

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

London Review,

Containing

Portraits, Views, Biography, Anecdotes,

Literature, HISTORY Politics,

Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Age.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ

BY THE

Philological Society of London.

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European Magazine,

For JANUARY 1804.

[Embellished with, 1. An elegant FRONTISPIECE, representing TOTTENHAM HIGH CROSS. And, 2. A PORTRAIT OF RALPH GRIFFITHS, LL.D.]

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FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES ASPERNE,
(Successor to Mr. SEWELL.)

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,
No. 32, CORNHILL.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sberborne Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. BISHOP, of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sberborne Lane; to any Part of Ireland, at One Guinea and a Half per Annum, by Mr. SMITH, of the General Post Office, at No. 3, Sberborne Lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope or any Part of the East Indies, at Thirty Shillings per Annum, by Mr. GUY, at the East India House.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received so many invectives against the Corbican Despot, that we shall be under the necessity of omitting the greater part of them.

On the subject of the Volunteers we chuse to be silent; *Marcellus's* piece is therefore inadmissible.

C. D. will be acceptable.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from January 7, to January 14.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans		COUNTIES upon the COAST.										
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans						
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	Effex	54	4	29	0	21	10	24	4	33	0
											Kent	55	1	00	0	26	0	26	7	35	10
											Suffex	54	0	00	0	27	4	28	0	09	0
											Suffolk	49	0	26	6	20	5	30	11	30	3
											Cambrid.	42	11	26	0	19	6	15	8	25	10
											Norfolk	46	9	27	0	19	7	18	1	31	5
											Lincoln	48	9	31	6	21	4	17	8	32	0
											York	49	8	35	0	23	2	19	7	38	5
											Durham	50	7	00	0	29	2	10	10	00	0
											Northum.	47	6	36	0	22	1	20	9	36	0
											Cumberl.	54	1	44	0	26	10	22	2	00	0
											Westmor.	54	10	44	0	26	6	22	2	00	0
											Lancash.	58	4	00	0	26	8	25	8	00	0
											Cheshire	52	4	00	0	26	10	20	10	00	0
											Gloucest.	48	10	00	0	23	2	23	1	40	3
											Somerfet.	54	2	00	0	24	9	22	7	43	11
											Monmou.	52	5	00	0	25	2	20	4	00	0
											Devon	57	10	00	0	26	4	19	11	00	0
											Cornwall	55	5	00	0	28	0	19	5	00	0
											Dorset	51	4	00	0	22	5	23	1	42	8
											Hants	51	1	00	0	23	8	23	10	38	5
											WALES.										
											N. Wales	58	0	00	0	25	10	18	0	00	0
											S. Wales	55	9	00	0	22	10	17	11	00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock A. M.

1803.	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.	1804.	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.
Dec. 27	29.60	50	S	Rain	Jan. 12	29.72	38	S	Rain
28	28.92	50	N	Ditto	13	29.40	50	S	Ditto
29	29.40	51	S	Ditto	14	29.40	50	W	Fair
30	29.40	51	SW	Ditto	15	29.52	49	S	Rain
31	29.51	52	W	Ditto	16	29.50	49	S	Ditto
1804					17	29.45	50	S	Ditto
Jan. 1	29.71	50	NW	Fair	18	29.44	49	S	Ditto
2	29.80	46	N	Ditto	19	29.51	48	S	Fair
3	30.10	33	N	Ditto	20	29.36	48	SSW	Ditto
4	30.21	30	N	Ditto	21	29.41	47	S	Rain
5	29.90	32	NE	Snow	22	29.50	49	S	Fair
6	29.73	30	NW	Fair	23	29.59	48	S	Ditto
7	29.76	31	NW	Ditto	24	29.50	49	S	Ditto
8	29.74	32	SW	Ditto	25	29.37	51	S	Ditto
9	29.72	40	S	Rain	26	29.40	49	S	Ditto
10	29.92	37	S	Fair	27	29.32	48	SE	Rain
11	29.90	37	SSE	Ditto					

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,

FOR JANUARY 1804.

MEMOIR
OF
RALPH GRIFFITHS, LL.D.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IN contemplating the Portrait of this Gentleman, in whose character industry and ingenuity were in an eminent degree combined, there is one question very naturally suggested to every literary mind, and that is, How long it has known, or remembers, the original? And this leads to the reflection, that his name has been before our eyes as far back as retrospection can reach, as the Publisher and Proprietor of the Monthly Review, which commenced in May 1749*, and has been continued down to the present hour.

This publication (although it has, perhaps, for what might be deemed the *morality* of criticism, taken too much the colour, as its authors adopted too much the *passions*, of the times,) has been uniformly successful; and it has also this singular circumstance attending its introduction, that it came into the world almost unannounced. In contradistinction to the

promises, parade, and verbosity, which are generally the precursors of periodical works, the two first lines of an advertisement which scarcely contains twenty, most truly state, that "Undertakings which, in their execution, carry the designation of their use, need very little preface."

At this period the Gentleman's Magazine occasionally noticed works of genius, but much more frequently those of a political or party tendency, in which all the world knows that *genius* is the last thing expected, or perhaps admired: yet what might be termed a regular review was unknown in this country. It is true, that early in the eighteenth century a publication of this nature, entitled, "The present State of the Republic of Letters †," was attempted, but, probably owing to the extensive nature of its plan, which includes abridgments rather than opinions of works, without much success. Copious, pompous, and flo-

* At this juncture there was no regular established Literary Review in Great Britain, nor was the Monthly Review very successful on its first publication. Several times it was about to be abandoned, as Dr. G. often told his friends; but patience, perseverance, and attention, surmounted every obstacle, and procured it a firm establishment. Of the Literary Journals which preceded it, the following is as accurate a list as we can at present obtain: (1) *Memoirs of Literature*, 8 vols. 8vo, 1722. (2) *New Memoirs of Literature*, by Mich. de la Roche, began January 1725, and ended December 1727, 6 vols. (3) *Present State of the Republic of Letters*, by Andrew Reid, began January 1728, ended December 1736, 18 vols. (4) *Historia Literaria*, by Archibald Bower, began 1730, ended 1732, 4 vols. (5) *History of the Works of the Learned*, began January 1737, ended June 1743, 13 vols. (6) *Literary Journal*, printed at Dublin, began October 1744, and ended June 1749, 5 vols.—EDITOR.

† About the year 1727.

rid title-pages, though reprobated by Swift, ridiculed by Arbuthnot, and cautiously launched by every respectable author, had yet, in defiance to common sense, obtained that kind of general toleration that we often see given to things of far greater importance: so that a prudent person would have been as diffident of judging of the contents of a book from the title, as he would of taking the character of those exalted personages, whose names were generally the precursors to *more solid* matter, from the dedication.

This kind of titulary puffing, which, it is said, used to put Johnny Barber so much out of temper, that he was ready to turn an author out of his shop if the frontispiece of his manuscript exceeded the bounds of moderation, had not passed unobserved by Mr. Griffiths; and it is very probable, that a desire to repress it first gave him the idea of the Monthly Review, as he says in the advertisement alluded to, "The abuse of title-pages is obviously come to such a pass, that few readers care to take in a book, any more than a servant, without a character."

Of either the literary life or domestic habits of Dr. Griffiths, little is, at present, known; which circumstance we should lament as a misfortune, were we

not informed, that it is the intention of his son, who at present conducts the Monthly Review, to publish his Memoirs.

When we observe that, but for this intimation, we should lament our want of materials as a misfortune, it arises from our reflection, that in the variety of situations where this venerable critic and valuable member of society has resided, from the Dunciad in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1747, to the Dunciad near Catherine-street, 1772, where we perfectly remember his shop to be a favourite lounge of the late Dr. Goldsmith, he must have become acquainted with more characters, anecdotes, and circumstances, many of which we hope he has preserved, than, perhaps, any other Critic from Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who, we gather from Polybius and others, was the first reviewer, downward, or indeed any other person of the bibliopolical or literary professions.

Dr. Griffiths, we understand, was born in the year 1720; retired from his public situation as a bookseller to studies more congenial to his disposition about thirty years since; and died, at the advanced age of eighty-three, at his house at Turnham-green, the 28th of September 1803.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM THE LATE JOSEPH RITSON, ESQ.

(ABOUT 1784.)

D^r Sir!

THE clan of the McGregors was once very numerous and respectable; but the people being of a fierce uncontrollable spirit, and their depredations having in the reign of (our) James the 1st been attended by more than ordinary violence, particularly a barbarous slaughter of the laird of Colquhoun and his followers, together with some young scholars who were mere spectators of the battle, about the year 1602 several acts and orders of the parliament and council of Scotland were made against them, by which they were subjected to heavy pains and penalties; and by an act of the 1st parliament of Charles the 1st, 1633, ratifying all former proceedings, the individuals of the clan were not only compelled to take other surnames, as well as to give security for their good

behaviour, but to maim, wound, kill, destroy, extinguish, and extirpate, the whole clan was recommended to all others, as an acceptable service to his Majesty and the nation. In consequence of this diabolical law, such of the clan as did not, or could not, obtain protection under the name and patronage of some powerful chieftain, were hunted and shot like wild beasts for many years after.

The civil commotions which broke out in the latter part of this monarch's reign put some check to these inhuman proceedings; and the McGregors having behaved with the utmost loyalty and courage in the King's service during the usurpation, the above horrible statute was repealed by the 1st parliament of Charles the 2^d, and the clan again restored to the privileges of humanity and of subjects.

But

But it unfortunately happened, that Loyalty to their sovereign was a greater crime than cruelty to their enemies; and neither Justice nor Humanity being among the attendant blessings of the Revolution, the sanguinary laws of K. Ja^s and King Charleses Scottish parliaments were restored wth their pristine barbarity, and the clan again became subject to the horrors of a cool legal butchery, from which their numbers and force (for they were obliged to go armed and in bodies) could not always defend them.

Rob Roy, like our Robin Hood, was a powerful and generous thief—Dreaded by his enemies and revered by his friends—He was not the natural chieftain of the clan, but his approved good conduct and personal bravery having gained him their confidence, he had the honour to lead them on to the field of Sheriffmuir, where he and his followers stood inactive during the whole engagement, according to the old song which thus delineates his character:

Rob Roy stood watch
On a hill for to catch
The booty, for ought that i saw, man;

For he ne'er advanc'd
Frae the place he was stanc'd
Till naething to do there at a', man.

I know not whether it be more to the honour of humanity and the Scotch nation that the cursed laws of 1633 and 1693 were repealed in 1775, or to the disgrace of both that they were not blotted out of the statute book long before.

This is all that i am able to throw together on the subject.—You will now have to consider, whether Dr Johnson had *any authority* for asserting that David Mallet's *father* was one of the above clan, and changed his name to Malloch, w^{ch} in my opinion is a very improbable circumstance—as, if there be any clan of that name, which i never heard of, it must be a very inconsiderable one, and the McGregors (in the Highlands at least) gen^{ly}, if not always, united in a body to the most powerful clan next them.—But whether they did, or had any occasⁿ to do this in cities and towns, i do not know nor believe.

I am,
D^r Sir,
Y^rs sincerely,

To Mr. R——.

J. R.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Is sensibility a blessing or a curse? Does it heighten the enjoyments in proportion as its keen feelings make heavier the afflictions of life?—When we observe how lightly misfortunes are felt by those who possess not this passion, we are almost tempted to pronounce it a curse; but when we consider the feelings which it gives rise to in the human breast, feelings which are both exquisite and inexhaustible, we pronounce it, with fervour, a blessing. Yet, like all other blessings, when carried to excess, it becomes hurtful; ridiculous and disgusting to others, and to ourselves an exhaustless fund of misery. When carried beyond certain bounds it ceases to be sensibility, it may then be more properly termed fretfulness and discontent.—Aspasia is rich, lovely, and once was gay; but taking it into her head that an affectation of excessive sensibility would make her irresistibly charming, she determined to adopt it; but mistaking

its nature, is become ridiculous and unhappy. She throws herself into a paroxysm of grief at the sight of a fly drowned in her tea, and has more than once gone into fits at seeing a moth burn its wings in a candle. I do not pretend to say that circumstances like these, trifling as they are, ought not to affect a feeling mind; but every one ought carefully to avoid making a display of feelings which, however amiable they may be in themselves, are, even when real, often censured as affectation.

When carried to this excess, it also gives rise to a weak and unmanly dread of evils which may never come to pass; which, of all the various passions that inhabit the breast of man and corrode his happiness, is, perhaps, the most conducive to misery. The man who gives way to this unhappy disposition **must** be constantly miserable; he must also be ungrateful; for he not only looks forward to the future with apprehension,

prehension, but is rendered incapable of enjoying the present, and the blessings that are placed within his reach are neglected altogether, or received with coolness and discontent. He sees every object through a darkened glass; he can undertake nothing with spirit, because his gloomy imagination, ever industrious in tormenting itself, conjures up a thousand vexations and crosses that may attend his enterprize: consequently he becomes weak-minded and cowardly.—And of what avail is all this anxiety? If indeed misfortunes could be prevented, or even lessened, by anticipation, there would be some colour of reason for indulging this gloomy temper; but as our fears will neither prevent nor diminish them, as

torturing our imaginations now will not prevent our feeling the evil that we dread when it really arrives, why make the whole of our life miserable, through fear that at some part of it we may meet with misfortunes? How different is the character of him who really possesses sensibility? Hope is the constant inmate of his bosom; his present misfortunes are reduced, nay almost annihilated, by his hopes of the future; he receives the gifts of Heaven with thankful cheerfulness; all men are his brothers; and he evinces his sensibility, not by brooding over his own misfortunes, but by using his utmost endeavours to alleviate the misfortunes of those around him.

ISABELLA.

THE CAMELEON.

M. GOLBERRY, during his residence in Africa, ascertained the faculty attributed to the Cameleon, of living upon air alone for a considerable length of time: he confined five Cameleons in separate cages, surrounded by a fine gauze, so as to exclude any insect, or substance of any description, floating in the air. In a few days they became thin, and acquired a blackish grey colour, a certain sign of their distress; but having arrived at a great degree of leanness, they remained in the same state for the space of a month, without any evident diminution of their strength. At the end of two months, they became so weak and languid as to be unable to move from the bottom of their cages—their skins became almost black, their eyes heavy, and they could not inflate themselves to more than half their usual size; they at length became nothing more than animated skeletons. The first that died, existed 89 days without food; the second, 91 days; the third, 105 days; the fourth, 115 days. The fifth Cameleon had been 116 days without food, when M. Golberry set it at liberty, and in a fortnight it recovered colour and strength; shortly after which it escaped from his further observation.

The Cameleon lays motionless on a bough, or in the grass, and lets its glutinous tongue, which resembles an earth-worm, hang pendant; the tongue is probably gifted with a scent, by which small insects are attracted; and when covered with them, it is drawn

in with astonishing rapidity. Referring to their colour, M. Golberry says, "When I kept my Cameleons in a cage, and plagued or tormented them, I saw that they laboured under anguish and rage, which they sensibly expressed by expiring the air so strongly that its force became audible; soon after which these animals became lean, and their fine green colour was tarnished. On continuing to tease them, they became a yellow green; then a yellow, spotted with red; then a yellow brown, spotted with red brown; next a brown grey, marked with black. At length they became thinner, and assumed different shades; but these were the only colours I could succeed in making them adopt."—M. Golberry wrapped them in different coloured stuffs, and left them for whole days in that state, but the colour of the animal was never affected by the practice, and he is of opinion that the change of colour is produced by its internal motions, and the influence of heat or cold, light and darkness, health, ease, &c. The Cameleon has a power, peculiar to itself, of moving its eyes in every direction, and entirely independent of each other.

The Cameleon is so organized, as not only to inspire a very great quantity of air, but also to retain, absorb, and digest this fluid, which penetrates and filters through all parts of the body, so that even the feet, tail, and eyes, are filled with it.

PINDAR'S

PINDAR's NEM. Od. 6.

ἐπιρρ. 6.

ἑνᾶς. τὸ δ' ἐναντίον ἔσκεν.
 πολλὰ γὰρ μιν παντὶ θυμῷ
 παρφαμένα λιτάνευεν· τοῦ δὲ ὄργαν'
 κρίζον αἰπεινοὶ λόγοι·
 εὐθύς δ' ἀπανάτατο ὕμφοι,
 ξείνου πατρὸς χόλον
 δείσας. Ὅ δ' εὐφράσθη, κατένευσεν τὴν οἴ-
 ὀρσινεφῆς ἐξ οὐρανοῦ
 Ζεὺς, ἀθανάτων βασιλεὺς, ὡς τ' ἐν τάχει
 ποτίαν χρυσαλακάτων τινα Νη-
 ρεΐδων πράξῃν ἄκοιτιν,

στροφ. 7.

γαμβρὸν Ποσειδάωνα πεί-
 σαις· ὃς Αἰγᾶθεν ποτὶ κλειτᾶν
 θαμὰ νίσσεται Ἰσθμὸν Δωρῶνα·
 ἐνθά μιν εὐφροῖες ἴλαι
 σὺν καλαμοιοβοᾷ θεὸν δέκονται,
 καὶ σθένει γυῖων ἐρίζον-
 τι θρασεῖ· πότμος δὲ κρίνει
 συγγενῆς ἔργων περὶ
 πάντων· τὴν δ' Αἰγίνα θεᾶς, Ἐυθύμειος,
 νίκας ἐν ἀγκῶνεσσι πιτιῶν,
 ποικίλων ἔλαυσε ὕμων.

EPOD. 2.

'Twas the reverse. For much she tried,
 With all her mind and many an ardent prayer
 To turn his better thoughts aside,
 And innocence in snare.
 But her speeches loathsome prove;
 His wrath they kindled, not his love.
 Sudden from the nymph he turn'd,
 And all her fond entreaties spurn'd;
 For his father's ire he fear'd,
 Who hospitality rever'd.
 But Jove, who reigns supreme the gods among,
 And rolls the fleecy clouds along,
 Look'd down from heaven; for well he knew
 Worth to requite with honours due.
 Peleus' wrongs employ'd his thought;
 Soon a sea-born bride he fought;
 One of the god-like Nereid race,
 Whose hands the golden distaff brace.

STROPH. III.

For Jove, to Neptune near allied,
 Him with potent reasons plied;
 Who, quitting Ægæ, soon attains
 The Isthmus, and its celebrated plains.
 Where hilarity's gay throng
 Receive their god with pipe and song;
 And, contending in the dance,
 With valorous strength of limbs advance,

Still fate, that o'er our birth prevides,
 On every enterprize decides.
 But thou, reclin'd on Victory's arm,
 Shalt court the goddess' winning charms,
 And gain, Euthymenes, immortal praise,
 Thro' all Ægina sung in ever-varying lays.

WE are told by Clemens Alexandrinus, that Pindar imitated in his moral sentences the proverbs of Solomon. In the lines before us, Jupiter is represented as looking down from heaven, and approving the conduct of Peleus. In the sacred scriptures similar expressions occur. God is there said to have looked down from heaven, to punish or to spare.

References to Pindar are frequent in Gregory Nazianzen. Our poet is

quoted more than once in his oration on Basil. The father, in his poem to Seleucus, advises him to read the pagan writers; but with caution. He wishes him to retain *ὅσα μὲν αὐτοῖς εἰς ἀρετὴν ἐγκώμια*: but to turn away from their fables, *ὡς ἐρόχουστε καὶ πάγας, γέλωτος αἰέτου καὶ δαιμόνων διδάγματα*. He recommends to him to call like the bee, sweets from every flower; but *τὰς ἀκάνθας φεύγε, καὶ ἔιδων δροσίου*.
 Y.

CAUTION RESPECTING PERSONS' APPARENTLY DEAD.

THE following public Caution is given by the Royal Humane Society:

“ In great sinking of the strength, especially towards the end of nervous fevers, and other acute diseases, such debilitated patients frequently appear in a state resembling death. If the bed-clothes be suddenly removed, the natural heat will be dissipated, and life's remnant inevitably destroyed.—By not attending to this important circum-

stance, the lives of thousands have been sacrificed, and prematurely committed to the grave, who, by a more humane conduct, would have been restored to life, to their relations and friends.”

“ Death may usurp on Nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again.
 The o'erpress'd spirits.”

SHAKESPEARE.

TOTTENHAM HIGH CROSS.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS Cross is situated on the East side of the road, almost in the middle of the town, and has been a cross time immemorial. Formerly it was a column of wood raised upon a little hillock, and of considerable height, from whence the village took the name of Tottenham High Cross. About 1580 it had four spars to support or keep it upright, and the top was covered with lead, to keep off the water, and preserve it from falling to decay. Being much out of repair, it was taken down about two hundred years ago, and the present

structure raised in its stead by Dean Wood, who lived in the house next behind it. The edifice is octangular, built with bricks, finishing at top in a point crowned with a weather-cock and the initials of the four cardinal points. On the South and West aspects were placed stone dials, one of which is still remaining; and under the necking in the brick-work are made crosses formed like the letter T, from the Greek T, alluding to the form of the true cross, and called Tau Crosses.

VESTIGES,
COLLECTED AND RECOLLECTED,

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

NUMBER XIX.

MR. JUSTICE CROOKE.

THIS learned Judge has, by historians, been censured for a versatility which can scarcely be termed *professional*, because, although an advocate pleading for his client may, and, such is the nature of things, must, be allowed considerable latitude; though he must, in the course of his exertions, be imagined to see the same objects in different points of view, as he may, at different periods, be engaged on sides of the same question diametrically opposite, and because he is, both by law and reason, supposed to be placed in exactly the same situation with the person whose cause he is either urging or defending, and is, for the minute, believed to have adopted the same sentiments, the same prejudices, to be furnished with the same excuses, and, with superior talents, to be equally interested in a keen investigation of the case as his client would have been if he had stood in his place and spoken in person, as was perhaps the original practice, instead of availing himself of that brilliant, that illuminated assistance, which the Bar never fails to supply. This may briefly account for that versatility of disposition, or rather of pleading, which has been sometimes drawn forth as a subject of observation, by those that had more wit than either judgment or discretion. But although, as was observed, we may excuse, nay applaud, the exertions of advocates, frequently made against the grain; though we may admire their happy turns, and elegant apologies, for pursuing a *professional line*, which certainly does not demand any, it seems much more difficult, when we meet upon the historical record any part of the conduct of a judge that amounts to a *waiver*, to treat it with that charitable indulgence which we owe to each other as human beings with regard to sentiments, because we may suppose those exalted persons who know their opinions have, in many cases, the force

and effect of law, never did, at any period, adopt them hastily, nor, which seems a much more difficult task, rescind them without due consideration. Yet it does appear, casting a retrospective glance at that turbulent period when it would seem that the whole pandemonium had been indulged with a holiday, in order to harass and destroy that excellent and amiable Monarch, the unfortunate Charles, that the science of *waivering* had mounted from the Bar to the Bench, and was, in colours glaring and strong, alluding to their sanguine and sable tints, and, alas! too permanent with respect to their durability, exhibited in the conduct of the Judge, or rather Judges, who are the subject of this short notice.

When the legality of collecting ship-money was agitated, and the King sent his letter containing queries to the Judges, ten of them gave their answer in favour of its said legality, while the other two, Crooke and Hutton, dissented at first, but in a short time being *convinced*, they owned it to be lawful, and, with the rest of their brethren, subscribed to that opinion*.

In this form the matter rested. This *ex parte* opinion of the Judges being acted upon as the law of the land, produced the famous case of the King and Hampden, respecting which, when it came, upon demurrer, to be argued in the Exchequer Chamber, the only two that dissented were Mr. Justice Crooke and Mr. Justice Hutton. "The former," says Whitlock, "had, with his reverend brethren, resolved to give judgment in favour of the King, and to that purpose having examined every point with the utmost accuracy, he had prepared his argument: but a few days before the case was to come on, having hinted his perseverance in "opinion to some relations, it came to the ears of his wife," who, though a good and pious Lady, it appears, had a small spice of republicanism, some small desire

* Collier.

to counteract the *reigning* power in her composition. She therefore is said to have addressed her husband in terms of which, leaving the *flowery* and *ornamental* parts to conjecture, if the reader should be a single, or to comparison should he be a married man, this is said to have been the substance: "That she hoped he would do nothing against his *conscience* for fear of any danger or prejudice to him or his family: and that she would be contented to suffer want or any misery with him, rather than be an occasion for him to do or say any thing against his judgment*."

