4-pounders, six of which are brass, and manned with 68 men, three of whom were killed and five wounded during the action. Our loss consisted in one man killed and four wounded.

This schooner is about 190 tons measurement, quite new and coppered, had been 40 days from Bourdeaux, during which time she had captured the American schooner *Active*, Jonathan Holbrook, Master, bound from Liverpool to Boston, and a brig from Teignmouth to Newfoundland, which she burnt. Besides this I captured several vessels during my cruise, a list of which I have the honour to subjoin, and remain, Sir, &c.

JAMES LE BAIR.

The *St. Incarnacao* Portuguese brig, bound from St. Ubes to Cork, recaptured.

The *St. Francisco de Assis* Spanish ship letter of marque, in ballast, mounting 6 six-pounders, and 24 men.

The



The Republican schooner Neptune, mounting 4 four-pounders and 27 men, bound from Guadaloupe to the first French port, having General Des Fourneaux and his suite on board.

The French Latine-rigged privateer, called The Tarn, mounting two long nine and four 4 pounders (all brass), and 55 men.

—  
DOWNING-STREET, APRIL 28.

A Dispatch of which the following is an Extract, has been received from the Right Hon. Lord Minto, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Vienna, by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

MY LORD, *Vienna, April 17.*

I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Lordship that the campaign has opened in Italy by an important success on the side of the Austrians. On the 6th inst. Gen. Melas attacked the several posts occupied by the French to the northward and westward of Savona and Vado, and drove them from the positions of Torre la de Buona, Monte Notte, and several others. Some of these posts were strongly entrenched, and one of them defended by three thousand men; but they were carried by the courage and conduct of the Austrian troops, who appear to have acquired much honour on this day.

The enemy retired with precipitation on Vado and Savona, leaving their cannon and about three hundred prisoners, among whom is a Chief de Brigade and several Officers of distinction. In the night between the 6th and 7th the troops evacuated Vado, having destroyed the stores and spiked the cannon, and retired by sea towards Nice. Their number is supposed to have been between seven and eight hundred.

The Austrians took possession of the Fort of Vado in the morning, and found seventeen pieces of heavy artillery.—General Melas immediately invested Savona.

—  
ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, APRIL 29.

*Copy of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Dickson, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in Yarmouth Roads, to Ewan Nepean, Esq. dated the 27th April.*

SIR,

Be pleased to acquaint my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that

his Majesty's Hired Armed Llugger Lark, commanded by Lieutenant Wilson, arrived yesterday in these Roads, and brought with him the Impregnable French cutter privateer of 14 guns, which he boarded and took after an hour's action: while the cutter was on shore, she was supported by the fire of about 100 of the enemy's troops from behind sand banks.

I enclose, for their Lordships' information, Lieut. Wilson's Letter to me on the subject. The activity and zeal of this Officer has destroyed one of the greatest pests that infested this coast; the Impregnable had been particularly successful during her former cruizes.

ARCHIBALD DICKSON.

*His Majesty's Hired Armed Llugger Lark, Yarmouth Roads, April 26.*

SIR—I have the honour to acquaint you, that I anchored in these Roads this day with his Majesty's Armed Llugger Lark under my command, with a French cutter privateer, her prize.

In pursuance to your order, I sailed on the 19th inst. and took my station off the Vlie Passage on the 21st, at half past six, A. M. At the entrance of that passage I discovered a French cutter privateer in shore of me, which I chased and came up with, and who, after exchanging a few shot, ran on shore. I am sorry to add I was not able to get near enough to him, as totally to destroy him: a neutral vessel that came out of the Vlie Passage on the 23d inst. informed me she mounted ten guns, and had 36 men on board; and that he had, after getting off, proceeded to the Texel Road by the inner navigation.

On the 25th, at two P. M. I chased and came up with a French cutter privateer, who, after engaging me a little while, ran on shore on the Vlie Island, where he defended himself pretty well for an hour, when I perceived his men were escaping to the shore under the cover and protection of troops, to the amount of about an hundred. I immediately hoisted out my small boat, and directed my larger one to follow, and, under the fire of the musketry from the troops on shore, boarded her, but not until the crew had escaped. In our endeavours to get the cutter off we were considerably annoyed by the fire from the troops; but having detached the large boat further in shore, I succeeded in dislodging them from the sand bank,

bank, behind which they had taken shelter, and I was fortunate enough to get the privateer off. She is called the Impregnable, mounts 14 guns, 12 of which are three-pounders, and two are nine-pounders. She had on board during the engagement about 60 men, as appears by her log; and it also appears she had been particularly successful during her former cruizes. The Lark has suffered in her hull and rigging, but fortunately had no men killed or wounded. The enemy, we have reason to suppose, from the state of the vessel, suffered considerably; and several men were killed on the beach. I cannot speak too highly of Mr. Thomas Gettins, the Master, as also the good conduct and bravery of the crew of the Lark.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. H. WILSON.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MAY 3.

*Copy of a Letter from Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels at Jamaica, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated in Port Royal Harbour, the 20th February.*

SIR,

I have the honour to transmit you herewith an account of armed vessels and merchant ships, captured and destroyed since my last return, by his Majesty's Squadron under my command, which I desire you will be pleased to communicate to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

I am, Sir, &c.

H. PARKER.

[To this Letter is added the List of these vessels, consisting of twenty three armed vessels, including the Hermione frigate, and one hundred and thirty-five merchant and other vessels.]

*Copy of a Letter from Vice Admiral Lord Keith, K. B. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships in the Mediterranean, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated Leghorn, 24th March.*

SIR—I inclose, for the information of their Lordships, a Copy of a Letter from Capt. Halsted, of his Majesty's ship the Phoenix, acquainting me with the capture of a French privateer, and have the honour to be, &c.

KEITH.

*His Majesty's Ship Phoenix, off Cape Spartel, Feb. 12.*

MY LORD—I beg leave to acquaint your Lordship, that his Majesty's ship under my command, (in company with the Incendiary,) captured on the 11th inst. off Cape Spartel, a French privateer brig named L'Eole, of ten guns, and eighty-nine men; she had been eight days from Guehon, in Spain, and had not taken any thing.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L. W. HALSTED.

*Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. &c.*

*Extract of a Letter from John Thomas Duckworth, Esq. Rear Admiral of the White, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated on board his Majesty's Ship Leviathan, at Gibraltar, the 11th ultimo.*

On the 5th inst. in the afternoon, I discovered twelve sail from the mast head, but at the close of the day could ascertain no more than that three or four were men of war; I therefore attempted to anticipate their manœuvres, that I might fall in with them the next morning, and at three o'clock we crossed on one, which the Emerald boarded; from her I learnt that she had sailed on the 3d inst. with thirteen sail under convoy of three frigates. At day break we could only see a brig, which was so nigh, and the weather inclined to be calm, that I sent the boats of the Leviathan and Emerald under my Second Lieutenant, Gregory, to capture her, and after a smart skirmish of forty minutes they succeeded; she mounted fourteen guns, with forty-six men, and bound to Lima; by this time we saw three sail, East, West, and South, in consequence the Swiftsure being much to leeward, I made her signal to chase to South, the Emerald East, and stood Westward in the Leviathan, with a very light air, when, at noon, the Emerald made the signal for six sail in the North East; this induced me to stand directly to the Eastward, and at the close of the day we saw nine sail from the mast head, it was then nearly calm, and continued so till eleven o'clock P.M. when a fresh breeze sprung up from the South West, and I steered North in hopes of crossing them; at midnight we observed three sail, and as we approached them fast, at two o'clock I plainly saw two of them were frigates, standing to the N. N. W. and close together, I therefore kept on a parallel

with



with them, and proportioned my sail to theirs, that I might commence the attack just before day-break; because I feared the vessels under their convoy, (which I judged must be near) would, on our commencing a fire, separate, and we might lose them all; at this time the Emerald being near, I hailed and acquainted Capt. Waller with my intentions. At dawn of day I bore down upon the two frigates, which evidently had taken us for part of their convoy, and upon hailing one of them, she directly endeavoured to make all possible sail, as did the other close upon her bow, on which I directed a volley of musquetry to be fired, concluding they would strike; but this not having the desired effect, I gave a yaw, and discharged all the guns before the gangway at her yards and masts, but it was not successful in bringing any of them down; at this time Capt. Waller very judiciously shot up to the leeward one, and in a few minutes we so disabled their sails and rigging, that on my being in a position to have fired a broadside into them both, they struck their colours: during this the Spaniards kept up a straggling fire, and I should not do justice to their Captains were I to omit saying that from the moment they discovered us to be enemies, they used the greatest exertions to get off, and displayed a gallantry in commencing an action with such a superior force, as might be truly termed temerity, for I evidently could have destroyed them. You will find by their return of killed and wounded they sacrificed many lives. It was near half past five when they struck, and I directly made the Emerald's signal to chase the third sail, which appeared to be the other frigate; but soon after discovering seven more, and it being doubtful whether the Emerald (whose copper is very bad) would come up with the frigate, I made her signal to attack the convoy, which Capt. Waller in a very officer-like manner executed, and before night had possession of four of the largest. As soon as I had secured the frigates, and put them in a state to make sail, which took near two hours, I gave chase to the other frigate, but after four hours the wind dying away, and not appearing to gain on her so as to expect success, I hauled towards the Emerald, and in the afternoon took a brig; it then becoming quite calm, and continuing so till after dark, I saw no more of the enemy;

and the next day joining the Emerald, I made for this port with the prizes, and arrived safe with them all the 10th in the morning, when I found the Incendiary had arrived the previous day with two of the stragglers that she had fortunately picked up in looking for me. In this transaction I trust their Lordships will believe, that nothing in my power was left undone to secure the whole of a convoy so important to the Spaniards. The two captured frigates which were bound to Lima with quick-silver, are completely stowed for such a voyage, and recently coppered. On board of the Carmen the Archbishop of Buenos Ayres was a passenger. I herewith send you a list of the prizes, with their force and destination.

*Return of two Spanish Frigates captured by the Lewialban and Emerald on the 7th April, 1800.*

Carmen, Don Fraquin Porcel, Commander, (commanding the Expedition), of 36 guns, 340 men, and 950 tons, from Cadiz bound to Lima, laden with 1,500 quintals of quick-silver, fundries of cards, and four twenty-four pound guns; stowed for foreign service, and victualled for four months: newly coppered; weight of metal twelve-pounders; passengers on board, El Senor Yllustrissimo Don Pedro Yncencio Bejarano, Archbishop of Buenos Ayres.

Florentia, Don Manuel Norates, Commander, of 36 guns, 314 men, and 950 tons, from Cadiz, bound to Lima, laden with 1,500 quintals of quick-silver, fundries of cards, with five twenty-four pound guns; newly coppered and copper-fastened; passenger, Don Josef Balcafino, Official Real.

*Return of Killed and Wounded on board the two Spanish Frigates.*

Carmen, 1 Officer and 10 men, killed; 16 men wounded.

Florentia, 1 Officer and 11 men, killed; 1st and 2d Captain, with 10 men, wounded.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

[Here follows a list, containing the particulars of the 11 merchantmen taken, one of which mounted 14 guns and six swivels, and carried 46 men; another had four guns, and 35 men; a third had eight guns, and 70 men; another, 14 guns, and 70 men; and one had 32 guns, and 182 men—all of which safely arrived at Gibraltar.]

DOWNING-STREET, MAY 6.

The following intelligence, which had been received at Vienna, has been transmitted from Lord Minto to Lord Grenville, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in a letter dated April 20.

Accounts have been received from Gen. Melas, dated the 10th inst. It had been the General's intention to move forward against Varagio on the 9th, but having learnt that the enemy having received a reinforcement of 3000 men, intended to make a vigorous defence in this advantageous position, Gen. Melas halted in consequence, and deferred the attack until the following day; the battle was bloody, a great number of men being killed on both sides; at length the perseverance of his Imperial Majesty's troops was successful; several Officers and about 200 men were made prisoners; among the former were some belonging to the suite of General Massena, who had hastened in person to the scene of action, in the hope that his presence would inspire his troops with additional courage; he led them repeatedly to the charge: the enemy flying in disorder was pursued as far as Invrea. That part of them which took the road leading along the sea coast suffered considerably by the fire of the Squadron of his Britannic Majesty. On another side M. Le Comte de Hohenzollern attacked and carried the Bochetta on the 9th, making 200 prisoners, with six pieces of cannon.

In the 9th between the 7th and 8th, General Kaim surprized the enemy's posts at Mount Cenis, taking 200 prisoners and 16 pieces of cannon, and established himself in that position.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MAY 9.

*Copy of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated in Leghorn Roads, the 1st of April.*

SIR,

I have the honour to enclose to you, for the information of their Lordships, a List of Merchant Vessels captured by the ships of the Squadron under my command.

I have the honour to be, &c.

KEITH.

[Then follows the List of Vessels, consisting of a Spanish brig, of 14 guns and 44 men; and 22 other Spanish,

French, and Genoese vessels captured, besides one destroyed; together with five English, and six vessels of our Allies, re-captured.]