Upon this, and some other *encouragements* of the like nature, this great Lawyer totally changed (once more) his purpose, and his arguments, and, when it came to his turn to speak, expressly declared his opinion to be against the King †, to the astonishment of every one except his friend Hutton, who followed him on the same side: while the other Judges, who had either no consciences or no wives, or whose wives were no politicians, continued firm in the opinions which they had signed. In consequence of which, the point thus argued was, after eight months of contention, established †.

DR. RADCLIFF.

It is stated, among the other eccentricities of this truly ingenious and eminent physician, that although, in many instances of importance, he was liberal and generous to an excess, yet, in smaller matters, he had a habit of sometimes shrinking from his creditors, and frequently appeared to pay his bills with reluctance.

Men of genius, minds of superior intelligence, have often been remarked for their peculiarities. No one, from the broad and general outline of the character of the Dean of St. Patrick, could suppose, that in its interior ramifications could be developed any traits of parsimony; yet when we accurately dissect its minute parts, these features are discernable, but so blended and interwoven with a singular cast of humour, so gilded by pleasantry, or

so conspicuous for their utility, that we may conclude, if his attention to economy did not make him a better man, the knowledge of human nature which it introduced into his mind, the effect it had upon the particular habits of his life, certainly made him a better author.

However invidious the task might be, it is certain, that, were it not also as ungrateful as invidious, we might, by looking into the minds of eminent men, as exhibited in their works, and accurately considering them, in all probability discover the ruling passion or foible of each; but I conceive, except some turpitude attached to the objects of our enquiry, and it was undertaken for some moral purpose, it would afford as little pleasure to the speculator as to the public: therefore waving all further observations, I shall pursue the object for which they were made; namely, the introduction of a short anecdote of the learned physician to whom I have alluded.

Dr. Radcliff, who resided in Bloomsbury-square, had found it necessary to employ a pavior, either to amend the way before his house, or his back premises. When the job was completed, the man called for his money: the Doctor was from home: he returned early in the morning; at noon; in the evening: still the answer was to the same effect: his employer was either abroad visiting his patients, engaged in company, or so immersed in business, that he could not be spoken with.

What was now to be done?

The Pavior took the resolution one morning, when he had called and received the old answer, that the Doctor was not at home, to wait in the Square until he returned. He did so, and, fortunately, caught him just as he stepped out of his chariot. He presented his bill. The Doctor, as the saying is, "made wry faces," and seemed to take the prescription with great reluctance. At length, when he had thoroughly examined it, he said, "What an enormous charge is here? You expect to be paid, do you? You

* Whitlock's Memoirs, p. 24.

† Coke's Detection, 3d edition, p. 250.

‡ Mr. Justice Croke and Mr. Justice Hutton were both puisne Judges. It appears by their signatures to orders, dated Hilary Term 1627, and the 15th April, 6 Car. I. for the government of the Inns of Court and Chancery, that they had been a considerable time on the Bench.

have a pretty knack at making bills, Mr. Pavior; and for what? Never was a worse job done. You have spoilt my pavement, and then covered it with earth, merely to hide your bungling work."

"Ah! Doctor! Doctor!" said the man, "there have been many worse jobs done than this: but if it were as bad as you say, you well know, that mine is not the only *bungling* work that is covered with earth."

"Oh! you dog!" returned Radcliff, "you are a wit, I see, and consequently poor. Come into the house, and I'll pay you your money."

HENRY VAUGHAN, COMEDIAN.

This actor, who never rose above the inferior rank of his profession, was bro-

ther to Mrs. Pritchard, and originally brought up to his father's business, fan-painting*. It has been stated, that Garrick was of opinion that he had talents to have ascended much higher in the theatrical scale, and it is certain he had opportunities afforded him for their exertion; but indolence, inattention, and, after some years continuance, a disgust to the Stage, are said to have repressed his genius. There were two parts in the performance of which, I have been informed, he shone with unrivalled excellence. These were, Peter, in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Tester, in the *Suspicious Husband*; therefore, unless, like his predecessor, Mr. William Peer †, his said talents were confined indeed, we may reasonably suppose, had his application been equal

* This was formerly a business of considerable importance, as may be gathered from the use that was made of this little instrument by the poets, dramatic and periodical writers, at the conclusion of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. In the Spectator it is frequently mentioned; and the Freeholder has a project for making it serviceable to the Protestant cause. I have formerly seen very beautiful historical pictures upon fan-mounts; and there is still extant a print one presented to Maria Theresa, the Empress, designed by Marcus Tuschler, on which is delineated, most exquisitely, the entrance of the Grand Duke of Tuscany into Florence. In this print it is curious enough to observe, that fashionable absurdity has never been confined to any particular kingdom, for the men all wear large spectacles as a part of their dress, which was then, as I have been told, the custom, not only at the Imperial and Papal courts, but in all the elegant cities of Italy.

† It is pleasing to contemplate and commemorate merit, though the scale of its exertions be ever so confined, and its scene of action ever so contracted.

This idea, I conceive, once operated upon the mind of Sir Richard Steel, and induced him to dedicate several pages of his Guardian (No. 82) to the memory of Mr. William Peer, of the Theatre Royal, who (though not mentioned by Cibber) was, he says, "an Actor at the time of the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Mr. W. Peer," he continues, "distinguished himself particularly in two characters which no man ever could touch but himself;" one was, the prologue to the mock-play in Hamlet; and the other, the Apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway, to the introduction of which piece we might apply a line of the Poet he plundered by way of excuse, and which he has put into the mouth of this character;

"My poverty, but not my will consents;"

which certainly must have been the case with poor Otway, whose elevated genius, while it taught him to look down with contempt on the low scurrility of the high-born Rochester, as exhibited in "The Session of the Poets," was, at the period we are considering, perhaps too severely, stimulated by necessity, to give him time to contemplate the immorality of obtruding upon the town, *as his own*, a dramatic piece, which, in its construction, scenes, and language, is so evidently a transcript from *Romeo and Juliet*, that we are now amazed the public should be so little acquainted with the original as to suffer it to pass. Rowe had not that excuse to make which, through his unfortunate life, might have been urged by Otway; yet, if I recollect right, he was nearly as much obliged to the Fatal Dowry of Messinger and Field for the principal part of his Fair Penitent. But to return to Peer. "It was" (says Steel) "an odd excellency, and a very particular circumstance, that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world."

equal to his genius, he would have attained to considerable eminence.

He was, in early life, an eccentric, and indeed a dissipated character; consequently he was very frequently in scrapes, from some of which he had not always ingenuity sufficient to extricate himself. An instance of this nature, which, while it strongly marked this propensity of his mind, afforded the town some amusement, was once in circulation.

About the years 1744 or 1745, William Vaughan, with a young man of the name of Blacket, who, like himself, had more humour than grace in his composition, allured, perhaps, by the bounty of two guineas paid upon the drum-head, and a crown to drink his Majesty's health, a very large *bounty* at that time, took it into their heads to enlist into the Guards.

When Mrs. Pritchard was apprized of this exploit of her brother William, though she had always shewn a great affection for him, she had been, in

consequence, so harassed by his freaks and extravagance, that, after advising with her friends, she resolved he should remain, at least for some time, in the situation which he had chosen.

Accordingly these two geniuses, as soon as they had learned their exercise, which, as they were both elegant figures and famous fencers, was an easy task, were taken into the ranks, and stationed at the Barracks in the Savoy, and soon after, the prison being very full, and some of its inmates having attempted to escape, posted as sentinels in the church, or rather chapel yard, which at that time was enclosed and bounded by the walls of the prison. The entrance to this dismal place was through a dark passage and an iron gate, which at periods, when the riotous behaviour of the prisoners, or the circumstances of the times, excited vigilance, was, at night, always locked upon the sentinels, and the key carried to the guard-house.

The winter of the year in which

“*world.*” Yet if Steel had more accurately considered human nature, he would have found that such characters are not very uncommon. To say nothing of a constellation of inferior beings who moved in the same orbit with himself, and whose *splendour*, nay whose very existence, depended, to speak in plain English, on being able to utter those two important monosyllables, *Aye!* and *No!* with tolerable propriety, he would, if he had descended to common life, have found, that every neighbourhood abounded with men who obtained the reputation of convivial talents, and sometimes more solid advantages, merely by singing *one* song or telling *one* story over and over again, which he must have observed they did at the same kind of meetings, and to nearly the same, or a majority of the same company, for a long series of years. Indeed, had he been disposed to carry this disquisition still further, he might have observed, that persons with these contracted talents, men who could only do one thing, however trifling in itself, well, were, in a commercial nation, generally deemed the most useful, and had been sometimes the most successful, members of society.

These men, who have at all periods made a considerable part of the community, excite no envy by the splendour of their abilities; and while, like Mr. William Peer, they are contented to leave the principal characters of the great drama to other more enterprising *members*, they endeavour to fill those inferior parts which, like *pegs* in a building, connect and bind the piece together with propriety.

It is further stated, with respect to Peer, that being promoted to the post of property-man, he was rendered so comfortable in his situation, that he unfortunately *grew fat*, and being consequently no longer deemed a fit representative of the *flawed Apothecary*, found himself *cut out* of almost *three* of the five *liques* which it had been the business of his life to repeat; he therefore took this circumstance so much to heart, that it is supposed to have caused or accelerated his death.

Seriously, and, after the last word, we ought to be serious, this little anecdote of Peer will serve to shew how, under the management of the celebrated actors that in his time held the patent, the most minute circumstances respecting character and propriety in dramatic representations, were attended to. It appears they were not altogether so fortunate in the choice of his successor, Mr. William Purville, who suffered the sun, the moon, and the world, to be destroyed by highwaymen, as he was superintending their conveyance to Oxford in Widow Bartlet's waggon. Whether the county was sued for the damage? and, if so, Whether the suit has ended? has not yet come to *light*.

they

they commenced their military career was nearly as intensely severe as that of the year forty; the place where they were stationed open to the Thames, and consequently exposed to every wind of heaven; and to add to their comfort, it was then the custom to relieve the Guard only once in two hours, even in the night.

How these associates whiled away this time is uncertain; unquestionably they told every quarter: the clock at length struck eleven; they disposed of the remaining hour, which I have no doubt appeared the longest of the two, as well as they could; and finally the clock struck twelve: they were by this time nearly frozen to death, but the expected relief buoyed up their spirits; every minute now seemed ten; every minute they expected their comrades, and fancied they heard their steps in the reverberation of every eddy of wind as it beat against the walls, or as it howled through the recesses of the ancient buildings. While they were engaged in this agreeable manner, the quarter struck. Out of patience, they walked from one wall of the place to the other, and, by the light of the moon, discovered the grave, which it was the practice to leave open after the interment of soldiers, &c. till it was full, and then make one covering of earth serve for all.

Upon this discovery, one of these geniuses suggested to the other, that as it was impossible to be colder, they might play the Corporal a trick which would in future teach him to be less dilatory in his relief. An opportunity to play a trick was never neglected by either; therefore the idea was instantly adopted. Cold as it was, they accordingly stripped in their shirts, and putting their cross belts and accoutrements over them, laid their muskets and clothes by the side, and crouched down in the grave. They had but just time to make this arrangement, when the door unlocked, the hinges creaked, (as they used to do in Somerset Garden, where the same ceremony was nightly performed,) and the Corporal, who happened to be a North Briton of the name of Alexander Campbell, with his myrmidons, entered. Missing his sentinels, he exclaimed,

“Maister Blacket and Maister Vaughan! where are ye?”

No answer was returned,

“Maister Blacket and Maister Vaughan;” he repeated.

Still, except from the responses of the wind, all was silent.

Considerably alarmed, still this hero, with a tremulous voice, called Maister Blacket and Maister Vaughan.

“Blacket and Vaughan, where the devil are you?” repeated the Guard.

“Here! Here! He-r-e!” returned our two sentinels, slowly rising out of the grave.

The Corporal and Guard, observing these spectre-like appearances rising from the earth, wisely concluded, that the recruits were frozen to death, and their ghosts now appeared before them; they, therefore, did not stay to ask any farther questions, but flew to the gate, which they fortunately left open. The spectres followed. In the long passage they made a halt, where they put on their regimentals, which they took care to bring with them, and had got into tolerable order when the Officer and Guard arrived with lights.

“Who’s there?” said the first sentinel, as they stood on each side the iron gate.

“Two pieces of ice,” returned Vaughan.

“What!” said the Corporal, “you have come to life again, have you? You have been at your tricks, but you had better been dead, for you will suffer for your counterfeiting most severely.”

“Why,” said the Officer, “you alarmed me with a foolish story that these young recruits were frozen to death, and that you had seen their ghosts. How is this, Vaughan?”

“That we did not come to this untimely end this terrible cold night,” returned Vaughan, “is not owing to the attention of the Corporal. After we had stood our two hours unsheltered from the weather, and fronting the river, he indulged us with more than another half-hour’s enjoyment in the same situation before he brought the relief, though your Honour knows that we were second sentinels from the Guard. I suppose his conscience upbraided him; for as soon as he advanced and called, as we were too cold to answer, he retreated; his brave companions followed the example of Alexander their leader; so that we, Sir, should have had another two hours to stay, if we had lived so long, had not your goodness relieved us.”

“But

"But where are the ghosts?"

"If there were any, they are *laid* in the burying-ground by this time," said Vaughan.

"I fear, Gentlemen," returned the Officer, "as the Corporal says, that you have been at your tricks. Take them into custody; this affair must be more particularly inquired into."

Upon the inquiry, as I have understood, there appeared so much neglect in the Serjeant that had the charge of this department of the relief Guard and the Corporal that should have attended, that our associates got off with a slight confinement.

Soon after this adventure, Mr. Garrick interested himself to get a Lieutenancy of Marines for William Vaughan, in which he succeeded: he was, I think, in this situation some years; then he returned to the stage, on which he made no greater progress than before. In the American war he was again in the marine service, in which he gained considerable credit, and at the time of his death was a Captain in that corps.

DOCTOR ROCK.

It may still be within the memory of many, that most of those Essays which now form a part of the works of Goldsmith were first published, I think, about the year 1760, in a weekly magazine *, called the *Bee*. They were, if we may judge from their then extensive circulation, read with great pleasure by the public, and perhaps contributed to the author's acquirement of that popularity which he afterwards so deservedly attained. But although I perused those pieces, at that time, with all the avidity, and admired them with all the ardour concomitant to youth, I have, notwithstanding the deference due to the favourable opinion of Dr. Johnson with respect to the power and *felicity* of Goldsmith in this kind of composition, very much doubted whether the Essays in question were to be ranked among the happiest efforts of his genius; for however we may have been struck with them collectively, as they are now exhibited, yet if we more accurately consider their individual merit, many parts of them appear to

have been, at least, carelessly written, although there still seems to be wanting that elegant ease, that natural flow of humour, for which the excellent models he had before him were so remarkable. In some of the graver papers you may discern the efforts of *labour*; while in many of the lighter you discover that his mirth is the production of *art*. But as this is, by no means, intended as a critique upon performances which, having long since received the stamp of public approbation, it would indeed indicate considerable temerity to criticise, I shall, with only one remark more, consign that task to superior abilities.

The objection which I hinted, and which would, perhaps it may be said, apply to almost every author, ancient and modern, as well as to Goldsmith, is, that when he has taken up a subject from which we conceive an infinite fund of wit and humour might be drawn, or by which the truths of religion, or maxims of morality, might be illustrated and inculcated, he frequently suffers, rather for want of exertion than strength, his mirthful efforts to subside, his pious and moral effusions to be repressed, ere they have half attained the object within their view: like a careless archer, we often find that he lets his arrows wander from the *butt*, or, with unavailing efforts, exhausts his quiver against collateral objects.

An instance in point with respect to his humorous productions, the only point I shall at present exemplify, is to be found in his twentieth Essay, "On the Art of Healing," or, in other words, upon *Quacks*. These are subjects both for animadversion and ridicule, upon which, from his genius, habits of study, and early habits of life, we should have supposed the humour of Goldsmith would have had room to expand, would have seized the opportunity to luxuriate; yet we find in the pursuit he permits many excellent ideas to escape the grasp of his mental powers, while he exhausts those that are *less fleet*, without once attaining the great end of a comic writer, the exciting our mirth and risibility against, and ultimately our abhorrence of those

* There was in this work a number of valuable articles; among the poems were, The Double Transformation, Imitations of Swift, &c. &c. by Goldsmith. The price was only three-pence.

enormities, which, being out of the reach of the law, receive a kind of tacit toleration from the impudence of their professors acting upon ignorance, credulity, and sometimes bashfulness, and, in conclusion, where he delineates the *characters*, and refers to the controversy then raging betwixt two celebrated men, he does not, in my apprehension, do them, or either of them, that justice which they certainly deserved.

In this age, I should imagine, that a prudent author would mention the word controversy with considerable caution, for three reasons; first, for fear this dreadful word should raise from the *rubbish* of antiquity some modern Scaliger and Cardan, without the genius of the former, and *with* the physical knowledge of the latter, or some good Pope, like him, whose name has escaped my memory, who answered, replied, rebutted, and exercised Justinian, who had *foolishly* taken it into his head, that the Sovereign Pontiff was not authorized by the Scriptures to anathematize or excommunicate any Prelate, Prince, Potentate, or other person or persons, although he or they might happen to differ from his infallibility in the construction of a sentence, the meaning of a word, or be guilty of any other error equally diabolical. Secondly, because that meddling officious word made a match betwixt two others, "Polemical Divinity;" two which, like a lion and a lamb, one would have thought, "That Heaven decreed should never coalesce;" yet from whose inauspicious union Tomes innumerable have been produced, ponderous as the Alps, and with vinegar and *heat* in their compositions sufficient to soften and pulverize any thing but *themselves*. Thirdly, because this word, with others, its appendages, seems to have mounted lately into some skulls so heavy, that the philosophic Dr. Gall might inspect and dissect them for a month without being able to discover the *organ of genius* or to separate ideas; and yet it has so happened, that men with this superior gravity of head have taken this word, which had somehow penetrated, for their *device*, divided their forces into two branches, encouraged *volunteers*, and, in the face of day, to the infinite terror of his Majesty's liege sub-

jects, particularly the *fair sex*, levelled their literary artillery at each other. The God of Sleep, it is said, has now laid his leaden mace upon these combatants, as he did heretofore upon the Boy of Brutus*; though it is believed, that when the remainder of their reports (perhaps of their dreams) are published, they will contain as much *instruction* and *amusement* as we have already seen displayed in the former parts.

But to return to quacks, from whom, indeed, if we properly consider the motives and appreciate the merit of controvertists and polemics, I have not much wandered. It appears by the authentic records before me, assisted by living memory, that in the glorious years 1759 and 1760, periods when the force of our arms had carried *conviction* to every part of the globe; when, from the want of power in our enemies properly to reply, warlike controversy was upon the point of ceasing, a medical controversy arose in *parts* of the city hitherto uncontaminated by the baleful influence of such disorders, and which, like the *Fire* of London, or the disease that was the subject of contention, threatened, for a considerable time, to spread destruction over the *exteriors*.

Having made this assertion, my compatriots have a right to demand the names of the stimulators of this literary conflagration, and they will be a little surprised to hear, that these incendiaries were Doctor Franks and Doctor Rock; men who metaphorically proclaimed, or pretended that they were bringing buckets of water to extinguish the *flames*; men who, as Dr. Goldsmith observes, should have been really above venturing their reputations in a controversy so mischievous in its consequences to society. But here I must once more take the liberty to dissent from this recorder of their fame. Had this agitation of contrary opinions arisen from motives of party; had it been *purely* philosophical; had their minds been *illuminated* and *inflamed*, and had they gone to loggerheads about the principles of *light* and *heat*; had they pummelled each other to a jelly, in order to convince the world that there was in it neither *matter* nor *motion*; there might have been some harsh observations made

* Shakspere's Julius Cæsar.

upon them: but the dire dispute betwixt the philanthropic Franks and the benevolent Rock, though certainly mischievous to their *patients*, who, while they were thus employed, could not be so regularly *dispatched*, had as certainly the very milk of human kindness for its basis; for though their passions were inflamed against each other in the way alluded to, it will be remembered, to the honour of either, that their contention was only who should *do most good*.

This controversy I still remember; and although it will certainly reach posterity in the machine where Dr. Goldsmith has placed it, I conceive he has not thrown into the basket all the *luggage* appendant to it. He has, it is true, told us, with surprize and horror, that the literally great Franks called the metaphorically great Rock "Dumpling Dick;" but he has not stated, that this ingenious epithet was conveyed to the public in the *bills* which he *launched* of all sizes; for he did not, like his predecessor Dr. Case, venture his fame and fortune upon a single distich*, scrawled upon his door-posts on Ludgate-hill. No! he added reams upon reams to the literature of the country, and, calling the graphic muse to his aid, exhibited on the top of his said bills the elegant figure of himself in the character of the good Samaritan, applying some of his specifics to a half-naked patient. Under the print we had this admonition:

"Be not *Rocked* into eternity by that vain and impudent pretender Dumpling Dick, who still lives at the gate of an inn where he once was porter."

Nor has Dr. G. mentioned the elegant retort of Dumpling Dick, as his competitor termed him, which, while it glitters externally, like one of his own pills, is, to the full, as bitter at the *core*. In Dr. Rock's bill, ornamented, as described in the essay to which I have alluded, the sarcasm stood thus:

"If you would avoid destruction, avoid the Old Bailey!"

This, had it stood alone, appears,

in a moral point of view, an excellent admonition; but then followed the medical reason:

"For there lives an Old Soldier, discharged by the *beat of drum*, who has killed his thousands, *but not in battle*: his *pills* are much more fatal than were his *bullets*."

I have remarked, that the great object of the contention of these philosophers was, which of them should *do the most good*; but I am sorry that I cannot inform the present age who was the most successful in this philanthropic pursuit, for this reason, that the good they did was always *in secret*; and I believe that neither of them, during their lives, had occasion to *blush* at finding it fame. I shall therefore *drop* Franks, where he was *taken up*, in the Old Bailey; and, after relating a short anecdote of his equally illustrious rival, consign him also to that applause and approbation which his exertions in favour of the human race deserved.

Doctor Rock, after an itinerant probation, fixed his *mercurial* disposition in that permanent station Ludgate-hill, where he was every day to be seen sitting, just within his shop-door, in a flowing flaxen wig, dark-coloured coat, and picture-frame waistcoat, *i. e.* a waistcoat trimmed with broad gold lace; a dress, together with his celebrity, calculated to attract the attention of passengers, who were sure, if they turned their eyes upon him but for a moment, to have an imp of a boy dart out and pop bills into their hands.

When placed in this situation, the great Rock seemed to have attained the *acme* of his fame and fortune, and to be as firmly fixed as the Edystone: but it has been already hinted, that, like other great practitioners in his way, he arrived at this height *by steps*, or, in the medical phrase, *by degrees*. It is well known, that he first began practice as a pedestrian; then, short as his legs were, he became an equestrian; then, like his celestial progenitor Phœbus, a charioteer; in which character he used to dispense his pills,

* "Within this place

"Lives Dr. Case."

A dispute arose respecting the sex of this learned physician, as he was said to practise at one end of the town as a man, at the other as a woman; some said he was one, some the other; some that he was both, some neither.

recommended

recommended by rhetorical flourishes, such as, in *that line* of the profession, if I am rightly informed, have not since been equalled. Not the great Doctor who preceded the great Doctor S—, who still exists, and ever will exist, if he does but take his *own medicines*, who about forty years since offered to our obstinate ancestors, who might all have been alive now if they had *swallowed it*, *A Solar Pill*, saying, after he had said every thing else, “that it was the property of this inestimable and divine pill to stretch the line of existence to the longest possible extent, to counteract the operation of time upon the external form, to cheer, comfort, strengthen, and renovate the internal, to irradiate and gild the gloom of age, and to diffuse a gleam of sunshine even in the *hour of death*.”

“I must stop here!” said the learned Doctor; at which I must confess I was disappointed, because I should have been delighted to hear what could have been said in continuation.

Such were the effusions of the contemporaries of Rock; but in consequence of the force of his genius, his were said to be still better: he never condescended to talk to his auditors or patients of death or the *grave*, or such *low* subjects; on the contrary, you might gather from his orations, that his pills nearly conferred immortality.

Dr. Rock, mounted in his chariot*, on which was exhibited a graphical pun instead of a crest, namely, a piece of *Rock* work, was one morning, in Covent Garden, haranguing a large audience, assembled around, upon the nature and excellence of his pills, with that delicacy and modesty which were so peculiarly his characteristics, when Mr. William Hogarth and Mr. Francis Hayman, who were walking under the Piazza, mingled with the crowd, and amused themselves with attentively observing him.