*Copy of another Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. Vice-Admiral of the Red, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated on board the Audacious, Leghorn Roads, the 3d of April.*

SIR—I enclose a copy of a letter from Capt. Cockburne, of his Majesty's ship La Minerve, reporting the capture of the Furet French privateer, and the recapture of an English vessel her prize.

I have the honour to be, &c.

KEITH.

*La Minerve, at Sea, March 2.*

MY LORD,

I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that his Majesty's ship under my command captured this morning Le Furet French brig privateer, of 14 guns and 80 men, belonging to Nantes, out 17 days, has only taken the Alert, of North Yarmouth, which we have retaken.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE COCKBURNE.

*The Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. &c.*

*Copy of another Letter from Vice-Admiral Lord Keith, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated in Leghorn Roads, 3d of April.*

SIR—I request that you will lay before their Lordships the enclosed letters from Capt. Austen, of his Majesty's sloop the Petterell, to Captain Oliver, of his Majesty's ship Mermaid, and from Capt. Oliver to me, reporting the capture of one French vessel of war, and the driving on shore of two others.

I have the honour to be, &c.

KEITH.

*Mermaid, Mahon, 25th March.*

MY LORD,

I have the honour to enclose your Lordship a letter from Capt. Austen of the Petterell, who, in company with his Majesty's ship under my command, on the evening of the 21st instant, captured La Ligurienne, French brig of war, of 14 six-pounders, and two thirty-six pounder howitzers, and drove away the Cerf ship corvette of the same force, as well as the Joliet xebecque, of six six-pounders, and 30 men, in the



North-east part of the bay of Marseilles, and not more than six miles from that town, after a well contested action of more than an hour and a half, within point-blank shot of two batteries, and at one time the Petterell's stern touched the rocks, where she stopped for a few minutes. It is impossible for me to express in terms strong enough, the gallant conduct of Captain Austen, his Officers and ship's company on this occasion, in a contest against so superior a force; for, having desired Capt. Austen the evening before to keep close in shore by way of deception, (and by which means the two vessels laden with corn, mentioned in Captain Austen's letter, were taken in the morning) the Mermaid was so far to leeward as to be able to afford but little assistance, until the brig was completely beaten.

I think La Ligurienne will be found well adapted for his Majesty's service.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. D. OLIVER.

*Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. &c.*

*Petterell at Sea, March 22.*

SIR,

I have to inform you, that the vessels with which you saw me engaged yesterday afternoon, near Cape Couronne, were a ship, brig, and xebecque, belonging to the French Republic; two of which, the ship and xebecque, I drove on shore, and after a running action of about one hour and a half, during which we were not more than a cable's length from the shore, and frequently not half that distance, the third struck her colours. On taking possession found her to be La Ligurienne, French brig of war, mounting 14 six-pounders, two thirty-six pounder howitzers, all brass, commanded by Citizen Francis Auguste Pelabon, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, and had on board at the commencement of the action 104 men. Though from the spirited conduct and alacrity of Lieutenant Packer, Mr. Thompson, the Master, and Mr. Hill, the Purser, (who very handsomely volunteered his services on the main-deck) joined to the gallantry and determined courage of the rest of the Officers, Seamen, and Marines of his Majesty's sloop under my command, I was happily enabled to

bring the contest to a favourable issue; yet I could not but feel the want, and regret the absence of my First Lieutenant Mr. Glover, the Gunner, and 30 men, who were at the time away in prizes. I have a lively pleasure in adding, that this service has been performed without a man hurt on our part, and with no other damage to the ship than four of our carronades dismounted, and a few shots through the sails.

La Ligurienne is a very fine vessel of the kind, well equipped with stores of all sorts, in excellent repair, and not two years old: is built on a peculiar plan, being fastened throughout with screw bolts, so as to be taken to pieces and set up again with ease, and is said to have been intended to follow Bonaparte to Egypt. I learn from the prisoners, that the ship is called Le Cerf, mounting 14 six-pounders, and the xebecque Le Joliet, mounting six six-pounders, that they had sailed in company with a convoy, (two of which, as per margin, \* I captured in the forenoon) that morning from Cote for Marseilles. I enclose a list of the killed and wounded, as far as I have been able to ascertain it. And am, &c.

F. W. AUSTEN.

*R. D. Oliver, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's Ship Mermaid.*

*Return of Killed and Wounded in an action between his Britannic Majesty's Sloop Petterell, Francis William Austen, Esq. Commander, and the French National Brig La Ligurienne, commanded by Citizen Francis Auguste Pelabon, Lieut. de Vaisseau.*

Petterell—None killed or wounded.  
La Ligurienne—The Captain and 1 Seaman killed; 1 Garde Marine and 1 Seaman wounded.

*Copy of a Letter from Vice Admiral Dickson, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the North Sea, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated the 7th May.*

SIR—Be pleased to acquaint my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's hired armed lugger, Lady Ann, commanded by Lieutenant Wright, arrived yesterday from off

\* French bark (name unknown), laden with wheat, about 350 tons: abandoned by the crew.

A French Bombarde (name unknown), laden with wheat, about 150 tons: left by the crew.

Flushing, and brought in with her *Les Huit Freres*, French privateer, mounting fourteen guns, which she captured on the 4th inst.

I enclose for their Lordships' information, Lieut. Wright's letter to me on the subject, and I beg leave to recommend his zeal to their Lordships' notice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ARCHIBALD DICKSON.

*His Majesty's Hired Armed Luggier, Lady Ann, Yarmouth Roads, May 6,*

SIR—I have the honour to acquaint you, that in pursuance of the orders I received from A. Dickson, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship *Veteran*, I proceeded off Flushing, and explored that anchorage in the luggier under my command, and having done so, and seeing nothing in the road, on returning to join the Squadron yesterday off Goree, I fell in with *Les Huit Freres*, French luggier privateer, mounting 14 long carriage guns, (nine of which he have over-board,) when after a close action of one hour and thirty-five minutes, she struck close to the batteries along shore, West Capel S. S. W. two miles. I attribute the long continuance of the action to the unfitness of the guns of the luggier; however, during that period, I was very ably seconded by the professional skill of Mr. David Banks, Master, and by the bravery of the crew of the *Lady Ann*. It gave me very great pleasure in making this capture, and particularly as it was the means of liberating from captivity, fifteen subjects of his Majesty, who had been captured by that vessel. Upon taking possession of *Les Huit Freres*, I found her so much shattered, that I was obliged to see her into port, and to get rid of so many prisoners, as well as to repair our own damages.

I am, Sir, &c.

J. WRIGHT.

*To Archibald Dickson, Vice Admiral of the Red.*

*Copy of a Letter from Capt. Wolley, of his Majesty's Ship Arethusa, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated at Sea, April 30.*

SIR—I have to acquaint you, for their Lordships' information, that on the 1st of this month, having been driven from off the Bar of Oporto by bad weather, we fell in with and captured the French cutter privateer *Gen. Berna-*

*dotte*, of 14 guns and 57 men, belonging to Bourdeaux, but from Vigo.

I am, Sir, &c.

T. WOLLEY.

*Copy of a Letter from Vice Admiral Lord Keith, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, dated on board the Minotaur, off Genoa, April 18.*

I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, for the information of their Lordships, that the *Guillaume Tell* having attempted to escape from Malta, on the evening of the 29th ult. was intercepted and captured the following morning by his Majesty's ships *Lion*, *Foudroyant*, and *Penelope*; but as I have not yet received Capt. Dixon's account of the particulars of the action, or of the loss which has been sustained, I must take another opportunity of communicating them. I understand, however, that the enemy was completely dismasted before she struck, and that the *Lion* and *Foudroyant* have had killed and wounded about forty men each.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, MAY 10.

Letters received this morning from Lord Keith, dated the 21st of April, mention several important advantages gained by the Austrians in the vicinity of Genoa, under the walls of which place the French have been obliged to concentrate their force. In many attacks the fire of the English ships was employed with considerable effect.

The Messenger reports that he saw an English ship towing a captured Dutch ship of the line (with a frigate or sloop) into Yarmouth Roads.

DOWNING-STREET, MAY 10.

A Dispatch, of which the following is an Extract, has been received this morning from the Hon. William Wyndham, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence, by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

FLORENCE, APRIL 24.

The latest news arrived this morning from the vicinity of Genoa states, that Massena having been beat a second time at Voltri, on the 18th inst. was obliged to take refuge, with the remains of his army, within the walls of Genoa; and that all the strong posts and forts with-

out



out the city were in the hands of the Combined Powers, under the command of General Melas, and Admiral Lord Keith.

[FROM THE OTHER PAPERS.]  
BATTLE OF VOLTRI.

VIENNA, APRIL 30.

THIS day's Court Gazette, in a supplement, contains the following accounts of the further operations of our Army in Italy.

“ By Captain Count Scherfenberg, who arrived here last night, General Melas has sent further accounts of the successful military operations in the Riviera. In a report previously received from that General, dated Head quarters, Voltri, April 19, he had already stated, that after the operations mentioned in his last, the enemy who had fled to the Armetta the regiment Stuart having entirely cut off their communication with Voltri, and finding it equally impossible to encounter the three brigades which had arrived under Count Bellegarde on the first-mentioned mountain) had withdrawn from both these heights, from the former by way of Logaretto, to Deserto, and from the latter alle Cabane di Voltri, while General Melas, with the column under General Count Nicholas Palffy, ascended Monte Fajale on the 17th, ordering General Count Bellegarde to the heights of the Armetta against Deserto, General Count St. Julien to the position alle Moglie, and General Lattermann to remain on the heights of Arbizola.

“ On the 18th, in the morning, Field-Marshal Lieutenant Ott, with six battalions of his division, had arrived at Monte Fajale, and Lieutenant-Colonel Richter, with three battalions of infantry, and a company of the light battalion of Mungazy, had re-established the communication with the regiment Stuart, on Monte Fajale.

“ General Melas gave orders for attacking in three columns, the enemy, who had assembled near Cabano di Voltri, while General Bellegarde descended from the Armetto towards Deserto and Arenzano, and effected a junction with General Lattermann.

“ The three columns directed against Cabane (of which that of Monte Fajale was led by General Melas, along one of the steepest mountain roads, against Voltri) succeeded entirely to our wishes; the enemy were not only driven from all their positions, by the wonted bravery of the

Austrian troops, but forced to flee to Genoa in confusion, and to leave the very advantageous position from Monte Fajale along Deote to St. Nicola, as well as the village of Voltri. Thus, General Melas says, are all the troops under General Massena blockaded the closer in the city of Genoa, as Field-Marshal Count Hohenzollern had likewise pushed his advanced posts as far as St. Pietro d'Arena.

“ Major-General Gottesheim was stationed on Mount Facio, his advanced posts extending to Bisagno: F. M. Lieut. Elsnitz also remained quietly in his position on St. Giacomo; and Captain Le Brux, with a division of Terzy, defended the castle on that mountain, against the repeated attacks of the enemy, with great skill and perseverance.

“ Farther accounts brought by the above courier, dated Sestri di Ponente, April 21 and 22, state that that position had likewise been evacuated by the enemy after the battle of Voltri, and that they also had fled to Genoa.

“ The General of Cavalry has since arranged the position of the army around Genoa in such a manner, that General Gottesheim, as before-mentioned, occupies Monte Fascio; F. M. Lieutenant Hohenzollern, Mount Durazzo; F. M. Lieutenant Ott, the ridge of mountains of Macdonna della Guardia; and the three brigades of Slicher, Wiber, and Bussy, the heights close to the sea-coast, in front of Sestri. The advanced posts on one side extend to Cornigliano, and on the other to the Bisango.

“ The General of Cavalry ordered the brigade of General Count St. Julien to reinforce the corps blockading Savona: and the two brigades Brentams and Bellegarde to reinforce F. M. Lieut. Elsnitz, on Monte St. Giacomo. But before the latter reinforcements could arrive the enemy attacked F. M. Lieut. Elsnitz, on the 19th, with 7000 men in three columns. The fury and despair of the enemy, who by this attempt hazarded every thing to give vent, if possible to their comrades hemmed in at Genoa, was beyond description, according to the F. M. Lieutenant's report: but the glorious perseverance, so frequently evinced by our troops, bade defiance to all the enemy's exertions, the position was maintained, the enemy defeated, and pursued beyond la Costa; many prisoners were made on this occasion, whose number could not be stated positively when the accounts were sent off.

“ By the reinforcements which have since joined the F. M. Lieutenant, he will be enabled still better vigorously to oppose all further attempts which the enemy might make.

“ The circumstantial details of the decisive battle of Voltri, and the enemy’s loss as well as our own (the latter, according to General Melas’s statement, is not very considerable) the trophies, artillery, and prisoners taken from the enemy, and the names of such as have particularly distinguished themselves, will soon be published.”