Whether the Doctor knew these humourists, and feared that he should suffer from their satiric pencils, is uncertain; but it is most likely he did, as

he took this ingenious method to drive them off the field.

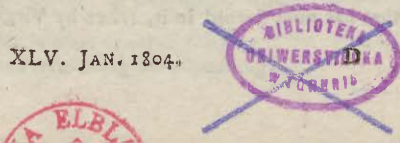
Holding up a box of pills, he began to celebrate their efficacy in the cure of all disorders arising from an impeded circulation and impure system: under their powerful operation, all complaints of this nature were almost instantly, at least “without loss of time and hindrance of business, (two important considerations; he observed, in a commercial country,) to vanish; but, my good friends,” he continued, “in the enumeration of the virtues of these small pills operating upon the branches, I have, as yet, said nothing of their power over the root of a disease peculiarly incident to *this part* of the metropolis; though here they are an absolute specific.”

He then descanted upon a complaint more common than reputable; and, after hinting that he had cured the greatest men in the nation, said, “probably, my friends, you may be still incredulous; you may wish me to give the names of a few out of the multitude of my patients; but these my professional honour, my medical secrecy, obliges me to conceal: however, it fortunately happens that I can satisfy you without any impeachment of my own character. Here are two Gentlemen,” pointing to Hogarth and Hayman, “that I dare say will have no objection to testify the truth of what I have advanced respecting my pills; and I have no doubt but that testimony so honourable will be considered by you as demonstration.”

It is needless to say, that the two painters instantly made the best of their way out of the crowd, execrating the Doctor as they retreated; though I have been told, they did not get clear of the Garden without suffering a good deal from the laughter of the audience.

ERRATA.—In page 12, col. 1, lines 13 and 24, and page 14, col. 1, line 19, for *William* read *Henry*.

* Dr. Rock's chariot used to unfold, and form a kind of rostrum, or moveable shop, on the front of which his attestations of cures, medicines, &c. were displayed.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

On the other side of the Atlantic Ocean I have often luccubrated for your Magazine; and from the solemn forests of *Cosfobatchie*, I have communicated to you my effusions in prose and song. Allow me now, Sir, to introduce to the acquaintance of your readers a poor old Negro Slave, who, in the Woods of Virginia, delighted to sit before the door of my log-house, and relate to me, with the freedom and candour of simplicity, the story of his life.

Accept my salutations.

St. James's, Dec. 9, 1803.

JOHN DAVIS.

STORY OF DICK, THE NEGRO.

[From DAVIS's "TRAVELS IN AMERICA."]

I WAS born at a plantation on the Rappahannoc River. It was the pulling of corn time, when 'Squire Mufgrove was Governor of Virginia. I have no mixed blood in my veins; I am no half-and-half breed; no chestnut-sorrel of a mulatto; but my father and mother both came over from Guinea.

When I was old enough to work, I was put to look after the horses; and, when a boy, I would not have turned my back against the best negur at catching or backing the most vicious beast that ever grazed in a pasture.

'Squire Sutherland had a son who rode every fall to look at a plantation on James River, which was under the care of an overseer. Young master could not go without somebody on another horse to carry his saddle-bags, and I was made his groom.

This young chap, Sir, (here Dick winked his left eye,) was a trimmer. The first thing he did on getting out of bed was to call for a *Julep**; and I honestly date my own love of whiskey from mixing and tasting my young master's juleps. But this was not all. He was always upon the scent after game, and mighty *ficious* when he got among the negur wenches. He used to say that a likely negur wench was fit to be a Queen; and I forget how many Queens he had among the girls on the two plantations.

My young master was a mighty one for music, and he made me learn to play the Banger †. I could soon tune it sweetly, and of a moon-light night he would set me to play, and the wenches to dance. My young master himself could shake a desperate foot at the sid-

dle; there was nobody that could face him at a *Congo minuet*; but *Pat Hickory* could tire him at a *Virginia jig*.

The young 'Squire did not live long. He was for a short life and a merry one. He was killed by a drunken negur man, who found him over *ficious* with his wife. The negur man was hanged alive upon a gibbet. It was the middle of summer; the sun was full upon him; the negur lolled out his tongue, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and for three long days his only cry was Water! Water! Water!

The old Gentleman took on to grieve mightily at the death of his son; he wished that he had sent him to Britain for his education; but after-wit is of no use; and he followed his son to that place where master and man, planter and slave, must all at last lie down together.

The plantation and negurs now fell to the lot of a second son, who had gone to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a Doctor. He was not like 'Squire Tommy; he seemed to be carved out of different wood. The first thing he did on his return from Britain, was to free all the old negur people on the plantation, and settle each on a patch of land. He tended the sick himself, gave them medicine, healed their wounds, and encouraged every man, woman, and child to go to a meeting-house, that every Sunday was opened between our plantation and Fredericksburgh. Every thing took a change. The young wenches, who, in Master Tommy's time, used to put on their drops and their bracelets, and ogle their eyes, now looked down like modest young

* A dram of spirituous liquor that has mint steeped in it, taken by Virginians of a morning.

† A kind of rude guitar.

women, and carried their gewgaws in their pockets till they got clear out of the woods. He encouraged matrimony on the plantation, by settling each couple in a log-house, on a wholesome patch of land; hired a school-master to teach the children; and to every one that could say his letters, gave a Testament with cuts. This made me bold to marry, and I looked out sharp for a wife. I had before quenched my thirst at any dirty puddle; but a stream that I was to drink at constant, I thought should be pure,—and I made my court to a wholesome girl, who had never bored her ears, and went constantly to meeting.

She was daughter to old Solomon the Carter, and by moon-light I used to play my *banger* under her window, and sing a Guinea love-song that my mother had taught me. But I found there was another besides myself whose mouth watered after the fruit. Cuffey, one of the crop hands, came one night upon the same errand. I am but a little man, and Cuffey was above my pitch; for he was six foot two inches high, with a chew of tobacco clapped above that. But I was not to be scared because he was a big man, and I was a little one; I carried a good heart, and a good heart is every thing in love.

Cuffey, says I, what part of the play is you acting? Does you come after Sall? May be, says he, I does. Then, says I, here's have at you boy; and I reckoned to fix him by getting the finger of one hand into his ear, and the knuckles of the other into his eye*. But the whore-son was too strong for me; and after knocking me down upon the grass, he began to *stomp* upon me, and ax me if I had yer got enough. But Dick was not to be scared; and getting his great toe into my mouth, I bit it off, and swallowed it. Cuffey now let go his hold; and it was my turn to ax Cuffey if he had got enough. Cuffey told me he had, and I walked away to the Quarter †.

My master the next day heard of my battle with Cuffey. He said, that I ought to live among *painters* and wolves, and sold me to a Georgia man for two hundred dollars. My new master was the devil. He made me travel with him hand-cuffed to Savannah, where

he disposed of me to a tavern-keeper for three hundred dollars.

I was the only man-servant in the tavern, and I did the work of half-a-dozen. I went to bed at midnight, and was up an hour before sun. I looked after the horses, waited at table, and worked like a new negur. But I got plenty of spirits, and that I believe helped me.

The war now broke out, and in one single year I changed masters a dozen times. But I knowed I had to work, and one master to me was just as good as another. When the war ended, I was slave to 'Squire Fielding, at Annapolis, in Maryland. I was grown quite steady, and I married a house-servant, who brought me a child every year. I have altogether had three wives, and am the father of twelve children, begot in lawful wedlock: but this you shall hear.

My wife dying of a flux, I was left to the management of my children; but my master soon saved me that trouble, for directly they were strong enough to handle a hoe, he sold the boys to Mr. Randolph, of Fairfax, and the girls to 'Squire Barclay, of Port Tobacco. It was a hard trial to part with my little ones, for I loved them like a father; but there was no help for it, and it was the case of thousands besides myself.

When a man has been used to a wife, he finds it mighty lonesome to be without one; so I married a young girl who lived house-servant to a tavern-keeper at Elk Ridge Landing. It is a good twenty-five miles from Annapolis to the Landing-place; but a negur never tire when he go to see his sweetheart, and after work on Saturday night I would start for Elk Ridge, and get to my wife before the supper was put away. Dinah was a dead hand at making of mush ‡; but she could not love it better than I. Dinah, says I to her one night, if you was a Queen, what would you have for supper? Why, milk and mush, Dick, says she. Concern it, Dinah, says I, why if you was to eat all the good things, what would there be left for me?

I was not perfectly satisfied with my new wife; I had some suspicion that she gave her company, when I was away, to a young mulatto fellow; but as her children were right black, I was

* This is what is called *Gouging*.

‡ Food resembling hasty-pudding.

† The place of abode for the negroes.

not much troubled. I never could bear the sight of a mulatto; they are made up of craft. They are full of impudence, and will tell a black man that the devil is a negur; but I believe one colour is as much akin to him as another.

I did not keep to my second wife long; she was a giddy young goose, fond of drefs. She wore a ruffled smock; and on a Sunday put on such sharp-toed shoes, that the points of them would have knocked out a mofquito's eye. If her children had not been right black and right ugly like myself, I should have suspected her virtue long before I had a real cause.

I had made Dinah a present of a little lap-foist; a right handsome dog as you would see; and one Saturday, at negur day-time*, a mile before I got to Elk Ridge, the little foist came running up to me. Hie! thought I, Dinah must be out gadding, and looking forward I saw a man and a woman run across the main road into the woods. I made after them, but I was getting in years, and a walk of twenty miles had made my legs a little stiff. So, after cursing till my blood boiled like a pitch-pot, I walked on to the tavern.

I found Dinah in the kitchen; but the mulatto fellow was not there. She ran to me, and fell on my neck. I hove her off. Begone, girl, says I; no tricks upon travellers; Dick in his old age is not to be made a fool of. Did not I see you with Paris, Mr. Jackson's mulatto? Lack-a-daisey, Dick, says she, I have not stirred out of the house. I swear point blank I have not. I would kiss the Bible, and take my blessed oath of it!—Nor the foist either? says I. Get you gone, you huffey, I will seek a new wife. And so saying I went up stairs, made her gowns, and her coats, and her smocks into a bundle, took the drops out of her ears, and the shoes off her feet, and walked out of the kitchen.

I trudged home the same night. It troubled me to be tricked by a young girl, but it was some satisfaction to know that I had stripped her of all her cloathing. Fine feathers makes fine birds; and I laughed to think how she would look next Sunday; for I had left her nothing but a home-spun suit that she had put on when she got back.

I now said to myself, that it was right foolish for an old man to expect constancy from a young girl, and I wished that my first wife had not got her mouth full of yellow clay. Half-a-mile from Annapolis, by the road-side, is a grave-yard. It was here my poor wife was buried. I had often heard tell of ghosts, and wanted to see if there was any truth in it. I stole softly to the hedge that skirted the road. Hoga, says I, does you rest quiet? Hoga, does you rest quiet? Say, Hoga! and quiet old Dick! I had hardly said the words, when the leaves began to stir. I trembled as though I had an ague. Hoga, says I, don't scare me. But in a less than a minute I saw a black head look over the hedge, with a pair of goggle eyes that flamed worse than the branches of a pine tree on fire. Faith, says I, that can't be Hoga's head, for Hoga had little *pee pee* eyes. I took to my heels, and run for it. The ghost followed quick. As luck would have it, there was a gate across the road. I jumped the gate, and crawled into a hedge. The ghost did not follow: the gate had stopped him; but I heard him bellow mightily; and when I peeped over the hedge, I saw it was 'Squire Hamilton's black bull.

My master at Annapolis being made a bankrupt, there was an execution lodged against his negurs. I was sent to *Alexander* †, and knocked down at vendue to old 'Squire Kegworth. I was put to work at the hoe; I was up an hour before sun, and worked naked till after dark. I had no food but *Honomy*; and for fifteen months did not put a morsel of any meat in my mouth, but the flesh of a possum or a racoon that I killed in the woods. This was rather hard for an old man; but I knowed there was no help for it.

'Squire Kegworth was a wicked one; he beat Master Tommy. He would talk of setting us free. You are not, he would say, slaves for life, but only for ninety-nine years. The 'Squire was never married; but an old negur-woman kept house, who governed both him and the plantation.

Hard work would not have hurt me, but I could never get any liquor. This was desperate; and my only comfort was the stump of an old pipe that belonged to my first wife. This was a

* A cant term among the negroes for night; they being then at leisure.

† Alexandria.

poor comfort without a little drap of whiskey now and dan; and I was laying a plan to run away, and travel through the wilderiness of Kentucky, when the old 'Squire died.

I was now once more put up at vendue, and, as good luck would have it, I was bid for by 'Squire Ball. Nobody would bid against him, because my head was grey, my back covered with stripes, and I was lame of the left leg, by the malice of an overseer, who stuck a pitch-fork into my ham. But 'Squire Ball knowed I was trusty; and though self praise is no praise, he has not a negur on the plantation that wishes him better than I, or a young man that would work for him with a more willing heart.

There is few masters like the 'Squire. He has allowed me to build a log-house, and take in a patch of land, where I

raise corn and water melions*. I keep chickens and ducks, turkeys and geese, and his lady always gives me the price of the *Alexander* market for my stock. But what's better than all, Master never refuses me a dram; and, with the help of whiskey, I don't doubt but I shall serve him these fifteen years to come. Some of his negurs impose on him: there's Hinton, a mulatto rascal, that will run him in debt; and there's Let, one of the house-girls, who will suck the eggs, and swear it was a black snake. But I never wronged Master of a cent, and I do the work of Hinton, of Henry, and Jack, without ever grumbling. I look after the cows, dig in the garden, beat out the flax, curry-comb the riding-nag, cart all the wood, *tote* the wheat to the mill, and bring all the logs to the school-house.

THE WIG,

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER.

NUMER II.

————— " 'Twere a concealment
 " Worse than a theft—no less than a traducement,
 " To hide your Doings." CORIOLANUS.

I AM diverted from my original purpose by the receipt of the following epistle, which has reached my hand since the appearance of my first paper; and as it may afford amusement to some of my readers, I shall gratify the vanity of the writer by inserting it as the subject of this Number.

To Mr. WIG.

BEAR SIR,

Whatever opinion the world, in its exquisite goodness, may form of your introduction to the Fields of Literature, I gladly seize the earliest opportunity of congratulating you, myself, and my countrymen, on the fortunate event which occasioned it: and, Sir, while I profess myself grateful to you,

I cannot help saying, that I feel a desire to be serviceable to the man whose unintentional ingenuity was more particularly instrumental to the important discovery which you have so happily made; and as I employ none but the first artists in the *line*, I shall be happy to engage Rennié, as a reward for the great service he has rendered to me, inasmuch as (being a peruke-maker, according to the vulgar term,) the appearance of your valuable paper may prove highly beneficial to me and the scientific profession to which I have the honour to belong; for I can assure you, that since the first of December, I have been continually employed in curling, friezing, and twitting, to my considerable advantage; and I have it

* Dick's log-hut was not unpleasantly situated. He had built it near a spring of clear water, and defended it from the sun by an awning of boughs. It was in Mr. Ball's peach-orchard.

A cock that never strayed from his cabin served him instead of a time-keeper; and a dog that lay always before his door was an equivalent for a lock. With his cock and his dog Dick lived in the greatest harmony; and notwithstanding the pretensions of a white man to superiority over a black one, neither the cock nor the dog would acknowledge any other master but Dick.

at this moment in contemplation to produce a new wig, to be entitled, *The Porcupine Top-Knot*; or, *Chaplet à la Renne*.—There's a blazing title for you—I am sure it will take—it is a masterpiece—it is formed on a new model, neither Grecian nor Roman—The Ladies must admire it, because it is romantic—but I must express my best thanks to Rennié for giving me (through you) the charming hint; though you have ably distinguished yourself by putting that useful ornament (The Wig) into a shape and form perfectly new, and rendering it acceptable to the lovers of literature; not that I mean to infer, by thus expressing myself, that a Wig in the shape of a glass of cardamoms or kisses can ever prove captivating to a man of taste—no, Sir—but you have so judiciously conducted your remarks on the subject, that I have refined upon the idea, and doubt not of producing again the prevailing fashion for the next *Birib-Day*, and of being *honoured with universal admiration*. Now, Sir, upon all these considerations, I admire you beyond measure. I wish to see you, speak to you, and hear you speak—to shake you by the hand, and take the dimensions of your head:—in short, I cannot refrain from professing myself your sincere friend, that is, provided we do not differ in political sentiments; for although my occupation continually calls my attention to the Wig system, I am at heart a Tory—that is to say, I love the King, revere the laws, am a common council-man, and a Volunteer; moreover, I have subscribed to Pitt's monument; therefore, Sir, if you are a Foxite, I shall disclaim all acquaintance with you: but I have too good an opinion of you to think you cherish such ideas; yet I cannot tell for what reason I have already conceived you to be a man of sense and discernment, as at present I am ignorant of who you are, and what kind of wig you wear; and I am not able to guess, whether it be a Spanish fly—bob major—a tie wig—a short cut—frieze—queu—club—Georgee—a natural flow—natural scratch—full-bottomed wig—or a triple bob major; whether it is furnished with the newly-discovered circular spring, or not; whether it be a tail or a crop wig; of which particulars I anxiously wish to be satisfied; though I hope you will not think me inquisitive about

you, or troublesome with my own concerns, when I inform you, that I have lately constructed the most desirable thing in nature—for the advantage of my countrymen—a Spring Tail—aye, and have a patent for it too. I called it a *Spring Tail*, or *Catch*, upon its first appearance; but this gave occasion for some sprightly wits to call me *Catch-penny*; consequently I shall in future name it Spring Tail, or *Queu*, moveable at pleasure. This accommodating article can be affixed to, or detached from, the head in an instant; the numerous conveniences it will afford are almost incalculable; and a man may suit his dress to the company he has to meet. In the company of Whigs, with his tail in his pocket, he is a Whig—while by applying his hand to the back part of his head, he immediately becomes (if occasion requires) an adherent to the opposite party: thus a complete transformation is in a short time effected; and a laughable incident occurred a few evenings ago, which clearly proved an invaluable convenience peculiar to this little instrument.

Dick Grubland, a fellow Common-councilman, who had that day been fitted with one of my new Patent Springs, stayed in the evening at the Rose rather later than usual. Upon his appearance at home, his poor wife, whose patience was wearied into turbulence, began to degrade and abuse him. Dick (whose head was more disturbed with the arrack punch, of which he had taken a plentiful supply) sat down by the fire-side in mute submission, while his fiery partner exerted her lungs by bawling, in succession, the epithets, Drunken Sot, Beast, Brute, &c. till at length enraged, he was about to make an able reply, when the rising of the arrack in his stomach silenced his oratory, by rushing to his lips before he could find words to express himself; and his wife perceiving his situation as he leaned over the fire-place, caught him by the tail, vociferating, at the same instant, “Oh! my belt fire-irons!”—Very fortunately his tail was not a fixture; it came off in her hand; and she had no sooner separated it from the head of poor Grubland, than she vexatiously threw it on the fire with the contents of Dick's remunerated supper; then, almost bursting with rage and disappointment, she threw herself into a chair, and by a hearty cry relieved her swollen heart. By
this

this time Dick had recovered from his confusion, and seeing his beloved wife in affliction, endeavoured to pacify her; which he at length effected by acknowledging his fault; upon which she, in return, begged forgiveness for her hasty disposal of his fashionable appendage; after which they retired to bed, perfectly satisfied with each other. Next morning I was applied to; for, as Dick observed, his wife had made too free with his tail.

Now, Mr. Wig, you (as a man of penetration and discernment) will directly perceive the extraordinary advantages afforded by this little offspring of my invention. In the case of Grubland it proved advantageous to three persons at one and the same instant: In the first place, had he not worn my spring tail, he would, in all probability, have suffered considerably from the rage and impetuosity of his loving wife; next, had she not pulled it off, and thrown it on the fire, the would not have had a momentary cause for repentance, consequently *family quarrels* would have existed for a longer period; and, lastly, had not all these things taken place, and the fire consumed it, I should not have had a job to replace the tail of my worthy colleague. These, Sir, are important peculiarities, of which, in my original prospectus, I had no conception.—You will think me a very tedious Correspondent, but I cannot close my letter without once more acknowledging myself grateful to you: and I rejoice that the Wig will now become the companion of the learned, the wise, and the witty, the gay, the sprightly, and the demure; the tradesman and the mechanic will now in reality be wigged, while the fashionable and tasteful part of my countrywomen will be eager to follow so good an example. The very idea does my heart good. Sir, I have calculated and estimated; I have advertised and puffed away in bills as long as a parliamentary speech, embellished and enriched with all the pompous words of the English language, accompanied with some from the French and Latin; I have invited the public to examine and inspect the products of my labours; but I have fell short of my wishes, inasmuch as I have not been able to cover half the heads of the world with the *Crown of Canathos*.

I acknowledge myself greatly obliged by the fortunate and timely introduction of your Wig, just as mine was laid aside (for you must know I always study bald-headed), to invent and construct some new and more inviting form in which to place those useful ornaments of nature, but the necessity of which you have happily obviated; for I have now no doubt but the Wig Trade will continue, nay, increase, its present flourishing state.

I have nothing further to add, except, that if you will insert this letter as a paper of your Wig, I shall endeavour to raise a subscription of those small thin papers which carry with them a general passport for the purpose of taking in your works—to employ an artist to take your likeness—and, finally, to erect a monument to your perpetual memory.—I remain, ambitious of further acquaintance, with true respect and gratitude, (as in duty bound,)

Your obliged and obedient servant,
EMPORIUS COVERBALD.
Wiggery, Dec. 15, 1803.

In answer to the foregoing letter, I must observe to the ingenious author of its contents, that although *Wigs* have, time out of mind, been occasionally *puffed*, it is not the hope of his promised reward that induces my insertion of his letter—those rewards have no influence with me, for the following reasons:—First, Had I not possessed sufficient independence to render it unnecessary for me to dispose of my papers, as he disposes of his *wit in wigs*, I should have been highly reprehensible for undertaking the task of an occasional writer, who should upon all subjects remain unbiassed and unprejudiced:—next, I am determined never to be seen in public company, at auctions, Lord Mayors' shews, &c. &c.; consequently do not mean to be stared out of countenance by jammers, nor gaped at for the satisfaction of idle curiosity—and, finally, I do not wish to have my head and face moulded to a *poupee** for the embellishment of his window, which I suppose is what he means by the monument to my memory. Commenced upon the foregoing principles and determinations, the chief aim of the Wig is not to be the hireling of bribery, but the dis-

* An image made for the purpose of exhibiting Wigs.

interested detailer of truth—not to wink at vice and folly, but to shew virtue her own image—not to cover defects (to which purpose it has by some been appropriated), but to point out errors—To be a counsellor to the desponding and disconsolate—a cheerful companion to the lively and gay—a monitor to the idle, the profligate, the licentious, the vain, and the ambitious:—in a word, to be a friend to

all. This I know will be no very easy task; but if, perchance, in my assortment, any one should find a wig to fit more close than he could wish, I hope it will either be worn without grumbling, or the proper dimensions of the head, &c. be sent to me, under cover, according to the following direction: WM. WIG, Esq. *Crown-street, Temple*—or left with the Publisher of the European Magazine, Cornhill.

LEISURE AMUSEMENTS.

NUMBER XI.

*Manus et officium, nil scribens ipse docebo:
Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque poetam:
Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.*

HOR. DE ART. POET.

Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be fam'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill. ROSCOMMON.

AT this time, when the writing of Sonnets has become so fashionable, the following remarks on that species of composition may, perhaps, be acceptable to my readers. I have been favoured with them by a very ingenious friend, who informs me they have been of considerable service to his daughters, for whose instruction they were originally intended. If they do not convey much useful knowledge, they will, I hope, afford some amusement, and consequently require no apology for appearing here.

ON THE SONNET.

Before I attempt to give rules for the construction of a Sonnet, it will, I think, be proper to define the term. A Sonnet, then, is a short poem of fourteen lines, the rhymes of which are arranged according to certain rules; the two first stanzas to have but two rhymes.

This we may stile the mechanism of a Sonnet; but there are likewise other points which were once considered as distinguishing traits of this species of poem. It was thought necessary for it to convey some beautiful thought or sentiment, and to be peculiarly harmonious in its numbers and elegant in its expressions. Both these particulars

have, however, long been disregarded; and I wish it to be understood, that what I am attempting to give, are rules for the construction of a *modern* Sonnet.