Authentic private accounts state, that the number of killed in the battle of Voltri, on both sides, amounted to 11,000 men. For some time neither party would give way to the other, but at length the victorious Austrians maintained the field, and entirely defeated the enemy. The Austrians meeting with entrenchments in every direction, lost a great number of brave men: the regiment Deutschmeister was partly killed, partly made prisoners; of the regiments Spleny, Joseph Colloredo, and Terzy, one half remained on the field killed or wounded.

(From another letter same date.)

Private accounts from Italy state, that Massena is determined to defend himself

to the last, in the city of Genoa, still expecting relief on account of the great importance of that place to France. He has thrown himself into the citadel with the flower of his army, threatening the destruction of the city, if the inhabitants should give the least encouragement to the Austrians. It is said that General Melas, on being informed of his menaces, had sent an officer to Massena, to ask him whether he was seriously inclined to carry those threats into execution. He ordered that officer to inform him, that in a public proclamation he has assured the Genoese of the protection of his Sovereign, which they should enjoy under any circumstances. He solemnly declared to Massena, that he and his staff should be answerable for every calamity that the defenceless Genoese should suffer from the French troops.

Previous to the battle of Voltri, General Massena strained every nerve to effect a junction with the troops under General Suchet, near Finale and Nice, but in vain. General Ott is at the gates of Genoa, in which city the French have deposited great treasures.

On the 13th, all strangers had been sent away from Genoa, and even the Austrian prisoners set at liberty, on account of the scarcity of provisions prevailing there.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

APRIL 24.

**S**ARAH Lloyd, convicted at the last Bury assizes, of robbing her mistress, Mrs. Syer, of Hadleigh, the respite of fourteen days having expired, was executed. At the place of execution, Capel Lofft, Esq. ascended the cart, and spoke to the multitude for about fifteen minutes in a very impressive strain; in which he justified the sheriff for granting the suspension; commended the petitioners for interceding in her behalf; and considered the unfortunate culprit as only the instrument made use of by a designing villain to perpetrate the crime for which she suffered. He said, he rejoiced in the belief, that she had that time for repentance given her which was a happy prelude to future bliss; after which he recommended her as an example to all around him. He received great attention during his address, at the conclusion of which the unfortunate young woman was launched into eternity.

MAY 11. This night, about nine o’clock, — Meadows, Esq. of Kippis

Hall, near Pontefract, suddenly called Mrs. Meadows’s maid into the drawing-room, and threatened to stab her with his sword. By the earnest entreaty of his lady, however, he was diverted from the purpose, and the servant was permitted to leave the room. But she had scarcely withdrawn, when he attacked Mrs. Meadows with the most savage ferocity, gave her three stabs in the body, and cut her throat in so dreadful a manner as nearly to sever her head from her body. The servants were first alarmed by one of their children, who ran down stairs exclaiming that her pappa had killed her mamma. As the murderer was armed with two or three brace of pistols, besides his sword, they were obliged to send for a party of the Pontefract Volunteers, who immediately secured him, and carried him off to York Castle. His lady was a dutiful wife and tender mother: and the conduct of Mr. Meadows can be attributed only to insanity.

15. A circumstance occurred this morning in Hyde Park, which caused  
a con-



a considerable sensation through the town, in the course of the forenoon. His Majesty was attending the field exercises of the grenadier battalion of the guards, when, during one of the volleys, a ball cartridge was fired from the musquet of one of the soldiers, which struck Mr. Ongley, a Clerk in the Allotment Department of the Navy Office, who was standing only *twenty-three feet* distance from the King. The ball entered the fleshy part of the thigh in front, and passed straight through. Mr. Ongley was dressed on the ground, and we have the satisfaction to state that there is no danger. Had the wound been an inch higher, it must have proved fatal.

An examination took place of the cartridge boxes of the soldiers, but no individual could be fixed upon as the perpetrator of this act.

The following *Bulletin* on this subject was issued from the Horse Guards, in the course of the afternoon :

“ *Horse Guards, May 15, 1800.*

“ This morning, during the field-day of the Grenadier Battalion of the Foot Guards, in Hyde Park, a shot was accidentally discharged from the ranks, which unfortunately wounded a Gentleman of the name of Ongley, who was amongst the spectators. The shot perforated Mr. Ongley's thigh, but did not injure the bone or arteries. His Majesty directed the Military Surgeon present to examine and dress Mr. Ongley's wounds, and was much gratified by the favourable report made by Mr. Nixon, the Surgeon of the Grenadiers. His Majesty, on coming from the field, sent his commands to Mr. Keate, the Surgeon General, and Mr. Rush, the Inspector of Hospitals, to wait on Mr. Ongley, and to offer their assistance during the progress of his cure.”

In the evening a most alarming, and extraordinary circumstance occurred at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane; and which, coupled with the *accident*, if such it is to be considered, which occurred in the morning, gives rise to very serious alarms and apprehensions in the minds of all loyal subjects. At the moment when his Majesty entered the box, a man in the pit, near the Orchestra on the right hand side, suddenly stood up and discharged a pistol at the Royal Person. His Majesty had advanced about four steps from the door. On the report of a pistol his Majesty stopped, and stood firmly. The house was immediately in an uproar, and the cry of “*Seize him*” burst from every

part of the Theatre. The King, apparently not the least disconcerted, came nearly to the front of the box. The man who committed the crime was seized and conveyed from the pit. The audience vehemently called out “*Shew him!*” In consequence of which loyal clamour, Kelly, who, with a multitude of persons belonging to the Theatre, had rushed upon the stage, came forward and assured them that the culprit was in safe custody. The indignation of the audience was soothed by this intelligence, and their feelings gave way to loyal rapture, at the happy escape of their revered Monarch. “*God Save the King*” was universally demanded. It was sung by all the Vocal Performers, and encored. The curtain drew up for the commencement of the play; but Bannister, jun. was not suffered to proceed till something more could be learned respecting the wretch who had made this diabolical attempt.—Bannister and Mrs. Jordan both again assured the audience that the culprit was perfectly secured, and the play was then suffered to go on without further interruption.

Mr. Holroyd, of Scotland-yard, plumber to his Majesty, providentially had time to raise the arm of the assassin, so as to direct the contents of the pistol towards the roof of the box. Mr. Major Wright, a Solicitor in Wellclose-square, who sat immediately behind the traitor, assisted in securing him. He dropped the pistol; but Mr. Wright found it under the seat.