Every species of literary composition may be considered under three different heads, *viz.* the language, the decorations, and the sentiment; and under these three heads I shall arrange my remarks on the modern Sonnet. To begin, then, with the language; to which I shall join the versification:

Obscurity is one essential in the language of a modern Sonnet. In most other compositions, we strive to write with ease, and to be perspicuous; but to excel in the Sonnet, we must act quite the reverse. Perspicuity is the greatest defect a Sonnet can possess, in the modern opinion; and to avoid it must be the constant endeavour of those who hope to excel. There are two methods of attaining this object; by the use of obsolete words, and by unnatural arrangement. An acquaintance with the former may be acquired by the perusal of Chaucer, Spenser, and the other fathers of English poetry; but I believe modern Sonneteers think this method *too tedious*, and in general only study the glossaries, which, indeed, to them prove equally beneficial. *Esjpoons, weikin, whilom,* and such words,

words, have a very striking effect, and we consequently meet with them in every modern Sonnet; the other method, of writing obscure by an unnatural arrangement, requires but a very small degree of ingenuity. A few unmeaning, new-coined epithets have likewise been employed, very successfully, to produce this first-rate beauty of a modern Sonnet. The more harsh and incongruous the epithets, the better the effect; and I would recommend the young poet not to be sparing in this species of excellence.

With respect to the versification, we must also act contrary to what is recommended in the other branches of poetry. Instead of imitating the harmony of Pope, we must imitate the ruggedness of Donne. Blank verse has been called prose run mad; and the language of a modern Sonnet may not unaptly be stiled, blank verse run mad. Many people say it is the most musical species of poetry, and I have no doubt they would be surprised at the above remark; but, in my opinion, the music of a modern Sonnet, like the music of the spheres, is often talked about, but never heard. As a specimen of the harmonious versification which a Sonnet requires, I shall quote the following from Milton, whose opinion of that species of poem seems very much to have coincided with that of modern Sonneteers. Although it has been quoted before on a similar occasion, it is such an excellent pattern for the young poet to imitate in his numbers, that I think my Essay would not be complete without it. I could produce instances equal, if not superior, from my cotemporaries; but as Milton's works are before me, I shall not seek farther.

SONNET.

A book was writ of late, call'd Te-
trachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form, and
style,
The subject new: it walk'd the town
a-while,
Numb'ring good intellects, now sel-
dom por'd on:
Cries the stail reader, bless me, what a
word on
A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false while one might walk
to Mile.
End-green. Why is it harder, sirs,
than Gordon,
VOL. XLV. JAN. 1804.

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?

Those rugged names to our like
mouths, grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare
and gasp:

Thy age, like ours, soul of Sir John
Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or
asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge and
King Edward Greek.

Modern writers seem much divided in their opinion, whether it is essential that a Sonnet should contain a thought or sentiment. Some have succeeded very well without admitting any; while others who have attempted to convey one have been unsuccessful. But although modern poets differ as to the *absolute necessity* of a sentiment, they all agree, or at least the majority, that it should, if admitted, be confined to the last stanza, and have not the smallest connexion with the rest. In composing a Sonnet of this species, I know there would be a great difficulty to surmount, if the poet had to form the sentiment in his own mind; but surely there is no necessity for this, when there are collections of maxims and moral sentences in every book-seller's shop! The great art of the poet who nobly ventures to discard the sentiment as an unnecessary incumbrance, is, to conceal the want, and to contrive his language as if something was conveyed when there really is nothing. This is the most difficult to accomplish, and requires much practice.

The next point I have to consider is, the decorations of a modern Sonnet, which do not consist in apt similes or elegant metaphors, but in certain methods of arranging certain terms, so as to produce a sublime confusion. Every modern Sonneteer makes great use of the sun, moon, and stars, which the erudite Martinus Scribnerus files "*the sublime of nature.*" Indeed it is surprising the variety of methods in which they can be employed, and yet with seeming novelty. The moon is a particular favourite with this species of bards, which has occasioned some people to stile them lunatics. All modern Sonnets tell you about *Cynthia, Luna, Diana, the pale orb of night, or the sober-suited orb of night, shining through th' impervious shade, trembling upon the wat'ry waste, gilding with silver seen the welkin round, or lust'ning to the hapless lover's* tale.

talé. The owl and the nightingale are likewise of great use to a modern Sonneteer, and will admit of an equally pleasing variety of description. Thus, they may be introduced as amusing the moon with their love-stories, or venting their sorrows amidst the silence of night, each of which expressions can be varied almost without end.

I shall now conclude these remarks with recommending to the young poet the perusal of the works of ——— and ———, who are the first in this way. He should also study with great attention the treatise ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ, or "Art of Sinking in Poetry," of Martinus Scriblerus; in which he will find

every rule necessary to be observed in the composition of modern Sonnets. After this, if he think proper, he may peruse, as instances of very defective productions, the small poems of Mrs. Smith, which, by a strange misnomer, she has entitled Sonnets. By examining them, he will discover their faults, and learn how to avoid similar in his own compositions. Although I cannot allow this Lady's poems to be called Sonnets, she must not be offended; for, as was said of Pope's Pastorals, if they are not Sonnets, every one must agree they are something better.

HERANIO.

Jan. 16, 1804.

SOME ACCOUNT OF HENRY BRACKEN, M.D. LATE OF LANCASTER.

WRITTEN IN 1797, AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

UPWARDS of thirty years having now elapsed since the death of this eminent Surgeon and Physician, and nothing biographical having yet been published respecting him; and being, through the favour of his late widow, furnished with a few materials of that kind*, I think it incumbent upon me to lay the substance of them before the public, together with some other particulars of his life which seem to be yet authentically retained in common report. The undertaking, I know, is not without its difficulties. The Doctor was a man who, in his time, attracted a great deal of public notice, and had active enemies, as well as many friends. Hence it will be impossible to relate his history in such a manner as to satisfy every reader, or to appear in all respects duly accurate. Personal prejudices are easily conveyed to descendants, and therefore the writer can have only to say, that in his narrative he has used his best endeavours to relate nothing but what appeared to him to be materially true.

HENRY BRACKEN, of whom we are now to speak, was the son of Henry Bracken, innkeeper in Lancaster; a man of good account, and of a reputable character. His house was the third on the north side of Church-street, above the top of Bridge-lane; the

sign, what it still continues to be, *The Horse and Farrier*; and there the subject of our narrative was born, in the year 1697 †.

His classical education he had at the grammar-school in that town, under Mr. Beardley and the Rev. Thomas Holmes; but whether he signalized himself as a scholar (as he certainly would as a spirited and active boy) is not at this distance of time to be learned.

When of a proper age, his father was fortunate enough to get him fixed as an apprentice for six years with Dr. Thomas Worthington, of Wigan; at that time a man of the highest estimation of any in the North of England, both as a Physician and Surgeon. The Doctor soon discovered the superior abilities of his pupil, and he seconded them as particularly with his instructions; for he was not more eminent for his skill than his industry; and, to do full justice to the engagement he had entered into with regard to the young men confided to his tuition, he not only lectured them constantly on the causes and cures of the various maladies which occurred in his extensive practice, but provided a chemical laboratory for their use, and superintended and explained to them the nature of their occasional experiments: A most worthy example, of late I fear but little

* She also gave a parcel of papers and letters respecting the Doctor to another friend, from which I hoped to have made this account better worthy of perusal; but after his decease, it could not be learned what became of them.

† He was baptized the 31st of October.

followed!

followed! For, from the lowest mechanical trade to the highest profession, apprentices seem to be now left almost wholly to themselves, to gather from mere practice, the use of the shop, the desk, and their own ingenuity, all that is enjoined to be taught them in the stipulations of their indentures.

But how very different is this to what is expected from a school-master, whose quarterage for an individual bears but a small proportion to the gratuity which arises from most apprentices where a fee is required at all! And how ought the recollection of these points to lead to a double reformation in our domestic conduct! In the tutor's case, scarce an hour of the time of school attendance can pass without something being directed particularly to each pupil for the improvement of his knowledge or his behaviour; which is surely a most important service, worthy of imitation in all kinds of tuition, and of which it is to be hoped parents will shortly become so sensible as willingly to reward the early tutors of their children in a manner sufficiently liberal to induce the properly qualified to undertake the task, and to give them a rank in life far above that into which the fordidness and thoughtlessness of the times have lately sunk them.

On his leaving Dr. Worthington, our young pupil went to St. Thomas' Hospital, in London; and, after continuing there as long as he thought it to his advantage, in order to increase both the range and scale of his experience, he proceeded to the *Hôtel-Dieu*, in Paris, where, through the means of the Earl of Stair, our Ambassador then there, he had the *French King's* letters of licence to be admitted into the *Chamber of Midwifery*. When he had satisfied his thirst for professional knowledge in these schools, he directed his steps to Leyden, to study under the illustrious Boerhaave, whose lectures he attended fifteen months; and where his abilities and conduct so won upon that amiable professor, as to gain his friendship and esteem; and in proof of which he honoured him with his correspondence after their separation; nor did he neglect any other opportunity to give the fullest testimony to the abilities and industry of so hopeful a pupil.

When, or from whence, he had his Diploma does not now appear; but most probably he had it from that University.

On his return from the Continent he again visited London; and after a few months' residence there, through the persuasion of his friends, he was induced to try his fortune in his native place in the profession of physic and surgery. Though this was a good deal against his own judgment, (as the town and neighbourhood of Lancaster were then far from possessing their present opulence and number of inhabitants,) and also in direct opposition to the force of a well-known proverb; yet, on the trial, he succeeded beyond the hopes of his warmest advisers. He was said to have been particularly fortunate in the whole course of his practice; and having at the out-set performed some very extraordinary cures in both branches of his art, his name soon became famous all around: and, ere many years had passed, so great was his popularity, and so high the general opinion of his abilities, that he acquired a reputation perhaps superior to that of his neighbouring master, and whose death he had to lament not long after, or about the year 1718.

When he was a little fixed in business, he married Miss Ann Hopkins, daughter of Mr. Christopher Hopkins, of Lancaster, stationer and bookseller; a man of extensive knowledge, great ingenuity, and equal integrity. It deserves, also, to be remembered of him, that he was well skilled in Greek and Latin and most of the modern languages, and remarkable for having never drank any strong liquors. An anecdote, shewing his loyalty and zeal for the present Establishment, may also merit to be here noticed. In the rebellion of the year 1715, he bought up a quantity of gunpowder in Lancaster, and threw it publicly into a draw-well, then in the market-place, to prevent its falling into the hands of the rebels*. On a slight view of this act, it may seem to manifest more zeal than discretion; as it was very easy to have rendered the gunpowder useless many ways, without doing a temporary damage to any thing. But his intent seems to have been, by the singularity of the deed, to get it *strongly* reported,

* See the London Magazine for May 1737, where there is an account of his death and of this fact.

that he had destroyed that article to prevent the rebels from ill-treating any of the inhabitants of the town, in order to extort it from them; as they were known, on account of their foreign trade, to have always a considerable quantity by them.

Our young practitioner's fame and business now grew every day more and more extensive, particularly as to his skill and dexterity in cutting for the stone, and he quickly became acquainted with several of the first gentlemen in the neighbourhood and the country. Uncommon success, also, still seemed to favour his practice; inasmuch, that his reputation was in a short time not confined to his native district, but had reached to the metropolis, and even the remotest corners of the kingdom, from whence were frequently sent him both patients and cases of difficulty*.

It will be found in the sequel, that the activity of his mind directed his attention to several things foreign to his profession; which, joined with the hurry of his great practice, prevented him a good while from drawing up any thing in writing relating to it, except now and then a slight essay in the newspapers or magazines. At length, however, he was stimulated to do something more by the late Lord Strange and Sir Nathaniel Curzon, who wished to have his opinion of *Captain Burdon's Pocket Farrier*, and who, equally with himself, were admirers of the noble animal to which the book relates. This he gave in a series of notes so much to their satisfaction, that they wished him to print them. They then further urged him to write something more at large on the subject, which he did in a work, in two volumes, called, *Farriery Improved; or, A Complete Treatise on the Art of Farriery*, which was published by subscription in 1737, and was so well received as to pass through a number of editions.

He then continued to write occasionally on different branches of his profession; as on Midwifery, the Small Pox, the Diseases of the Eye, the Nature and Origin of the Stone and Gra-

vel, &c.; and, besides what he sent thus to the press, he was often inserting little essays in the newspapers; to which he always thought it proper to sign his name. But a complete list of his works his widow was not able to supply, nor does the writer of this account find one easy to procure.

In all this we see grounds for great popularity; but there were others which tended materially to increase its extent. He was of a most pleasant and facetious temper; fond of a joke, either verbal or playful; had an agreeable voice, and still more agreeable manner of speaking, which he could accommodate to people of all ranks in life; and he ever, and on principle, would use the same freedom in talking with those of the lowest class as he would use with his equals. This made him generally beloved, and almost adored by those who esteemed his notice a degree of condescension. And hence it was, that the public-house in Chinacane, where he used often to spend his threepence in the evening, was much resorted to for the sake of enjoying his conversation.

Under these circumstances, with a mind of his lively cast, conscious of superior abilities, and of an undaunted spirit, it is natural to think he would, at times, be inclined to speak pretty freely of persons and things, and to say there was *meaness* and *folly* where he fancied he saw a *mean* and a *foolish* action. I am far from wishing to innuinate by this, that he was prone to calumny; I believe he was not; but to suggest, that by the force and pointedness with which he generally made his remarks, he must, like other men, by these remarks have given occasional offence.

Few people are without their enemies: those of superior abilities never. *Envy*, says the poet, *will merit as its shade pursue*. And, putting all the above circumstances together, we cannot be surprised to find that Dr. Bracken had his share, and those equally malevolent and powerful, who made it their bu-

* These pages were favoured with the perusal of my ingenious friend, Mr. Moss, of Liverpool, one of the Doctor's last pupils, who has here observed, that "it appears from a printed letter of the Doctor to a Dr. Kennedy, that probably on account of his success in business (for it could not be from the want of it), when he had been near twenty years fixed in Lancaster, he had entertained some thoughts of going to practice in London."—A few further remarks of this Gentleman will be found at the bottom of the ensuing pages, with the signature M.

liness, at every opportunity, to misrepresent his actions, and at length to attempt to ruin his character and peace of mind.

Tales of this sort are now best buried in oblivion, or else many of them have come currently enough to the writer's ears. He has pleasure, however, in saying, that he has also heard *counter-stories* to the chief of them, apparently so full of truth, as often to convince him of their envious rise and perfect falsehood. Nor are these *counter-stories* yet so lost to remembrance, as wholly to rest on the writer's assertion.

To call a man a *Collier*, when he undertook in part to supply the town with coals from Burton in Lonsdale (and in which business he employed a number of small horses);—a *Landlord*, when, concerned with Mr. Borrankill*, as Keeper of the Jail, he provided it with unusually good beer, and moderated some of its fees; a *Maltster*, when in this appointment he made his own malt; a *Brewer*, when, on account of some ale he sent of his making to the West Indies, he was inclined to try how a quantity would there succeed on sale †;—and a *Horse-Jockey* and *Cock-feeder*, when he was engaged in a darling pursuit, the breeding of horses and game-cocks for the turf and the sod, &c.—to give him these appellations, on these accounts, though not handsome, may be thought fair and excusable, and worth no serious regard. But when he was charged with the crimes of *Forgery*, *Barratry*, and *Treason*, it is but justice to his memory to employ a few pages of defence against such foul and ignominious slanders, as there may be still those who are inclined to believe them true. And,

First, respecting the *Forgery*. This charge was grounded on the fact of the Doctor taking hold of and guiding the hand of one of his patients, who was paralytic, and at times insane, while he signed a letter intended to prevent some meditated foul-play as to his effects. This was done with the concurrence of the patient while in his right mind, and in the presence of his sister and other friends. The act, therefore, was not only legal, but kind and worthy of

praise. But instead of receiving unmixed praise, an action was commenced against him for forgery; though, as might be supposed, without any effect as to crimination; it turning out, when fully investigated, much to his credit with all except the friends of the prosecution.

Second, as to his *Barratry*. He had learned, that it was believed there was an orphan child in America who was heir at law to considerable property in this country which had belonged to a deceased uncle, and which two of the uncle's sisters were then improperly getting into their hands. Finding that he had such connexions, both at home and in America, as promised a good chance to discover if there was such a child, he made use of them for that purpose. And, it proving to be really the case, he had the boy brought over to England, (I believe accompanied by his mother, brother, and a necessary witness,) with proper documents to support his claim. This the Doctor got into chancery; and, after it had been there some years, a decree was issued in the young man's favour. During all this time the Doctor was at the expense of his education, and of every thing else that went to his support, as well as to the support of those who came along with him; which expense, joined to the costs of law, amounted to a very considerable sum, and, in the end, the Doctor was unfortunate enough to lose: for though the young man promised, and no doubt meant to remember him, he married foolishly, and continued to forget what was so justly due to his active benefactor. This interference, of course, greatly exasperated the two sisters, and they found an Attorney (in the Castle) sufficiently base to bring an action against the Doctor for *barratry*; but it, also, as it deserved, met with nothing but the derision of the Court.

But the crime of *High Treason*, with which he was charged a little after the last incursion of the rebels into England, was indeed a serious, as well as a most unhappy affair; and, (strange as it may now seem, it is an instance of a person being accused as an enemy of

* This was in the year 1725.

† "It may be added to the list of these odd vocations, that he also had a vessel with which he traded to Portugal and the Levant for wine and fruit."—M.

that to which every action of his life proved him to be the particular friend: so blind are personal hatred and party spirit! No man, perhaps, was ever more loyal than Dr. Bracken; and these facts may serve in part to shew it:

Constantly before the rebellion in 1745 this was esteemed one trait in his character. And when the rebels passed first through Lancaster*, besides getting their numbers taken as they entered into the town, he discovered something of their intentions, which, along with these numbers, he sent to the Duke of Cumberland, then at or near Newcastle-under-Line; and for which *interesting intelligence* he had his Royal Highness's thanks communicated to him through his Secretary, Sir Evered Falconer, with a request of the continuance of his correspondence †.

In consequence of a letter from Ge-

neral Wade to the Magistrates of Lancaster and other places, desiring them to use their best endeavours to obstruct the progress of the rebels through the country, not many hours after they had left Lancaster for the South, the Doctor, with Mr. Lettenby and some others, to the amount of about twenty or thirty horsemen, followed them, and ventured to take prisoners seven or eight stragglers before they reached Garstang. Also, three miles on this side of Preston, the Doctor himself secured one of their messengers, skulking through the fields, who was going into Scotland; and in a belt he had under his shirt were found forty-nine letters, and some of them of material importance. These letters were also sent to the Duke of Cumberland along with another letter from the Doctor †.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S CUSTOMS ABROAD.

EVERY where in the Christian world, the festivity, in honour of the birth of our Saviour, brings with it mirth as well as consolation. The faithful acknowledges, with gratitude, the immeasurable goodness of a Divine Providence; the Philosopher admires its utility, its necessity, was it even a human institution; the Deist cannot but envy the consolatory belief of the Christian; and Atheists must tremble for a futurity, in which so many wise men have confided, and which so many good men expect with certainty. It carries with it numerous pleasing remembrances for virtuous old age; it

holds forth happiness to man; it gives pleasure to youth, and hope to all ages; to the cradle as to the death-bed. It encourages the young to struggle with constancy against the temptations of vice and torments of misfortunes; and rewards labour and victory on the borders of the grave with the pleasing prospect of a blessed eternity.

In the South and in the North of Europe, among the Roman Catholics as well as among the Lutherans and the Protestants, Christmas is kept holy, more than Easter or Whitsunday. Children then receive presents from their parents, servants from their mas-

* 26th of November.

† This letter was seen by many before it was put (with other documents) into the hands of the Doctor's Solicitor, Mr. Walling, of London, where it finally remained.

‡ It was not till lately that I found the honour of seizing the rebels near Garstang and Preston to be claimed by Ray, in his meagre History of that Rebellion, page 146, as belonging to *himself*. I relate what Mrs. B. used to tell; nor have I heard any thing talked to the contrary. But it seems this *volunteer*, if we may wholly trust his narrative, was very dextrous, all along, in picking up straggling rebels; as if it were probable a discreet man, without the assistance of others, would make such dangerous attempts near the enemy; in parts, too, where he was a stranger, and through which he was often obliged to pass under a borrowed appearance, to facilitate his avowed aim of *reconnoitring* and *dogging* the enemy as *afsy*. For the purpose of these enterprizes, the spirit of a score of horsemen seems so much better adapted, as to make the above account by far the more credible of the two.

ters,

ters, friends compliment friends, and lovers are permitted to explain, in verse or prose, the cause of their sighs. Families and friends then meet together; the rich in sumptuous repasts, in brilliant balls, in splendidly ornamented halls; whilst the poverty of garrets shares its scanty meals with the wretchedness of cellars. They all alike repeat the sacred and respectable hospitality and custom of eighteen centuries; and, from the more or less simplicity of some of the usages, it may be concluded, that they originate, with little change, from the times of the Apostles, when all Christians were regarded as brothers, and all shared the same tables as well as the same dangers.

More corrupted and richer than the North, in the South of the European continent every thing is profusion and pageantry. A Christian of the first century would, at a midnight mass on Christmas Eve, at Rome or Madrid, at Naples or Vienna, believe himself in the Temple of Heathen Divinities, crowded with the pompous shews of vows, from trembling superstition or repenting crime. A Christ in a cradle of gold or silver, set round with diamonds, and a Virgin Mary dressed in lace and embroidery, and decorated with jewels, are exhibited to adoration in the churches of the Roman Catholics, all richly and artfully illuminated with chrysal lamps and luitres, and numerous large tapers; communion bread is devoutly offered and handed about; and, whilst a perfume of the first odours pleases or strikes the senses with admiration, music, vocal and instrumental, and a concert of the first musicians, finished by a chorus of hundreds of the first singers, penetrate into the heart, command melancholy, or inspire recollection. All convents, episcopal hotels, and the houses of the inferior clergy, are ornamented with woven or embroidered tapestries, representing the history of the birth of our Saviour; and, until the twelfth night, alms in provisions or money are distributed to all the poor who present themselves, and collections are made at the churches, or in private houses, for those who, from sickness, infirmity, or modesty, are prevented from appearing in public. During these twelve days, private balls are very frequent, accompanied by entertainments and presents, and continue until the public balls

and masquerades of the Carnival restore a community of pleasure, between the inhabitants and visitors, between the people of the country and strangers, between all who can afford to pay, who have curiosity to see others, or vanity to exhibit themselves.

Even in Protestant Germany, the Christmas customs are mostly the same with those of the Roman Catholics, except in Hanover, in the Lutheran part of Prussia, and in Holstein, where the same usages are observed by all classes of the inhabitants as only among the lower classes in England; but in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, differing little from each other, they are totally different from all other nations of Europe. In Sweden and Norway, where the winter often sets in with October, the people count every day, nay almost every hour, that approaches to Christmas, and they enjoy for months the feasting of some days. The peasants of those countries seldom taste a morsel of bread unmixed with ground bones or bark of trees, and wheat bread never but at Christmas; dried fish, and particularly pickled herrings, are their common nourishment instead of meat, except at Christmas, Easter, and Whit Sunday, when salted or smoked meat oftener than fish is enjoyed.

In October, every year, beer is brewed all over the country; and chosen pieces of meat, from oxen, rein-deers, or bears, are smoked, to be preserved until Christmas Eve. The dinner-hour that day is eleven, and the dinner is rather a lunch. At six, the so-much-desired supper is upon the table, and consists of a dish of stock-fish dressed in milk, a piece of smoked beef, or, for the poor, smoked mutton, a large rice pudding, which is eaten with cream, and with wine by the *very* rich; a kind of white partridge roasted (bought for a penny) is served to each person; and the supper ends with some dried fruits and small nuts. The drink is corn brandy intermixed with water, and the Christmas beer a sort of brown ale, pleasing to the palate, but heady. At this repast, all persons are dressed in their holiday clothes, and try to have something new, to be congratulated upon for their good choice, and to obtain wishes to wear it with health and prosperity. In the middle of supper, the door is suddenly opened by a man, who has his head covered so as to be
unknown,

unknown, and carries a basket containing the Christmas boxes, consisting, indeed, of trifles, but giving more real and innocent pleasure than presents of value, which the dependent or needy receive oftener from pride and ostentation than from humanity or generosity. A prayer-book, worth one shilling and sixpence, is one of the most valuable gifts, even where the first people in the place, the Collector and the Fiscal, with their wives, are present. What is intended for the servants is distributed to them by their masters and mistresses, and they appear in an instant in the room to shew it, and to make a courtesy. During the supper, some children of the village sing several hymns in praise of the Virgin and her Son. After supper, they visit the children's chamber, illuminated with coloured candles upon a large table, containing round cakes, gingerbread, and other cakes, heaped up one upon another in a pyramidal form, one for each child, more or less high, as the conduct of the child has been during the year. Those cakes are to remain untouched until Christmas is over. Nearly the same usage prevails in Spain, Italy, and Germany, with this difference, that between those pillars of cakes is an artificial tree, containing wax figures of the Virgin, of Christ, of Joseph, &c. among the leaves. Before nine o'clock, strangers retire, and every body goes to bed. No sooner is midnight over, than a chorus of the children and servants comes to your chamber-door, and wishes you a good Christmas. At one o'clock in the morning you are called up to breakfast, and the first service begins at two.