Mr. Sheridan, assisted by Mr. Wigstead, the Magistrate, proceeded immediately to examine the man in the room into which he had been conducted, and where he had been searched to see if he had any other fire-arms, or papers. He had none. Mr. Tamplin, a trumpeter in the band, who assisted in taking him over the orchestra, recognized the man to be a soldier, and pulling open his coat, found that he had on a military waistcoat, with the button of the 15th light dragoons. It was an Officer's old waistcoat.—On being questioned by Mr. Sheridan, he said, “He had no objection to tell who he was. It was not over yet—there was a great deal more and worse to be done; his name was James Hadfield; he had served his time to a working silversmith, but had enlisted into the 15th light dragoons, and had fought for his King and Country.” At this time the Prince of Wales and Duke of York entered the room, to be present at the examination. He immediately turned to the Duke, and

said—" I know your Royal Highness— God bless you. You are a good fellow. I have served with your Highness, and (pointing to a deep cut over his eye, and another long scar on his cheek) said, I got these, and more than these, in fighting by your side. At Lincelles, I was left three hours among the dead in a ditch, and was taken prisoner by the French. I had my arm broken by a shot, and eight faire wounds in my head; but I recovered, and here I am." He then gave the following account of himself, and of his conduct:—

He said, that having been discharged from the army on account of his wounds, he had returned to London, and now lived by working at his own trade. He made a good deal of money; he worked for Mr. Solomon Hougham. Being weary of life, he last week bought a pair of pistols from one William Wakelin, a hair dresser and broker, in St. John-street. (Persons were immediately sent to bring Wakelin and his master to the Theatre.) He told him they were for his young master, who would give him a blunderbuss in exchange. That he had borrowed a crown of his master that morning, with which he had bought some powder, and had gone to the house of Mrs. Mason, in Red Lion-street, to have some beer; that he went backwards to the yard, and there he tried his pistols. He found one of them good for nothing, and left it behind him. In his own trade he used lead, and he cast himself two slugs, with which he loaded his pistol, and came to the Theatre.

At this part of his narrative Sir William Addington, the Magistrate, arrived, and took the chair: he went over the examination of the persons who had secured him, and who had seen the pistol levelled at his Majesty. He asked Hadfield what had induced him to attempt the life of the best of Sovereigns? He answered, that he " had not attempted to kill the King. He had fired his pistol over the royal box. *He was as good a shot as any in England*; but he was himself weary of life—he wished for death, but not to die by his own hands. He was desirous to raise an alarm; and wished that the spectators might fall upon him—he hoped that his life was forfeited." He was asked if he belonged to the Corresponding Society. He said, " No; he belonged to no political Society; he belonged to a club of *Odd Fellows*, and he was a member of a *Benefit Society*." And being asked if he had any accomplices, he solemnly declared that he had none, and with great

energy took God to witness, and laid his hand on his heart.

From this time he appeared to exhibit symptoms of derangement. When asked who his father was? He said he had been pottillion to some Duke; but he could not say what Duke. He talked in a mysterious way of dreams, and of a great commission he had received in his sleep; that he knew he was to be a martyr, and was to be persecuted like his great master. He had been persecuted in France; but he had not yet been sufficiently tried. He knew what he was to endure. He uttered many other incoherent things in the same style.

William Wakelin, the person from whom he had bought the pistols, being brought to the house, was examined. He said, it was true that he had bought a pair of pistols of him, and that he had said that they were for his young master, who would give him a blunderbuss for them: but he had not yet got the blunderbuss. He knew very little of Hadfield, but knew where he worked, and had heard a good character of him; but that the least drink affected his head.

Several persons from the house of Mrs. Mason, his acquaintance, confirmed this fact: and they said they ascribed this to the very severe wounds he had received in the head. The least drink quite deranged him.

Upon this evidence he was committed to Cold Bath Fields for re-examination; and their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Clarence, Duke of Cumberland, and Mr. Sheridan, conducted him thither. His Majesty's Privy Council, however, desiring to examine him forthwith, to discover if he had any accomplices, he was taken to the Duke of Portland's Office, where he underwent another examination. Mr. Major Wright, Mr. Tamplin, Mr. Holroyd, Mr. Calkin, Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Francis Wood, Mr. Lion, and Mr. Dietz, the persons who were instrumental in securing him, and whose evidence is the most material as to directing the pistol towards his Majesty's box, if not towards his sacred person, also attended, and were directed to attend again next day at one o'clock; when a Council was to be held.

During the performance of " God Save the King," every passage that referred to the safety of his Majesty was received with a thunder of applause, and shouting of *Huzza!* At the end of the farce, which was *The Humourist*, " God Save the King" was again demanded, and Kelly sung the following additional verse, said



to be written *impromptu* by Mr. Sheridan \* :—

“ From ev'ry latent foe,  
 “ From the assassin's blow;  
 “ God save the King !  
 “ O'er him thine arm extend,  
 “ For Britain's sake defend,  
 “ Our Father, Prince, and Friend.  
 “ God save the King.”

This stanza gave the audience peculiar pleasure, and was *encored* by the eager desire of the whole house.

The Prince of Wales was at dinner at Lord Melborne's, and was almost immediately informed of the event at the Theatre that night, by Mr. Jeffery, M. P. for Coventry, who left the play to acquaint his Royal Highness of his Majesty's safety. The Prince immediately left his company, and went to the Theatre.

On Friday the Privy Council sat on the further examination of this man's conduct. Several of the prisoner's shopmates were examined, the tendency of whose evidence shewed that he was insane. He told his wife and others that on Tuesday last he met a man who assured him that he had had Jesus Christ in keeping five years in Mount Zion, and that he was soon to visit this world. This man was one True-lock, a cobbler, at Islington. He was taken before the Privy Council that day, and is much possessed with an opinion of the speedy return of our Saviour. With this

idea he had possessed the prisoner also. Both seem to be religiously mad.

At the Privy Council also appeared, and were examined, the Adjutant, and one of the Captains of the 15th light dragoons, who said the prisoner had been considered as insane, otherwise he was a brave good man, and much beloved by the regiment. About three months ago he came down to Croydon to see the regiment, and while there was taken so ill, it was necessary to put him in a straight waistcoat. They wondered he had not since been taken care of as a madman.

The second slug which was fired was found on Friday morning by the Duke of Clarence in Lady Milner's box. It appears that Hadfield did not fire very wide of his Majesty; only about a yard too far to the left. The King stood erect after he fired. The Queen came in, and the King waved his hand for her to keep back. Her Majesty asked what's the matter? The King said, “ Only a squib, a squib; they are firing squibs.” After the assassin had been taken away, the Queen came forward, and in great agitation curtsied. She looked at the King, and asked if they should stay? The King answered, We will not stir, but stay the entertainment out. All the Princesses, but Elizabeth, fainted as soon as they sat down. Elizabeth exerted herself greatly in recovering them.

## MARRIAGES.

IN November last, at Madras, Henry Brown, esq. commercial resident, to Miss Sewell, niece of Henry Sewell, esq. of that presidency.

Gervase Woodhouse, esq. of Owston-place, Lincolnshire, to Miss Harvey, daughter of the Rev. Edmund Harvey.

The Rev. Thos. Lane Freer, M. A. of Pembroke College, Oxford, to Miss Sarah Wetherell, third daughter of the Dean of Hereford.

William Brummell, of Donnington Grove, Berks, esq. to Miss Daniel of Upper Wimpole-street.

Captain Cumberland, of the royal navy, to Miss Burt, of Albemarle-street.

Robert Scott, esq. of Upper Harley-street, M. P. to Miss Jervis.

Thos. Grimston Estcourt, of Estcourt, Gloucestershire, esq. to Miss Sutton, of New Park, Wilts.

George Sullivan Martin, esq. of George-street, Hanover-square, to Miss Nevinson.

Major-General Edward Morrison, to Lady Caroline King, daughter of the late Earl of Kingdon.

The Rev. Henry Hobart to Miss Beauchamp.

Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, bart. to Miss Duncan, daughter of Lord Viscount Duncan.

The Rev. R. Nares to Miss Smith, daughter of Dr. Smith, Prebendary of Westminster.

Henry Slaughter, esq. to the Lady Viscountess Montague, widow of the late Viscount.

## MONTHLY OBITUARY.

MARCH 3.

MR. Samuel Walker, of Hunstet Moor, near Leeds, gardener, commonly known by the name of Dr. Walker, in his 85th

year. He has less children, grand-children, and great grand-children, to the number of 139.

\* It has, however, been ascribed to another person.

APRIL 14. At Ripley, in Surrey, Mr. Paul Adams, aged 48.

18. Dady Dormer, wife of Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer.

At Edinburgh, John Woodford, esq. Lieutenant-colonel of the late North Fencible Highlanders.

19. At Haverford West, Hugh Savage, esq. of the county of Down, Ireland.

20. Mr. Davis, master of St. Luke's workhouse, Old-street, London. He was murdered by a lunatic who was under his care.

21. William Strutt, esq. of Derby, aged 63.

Duncan Campbell, esq. of Whitley, in Northumberland, captain in his Majesty's navy.

Lately, the Rev. Thomas Lamprey, vicar of Stalsfield and Haltow, in Kent.

22. Mr. William Tudor, of the Middle Temple.

At Northwirth, Mr. Henton Brown.

23. At Upton, near Slough, Mr. John Hall, in his 74th year.

Mr. Charles Biggs, in Rosomond-street, aged 83.

24. At Blackheath, William Larkins, esq. late accountant-general to the East India Company at Bengal.

In South Audley-street, in his 79th year, Matthew Robert Arnott, esq. gentleman usher of the green rod to the knights of the thistle, and reading clerk and clerk to the private committees of the house of lords, which office he had filled for 38 years.

At Liverpool, by bursting of a blood vessel while playing at tennis, Jonathan Blundell, jun. esq.

Mrs. Sarah Way, widow of Lewis Way, esq. at Richmond.

25. At East Dereham, in Norfolk, William Cowper, esq. translator of Homer, and author of several poems. (See p. 365.)

The Rev. Henry Jephcott, rector of Nether Heyford, Northamptonshire.

26. At Mile end, Mr. John Le Souef, aged 50 years.

John Staples, esq. one of the police magistrates for the district of Shadwell.

27. Thomas Dea, esq. of Perry-street.

Lieut. Charles William Parker, aged 25, nephew of Dr. Parker, rector of St. James, Westminster.

William Scurr, esq. of Broad-street-buildings.

The Rev. John Yale, B. D. rector of Lawford in Essex, formerly fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B. A. 1767, M. A. 1770, and B. D. 1777.

28. At Chifwick, T. King, esq.

Mary Eleanor Bowes, Countess Dowager of Strathmore, at Christ Church, Hampshire. She was daughter of George Bowes, esq. of Gibside, in the county of Durham, and married, Feb. 14, 1767, the late Lord Strathmore, after whose death she married, 16th January 1777, Andrew Robinson Stoney, esq. from whom she was separated in 1789. She wrote a tragedy, called "The Siege of Jerusalem," of which a few copies were printed in 8vo. 1774, but none sold.

29. Mr. Fischer, the celebrated performer on the oboe. While performing a solo at the Queen's House, he was seized with an apoplectic fit. Prince William of Gloucester observing his situation, supported him out of the apartment, from whence he was conveyed to his residence in Compton-street, Soho, where he expired in about an hour afterwards.

At Ravenstone Dale, Westmorland, Mr. Arthur Bonsfield, in the 80th year of his age.

MAY 1. In Leicester-square, Lieutenant-General Anthony George Martin, late colonel of the 51st regiment of foot.

2. At Earsham, Mr. Thos. Hayley, a young artist of very promising abilities, a pupil of Mr. Flaxman.

3. Captain Palmer, of the Selby sloop of war, at the Nore. In a fit of insanity he shot himself.

Mr. John Beatrow, of Cateaton-street, formerly of Botolph-lane, merchant.

Mr. Richard Heywood, banker, at Liverpool.

4. At Barking, in Essex, Mr. Robert Cook, surgeon, aged 50 years, and on the 14th he was interred with masonic honours; the grand master and upwards of 300 of his brethren attending from the town-hall, accompanied by the Barking and Ilford volunteers. After the funeral service, an appropriate address was delivered by Mr. James Asperne, master of the St. Peter's lodge, Walworth, which was followed by an exhortation from the grand master.

At Honiton, in his 67th year, John Guard, esq.

5. At Bath, Mr. Basil Wake, formerly an eminent apothecary there.

Joseph Nicholas Smith, esq. of Guildford-street, in his 65th year.

Lady Darell, wife of Sir Lionel Darell, bart.

7. At his house, George-square, Edinburgh, Admiral Lockhart.

In St. Pancras workhouse, Mary Bird, aged 104 years.

At Clapham, in her 74th year, Mrs. Dent, wife of Robert Dent, esq. of Temple-bar.

Lately.



Lately, at Robin Hood's town, near Whitby, the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, many years minister of Fyling dales.

Lately, Mr. James Hartley, son of Mr. Alderman Hartley, of York.

8. William Vassal, esq. of Battersea Rise, Surrey.

At Minterworth, near Gloucester, aged 74, the Rev. Thomas Parker, M. A. rector of Taynton in that county, and of Welch Bicknor, Monmouthshire.

Lately, Mr. Allatt, one of the aldermen of Stamford. He served the office of mayor in the years 1774 and 1790.