In entering the wooden church, all painted, or rather daubed over; you see every person with one or two candles before him or her, painted in different colours and manners; all persons carrying with them their own candles and candlesticks, of the size they can afford, and the colour they like. No silver candlesticks were seen, few of other metals, but most of them of carved or gilt wood.

The service, says our Correspondent, began with a short psalm, and then the Curate's son, a young school-boy, after many bows to the congregation, placed himself before the altar, and sung, in a kind of solo, some paragraphs from a chapter in the Bible, about the birth of Christ. That done, the Curate ascend-

ed the pulpit, and preached extempore for near an hour, and a psalm again finished the service. At four, another, and at six the last service began, both nearly resembling the first; and all three were over before eight o'clock in the morning. In answer to my question, why the service commenced so early? the Curate told me, that the extent of the parishes, in some parts of his country, goes to thirty and forty miles, and the parishioners would not be home in time to enjoy Christmas Day, the only happy day for most of them in the year, was he to detain them later. He added, this is the only holiday I am obliged to preach three extempore sermons. This custom is, however, more probably, a remnant of the Roman Catholics' midnight mass.

At our return from church, a warm beer soup, sweetened with molasses, and the beef from the supper, were offered as refreshments. At twelve o'clock we all dined with the Collector, nearly in the manner we had supped, with the addition of a roasted wild fowl of the size of a turkey, called in their language Kaeder, of an agreeable flavour, and a pot of artificial coffee from burned oak, dried sorrel, &c. After dinner, the Collector made a small bowl of punch from arrack, containing just a wine glass of liquor for each of us. At five o'clock, the supper was upon the table, and plenty of beer drank, with wishes that they might all meet again happy at another Christmas. During the whole day, and all the following days of my stay, the children of the village were singing hymns before the houses of the Curate, of the Collector, and of the Fiscal; and these three persons continued each in turn to treat the two others and their families nearly in the same manner as on Christmas Day, only with the difference that, except New Year's Day, every evening was finished by a dance for an hour, of their children, at the singing of their mothers, no musician being in the parish.

At midnight, on New Year's Eve, I was again disturbed by the chorus of the children and servants, to wish me a good new year, and called to attend divine service, which began an hour later, and was over an hour earlier, than Christmas morning, and consisted only of two sermons. All the parishioners now followed their pastor to his house, where they brought him presents

sents of butter, cheese, eggs, dried or pickled rein-deer, or bear's-flesh, &c. and in return received each a glass of brandy. All of them kissed the hands of the Curate's wife, and some of them even those of the Curate. During that day, all persons who met shook hands or embraced each other, in wishing a good new year. The Curate told me, that in the towns and cities all classes of people visit or leave their cards on New Year's Day; and that a neglect of it is always regarded as an affront. Superiors distribute presents to their inferiors, who do the same among themselves; and masters reward the zeal or fidelity of their servants, as on the Christmas eve. In all coffee-houses and taverns, a pewter-plate is placed upon the bar, where the customers put some money for the waiters, who, during the year, never demand or expect any thing from regular customers. This last usage is followed and improved upon in France, Italy, and Germany, where the waiters, in serving, offer each customer a cornet of paper containing some sweetmeats or confectionary dainties, and expect in return a present in money.

It was the constant custom of this good Curate, not to suffer any body in his house to remain in bed after six o'clock in the morning, or to begin any work before morning-prayers; the family, servants, and visitors, were all collected in the same room, and remained upon their knees until prayers were over. After supper every night, the same ceremony took place with the evening prayers; and though this edifying devotion continued nearly half-an-hour each time, I never observed any thing but attention even in the children. Prayers of a quarter-of-an-hour were regularly said before and after each repast; and the Curate often interrupted the innocent dance of the children, by asking them to pray and sing hymns, to which they submitted with a cheerfulness which proved they had been instructed, that in doing their duty to their Creator, they enjoyed the first of all earthly pleasures.

The great distance from all towns, and the few wants of the people, made every thing very cheap in this part of the country. The Curate's wife often told me, that the Collector must be rich, because, with three children only, he had forty six-dollars, or ten pounds

in the year, whilst her husband, with half that salary, could *very well* bring up seven children. This good woman, when I asked her what I could do for her family, for their hospitality towards a stranger, told me, with much simplicity, that *if I could afford it*, and would send her husband from Gottenburgh (distant about 150 miles) a pound of good tobacco, I should make her husband *as happy as a Prince*.

In conversing with the pious Curate about the morality of his parishioners, he told me, with a groan, that three years ago a crime had been committed, which had excited alike the wrath of Heaven and the scandal of the See; because the daughter of a peasant was seduced by a Danish Officer, and had a bastard child. But, added he, though she died in a short time, and very repentant, both myself, my wife, and our neighbours, have often seen the devil, since he was buried, walk in the church-yard, sometimes under the figure of a white bear, and at other times as a black wolf with fire in his mouth and eyes; and we have been several times disturbed in the night by the rattling of chains, and complaints, in the very voice of the unfortunate girl, which only our sincere prayers caused to cease. The crosses you observe upon the inside and outside of every door, said the Curate's wife, are there to prevent her evil spirit or the devil from penetrating our house!!

At last, on the tenth day, information arrived that the lakes were entirely frozen and safe, and, by putting my carriages upon sledges, I might continue my journey.

During my travels, I have witnessed the grandeur of courts, the pride of rank, the vanity, the ostentation of riches. I have seen every where many rejoicings, artificial gaiety, and pleasures commanded, but not felt; but in the retirement amongst innocence and simplicity, goodness and hospitality, where I passed this Christmas, I found what philosophers look for in vain in populous cities or crowded assemblies — *virtue rewarded with true happiness upon earth*, undisturbed by the perverting sophistry of reformers, the dangerous dogmas of innovators, and the abominable crimes with which the ferocious Corsican desolates southern Europe.

A TRAVELLER.

THE
 LONDON REVIEW,
 AND
 LITERARY JOURNAL,
 FOR JANUARY 1804.

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

An Historical Review of the State of Ireland, from the Invasion of that Country under Henry II. to the Union with Great Britain, on the 1st of January 1801. By Francis Plowden, Esq. Two Volumes, 4to.; but the Second Volume being divided into Two Parts, forms Two large Books, which, with greater Propriety, might have been denominated Three Volumes.

IT affords us peculiar satisfaction to be enabled to open our literary Budget for the New Year with a work of uncommon merit, in the first class of literature; and rendered remarkably interesting at this juncture. A complete History of Ireland, brought down nearly to the present time, has long been wanting, and at length is happily accomplished. It appears likewise at a moment when the attention of the public is naturally turned towards that ancient kingdom, now united with Great Britain, from the probability that the grand object of the French Government is the conquest and detachment of so valuable a jewel from the British Crown.

The doubts that prevail in the public mind respecting the conduct of too many individuals who still entertain prejudices and harbour resentment against the British Government, under the probable event of a French invasion, will be removed by a careful perusal of the present work; the truly patriotic design of the historian being to place in a clear point of view the incalculable advantages of the late happy Union, which, by granting every thing to the Irish nation that could be reasonably expected on the part of the British Government, has ensured the loyalty, and established the permanent happiness, of a brave and grateful people.

Our author modestly calls his work, an historical review; but after a candid examination, we have found it to

be a regular history of Ireland, in which all the material facts are properly arranged and duly connected; and the fidelity of the narrative is supported and confirmed by authentic documents—the appendices containing authentic copies of the principal records of the kingdom. In the preliminary Chapter to the first Volume, some general observations are introduced upon the nature and resources of Ireland, and the spirit and character of its native inhabitants; in order “that we may be enabled to judge impartially of the relative effects of that connexion which, through a long and intricate maze of national vicissitudes, has ultimately led to an incorporate union of the two kingdoms.” In this view, the attention of the reader is drawn to such prominent events as have, in their time, order, and proportion, remotely and proximately led to the Union, which is the primary object of this publication. “To a close and impartial observer, the original natural character will manifest itself, up to the remotest antiquity, under the strongest influence of improvement or debasement.”

From Dr. Leland, whose History of Ireland, in our Author's opinion, claims classical pre-eminence amongst the modern productions upon this subject, we have the following concise characteristic of the people of Ireland—“A robust frame of body, a vehemence of passion, an elevated imagination—noble instances of valour, generous effusions

effusions of benevolence, ardent resentments, desperate and vindictive outrages, abound in their annals. To verse and music they are peculiarly addicted. They who are possessed of any superior degree of knowledge, they who operate on their fancies or passions by the liveliest strains of poetry, are held in extraordinary veneration. The ministers of their religion are accounted more than human. To all these they submit their contests; they consider them as oracles of law and policy. But reflection and the gradual progress of refinement convince them of the necessity of settled laws. The principles of equity and independence implanted in the human breast, they receive with delight; but the violence of passion still proves superior to their restraint. Private injuries are revenged by force; and insolent, ambitious Chieftains still recur to arms." The outline and colouring of this portrait is admitted to be just; and by reference to the earlier parts of the Irish annals, Mr. Plowden has been enabled, with this guide, to trace and account for the origin, nature, and continuance of that national character, out of which arise the strongest reasons for the Union.

The curious reader is gratified in this part of the preliminary Chapter, with an account of the great antiquity of the Irish. The pride of ancestry, it is asserted, has a peculiar effect upon the Irish. Their ancestors were undoubtedly *Scythians*, or, as they were afterwards called, *Phœnicians*; and it is a general belief, that a *Scythian* or Phœnician colony settled in Ireland; and as the *Carthaginians* received the use of letters from the *Phœnicians*, the strongest proof of the origin of the Irish being derived from a colony of *Scythians*, is founded in the wonderful similarity, or rather in the identity, of the Phœnician and Irish languages. A specimen of the two languages is given at page 5.

"No nation, now upon the face of the globe, can boast of such a certain and remote antiquity; none can trace instances of such early civilization; none possess such irrefragable proofs of their origin, lineage, and duration of government.—The Irish have always prided themselves upon having kept up a longer succession of Monarchs than any other kingdom of the world. This

race of Kings the Irish call *Milesian*, all of them having descended from *Heber*, *Eremon*, and *Ith*, the three sons of *Milesius*, who was the leader of the Scythian expedition from Spain; the first settlers in Ireland. In the year of our Lord 1170, one of the Princes of *Ulster* boasted to Pope Alexander III. of an uninterrupted succession of 197 Kings of Ireland down to his time. The moderate allowance of ten years to the reign of each of these Kings will fill the space of 1970 years; 200 years being a moderate allowance for those reigns which exceeded that duration. This nearly corresponds with the time (*viz.* about 1000 years before the birth of Christ), at which most of the Irish annalists date the arrival of the Phœnician or Scythian colony from Spain under *Milesius*."

Giving all due credit to the accuracy of our Author's researches, and keeping constantly in view the national partiality of all annalists and historians in their attempts to dignify the first origin of their respective countries, the fallacy of the above cited claims of antiquity will still be apparent on the pages of the ancient part of universal history, where it will be found, that the Hebrew and the Chinese nations claim an origin of much higher date in antiquity than the Irish. The superiority may hold good with respect to the modern kingdoms of Europe; and may serve to account for an observation which, according to our Author, has been frequently and justly made, "that more family pride is retained by the Irish, even in extreme indigence, than by any other nation; and it is as remarkable, that we can discover no period in the Irish history at which this family pride was not attended with mischievous effects.

"The government introduced by the first settlers was of a peculiar cast. They divided the country into four provinces, *viz.* *Ulster*, *Leinster*, *Munster*, and *Connaught*, each of which had its King; and at the head of these four provincial Kings was placed a supreme Monarch. To the supreme they all paid tribute, as a mark of subjection, though they were, in all other respects, absolute and independent within their respective provinces.

"Not only the throne, but all the posts of honour and profit under the state were elective; not indeed out of

the nation at large, but out of particular *septs* or families: in the elections, military talents outweighed civil accomplishments; but, upon the whole, honours and emoluments were disposed of to the most worthy. The pride of families, and even pretensions to belong to some of the royal stocks of their ancient provincial or sovereign Kings, which exists to this day, is a relic and natural consequence of their ancient political constitutions.

"In viewing the long duration of the infelicity of Ireland since it has been dependent upon or connected with England, it is impossible not to lay the largest share of its calamities to the account of that monstrous anomaly in politics *imperium in imperio*. The only radical cure has now been applied. The restitution of Ireland to soundness, and even vigour of constitution, now rests with Great Britain, which, since the Union, is compelled, from policy and interest, to insure the most beneficial effects to this national incorporation." It is not necessary to enter more minutely into the details of the early and singular customs of the Irish; of their particular and local prejudices and prepossessions, which our Author maintains will now vanish, and die away; we shall, therefore, proceed to the investigation of that progressive chain of history which is the basis on which he builds the well-founded expectation of the correction of all the evils of the former government of Ireland.

Part I. of the first Volume comprises "the State of the Irish Nation from the Invasion of Henry II., King of England, to the Reformation of Religion under Henry VIII." The object of the preliminary Chapter was, to represent the state of Ireland, and the native powers, disposition, and character of the Irish, independently of any connexion with England. In the present portion of their history, the scene is considerably changed, and the Author sets out with observing—"that it has ever been the bane of Ireland to be distracted with internal discord." This great evil produced the revolution which first subjected the country to a dependence on England, and terminated in its conquest. The historical anecdote concerning that revolution is both curious and highly interesting, as forming a principal epoch in

the annals of Ireland. It is thus related by our Author:

"Immediately preceding the invasion of that kingdom by the English, the Irish history presents to us a continued scene of intestine dissension, turbulence, and faction. About the year of our Lord 1166, Roderick O'Connor, who was of the house of *Heremon*, and therefore of undoubted *Milesian* stock, was raised to the Monarchy, and generally submitted to, by the whole kingdom. His prospect of a happy and peaceful reign was soon clouded by the revolt of several of the petty Kings or Princes, who had sworn allegiance to him. Scarcely had he reduced them to obedience, when he was called upon by O'Rourke, King of Breffny, to assist him in avenging himself of Dermot, King of Leinster, by whom he had been grossly injured. Whilst O'Rourke was absent on a pilgrimage, his wife, who had long conceived a criminal passion for the King of Leinster, consented to elope, and lived with him in public adultery. O'Rourke succeeded in routing the Monarch to avenge his cause, who immediately led a powerful force to his assistance. The whole kingdom took fire at the perfidy and iniquity of Dermot, who looked in vain for support from his own subjects. He was hated for his tyranny, and the Chieftains of Leinster not only refused to enlist under his banner in so iniquitous a cause, but openly renounced their allegiance. Dermot, thus deserted by his subjects, was inflamed with rage at the disappointment, and resolved to sacrifice his all to personal revenge. Unable to weather the storm that was gathering, he took shipping secretly, and repaired to Henry II., who was then in France, for protection and revenge. Henry, a profligate character, listened to the seducing language and great promises of Dermot, invaded Ireland, reinstated him in his dominions, and then secured to himself a firm footing in the country, by cultivating a friendship with the Chieftains, by means of magnificent presents, and promises of promotion and aggrandizement."

But conquest begat oppression, and oppression engendered hatred and implacable revenge; and from a perusal of the various events during the long space of 400 years, whilst both nations professed the same religion, (the Roman Catholic,)

Catholic,) the reader will learn, that the native diffidence, jealousy, and hatred, which the Irish threw, for so many centuries, towards the English, originated not in the difference of religion which took place after the Reformation in the reign of Henry VIII. No! it was the ill-fated policy of the English Government in those times, not only not to coalesce and unite with the native Irish, but to go every possible length in fomenting and perpetuating dissention, animosity, and hatred between the two nations, during the reigns of sixteen of our Monarchs. It would occupy too many pages in our miscellany to enumerate the different oppressions of the servants of those Sovereigns intrusted with military and civil power in Ireland; let it suffice to notice a few of the most despotic. "Although the English Government had not full possession of one-third of the island, called the English Pale, they cantonized the whole country among ten English families, and called themselves owners and lords of all: nothing was left to be granted to, or enjoyed by, the natives: nor is there a record, for the space of 300 years and upwards after the invasion, of any grant made to an Irish Lord of any land, except a grant from the Crown to the King of Thomond, of his land, during the minority of Henry III. As for the English grantees, they became a new set of petty Sovereigns, and exercised all manner of royal jurisdiction and authority within their petty kingdoms more arbitrarily than any English Monarch ever did over the whole kingdom.—By the laws of Edward III., alliances by marriage, nurture of infants, (there existed a custom peculiar to Ireland, of giving out their children to be nursed by *fosterers*.) &c. was made high treason.—But the most wicked and mischievous custom of all others, was that of *coigne* and livery, which consisted in taking *man's meat, horse meat, and money*, of all the inhabitants of the country, at the will and pleasure of the soldier: this oppression, since called *free-quarters* to the military, was exercised by the English in Ireland with intolerable rigour." To close this period, the reader is referred to that remonstrance of grievances set forth by the Irish, in an appeal to Pope John XXII. (see *Appendix*, No. 3.); which certainly is the

strongest picture of inveterate national hatred that has been handed down to posterity. It demonstrates that difference of religion did not produce those evils, and that Union alone is the effectual security against their repetition.

Part II. relates the state of the Irish nation from the Reformation under Henry VIII. to the Revolution under James II. when William III. ascended the throne of England. This large portion of the Volume is divided into six Chapters. The first contains the state of Ireland in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary. Such, says Mr. Plowden, is the variety, such the importance, and, at the same time, such the peculiarity of the events which mark this period of the Irish history, that truth and candour are almost to be dreaded by the historian who seeks the approbation of the existing generation. This apprehension seems to arise from his opposition to an opinion "that has been too prevalent with most writers since the Reformation, to lay indiscriminately to the account of that great innovation in our national church, the various struggles, revolutions, and convulsions, that afterwards happened in Ireland. An error pregnant with incalculable mischief! And what deviation from truth does not produce evil?"

To the administration of the Earl of Kildare, who was confirmed in the Lieutenantcy of Ireland by Henry, the first disasters in that kingdom immediately after the Reformation are attributed. Being recalled to England, he entrusted the government of Ireland to his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who, upon receiving intelligence that his father, on his landing in England, had been committed to the Tower, and a false report that he had been beheaded, broke out into open rebellion, and was joined by O'Neal and O'Connor, powerful Chieftains of the party of the Geraldines. This rebellion was scarcely suppressed, when Henry took ample vengeance on the whole family of Kildare; Lord Thomas and his five uncles were seized and beheaded. A younger branch of the family, however, Lord Gerald, a youth of twelve years of age, was privately conveyed out of the kingdom to Italy, and placed under the protection of
Cardinal

Cardinal Pole. "This tyrannical conduct of Henry VIII. to one of the first families in Ireland, is conclusive evidence that he was little suited to gain favour with the Irish, in the work of Reformation, which he had now taken in hand;" and here we cannot avoid noticing, that our Author supports the very opinion of former writers, which he undertook to controvert; for at page 60 we find the following passage:—"but from the introduction of the Reformation into Ireland, we are to look for religious differences superadded to the former seeds of internal dissensions.—Fierce, cruel, and vindictive, as the Irish were to each other, never till now did religion afford fuel to insurrection." Indeed, the whole account of the forcible introduction of the Protestant religion, and of the acknowledgement of the King's supremacy, confirms Leland's and the Irish annalists' testimony, "that the religious controversy aggravated the other grievances so long complained of;"—those who were commissioned to enforce the spiritual supremacy of the King seized the most valuable utensils and furniture of the Catholic churches, which they exposed to sale without decency or reserve. The violence done by one party to the feelings of the other, superadded to numberless provocations and insults, produced collisions in the body politic that threatened its very existence. O'Neal, O'Bryan, and several other Irish Chieftains of less repute, made the defence of their religion the cause, or the pretext, for rising in arms against the English Government; but they failed and submitted; and Henry, at length, obtained the title of King of Ireland.

In the next reign, after a strong opposition to the measure, the new Liturgy of the Church of England was performed for the first time on Easter Sunday in the year 1551, in the cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin. But the bulk of the nation adhering to their ancient faith, the cause of religion became the cause of the nation; and it fatally seemed as if the English Government were predetermined not only to oppress, but to irritate the people of Ireland.

The short reign of Mary was distinguished by a temporary respite to the troubles of Ireland: the civil establishment of the Roman Catholic religion

was precisely restored to the state in which it was left by Henry VII. The Protestant Bishops were deprived, and Catholic Bishops substituted to their Sees. Yet, notwithstanding her zeal for supporting and promoting the Catholic religion, her administration was injurious to Ireland.

The accession of Elizabeth produced a total change in the state of Ireland. No sooner had she declared for the Reformation, than general discontent pervaded the whole nation. Every province was thrown into a state of commotion, or disposed to insurrection. Munster was distracted by the inveterate enmities of the O'Brians, Thomond, Desmond, and Ormond. Connaught was miserably harassed by the feuds subsisting between Clanricarde and another sept of De Burghos. In Leinster, the survivors of Leix and O'Fally considered themselves as deprived of their inheritances by fraud and treachery; and the North was threatened with the most formidable insurrection from John O'Neal, who upon the death of his father, in confinement at Dublin, now claimed the royal sovereignty of the whole province of Ulster.

Under all these unfavourable circumstances, Elizabeth steadily pursued her design of firmly establishing the Protestant religion in Ireland. All the acts of Mary, by which the civil establishment of the Roman Catholic religion had been restored, were repealed; the use of the Common Prayer-Book, as in England, was enjoined; and every person obliged to resort to the new church and service, under pain of ecclesiastical censures and pecuniary penalties. These ordinances were followed by a recognition of the Queen's title to the Crown; and to speak or write against it was made treason. These, and other acts of the first Irish Parliament in her reign, excited general discontent, and produced convulsions and civil wars throughout the whole kingdom for several years. Aversions and affections are usually reciprocal. Elizabeth was hated by the generality of the Irish, and she as cordially detested them.

The character of this illustrious female Sovereign of England, which is so deservedly extolled in the annals of her own country, suffers severely in the historical review of her conduct towards

towards Ireland, which admits of no other palliation, except the following, from our Author:—"It may not, perhaps, be altogether candid to lay to the account of Elizabeth every abuse of power by her deputies; the Irish, however, who smarted under the abuse, would not easily detach the vice of the agents from that of the principal."

Too dreadful, indeed, is the detail of the horrors of the rebellions in Ireland, against the English Government. During the long reign of Elizabeth, that unhappy country felt the weight of the three greatest calamities that can desolate a nation—war, pestilence, and famine—her proudest Chieftains were reduced to sue for mercy, whilst enormities were committed by both parties, in the heat and fury of their enmity, "at the very recital of which the soul sickens."

"For a series of years, particularly

during the government of the Queen's favourite, the Earl of Essex, the English arms were unsuccessful. At length, the mutual system of devastation became so general, that the produce of the country no longer sufficed to support its wretched inhabitants. This calamitous war was at last put an end to, by the forced submission of Tyrone, and the dispersion of the other Chieftains who had joined him; in what the Queen's Councils declared to be—*An universal Irish rebellion, to shake of all English government.*" Elizabeth did not live to see the reduction of Ireland completed—this was reserved for her successor, whose accession to the throne of England Mr. Plowden considers "as forming a very notable era in the modern history of that country"—and with which we shall resume our investigation of his extensive labours. M.

(To be continued in our next.)

Elements of Galvanism in Theory and Practice; with a comprehensive View of its History from the first Experiments of Galvani to the present Time, &c. &c. By C. H. Wilkinson, Lecturer on Galvanism. Illustrated with Copper-plates. Two Volumes, 8vo.

THE discovery of Galvanism, or, as it has been called, animal electricity, has laid open a field of inquiry, at once so novel, so important, and so diversified, that no one can wonder at the eagerness and curiosity with which it is still pursued.

Of the shock occasioned by the torpedo and electrical eel the world had not indeed been ignorant; but that the animal fibre, when deprived of the principle of vitality, should be liable to a similar effect, it remained for the present age to discover. This peculiar influence was first noticed, about thirteen years ago, by Louis Galvani, Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, and the circumstance which gave rise to it, as may be observed of many other remarkable discoveries, was perfectly accidental. An influence so unusual naturally excited universal attention; and it immediately became, and has since continued, the subject of minute and anxious investigation. To our own country, ever forward in the cause of science, it is indebted, in a great degree, for its progressive improvement and elucidation; and though much remains to be done, and this "new branch of natural philo-

sophy" can only be considered in its infancy; yet from what is already accomplished, and from a general view of the results, the greatest ultimate advantage may be predicted; and it is not perhaps too much to hope mankind may derive the greatest benefit. Among others whose taste or talents led them to this study, the Author of "Elements of Galvanism" has devoted himself with unremitting industry; and if success be proportioned to application and zeal, Mr. Wilkinson will be numbered with those who have contributed most to the advancement of Galvanism. It seems chiefly to have been Mr. W.'s intention, in this work, to furnish the medical and philosophical student with a comprehensive account of Galvanism, from its commencement to the present time, as the best foundation for future researches. With this view, he has collected the various theories of all who have written upon it, beginning with that of Galvani, the founder, and arranging the others according to their periods of publication. These details, selected for the most part from the works of the original writers, together with a few connecting remarks, occupy the

first Volume, and a considerable portion of the second: the Elementary part, with the Author's own Theory, succeeds; and the whole concludes with his application of the Galvanic influence to medical uses.

With regard to the Author's Theory, Mr. W. undertakes, in an attempt from which the praise of great ingenuity cannot be withheld, to explain all the phenomena of Galvanism on electrical principles: the former he considers as "the evolution of electricity from conducting bodies, forming one of their constituent parts, and disengaged by a chemical process, while the latter is the same principle rendered apparent to our senses, by the temporary changes of non-conducting bodies to a conducting state." All the Galvanic phenomena, therefore, seem to him to accord with the principles of electricity, and to be regulated by the same laws. Notwithstanding this opinion respecting the identity of Galvanism and electricity, Mr. W. conceives, according to our present knowledge, they may be thus distinguished: "Galvanism is the portion of electricity which forms a component part of the conducting body in the act of undergoing a change from a greater to a less state, while electricity is the result of a temporary change in non-conducting bodies, inasmuch that their capacities become by attrition momentarily increased. Galvanism," he adds, "is never produced by any changes in non-conductors, while electricity is produced by them alone." Another passage thus describes the nature of Galvanic combination: "Two similar metals, and an interposed fluid, or a single metal exposed to the action of two different fluids, or any one of the conducting substances on which unequal actions can be induced by different fluids, constitutes a single Galvanic combination; a series of such combinations is denominated a Galvanic battery." Mr. W. has certainly carried his views of Galvanism further than any of his predecessors. Time, however, "the grand discoverer," must determine how far he is justified in the sentiments he has formed; and without entering further on the subject, it may be sufficient in this place to observe, that his theory seems neither

to have been hastily formed, nor to be destitute of many arguments in its favour: though it must be acknowledged, the supposition that "Galvanism is the very intermediate principle between matter and spirit," will scarcely be received without further information and more certain grounds. In a future edition, it may be worth Mr. W.'s consideration, whether the title of his work might not be altered, so as to convey a better idea of its contents: the historical details clearly form the prominent feature in the work, and should have been distinguished as such.

It were greatly to be wished, that the medical and most important application of Galvanism had promised better prospects of success: after the most careful experiments, few determinate data have been obtained. In some paralytic cases, and even in deafness, it has not been thought entirely useless; and in spasmodic affections it seems to have afforded invariable relief; neither has it been altogether inefficacious in relieving, or at least moderating, mental derangement of some peculiar kinds; and strong hopes are entertained, from what has already been attempted, of its good effects in cases of suspended animation. Every one will agree with Mr. W. that this subject is worthy of most serious attention. Then, indeed, will the discovery of Galvanism shine with brightest lustre, and its true value be estimated, when it contributes to soothe the bed of sickness, and heal the sufferings of our common nature: and perhaps it may be added, nothing short of such a benefit to mankind can compensate for the experimental cruelties inflicted on dumb and unoffending animals; cruelties at which the heart of humanity bleeds, and "which," as Mr. W. truly observes, "can only be justifiable when the results may prove of advantage to our fellow-creatures."

Upon the whole, this work may be considered as presenting an accumulation of valuable facts relative to the promulgation, establishment, progress, and present state of Galvanism, as furnishing the ground-work for future improvement, and as holding forth a reasonable expectation of the most important advantages to be derived from its further cultivation.

The Complete Duty of Man ; or, A System of Doctrinal and Practical Christianity. To which are subjoined, Forms of Prayer, and Offices of Devotion, designed for the Use of Families and Private Persons. By the Rev. Henry Venn, A. M.

WE have been in possession, upwards of a century, of a practice of piety called "The Whole Duty of Man," the edition of which now before the writer of this Review bears the date of the year 1698 ; and by the extraordinary reception it has met with from that remote era to the present time, it may be presumed that our forefathers considered it to be what its title professes, the Whole Duty of Man. In fact, it contains instructions for leading a godly life, agreeable to the rules laid down in the Holy Scriptures, to enable us to fulfil our duty to God and Man. But as differences of opinion have arisen amongst Christians, and, in process of time, have produced various Sects, forming themselves into separate religious communities, which in England, and more especially in the metropolis, have increased and multiplied in a wonderful manner, it has been discovered by some of their pious ministers, that the old Whole Duty of Man was imperfect. Under this persuasion, "a New Whole Duty of Man made its appearance a few years since, and became a popular book ; and to close the account, "the Complete Duty of Man," from the Bath press, in the course of the present year, lays claim to the attention of pious Christians, on account of the improvements alledged to have been made on the plans of the Old and New Whole Duty of Man.

It is the business of an impartial examiner to lay aside all prejudice, to entertain no favourite opinion, nor any attachment to particular systems ; but, after a fair comparison, to submit to the consideration of his readers the merits of each of these performances ; all of them having been composed with the laudable design of promoting the temporal and eternal welfare of their fellow-mortals.

To begin with the oldest—we observe with pleasure, that the model must have been excellent, since it has been closely followed in the outlines by the subsequent writers. Our Duty to God is, with strict propriety, the leading subject of the three treatises ;

the moral obligations we are under to each other, as they are enjoined by the laws of God, and the civil ordinances of the government under which we live, explained and adapted to our relative situations in life, follow next in their proper order. The several subjects are divided into suitable portions for Sunday evenings' lectures in families ; and forms of prayers, to assist families and individuals in their private devotions, as well upon ordinary as extraordinary occasions : to illustrate this distinction, let it be remembered, that the authors take it for granted, that all well-disposed persons offer up daily prayers and thanksgivings, morning and evening, to Almighty God ; these sacrifices, therefore, may well be styled ordinary occasions—and those which are offered up, preparatory to receiving, and after taking the Sacrament, in time of sickness, domestic or public calamity, &c. are denominated extraordinary. Such is the general plan of the three treatises.

We shall now point out the essential difference betwixt them. The original Whole Duty of Man is written in a plain, unadorned, familiar style, suited to the capacities of the middling and lower classes of the people ; it is clear and concise in its instructions relative to all the moral rules of conduct through life ; it teaches men how to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world ; and on those mystic points of our religion, the redemption, the life to come, the day of judgment, and future rewards and punishments, the author has followed the clear light of scripture, which he has not obscured by any vain imaginations of his own. With the orthodox members of the established Church of England, who think religious reformation has gone far enough, it will always preserve the high estimation in which it has been held from generation to generation.

But "the New Whole Duty of Man" will be preferred by the numerous dissenters from the established Church, who, whilst they approve of some

some parts of its worship, think it deficient in others, especially as it professes to be superior in *Faith* to the old, which, the author of this compilation asserts, contained no articles of Faith, and is confined solely to practical piety. Under this idea, it will not be matter of surprize that *Seventeen* editions, in different sizes, of this *New Duty of Man*, should have been bought up, by the truly faithful, in the course of a few years, ending with the year 1761.

And though last, yet not the least in real merit, comes the *Complete Duty of Man*, which not having been noticed in due order at the time of its first publication, we have been called upon to give some account of it from the *Seventh Edition* just published, and printed by and for that long established and respectable bookseller, S. Hazard, of Bath.

By an advertisement to the *Fifth* edition, preserved in the present impression, it appears, that it has undergone several alterations and improvements since its first publication, particularly in the third edition, by the author. The style, at the request of some friends, who thought it too prolix, and not sufficiently simple, was so altered as to appear in some instances like an abridgement.—“It rarely happens that a person is able to alter, without injury, his own peculiar style. In endeavouring to do this, the author has been thought by many to have diminished the richness, the harmony, and the dignity of his composition. The present edition, therefore, has been printed from the second. The Editor (not named) has, however, improved it by a careful collation with the third edition, and by the adoption of some of the alterations in it. He has also ventured to make a few corrections in the style himself; a liberty which he should not have presumed to take, had not his relation to the author given him a sort of literary property in his works, and had not his intention been sanctioned by the express approbation of the author, when he was too infirm to undertake it himself.” What is here applied to the *Fifth*, we presume is intended likewise to be equally applicable to the *Seventh* edition, now under consideration, as no notice is taken of any difference between them. The other alterations, with respect to arrangement of the various subjects,

and the division of Chapters, is fully explained in the same advertisement.

The plan of the work is fully opened in the Preface, in which we find the following doctrinal propositions:

Whatever disputes may have been raised concerning the nature of *saving Faith*, it is allowed on all hands to be one of the most important Christian virtues, and essential to the character of a Christian.—I understand by it, a dependence upon the righteousness and death of Christ, as a full satisfaction to the justice of God for the sin of the world, in the breach of his law; and the sole ground of our acceptance to the reward of eternal life. The various modes of explaining that Faith, is what constitutes an essential difference in the opinions of pious and well-disposed Christians with respect to each other; and the zeal demonstrated in promulgating particular, and even singular, tenets respecting this grand point, has often carried men of exemplary conduct in other respects beyond the bounds of moderation. We do not find any such unbecoming warmth of temper in this composition; but as far as we can judge, its system of faith is calculated for the meridian of the New Methodists, or Wesleyian sect of Christian believers, who are multiplying daily in every city and town of the united kingdom, on the great continent of America, and in our West India Islands.

The following is our Author's explanation of the definition of *saving Faith*, which he humbly submits to the consideration of his readers:—“Sin is the transgression of the law of the most high God; which law, the moment it is broken, subjects us to its penalty. Of this the punishment of the first sin committed by the first man is a most memorable instance. God is unchangeable; and as the first sin could not be pardoned, so neither can any sin we commit, as being an act of disobedience and rebellion against him, be pardoned—but subjects us to the penalty, not of temporal death, because that is common to all mankind, but to eternal death—the fact then is certain, *the wages of sin is death*, and always will be so, while God continues the same; and whilst a sinner remains unpardoned, his soul is separated from God, and he is shut out from the book of eternal life.—How then is he to be pardoned? The expediency

pediency of the remedial covenant of *gospel grace* is here apparent, and the necessity of dependence upon the righteousness and death of Christ is demonstrated from the preceding account of God's unalterable justice, and of the guilt of sin being the same in all ages of the world.—Nothing else must be the ground of our hope—*Not works*, alas! we have none—None that will bear to be weighed in God's balance, or answer the demands of his justice!—*Not sincerity*: this has been adopted into our divinity, as if it were the gracious condition of the new covenant, in opposition to the law of perfect obedience. But it is no where mentioned as such in Scripture.—*Not faith and works*, considered as co-operating to our justification, and both together making a claim of acceptance; for works which are confessed to have the nature of sin, by those who call in the aid of faith to supply their imperfection, cannot be admitted to any share in our justification, and must be excluded from it. Justice must be satisfied; with all our duties sin is mixed—therefore we believe that the whole of what will be accounted our deliverance from the curse of the law, is the righteousness of Christ satisfying the divine justice by his obedience unto death, and to the praise of the glory of his grace imputed to sinners for salvation. This is the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast: our full security against all fears, our first and only justification.

“The notion of a *first and second justification* is the offspring of pride opposing the truth of God. They who adopt it consider not the justice of God as still existing in all its rigour; and substitute instead of perfection what falls infinitely short of it.—We are prone to substitute a spurious kind of morality outward, partial, founded chiefly on love of reputation, with little regard to God, in the place of inward renovation—but true holiness, which consists in profound self-abasement and subjection to the God and Father of our spirits, in heavenly-mindedness, in ardent longings after purity of heart, is the genuine product of a lively faith; and no where to be found, till the ever blessed name of Jesus, his grace and truth, his compassion, dying love, and all perfect obedience, are the meditation, delight, and confidence of the soul.

In this view, and with these sentiments strong upon his mind, the author has endeavoured, in the following treatise, to delineate *The Complete Duty of Man*. His book bears this title—from its comprehending the *doctrines* as well as the precepts of the gospel, from its placing things in their proper order, and preparing the way to Christian practice by Christian faith, and to faith by conviction of sin.

On this plan, the work consists of forty Chapters, making short lectures for as many Sunday evenings, under the following general heads, with subordinate explanations. Of the Soul, its excellency, &c.—Of God, his character as described in Scripture, &c.—Of Man—Of the Law—Of Faith—Of the Holy Ghost—Of Repentance—Dispositions of a Christian towards God—towards Men—Duty of Persons in a married State—of Parents, Children, and Servants.—On Self-denial, in various Branches, with respect to Intemperance, Impurity, &c.—On Prayer.—On Scripture, and the method of studying it.—On Christian Joy; its resources, &c.

Fourteen prayers are annexed, adapted to the principal subjects of the foregoing Sunday evenings' discourses. Six others are Family Prayers, for the mornings and evenings of the Lord's day, and for the ordinary days of the week. For sick persons, and a thanksgiving on recovery. The whole concludes with prayers for private persons under particular circumstances, and in various situations of life. They all breathe a spirit of genuine piety, and of Christian charity; are composed in the best style of the present time. In the prayer for Self-denial, we note the following passage:—“Enable us to withstand and vanquish our natural desires after riches and worldly greatness. Make us content with such things as we have; and let our whole conversation be without covetousness. Inspire us with the will and the power to resist and conquer, in its first appearances, the love of money, which is the root of all evil; and to watch with a suspicious eye the complacency we take in the prosperity allotted to us. O! keep us satisfied with thyself, O God! as our all-sufficient portion, and never suffer us to indulge so much as a single wish for any thing in this world more than food or raiment.”

To the few religious books kept in fashionable families, we recommend this to be added, being calculated to

promote the temporal and spiritual interests of its readers.

M.

Life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early English Poet; including, Memoirs of his near Friend and Kinfrman, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. With Sketches of the Manners, Opinions, Arts, and Literature of England, in the Fourteenth Century. By William Godwin. Two Volumes. 4to.

(Continued from Vol. XLIV. Page 446.)

THE remarks on churches lead the Author to the consideration of monastic establishments, and consequently induce him to take a "survey of London" at a former period.

"Henry the Eighth, the worse than Vandal of our English story, destroyed the habitations and memorials which belonged to our ancient character, and exerted himself to the best of his power to make us forget we ever had ancestors."

What shall we say to the next paragraph, respecting masses for the dead? It is too long to quote, but we read it with pleasure; and finding in it so much sense and sensibility, mingled with such pious and pathetic effusions, we are induced, although we wonder how it could get into a life of Chaucer, to give it our warmest approbation. But if we were surprised to find that masses for the dead formed one of the features of this extended life, we were still more so to discover in others the whole Roman Catholic system, as it branches into auricular confession, days of abstinence, extreme unction, period of the first confession, festival of the first communion, and confirmation, not only developed, but reasoned on. The Author seems to have considered the title of his work in the light which Bayes did the plot of his drama, only of use as it enables him to attract the attention of the wondering reader to the brilliancy of his imagination, or the profundity of his learning. Let it be so! Let it be supposed, that although the subject is old, his manner of descending upon it is *new*; still we cry, *Cui bono*, to what good does it tend? or, indeed, What entertainment or instruction is likely to be derived from it? Suppose, for instance, that original biographer, Plutarch, had chosen, in any one of his lives, to have displayed the whole Heathen Mythology, and had also given us a minute account of what was doing

at Athens and Rome at the time the hero was born, then had called in every collateral circumstance that happened during the period of his adolescence, and brought every occurrence of the times in which he existed, moral, religious, and literary, to bear upon the object of his attention, whom, like a magnet, he had placed in the middle of the table, to attract every thing into his vortex, he might have composed a work, desultory and entertaining as his "Morals;" but it would no longer have been biographical; nor, like the production before us, would it have been very easy to determine under what species of literature to class it. But to proceed:

"Next after the studies, the literary compositions, and the religion of any period," (says the Author,) "there is no cause that more powerfully tends to modify the youthful mind, than the species of amusement that may chance to be prevalent."

True! but why dissect and discriminate subjects upon which volumes have been already written? Goldsmith was fond of playing on the flute, music had been one of the pursuits of his youth; yet we should have stared at his biographer if he had given us a history of the instrument, and of every piper from Pan down to Signior Florio. Our late ingenious and learned friend was also fond of playing with children, and of dramatic representations; yet, although in his mode of rendering himself the life and soul of the company of the former he was *unique*, and in his opinions of the latter he was *singular*, no Author upon earth, writing his life, would take it into his head to give us the history of every family he visited, and every play he saw.

The brilliant rays of genius which, even in ages of comparative darkness, illuminated the subject of minstrels, seems, by Gray, to have been drawn to a focus, in his Ode of the Bard, a work

a work of enthusiastic imagination, which throws even Pindar to a distance: Let the reader but possess himself of the animating soul of that poem, and all that can be said of minstrels will appear superfluous, and of as little use as wasting learning to prove that dancing, tumbling, and jesting, were among the amusements of the age.

Legerdemain, as Mr. G. terms it, he well knows has always been one of the arts by which the minds of a rude people have been impressed. It would appear pedantic to talk either of the Priests of Numa or the Druids; but it is certain, that traces of its operation are to be discerned in the religious ceremonies, the amusements, and even in the domestic habits, of savage nations. The American Areskoui, or the God of Battles, had among his ministers as many jugglers, as the ancient Mars, or the African Mumbo-Jumbo; nor need we inform him, that those kinds of ceremonies and tricks which seized upon the passions while they lulled the senses of the multitude, were as much the practice of the Grecians and Romans formerly, as they are of the Laplanders and other polar nations to this hour.

Prophecy (second sight), and the science of drugs, are included in the talent alluded to. Magic extended itself from the earliest period of time to the reign of George the Second, in the ninth year of which, forcerers, enchanters, &c. it is thought were scared away, and the spirits they had raised laid, for aught we know to the contrary, in the *Red Sea*, by the learning displayed in the provisions of a salutary statute.

Referring to minstrels, Mr. G. thinks it necessary to mention the toleration given to the family of Dutton; but he does not seem to be acquainted with the saving clause in the Vagrant Act, 17 Geo. II. c. 5. s. 29, by which the right inherent to John Dutton, Esq. of Chester, &c. is still preserved.

Connected, indeed most intimately, with the subject of Minstrels, are those of which the sixth Chapter is composed, which includes the origin of the English stage, Profane Dramas, Miracles, Plays, Mysteries, Masks, &c.

Minstrels, the Author, we think correctly, asserts, were our first dramatists. "Is it not," he continues, "a little extraordinary, that this circumstance should be so little adverted to,

as no one of their productions of this sort appears to have come down to us?" We think not, if we consider minstrels, as they certainly were, as a kind of extempore historians, or story-tellers, men whose ideas or memories might probably be strong, though their literature might be very slight. But, in fact, it is still uncertain whether some of our early dramatic pieces were not by oral tradition brought down to us, and in a state of representation, as low as the middle of the last century: we here allude to our *stage-plays*, as they were termed, because exhibited upon a stage in the open air, which, from the nature of their construction, and the fabric of their verses, many of which we have heard repeated, seem strongly to indicate that they bear no very distant resemblance to the original effusions of those fathers of the English Drama.

In the pursuit of this subject, we find that Mr. G. has thought it necessary to devote fourteen or fifteen pages to the consideration of miracle plays, or mysteries. Here we conceive it would be a needless errand, or bootless journey, to follow him, as we can discern little but what we have before contemplated in other authors, and do not imagine the present deserves much praise for his power of connexion and combination. Chaucer, the name of the person, we would have the reader remember, whose life we are considering, is not once mentioned in this Chapter, which proceeds to the conclusion with an account, *novel* as the former, of the profane plays and masquerades, French and English, which enlivened and civilized the inhabitants of this kingdom in the first part of the fourteenth century.

In the seventh Chapter, Mr. G., who upon this subject seems perennial, has continued the dramatic amusements of the fourteenth century; under which head he considers the feast of Fools, of the Ass, that is, the English Ass, and of the Innocents. The Lord of Misrule next attracts his attention. In his account of this *Nobleman*, we are happy to see, whatsoever temptation he might have had, he most laudably keeps clear of politics.

"Chaucer," we are glad to catch his name where we can, our Author observes, after a long description of those scenes of broad humour which were so much the delight of our ancestors, that

they

they were parted from, even by the novelists of the middle of the last century, with reluctance, "however superior he may be considered to the age in which he lived, had yet the *frailties of a man*, spent his days, more or less, in such scenes as have been described, and was acted upon, *like other men*, by what he heard or saw, by what inspired his countrymen with approbation or with rapture." In short, like Banbury's *Churchwarden*, "though exalted he was still a man."

We now come to a part of the work which we have long *hungered* after; namely, the sumptuous entertainments and magnificent stile of living of the nobility; by which we learn, what we had learned before, that William Rufus built Westminster Hall for his dining-room, and are favoured with a bill of fare of Edward the Second. In this *morceau* we find that his good subjects had committed great depredations among "the swinish multitude," though it might have occurred to our Author, that the vast quantity of pork, mutton, and beef, so ostentatiously displayed, was acquired, by the Monarch's taking part of his revenue in kind, of which two more substantial vestiges than the provisions alluded to, or even these recording volumes, still remain; we mean, the two dwarf pillars near the front entrance of the said Hall. These are the only symbols of our ancient exchequer that are left. Betwixt these, the *payments* of various commodities for the support of the household were made; and here, probably, when they had too great a superfluity of the same kind, they were exposed for the purposes of barter.

The good eating and drinking of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, whom we are glad (because we would not have had it gone on the west side of the Bar) to inform the reader resided in the City, is *properly* noticed. The ten thousand persons who every day sat down at the table of Richard the Second, are next *reviewed*; and, lastly, the hospitality of the Earl of Warwick, of Warwick-lane, *king-maker*: though the Author seems to have forgotten the laudable custom prevalent in this Nobleman's kitchen, *viz.* that every citizen who came to the battery hatch by a certain hour was entitled to carry away as much meat as he could hold upon his dagger; which

is one way of accounting for the appearance of the dagger in the *City Arms*; nor has he noted that, according to the rules and orders of the present learned inhabitants of that spot of *classic* ground, a citizen who should apply to their dispensatory, which may be termed a medical kitchen, is *now* much more likely to get a cathartic than a meal; or, in vulgar language, a *purge* than a *bellyful*.

After this account of our ancient amusements and feasting, our readers might, in the name of every thing that is prolix, ask, What could next occur to impede the way to the pages destined to exhibit the life of Chaucer? We should, had we not ourselves been a little versed in the arcanum of *book-making*, have imagined *nothing*; but knowing these *mysteries*, which, by-the-by, are not *moralities*, we were not surpris'd to find, that after the good dinners which we are sorry we had *only* occasion to contemplate, shews very naturally presented themselves, or, more correctly speaking, were presented in the open air, to the great amusement of our ancestors.

Thinking of shews brings into the Author's head morrices, may-games, the march of the Midsummer watch, and, lastly, the magnificent spectacle of the inauguration of the Lord Mayor, which, we are sorry from late observation to say, has declined in splendour, though it may have acquired additional *joindity* in the first instance, and *liquefescency* in the second.