Lately, in his 33d year, Edward Robinfon, esq. of Thorp green, in the county of York.

9. At Windfor Castle, in his 91st year, William Dick, esq. governor of the poor knights, near 40 years king's clerk and clerk of the papers at the mint, and the oldest messenger in his Majesty's service.

At Holyrood house, Charles Hamilton, esq.

10. At Poplar, in his 70th year, John Powsey, esq.

At Richmond, M. Mallet Du Pan, the celebrated political writer, of a disorder on his lungs.

Mr. Thomas Francis Martin, deputy of the custos brevium office, in the court of common pleas, aged 54.

11. At Homerton, Thomas Davies, esq. aged 77.

Mrs. Onslow, wife of Arthur Onslow, esq. barrister at law.

At Llanbrynmair, in the county of Montgomery, Catherine Morris, widow, in the 100th year of her age. She left behind her 40 children, 20 grand-children, 66 great grand-children, and one great grand-child; so that, previous to her death, she and 91 of her descendants were living at the same time.

Richard Dighton, esq. of the Wildernesse, near Mitcheldean, in the county of Gloucester.

16. Mrs. Ayrton, wife of Dr. Ayrton.

Mr. George Garthorne, partner in the house of Hankey and Co.

At Bath, Joseph Fowke, esq. aged 84.

17. Charles Edward Lewis, esq. F. A. S. of Powis-place.

Thomas Roberts, esq. of Powis place, aged 74 years.

Hugo Meynell, esq. of Quorn, near Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Lately, George Laughton, D. D. vicar of Chippenham, near Newmarket, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace.

Lately, James Money penny, of Maytham-

hall, in the county of Kent, esq. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace.

18. Thomas Ellifon, esq. of Brentford Butts, in his 72d year. His death was occasioned by his being overturned near Hammer Smith turnpike, as he was coming to town in one of the Brentford stages.

19. William Hodgkinson, esq. at Chelsea.

20. Morgan Thomas, esq. of Norfolk-street, Strand.

21. At Duddeston, William Challoner, esq. high sheriff for the county of Salop.

At Watford, Lieut. A. J. Nichols, of the royal navy, lately returned from the Mediterranean.

22. In Scotland yard, Whitehall, Samuel Pegge, esq. son of the late Dr. Samuel Pegge, of Whittington, one of the grooms of his Majesty's privy chamber, and F. A. S. He was the author of "Curiolia," 4to. in three parts.

23. William Cabell, esq. many years under secretary to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas for the board of controul for India affairs.

Thomas Blackett, esq. of Wylam, in Yorkshire.

Lately, the Rev. Mr. Mayo, rector of Wotton Rivers, in Wiltshire.

Lately, in Ireland, Mr. Spelliard, the pedestrian traveller, who traversed so great a part of the continent of America.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

AUGUST 2, 1799. At Chittagong, in the East Indies, Captain Hiram Cox.

SEPT. At Madras, Cornish Gambier, esq. in the Company's civil service.

FEB. 2, 1800. Major Hamilton, of the Royal Artillery, commanding officer of that corps at Quebec.

MARCH 17. At Liege, the Hon. and Rev. William Aiton, prebend of the collegiate church of St. John the Evangelist in that town, and brother to Lord Aiton of Forfar. He died in distress from the revolutionary government of that unhappy country.

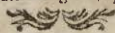
MARCH 5. At Pontoise, in France, George Barnewell Viscount Kingsland, nephew to Earl Fauconberg.

OCT. 11, 1799. At Allahabad, the Rev. John Huffey.

OCT. 27, 1799. At Calcutta, Sir John Meredith, bart.

MAY 12, 1800. At Hamburgh, the Duke D'Aiguillon, in the 38th year of his age. He fell a martyr to the gout.

At Lingen, Vander Spiegel, the former grand pensionary of Holland.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR MAY 1800

Days	Bank Stock	3 per Cent. Reduc	3 per Cent. Consols	3 per Cent. Scrip.	4 per Cent. 1777.	5 per Cent. Ann	Long Ann	Ditto 1778.	S. Sea Stock.	Old Ann.	New Ann.	3 per Cent. 1751.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	New Navy.	Exche. Bills.	English Lott. Tick.	Irish Ditto.
26		63 $\frac{1}{8}$	63 $\frac{1}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{7}{8}$	97 $\frac{5}{8}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
27	Sunday																		
28		63 $\frac{1}{8}$	63 $\frac{1}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{3}{4}$	97 $\frac{7}{8}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
29		161 $\frac{1}{8}$	63 $\frac{1}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
30		161 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{1}{8}$		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
1		161 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{1}{8}$		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
2		161 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{1}{4}$		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
3		63	63 $\frac{1}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
4	Sunday																		
5		63 $\frac{3}{8}$	63 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 64 $\frac{1}{8}$		81	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
6		63 $\frac{1}{2}$	64 a 64		80	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 $\frac{5}{8}$												
7		63 $\frac{1}{2}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 11-16	5 11-16					210 $\frac{1}{4}$						
8		162	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80	98	18 11-16	5 11-16					210						
9		162 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80	98	18 $\frac{3}{4}$	5 11-16					210						
10		63	63 $\frac{1}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{4}$	97 $\frac{3}{4}$	18 11-16	5 11-16											
11	Sunday																		
12		162	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	98	18 11-16	5 11-16					210 $\frac{1}{4}$						
13		162	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80	98	18 11-16	5 11-16					210 $\frac{1}{4}$						
14		63	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80	98	18 11-16	5 11-16											
15		63	63 a 64		80	98	18 11-16	5 11-16											
16		63	63 a 64		80	98	18 11-16	5 $\frac{1}{4}$											
17		63	63 a 64		80	98	18 11-16	5 $\frac{1}{4}$											
18	Sunday																		
19		63 $\frac{1}{2}$	64 a 64 $\frac{1}{8}$		81	98 $\frac{5}{8}$	18 11-16	5 $\frac{1}{4}$											
20		161 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	98	18 11-16						209 $\frac{1}{4}$						
21		63	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 11-16	5 11-16											
22		161 $\frac{1}{2}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	18 11-16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$					209 $\frac{1}{2}$						
23		63 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{3}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{4}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	18 11-16	5 $\frac{1}{4}$											
24		63 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{3}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{4}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	18 11-16	5 $\frac{1}{4}$											
25	Sunday																		
26		63 $\frac{1}{4}$	63 $\frac{3}{4}$ a 64		80 $\frac{1}{4}$	98 $\frac{3}{8}$	18 $\frac{1}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{8}$											

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.