The reader will hardly believe, though we stake our credit on the veracity of the assertion, that in this piece of *biography* these different circumstances are accurately detailed, at the expence of paper and patience, through several pages, or that we have long histories of hawking, hunting, wrestling, archery, and *prize-fighting*, which latter gives the Author an opportunity to quote a long passage from Sir George Buck's Treatise on the *Science of Defence*, with which had he been contented, we should have been so too, and consequently have, in consideration of its *use* at the *present time*, declined any further animadversion on this part of the work: but when we find the challenge of Sergeant James Miller to Timothy Buck not only mentioned, but the whole of it transcribed from the Spectator, July 21, 1712, and commented on in a *life* of Chaucer,

we

we must confess, that we think it as singular a mode of swelling a work as any that our professional observation has furnished us with; though still, as we find Mr. G. in the humour to increase the size of his volumes, without troubling his head how their contents bear upon the subject of his title, we have to thank him that he did not include the elegant correspondence that passed betwixt Broughton and Slack, and the *well-written* advertisement of the former, inviting *amateurs* to his academy, or the *valuable* addition to the literature of this country, which, more than thirty years since, accrued from the epistolary communications of the valiant Nailer of Bristol to Darts, the no less valiant Butcher of Bath, and *vice-versa*, and the controversy that *adorned* the papers of these cities in consequence. He does, indeed, take notice of bear and bull-baiting, and properly relates the dreadful accident that happened in Paris Garden, betwixt *two* and *three centuries* after the death of Chaucer, to whose *life* we are not yet come; but he does not say any thing, although, were it not for fear of running into the error which we have censured, we could say a great deal of Hockley in the Hole; yet we must do him the justice to say, we suppose he alludes to some gentlemen who have probably been *initiated* and *humanized* at that celebrated seminary in the following passage:

“Influenced by this consideration,” (that is, because the ancient Puritans, a most amiable trait in their character, opposed the cruel and unmanly sports of bear and bull-baiting,) “the author of Hudibras is inclined to treat a taste for bear-baiting as a token of a frank disposition and loyal temper; and more *modern politicians*, alarmed at certain recent instances of innovation, have taught” (us,) “that such sports” (they had better have taught us the fable of the Boys and Frogs) “are a becoming *school* for courage, generosity, and benevolence, and a pledge for our retaining among us the *virtues* of our ancestors!”

Mr. G., with respect to the Bear and Fiddle, seems, to us, a plain matter of fact man, too laudably engaged in the pursuit of truth to know any thing of allegory; and as we cannot, at present, stay to teach him, we must, in continuation, observe, that cock-fighting is the next *sport* he mentions, and which,

like the former, he, very properly, reprobates.

Another prominent feature belonging to the portrait of these times, namely, their insecurity with respect both to persons and property, is next very largely descanted on; allusions are made to the history of Robin Hood, including Adam Bell and William Cloudfly. The story of the Brabant merchants and Winchester juries is given; and the Author seems to think, that the dangerous and alarming practice of public robbery grew out of some of the sports which he had before enumerated.

The rise and progress of chivalry is alluded to under the head of tournaments; we are present at several of these spectacles, from which we are very naturally led to the Round Table, and the foundation of the Order of the Garter: in this, for the present, we *escape* the story of the Countess of Salisbury, though we think we can spy it in the back ground, and come to the following conclusion:

“From what has been stated in this Chapter respecting the diversions of the fourteenth century, it may be inferred, that our ancestors of that period were active, sturdy, fond of humour, but exceedingly gross and blunt in their conceptions of it, and passionately devoted to whatever was calculated to impress the senses, in the mode either of turbulent or harmonious sounds, of gaudy and variegated colours, or of solemn and magnificent display and ostentation.”

To the sports and amusements succeed the architecture of the same period.

“There is probably,” says Mr. G., “no age in the history of the world in which the art of building was more assiduously and attentively cultivated than in the period which elapsed from the Norman Conquest to the birth of Chaucer. This was owing to two principal causes; the insecurity of social life in general, and the flourishing and prosperous state of the Church. The former of these led to the erection of fortresses; and the latter, of churches, convents, and abbeys.”

To prove these, which we should have imagined were tolerably clear propositions, the Author thinks it necessary to direct our attention to the consideration of military architecture, and to describe the castled

system of security, which we find was so generally adopted by the upper ranks of society, that "in the turbulent reign of King Stephen eleven hundred and fifteen castles are said to have been erected from *their foundation* in the short period of nineteen years."

Religious architecture, it appears, was a passion as predominant in those early ages as military; and the contemplation of this subject introduces observations on the Gothic style of building, from the most early period of its introduction into this Island, and cultivation by the Saxons, to its improvement by the Normans, and so down to the era of what is termed the latter *Gothic*, in which the Author has, however unnecessary we may think them in this place, convinced us, that he not only possesses great industry in the collecting materials, but considerable taste and genius in his observations upon and his disposal of them. How he brings this erudition to bear upon the *professed* objects of his work, will be seen in the following quotation:

"Such were some of the objects" (namely, castles, churches, monasteries, and abbeys) "which were so numerous in the time of Chaucer, and were regarded with so high a degree of veneration, that they could not, without glaring injustice, be omitted in a review of the different appearances by which his youthful mind was impressed. He had an opportunity of contemplating both the orders of architecture here spoken of in the fullest excellence they ever attained. The generality of the English cathedrals were in the elder taste; and the latter Gothic had attained a sufficient degree of attention and popularity to enable it to present numerous specimens to the eye of the youthful poet."

From this disquisition we are led to a comparison betwixt the Gothic and Grecian architecture, the latter of which, the Author should have remembered, did not find its way into this kingdom till a period much subsequent to the reformation. The combination of these styles by Inigo Jones, at Somerset House, was among the earliest specimens of the introduction of the latter: but still his observations on the subject, his definition of the Grecian, and reflections upon both, are so accurate, so ingenious, and his deductions so just, that we think it fair to quote the latter part of them.

"But in spite of these recommendations" (of Grecian architecture) "the edifices of our ancestors may boldly present themselves, and challenge the comparison. They are more religious, they possess more of the power to excite the passions, and generate an enthusiastic spirit. We admire more the Grecian style of building, we feel more from the Gothic. The Grecian is like the poetry of an Augustan age; it is harmonious, mellowed, uniformly majestic, and gently persuasive. The Gothic is like the poetry of a ruder and more daring period. The artist does not stoop to conform himself to elaborate rules; he yields to the native suggestions of his sublime and untutored fancy, he astonishes the observer and robs him of himself, and the heart of man acknowledges more occasions of sympathy and feeling in his productions, than in the laboured and more accurate performances of a more enlightened age."

This comparison of architecture to poetry or music, which seems to revive in our minds the fable of Amphion, is here abandoned, and a large part of the remainder of this Chapter dedicated to that of the early and latter Gothic, in which it is unnecessary, and, considering our limits, impossible, to follow the Author, who certainly might have been satisfied with his former general description of ancient castles, and as certainly should not have filled *nine* pages with a minute investigation of all their great members and subordinate parts; which, though it might influence the mind of an elderly reader to drowsiness, its object could, we think, have little operation on that of the juvenile Bard.

Palaces and manor-houses: the change from the sequestered state and gloomy grandeur of the feudal Baron to the bland and hospitable manners of the ancient English Nobleman, are ill contrasted by "What we know of the private life of John of Gaunt," which serves as a precursor to some remarks on the style of living in the middle ages, in which the mode of dining in the Great Hall is described with unnecessary accuracy; for Mr. G. descends into the kitchen, and, with the minuteness of an auctioneer, gives us a catalogue of different *lots* of fire-irons, spits, itoves, dressers, chopping-blocks, tables, kneading-troughs, &c. &c. &c.

(To be continued.)

The History of the Reign of George III. to the Termination of the late War. To which is prefixed, A View of the progressive Improvement of England, in Prosperity and Strength, to the Accession of His Majesty. In Six Volumes. By Robert Biffet, LL.D. Author of the "Life of Burke," &c. &c. 8vo.

(Concluded from Vol. XLIV. Page 453.)

THE Fourth Volume commences with the effective Administration of Mr. Pitt, exhibits the state in which he found the empire, and the objects that he proposed to pursue. His first efforts were directed to the government of India, to finance, and to commerce. The Minister proceeded step by step in promoting revenue; first, by suppressing frauds, then by extending imposts. The object of his India Bill was, to correct abuses by a power adequate to the purpose, but not so great as to endanger the Constitution.

Britain now resumed her attention to the affairs of the Continent, of which our Author exhibits a concise sketch, including the innovating projects of Joseph II. Returning to Britain, he gives an account of the state of Ireland, and Mr. Pitt's plan of commercial connexion with that country. His "Propositions," Dr. B. thinks, were rejected by prejudice, and not by judgement. The narrative is pursued through the Duke of Richmond's plan of fortifications, to the commencement of Mr. Hastings's trial; and proceeds to the affairs of Europe, the death and character of Frederic, the state of other countries, especially of France, and the commercial relations between France and this country. Mr. Pitt's views on this subject Dr. B. deduces from the philosophy of Adam Smith, states the principles and provisions of the Commercial Treaty, the arguments for and against, and approves of the Convention. The repeal of the Test Act, now and afterwards debated, our Author regards as a question of expediency, and seems inclined, in that view, to favour those who opposed the repeal under the existing circumstances.

The narrative at this time comprehending the situation, conduct, and character of the Prince of Wales, our Author bestows a high tribute of praise on the many virtues, and especially the magnanimous rectitude, of that illustrious Personage. The proceedings in Holland, so interesting to Britain, now carry the History to the situation, prin-

ciples, and factions of that country, and the interference of Britain on the occasion, with the result. Internally, Britain had not only revived prosperity, but carried it to an unprecedented pitch. The illness of the King was the occasion of a very great contest between the Pitt and Fox parties; and our Author, presenting the facts and arguments clearly and fully, adheres to historical impartiality. Mr. Pitt he conceives to have been right in regarding the supplying of the deficiency as belonging to Parliament; but he disapproves of the plan of Regency, as containing restrictions that were not necessary. The Slave Trade next occupies the attention of our Historian, who presents the arguments on both sides, and, giving great credit to the motives of the abolitionists, seems to doubt the advantage of the measure, even to the Africans themselves. We are now carried to the Continent, the Imperial Confederacy, and the operations of the two Powers against Turkey and Sweden, with the heroism of Gustavus, encouraged by the defensive alliance of Britain, Holland, and Prussia. The Fourth Volume concludes with a view of Joseph's tyrannical innovations, and the revolt of the Netherlands.

The Fifth Volume commences with an account of the French Revolution, which the first Chapter traces, from remote through proximate causes, to the downfall of the old Monarchy; and in no part of the work have we found greater compression of important matter, or a more orderly series of cause, operation, and effect. Our Historian imputes great weakness to the French Ministers during the last years of the Monarchy and the first year of the Revolution. The change that was effected in 1789 was the greatest political alteration that ever had happened in any country; it was a boundless enthusiasm of innovation, and in its principles and objects totally subversive of every existing establishment. The first year of the Revolution completely stamped its character. Its principles, religious,

religious, moral, and political, were such as must necessarily produce impiety, iniquity, and anarchy. Nevertheless, it conspicuously displayed the genius, strength, and energy of the French character, and also the excessive ardour with which that volatile and impetuous people pursue whatever interests their affections. It was the same violence (as Dr. B. observes) which rendered the French furious bigots in the sixteenth century, adorers of their Monarch in the seventeenth, and subverters of both Church and Monarchy in the eighteenth. Our Author follows the French Revolution, to its first effects in Britain; where, its specific nature not being well understood, it was generally approved as a change from an absolute to a free government.

Parliament having met, the French Revolution was incidentally introduced; and a difference of opinion appeared on the subject between two eminent friends and political associates, Messrs. Fox and Burke; the circumstances of which our Author exhibits with great clearness and impartiality. Both here and afterwards, Dr. B., though differing in opinion from Mr. Fox, bestows high praise on the motives by which he conceives him to have been actuated. Mr. Fox, in his opinion, praised the French Revolution, in the belief that it would give rational freedom to France, and secure tranquillity to Britain. Our Author does not admit the probability of this reasoning; but thinks that, since admitted by Mr. Fox himself, it justifies his conduct. He exhibits the conduct of Mr. Pitt as peculiarly wise and prudent, in strictly abstaining from every discussion of a foreign change that had not yet affected this country.

In reconsidering the Test Act, our Author allows considerable merit to the Dissenters; but, regarding the question merely on the ground of expediency, approves of the vote of the Legislature. On the dispute about Nootka Sound, he proves that Spain was in the wrong. We are next conducted to the efforts of the defensive Confederacy against the Imperial combination. Joseph's character Dr. B. seems to have studied very attentively; and his parting view of that personage, we think one of the ablest passages in the work.

The chief scene of political contemplation, however, was France; and the history sketches the principles and chief proceedings of the early law-givers there. The power of the mob was boundless; its exercise was directed by clubs, with the co-operation of the army; and the National Assembly was an instrumental council for carrying into execution the resolves of the clubs: a mere civil and military mob. Such our Historian represents as the organization of France; which fairly accounts for the precipitate violence of the revolutionary acts. In Britain, a great majority continued favourable to the French Revolution until the volume of Mr. Burke made its appearance*; but that celebrated production gave a great change to public opinion and sentiment; especially in the higher classes. The subject was again discussed in Parliament between Messrs. Burke and Fox.—In his account of the Libel Bill, our Author proves himself a strenuous advocate for the freedom of the Press.

Mr. Pitt, having proposed forcible interference to repress the ambition of Russia, the eloquence of Mr. Fox turned the tide of public opinion against a war with that empire. The new Constitution of Poland, which so much interested Britons, is briefly explained; and also the effects of that change, in inducing Catharine to make a peace with Turkey, and to stimulate the German Potentates to a rupture with France, that she might have an opportunity of attacking the independence of Poland, while her powerful neighbours were otherwise occupied. Neighbouring Potentates regarded the convulsions in France with apprehension and alarm; and when the revolutionists extended their system of confiscation to the rights of German Princes, they resolved to resist such iniquity. The King of France fled from his oppressors; but was retaken, and found it necessary to accept the Constitution. The National Assembly did honour (as they termed it) to the memory of infidel philosophers; and the Legislature and the people vied with each other in spreading irreligion and immorality. The Assembly was dissolved. "Thus terminated (says our Author) the first National Assembly of France, which, in little more than two years, had

* "Reflections on the Revolution in France," &c. 8vo.

effected a more complete change in the government, ranks, orders, laws, religion, doctrines, opinions, sentiments, and manners of the people, than any legislative body ever before effected in a series of ages."

The French Revolution spread a political enthusiasm over Europe. In Britain, great numbers were infected with the spirit of innovation, which the works of Thomas Paine tended very powerfully to promote. The letters and other writings of Dr. Priestley conduced to the same purpose, especially his strictures after the riots at Birmingham. A superficial kind of literature that now abounded in the metropolis also co-operated in spreading democratic absurdities. The "Friends of the People" associating for the sake of Parliamentary Reform, though well intended, afforded occasion for assemblages of a very noxious kind, particularly the Corresponding Society. Innovating and seditious doctrines being rapidly disseminated, drew forth a Proclamation; in the parliamentary discussion of which, a great body of the former opponents of Ministry joined Government, and left Mr. Fox at the head of a small but able band.

The interference of the French revolutionists with the German Princes drove Leopold and Frederic to a defensive alliance, which the French Government construed to be hostile, and declared war. The Duke of Brunswick, leader of the combined army, published a manifesto which did great harm to the cause. Whatever might be their political differences, the assumptions and threats of the Germans drove the great body of the French to military union. Professing to conceive poor Louis XVI. leagued with the enemy, the prevailing party of the revolutionists fought, and at length effected, his deposition, and sent him prisoner with his family to the Temple. Soon afterwards they abolished Monarchy; and, Dumourier having forced the enemy to retreat, and afterwards obtained a signal victory, the French were elated to a desire of conquering and revolutionizing all countries. Thence sprung the opening of the Scheldt, and the decree for promoting rebellion among other States. In Britain, an anti-constitutional spirit, during the recess of 1792, increased to a very alarming height; democratical

societies multiplied, congratulated the French Convention on the abolition of monarchy, and expressed their sanguine hopes, that a similar change would be speedily effected in this country. Against these mischievous combinations Mr. Reeves set on foot an Association in defence of liberty and property, which soon outnumbered, or at least outweighed, the innovating agitators.

The conduct of France at length became so offensive, that hostilities, Dr. B. thinks, were unavoidable on our part; but, though the historian approves of the war, he imputes the best motives to its principal opponents in Parliament. Passing to France, he severely reprobates the iniquitous and cruel massacre of Louis. His account of the campaign of 1793 combines military events with the causes by which they were influenced. The projected dismemberment of France he deems extremely impolitic, and in a great measure the cause that called up the nation *en masse*, and produced those gigantic efforts which eventually discomfited the confederacy. In Britain, besides the expediency and conduct of the war, financial, military, and naval preparations, Parliament and the public were engaged by the proceedings of certain innovating projectors both in Scotland and England. The first having held a Convention that was judged to be seditious, the ringleaders were sentenced to transportation. The justice of this judgment was very ably questioned in Parliament, but was approved by very great majorities. The proceedings of the English innovators were continued to be treason, and the alleged traitors were sent to the Tower. While our Historian unfolds the pernicious tendency of the new doctrines and projects, he very candidly regards the greater number of the votaries as rather misled by ignorance and vanity, than actuated by disloyal intentions. All, however, he does not regard in that light: such men as John Thelwall he holds in a similar estimation with John Cade.

Passing again to France, he presents a very strong and horrible picture of the system of terror. In the campaign of 1794 there was an evident concert between the Prussians and Austrians: on the other hand, the genius of Pichegru gave direction, arrangement, and

rapidity to the Gallic *masse*. The British forces displayed the national heroism; but their allies receiving signal and decisive defeats, they were obliged to retire; and in Holland, deserted by those whose cause they undertook, after a series of gallant exploits, were obliged to leave the Dutch to the slavery that naturally resulted from inaction and submission when a conqueror approached. When Britons fought alone, they were signally successful.

The persons accused of treason were tried at the Old Bailey, and found Not Guilty; and our Historian, deeming them morally culpable, nevertheless approves of their acquittal, because not legally guilty, unless by forced construction. The innovating Societies, however, from this time became still more active and daring; and in 1795 a very unconstitutional spirit prevailed. Public meetings were held for inflaming the people against Government; and immediately after one of them the King's person was insulted and endangered. The Ministers, Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, respectively introduced Bills in the two Houses of Parliament; the first, for the better security of his Majesty's person, by extending the laws of treason; and the second, for preventing seditious Meetings, which were alleged to be the causes of treasonable proceedings. These Bills, in their clauses and definitions, appearing to Opposition greatly to curtail the liberty and rights of the people, underwent a very severe discussion: our Author accurately presents the facts and arguments; he regards the measures in general as justifiable only from necessity, and in several parts as exceeding the necessity.

France now afforded some prospect of a return to order; and the British Government professed a disposition towards peace: meanwhile the campaign proceeded. In 1795, nothing material had been done by either side; but in 1796, a young Corsican, named BUONAPARTE, invaded Italy, at the head of the French troops, made rapid progress, overthrew four Austrian armies in one campaign, and reduced Italy. Our historian, however, repre-

sents this conqueror as enterprising, active, and intrepid, rather than able and wise. In Germany, the retreat of Moreau was more masterly than any of the advances of Buonaparte. The continued successes of this General, however, compelled Austria to accept a peace from his dictation. The treaty of Campo Formio left Britain without an ally, while France forced Holland and Spain to join her in the contest, and proposed to exert the naval power of her two colleagues against Great Britain. A negotiation was opened for peace; but the parties could not agree on the terms. France menaced invasion; the apprehension of the English people caused gold to disappear; and the Bank wanted the usual supply of cash to answer its engagements: in such an exigency, Government allowed them to pay in paper, and the Legislature made an Act for the purpose. Opposition represented this change as insolvency; but Ministers asserted, and the Bank proved, that their effects far exceeded their debts.

Rebellion now threatened in Ireland, and mutiny raged in the British fleet. The sailors, however, were brought back to order; and Jervis and Duncan overthrew the equipments of Spain and of Holland. A second attempt was made at negotiation; but, through the haughtiness of France, failed. The nation, exulting in signal victory, and indignant against Gallic insult, was bent on extraordinary exertions. The Minister, in this disposition of the public, proposed to raise a considerable portion of the supplies within the year: voluntary contributions were also added. Mr. Dundas stated the probability of invasion, and, as part of the scheme of defence, recommended Voluntary Associations. From Kirkwall to Dover the nation started up in military array. Rebellion burst forth in Ireland; but was overcome, and crushed by the Yeomanry and Militia.

Buonaparte, about this time, undertook to subdue and colonize Egypt, and carried thither a mighty army and fleet; but one day wrought destruction to the fleet from Nelson and his heroes at the Battle of the Nile*; and in the

* An amazing instance of naval skill and bravery, which has been immortalized by the united efforts of TOMKINS and ASHBY, in a folio plate of ornamental Penmanship, designed by the former, engraven by the latter, and embellished by a vignette from the hand of BARTOLOZZI. This matchless specimen of Penmanship is well known at the present day; but will in future times assuredly be sought after with avidity, and preserved among the rarest productions of British talent.—REV.

history before us, the description of that engagement well befits the glorious theme.

In India, Tippoo Saib and his empire fell, under the arms of the victorious Britons. In Europe a new confederacy was formed for repressing the ambition of France. The Austrians commenced the campaign in Italy with great success; and the Russians, having completed the conquest, marched into Switzerland; but, ill supported by the Austrians, they found it necessary to retire; and in the close of the campaign the allies lost many of the advantages which they had obtained. An expedition was undertaken from Britain to Holland, which began auspiciously, but had a less favourable termination.

In Egypt, Buonaparte triumphed over the feeble natives; and, having collected all the plunder that he could, sought another scene of depredation, betook himself to Syria, where he had to contend with English warriors, and received a signal lesson of his temerity from Sir Sidney Smith: from Syria he retreated, and resumed his plunder in Egypt.

Mr. Pitt about this time proposed a scheme of union between Great Britain and Ireland; which, after many discussions in both Parliaments, was concluded. Buonaparte, now returned from Egypt, found means to become absolute Sovereign of France, and offered peace to Britain; which, however, it was not thought proper to accept. The campaign began; Buonaparte marched into Italy, fought the Austrians at Marengo, and, being almost defeated, was saved from destruction by General Desaix, who gained a victory which decided the fate of Italy. In Germany Moreau was no less successful, and the Austrians were again obliged to conclude a peace. Buonaparte found means to inflame the Northern Powers against Britain; and the aspect of affairs at the beginning of the year 1801 was very gloomy to our country.

At this time the King was visited by a severe illness: the Ministers who had so long presided at the helm of affairs resigned their employments; and the new Ministers had very great difficulties to combat. They, however, resolutely set about the task. A fleet was sent to the Baltic, Nelson was victorious, and the Northern Powers ceased

their enmity. In the Channel and the Ocean our navy was paramount; but for the army were reserved the most splendid achievements of 1801. The campaign in Egypt employs the best efforts of our historian; and, after a masterly narrative, he concludes his account as follows:

“Such was the issue of Buonaparte’s expedition to Egypt: there, as in all their undertakings during the last war, the French prospered until they encountered the forces of Britain: there Buonaparte learned, that in vain he might project schemes of maritime and commercial conquest, when opposed by the naval and military heroes of Britain. All the mighty preparations and boasted achievements of four years, in pursuit of the favourite object of the Chief Consul, perished without leaving a wreck behind. The whole and every part of this expedition displayed the British character in its manifold excellencies. Adventurous courage, aided by wisdom, united with patience and magnanimous constancy, and were all inspired by patriotism and loyalty, and enhanced by justice. Such were the qualities that rendered Britain triumphant in the signally-glorious campaign of Egypt; in such Britain may always confide, and such let her enemies dread. If *ambitious pride* should overlook more remote events, when she seeks War with Britain, let her REMEMBER EGYPT.”—Dr. Bisset concludes his work with the termination of the war (1802).

We have thus, from an attentive reading, sketched a pretty accurate analysis of these Volumes. No event of the slightest public concern appears to have been overlooked; the spirit of history is faithfully preserved; throughout we perceive that the Author has had a view more to compression of information than to minuteness of detail; but if any one object has, in our course of reading, more frequently attracted notice than another, it is an undeviating impartiality. The characters, measures, and motives of Ministers have in all cases been candidly considered and appreciated, without the least apparent bias or reference to vulgar prejudices or superficial popularity.

On the whole, we consider the public as greatly indebted to Dr. Bisset for having furnished them with so useful and complete a portion of contemporary history.

ARMINE AND ELVIRA. A legendary Tale.
With other Poems. By Edmund Cartwright, M. A. 12mo.

WE remember the original publication of the principal poem in this collection about thirty years ago, and the pleasure we then received has not been diminished by a re-perusal. It is simple, tender, and pathetic, and will continue to rank in the first class of its species of poetry. Some of the pieces now first published will hardly support the reputation the Author has acquired. From these, however, we except the following, which we believe to be the first specimen of Swedish poetry which has appeared in an English dress:

YOUTH AND AGE.

AN ODE.

From the Swedish of Chevalier EDEL-CRANTZ.

MINION of happiness! to-day
 'Tis yours in life's smooth path to stray,
 While Youth and Health, twin sisters,
 bring
 The bloomy progeny of Spring,
 A chaplet for your brow to weave;
 While Hope, that smiles but to deceive,
 With sportive pinion fans the air,
 Nor lets you see the growing care;
 The senses on your dazzled sight
 Unlock the sluices of delight,
 Deluge your heart with floods of joy,
 Suspecting not that they shall cloy.
 Soon as the morning drinks the dew,
 And flings around her roseate hue,
 For you the groves their sweets prepare,
 And new-blown roses scent the air;
 For you the groves their music breathe,
 And form for you the festive wreath.
 The flowing goblet to entwine,
 Where of the rich Burgundian vine,
 The juice nectareous, sparkling bright,
 Invites you with its ruby light.
 Now jocund mirth and song abound,
 And tales of heroes now go round;
 Those heroes of the Swedish name,
 Whose deeds reviv'd their country's fame,
 Whose blood, profusely flowing, dyed,
 With streams of glory, Finland's tide.
 Now love your bounding heart engages,
 In every vein the tempest rages;
 Reason in chains of dalliance bound,
 Each sense in sweet delirium drown'd,
 Clasp'd in the Elysiun of her arms
 You revel on the fair one's charms,
 Nor dream, while thus entranc'd you
 lie,
 The roie of pleasure e'er shall die!

Mistaken youth! with quick decay
 The rose of pleasure dies away!
 An insect of the summer hour,
 You bask upon a transient flower;
 Fast fall its leaves, they perish all!
 And with the falling leaf you fall!
 Mistaken youth! your dreams are o'er,
 And exultation is no more!
 As o'er the slumberer in the vale
 Unnotic'd steals the passing gale,
 So unperceiv'd youth's moments slide;
 Days, months, and years, with hurried
 haste,

Pass on, their very track untrac'd!
 With equal speed, the pleasures too
 Their unremitting flight pursue.
 In vain would you impede their pace,
 And win them back to your embrace;
 Mere unsubstantial forms, alas!
 Now only seen in memory's glass!
 And even there how soon to fade,
 As Time's dark wings extend their shade!
 Ah! now what pangs your bosom share!
 See pain, and grief, and want, and care;
 Anxiety that gnaws the heart,
 And self-reproach's burning smart,
 And wild unsatisf'd desire,
 All, all, against your peace conspire!
 Time on your locks his snow has spread,
 The roses on your cheeks are dead,
 There sorrow digs, with hand severe,
 A furrow for the falling tear!
 Unthinking sorrow, cease to mourn!
 Tho' late, Reflection may return,
 Reason again resume her seat,
 Calm Wisdom, from her still retreat,
 Once more her precepts may impart,
 And Friendship hold you to her heart!
 Its foliage scatter'd by the wind,
 Yet on the tree remains behind
 Autumnal fruit, that shall adorn
 The leafless branches, tempest-torn.

BRITANNICUS TO BUONAPARTE. A heroic Epistle, with Notes. By Henry Tresham, Esq. R. A. 4to.

In strong, manly verse, Mr. Tresham here assails the Corsican Tyrant, and exposes to the view of mankind the atrocious acts committed by the modern disturber of the world's repose. The sentiments are such as well become a Briton; they hurl defiance in the face of arrogant confidence, and tend to infuse spirit into the bosom of every defender of his country, whose exertions, we doubt not, will be ultimately crowned with success, to the confusion of Gallic temerity, and to the frustrating the designs of an insulting boaster.

Benevolence;

Benevolence; or, Verses addressed to the Patrons of the Society for bettering the Condition and increasing the Comforts of the Poor. By Thomas Alston Warren, B. D. 4to.

The design of this poem is so laudable, that if the Author of it may, on some accounts, be arraigned and condemned in the court of criticism, yet he is still entitled to the better praise of exerting his talents in behalf of that part of the community whose lot, by his means, may be ameliorated, and whose happiness, by consequence, improved.

Letters of a Mameluke; or, A moral and critical Picture of the Manners of Paris. With Notes, by the Translator. From the French of Joseph Lavallic, of the Philotechnic Society, &c. 2 Vols. 12mo.

Goldsmith's Citizen of the World evidently afforded the model of the present performance, which contains a sprightly, interesting, and amusing picture of the existing manners of Paris. On many of the subjects discussed in these volumes, the Mameluke exhibits too much of the Frenchman for the preservation of character; but pardoning this defect, the reader will obtain both satisfaction and instruction from the perusal of these letters.

Good Things, partly selected, partly original. By W. N. H. Reading. 12mo. 1803.

These good things are such as have been selected by the Compiler from the daily prints, or "are the production" (as he expresses it) "of his own shallow pericranium." They have the merit of endeavouring to raise a laugh at no one's expense, and are calculated to beguile an idle half hour without shocking decency or contaminating the morals of the reader.

Thoughts on the Education of those who imitate the Great, as affecting the female Character. 12mo.

In this excellent pamphlet, which will amply repay any parent for the time spent in the perusal of it, there is no design of giving a method of educating young women, but merely to point out a path that may render them useful members of society; to which end it is recommended to teach them religion *respectively*, and to give them *domestic knowledge*. In discussing these topics, much good sense is to be found, and much salutary advice

offered, without enthusiasm or impracticable extravagance.

A practical Essay on the Analysis of Minerals, exemplifying the Methods of analysing Ores, Earth, Stones, &c. By Frederick Accum, Teacher of Chemistry. London. 12mo.

The Author of this work has been long known as an able practical Chemist; and his Essay contains clear and copious directions for the analysis of mineral substances in general; sufficient, we conceive, to answer Mr. Accum's purpose of enabling persons not intimately acquainted with analytical chemistry to ascertain both the nature and principal component parts of such unknown minerals as they may be desirous of proving. In addition to these directions will be found much information on topics connected with mineralogy; such as the natural history and characteristic properties of ores, earths and stones, &c. Speaking of the natural history of Coals, the most probable supposition, Mr. A. observes, is, that they originate in vegetables. A few forests buried are, however, evidently insufficient for the mountains of coal within the earth; and he has recourse, for a sufficiency, to the prodigious quantity of vegetables of marine growth, increased by the immense mass carried down by rivers. These being agitated, heaped together, and broken by the waves, become covered with strata of argillaceous earth or sand, and undergoing gradual decomposition, form so many strata of coal alternately with strata of clay or sand: that coal is of this origin is inferred from the vegetable remains, and from the presence of shells and other productions of the ocean discovered in the strata.

Mr. Accum's Essay may be pronounced an useful compendium, not only for the mineralogist, but for all who deem subjects of this nature worthy of their attention.

The Revolutionary Plutarch: exhibiting the most distinguished Characters, literary, military, and political, in the recent Annals of the French Republic; the greater Part from the original Information of a Gentleman resident at Paris. To [With] which, as an Appendix, is reprinted entire, the celebrated Pamphlet of "Killing no Murderer." Two large Volumes. 12mo.

The contents of these volumes are interesting in a remarkable degree; as detailing, either from personal knowledge, or from accredited works of other writers, the lives, conduct, and crimes of every person distinguished as a relative, a courtier, a favourite, a tool, an accomplice, or a rival of the Corsican upstart, who has, hitherto with impunity, oppressed and plundered the Continent of Europe; and, as exhibiting at the same time a clear display of the extraordinary kind of police by which Paris is now regulated.

Such a mass of moral turpitude as is here displayed, yet in a form that leaves little room to suspect its authenticity, makes us blush for our species. The public crimes of the Buonaparte family are not more odious than the vices of their private lives are flagitious.

We believe, that no reader, who begins to peruse this collection of Republican Biography, will feel inclined to relinquish it till he has gone through its pages. The subject is universally interesting; and the incidents are so well narrated, as to justify us in giving the book our unqualified recommendation.

We subjoin a list of the persons whose lives are here recorded:

Moreau, Sieyes, Fouché, Barras, Rœderer, Volney, Pichegru, Riouffe, David, Talleyrand, Soult, Dumas, Dufour, St. Hilaire, Loison, Van Damme, Augereau, Lannes, Masséna, Androssy, Bruix.—Thus far of military and naval characters.

Of the Buonaparte family, we have the lives of Carlo Buonaparte, the father; Letitia Raniolini, the mother; Joseph, Napoleone, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome Buonaparte, brothers; Madame Bacchiocchi, Princess Santa Croce, Madame Murat, Princess Borghese (cited as Madame Le Clerc), sisters; with Madame Napoleone Buonaparte; Eugénie and Fanny de Beauharnois.

To the whole is appended a famous brochure of the seventeenth century, called "Killing no Murder, briefly discoursed in three Questions," written by Colonel Silas Titus, though published under the assumed name of William Allen, in 1657. This masterpiece of reasoning has long been collected by literary connoisseurs as a scarce book, and at a proportionate price: and, though actually levelled at Cromwell, the arguments will suit any other usurping Tyrant as well as him.

The Decameron; or, Ten Days' Entertainment of Boccacio. Translated from the Italian. To which are prefixed, Remarks on the Life and Writings of Boccacio, and an Advertisement, by the Author of Old Nick, &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo.

To some few of our readers it may not be known, that to the wit and invention of the ingenious Boccacio the early English Dramatists and other Poets were chiefly indebted for the ground-work of their most favoured productions. The source was, indeed, inexhaustible; and perhaps, in the literature of the world, a writer more fertile in plots and contrivances, or more characteristic or discriminating in his personages, than Boccacio, could not be named.

The severity of satire with which, in his Hundred Tales, he lashed the frauds, hypocrisy, and vices of the Monks, was justly inflicted, and perhaps might tend first to open the eyes of those who were blinded by a superstitious reverence of external sanctity, and thus pave the way for the religious Reformation which was brought about above a century afterwards.

Though infinitely diverting, however, the Decameron has been always considered as too free in its language and descriptions, for general perusal. A Gentleman and Scholar who has ably distinguished himself as a Novelist and Critic under the whimsical name of Old Nick, has here done all that we think can be performed towards purifying and chastening the diction, without deteriorating the rich humour of the Novels. He has also, by attentively examining the original Italian, corrected many gross blunders in the sense, which had been committed by former translators. "Many words and sentences that trenched on decency, although warranted by the original, he has metamorphosed or expunged, without ceremony or compunction." The interest and effect of the story, however, are not diminished; and as our Writer says, "a sacrifice at the shrine of modesty will not only be excused, but commended, by those from whom alone it is fame and honour to receive praise." He goes on to say, "It may be safely affirmed, that Boccacio, in his present condition, is in no way calculated to make either the good bad or the bad worse; but, on the contrary, his wisdom and morality will improve

improve both; while the freedom and levity of some of his tales will into the virtuous mind

Come and go, and leave
No spot or blame behind."

The Volumes are handsomely printed; and prefixed is an excellent Portrait of Boccaccio, from a painting by Titian.

St. Clair; or, The Heiress of Desmond.
By S. O. 12mo. pp. 243.

In this Volume we find much excellent moral, inculcated through the medium of a pleasing tale: the characters are in general well drawn; particularly that of Olivia; in the progress of whose love, and her consequent misfortunes, we learn, by what imperceptible gradations virtue sinks into vice; that to be guilty it is not requisite to be inherently bad; and that error of conduct has not an inseparable connexion with depravity of character. Olivia loved virtue for virtue's sake; and yet, not the weak, the ignorant, the vicious mind, by the indulgence of its most pernicious propensities, could have produced effects more prejudicial to the peace and well-being of society, than she did by resigning herself to the first impulse of her passions, and by perverting the faculties of her reason to sanction the errors of her inclination. She stops short, indeed, of the last offence against purity; but, taking little credit for that, she thus expresses herself:

"I have escaped some part of the criminality which, I doubt not, the world, prone to invidious supposition, has attached to my conduct; a conduct but too culpable, independent of malicious representation. But the woman who violates the natural decorums of her sex, which are her virtue's best safeguards; who suffers her moral sense to be vanquished by the sophistry of reasoning vice; and who nourishes a criminal passion under the guise of sentiment, has little to boast of personal preservation: when the most sacred recess of the temple becomes polluted, if the vestibule escape violation, it must owe its security to accident."

Sir Reginalde; or, The Black Tower: a Romance of the Twelfth Century with Tales and other Poems. By Edward Wedlake Brayley and William Herbert. Small 8vo.

Of these poetical partners, Mr. Brayley appears to have been the most active in his business; his pieces amounting to fifteen, while those of Mr. Herbert are but seven. In the production of the principal poem, however, Sir Reginalde, they have been joint-labourers.

The humorous is predominant; and in this kind of writing, we find some happy imitations of modern Sonnets; the Devil and the Lawyer; the Exciseman's Blunder; the Cambridge Scholar; the Fritch of Bacon; and the Traveller and Sexton; and he must be a cynic indeed who can read these without a smile.

The work is embellished with several well-executed copper-plate engravings; among which, to suit, we suppose, the taste of the times, are two on the subject of Ghosts: one representing three beautiful damsels rising from the tombs, to the terror of a rustic; the other, gentle reader! a more welcome apparition to the Critic tribe—a scrag of Mutton.

The Pleasures of Nature; or, The Charms of Rural Life. With other Poems. By David Carey. Small 8vo.

"The Pleasures of Nature," written in the stanza of Spenser, happily blending simplicity and sublimity, has extraordinary merit, and entitles Mr. Carey to a very distinguished rank among modern British Bards.

The lighter pieces consist of various Elegies, Parodies, and English and Scottish Songs. In the walk of humour, Mr. Carey is not unsuccessful; but the graver Muse has evidently the more powerful influence over him.

Two Letters from Satan to Bonaparte. Edited by Henry Whitfield, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo.

If these Letters be not good, the Devil's in them. They will afford warm consolation to the Consul, and a tolerable three-pennyworth of amusement to every other reader.

The Christmas Holidays. Dedicated to Mrs. H. C. Combe. By Henry Whitfield, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo.

The reader may anticipate, perhaps, that this little poem describes a boy on his return from school to *dulce domum*. Our opinion of the poem may be delivered in four words: *It is too short.*

Arithmetical Tables, designed for the Use of Young Ladies. By William Butler.
12mo.

These Tables comprise many useful and indispensable articles explanatory

of weights, measures, and values of coins, over and above those usually put into the hands of pupils in the art of arithmetic.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER 26.

AT Covent Garden Theatre was produced the annual entertainment of a new Pantomime, called "HARLEQUIN'S RACES; or, *Time Beats All*;" the principal characters of which were thus represented:

Harlequin	Mr. BOLOGNA, jun.
Gaffer (Columbine's Father)	Mr. L. BOLOGNA.
Numps (his Servant)	Mr. DUBOIS.
Bumpkin (Lover to Columbine)	Mr. KLANERT.
Nimble (Harlequin's Servant)	Mr. MENAGE.
Time	Mr. KING.
Ballad-Singer	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Columbine	Mrs. FREDERICK.
Flower Girl	Miss MARTYR.
Cobler's Wife	Mrs. WHITMORE.

This Pantomime commences with all the hurry, bustle, and comic variety, incidental to a country race-course: among the other partakers of the festive scene, are Columbine, her father, and a Bumpkin Suitor, who, though favoured by the old man, is disliked by the daughter; her affections appearing to be already engaged to a smart young countryman, who is the Bumpkin's rival as well in the interest of the races as in the regards of Columbine. The competitors dare each other to a display of wealth, and each produces his stock of money; when the avarice of the old man prompts him to propose that they shall stake the whole sum on the issue of the race about to begin, the winner to have all the money, and Columbine into the bargain. This is agreed on. Columbine's favourite lover, to make sure of success, rides his own horse; they start, and are seen at a distance in full speed, return and go round again, when the odds appearing greatly in favour of the last-mentioned youth, the old man and the Bumpkin being in possession of the

whole stakes, which the unsuspecting generosity of the other had left in their care, force Columbine into a post-chaise, and set off with her and the money. The youth, who had in reality won the race, finding how he is abused, exhibits all the usual stage distraction on the occasion, until Time, the usual cure of lovers, comes to his relief, advises him to pursue the unjust detainers of his mistress and property; and, to furnish him with the means of overtaking and punishing them, Time (who can change every-thing) changes the youth to Harlequin, transforms his jockey-whip to a wooden sword, and endows him with the usual power of the motley hero. A routine of captures, recaptures, tricks, pursuits, escapes, and metamorphoses, now takes place. Harlequin is at length taken by his adversaries, and in imminent danger; when Time again comes to his assistance, abates the rancour of his opponents, and changes the scene from a dreary dungeon to a brilliant perspective temple, where the lovers are united, and the Pantomime concludes.

This was far from one of the best pieces of its kind. It was not very well received the first night; and after a short run was laid aside.

JAN. 3. After the Comedy of *The Jew*, a new Grand Spectacle, called "CINDERELLA; or, *The Little Glass Slipper*," was performed for the first time at Drury-lane Theatre; the cast being as follows:

IMMORTALS.

Hymen	Master BYRNE.
Cupid	Master OSCAR BYRNE.
Venus	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Nymph commissioned by Venus	Miss TYRER.
Graces	{ Miss B. MENAGE. Miss SEARLE. Miss BRISTOW.

MORTALS.

MORTALS.

Prince	Mr. BYRNE.
Pedro (Servant to the Sisters)	} Mr. GRIMALDI.
Sisters	
	{ Miss VINING.
Cinderella	Miss DE CAMP.

With a Variety of Pantomimic Characters.

In the famous stories of Mother Bunch, or Mother Goose, may be found the Fairy Tale from which the main business of this piece is derived. But the Author has called in the Heathen Mythology to his aid.

The scene opens with a view of Venus, surrounded by all those ideal beings who kindle and refine love. Their indignation had been excited by a neighbouring Prince, who set their power at defiance, and had vowed to worship Diana to the end of his days. He happened to be hunting in an adjoining wood. A detachment is sent out against him, and he is brought in enclosed in a net. He is anxious to make his escape, till Cupid transfixes his heart with an arrow; when he runs after Hymen, becoming in his turn the pursuer. The object of his affections is a statue, which turns out to be a likeness of Cinderella. The Divinities having ascended to their native sky, the Prince is miraculously transported to his palace in a state of distraction. To ease his pain, he resolves to give a ball. Tickets are sent to the two elder sisters; and poor Cinderella is like to break her heart at seeing them set out, dressed like Princesses, while she must remain as usual cleaning the house, or cowering over the ashes. In the midst of her distresses, she is visited by a Nymph deputed to her assistance by Venus. In a twinkling she is equipped in a stile of brilliancy exceeding every thing that had before been seen upon the earth. She soon enters the royal banquetting-room, her features are immediately recognised by the Prince, who becomes more desperately enamoured than ever. She had been ordered on no account to stop beyond midnight, as the charm would then cease. Pleased with the attention that she received, she forgot this admonition; and twelve unexpectedly striking, she has only rushed into the open air, when her chariot becomes

a pumpkin, her horses shrink into mice, and she finds herself clothed in rags. But in the hurry, she had left behind her one of her glass slippers; this is picked up by the Prince, and hopes are entertained that it may lead to a discovery of the fair stranger, who had so suddenly disappeared. Accordingly a proclamation is issued, saying, that the Prince will marry her whose foot is found to fit the slipper. After all the Ladies at Court have pinched their toes to no purpose, the ragged Cinderella offers herself as a candidate; she slips her foot, she throws down the fellow of the slipper; instantly she is covered with gold and jewels as when at the ball; and the walls of the palace vanish away. Venus, the Graces, &c. are seen floating on the clouds, and applauding the action of Hymen, who joins the hands of the two lovers, and waves his torch over them in triumph.

For music, dance, and splendid decoration, this piece has rarely been equalled. There is some interest and much moral in the subject; and the receipts from overflowing houses every evening to this popular entertainment will, no doubt, have the happiest effect upon the financial concerns of the Theatre.

17. *The Second Part* of Shakspeare's *Henry the Fourth* was revived at Covent Garden Theatre, and received with great applause. *Cooke's* performance of Falstaff in this piece is better than his representation of the same character in the First Part, or in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. *Blanchard's* Pistol was also an excellent piece of acting; nor ought *Mrs. Davenport's* Dame Quickly to be passed over without praise. *Mrs. Beverley's* Doll Tearheart was pett and spirited, without being disgusting or offensive. The dying King was finely portrayed by *Mr. Kemble*; and in the decoration and arrangement of the sick chamber there was a remarkable degree of taste and elegance: it was very highly applauded. *Charles Kemble*, in the apologetical scene, after the removal of the Crown, appeared to great advantage.

On the whole, the Public must highly approve of the revival of this piece; which had been acted but once * these thirty years.

* For Henderson's benefit, we believe.

POETRY.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1804.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET
LAUREAT.

I.

WHEN, at the Despot's dread command,

Bridg'd Hellepont his myriads bore
From servile Asia's peopled strand

To Græcia's and to Freedom's shore;
While hostile fleets terrific sweep,

With threat'ning oar, th' Ionian deep,
Clear Dirce's bending reeds among

The Theban Swan no longer sung*:
No more by Isthmus' wave-worn glade,

Or Nemea's rocks, or Delphi's shade,
Or Pita's olive-rooted grove,

The temple of Olympian Jove,
The Muses twin'd the sacred bough,

To crown th' athletic victor's brow,
'Till on the rough Ægean main,

'Till on Platea's trophied plain,
Was crush'd the Persian Tyrant's boast,

O'erwhelm'd his fleet, o'erthrown his
host, [lyre,

Then the bold Theban seiz'd again the
And struck the chords with renovated
fire:

" On human life's delusive state,

" Tho' woes unseên, uncertain, wait,

" Heal'd in the gen'rous breast is every
pain,

" With undiminish'd force if Freedom's
rights remain †."

II.

Not so the British Muse—Tho' rude
Her voice to Græcia's tuneful choir,

By dread, by danger unsubdu'd,
Dauntless she wakes the lyric wire:

So when the awful thunder roars,
When round the livid lightnings

play,
The Imperial eagle proudly soars,
And wings aloft her daring way.

And, hark! with animating note
Aloft her strains exulting float,

While pointing to th' inveterate host,
Who threat destruction to this envied

coast: [ve claim,

" Go forth, my sons—as nobler rights
" Than ever fann'd the Grecian pa-

triot's flame, [feel,

" So let your breasts a fiercer ar'or
" Led by your Patriot King, to guard
your country's weal."

* See Pind. Isth. Ode viii.

III.

Her voice is heard—from wood, from
vale, from down, [town,

The thatch-roof'd village, and the busy
Eager th' indignant country swarms,

And pours a people clad in arms,
Numerous as those whom Xerxes led,

To crush devoted Freedom's head;
Firm as the band for Freedom's cause

who stood, [blood;
And stain'd Thermopylæ with Spartan

Hear o'er their heads the exulting god
def's sing:

" These are *my* favorite sons, and *mine*
their warrior King!"

IV.

Thro' Albion's plains while, wide and
far,

Swells the tumultuous din of war;
While from the loom, the forge, the

flail, [merce' fail,
From Labour's plough, from Com-

All ranks to martial impulse yield,
And grasp the spear, and brave the

field,
Do weeds our plains uncultur'd hide?

Does drooping Commerce quit the
tide?

Do languid Art and Industry
Their useful cares no longer ply?

Never did Agriculture's toil
With richer harvests clothe the soil;

Ne'er were our barks more amply
fraught;

Ne'er were with happier skill our ores,
our fleeces wrought.

V.

While the proud foe, to swell inva-
sion's host, [millions drains,

His bleeding country's countle's
And Gallia mourns, thro' her embat-

tled coast, [plains,
Unpeopled cities, and unlabour'd

To guard and to avenge this favour'd
land, [ton's hand,

Tho' gleams the sword in every Bri-
Still o'er our fields waves Concord's

silken wing, [ling;
Still the Arts flourish, and the Muses

While moral Truth, and Faith's celest-
tial ray,

Adorn, illumine, and bless, a GEORGE'S
prosperous sway.

† Ibid.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S RETURN
HOME.

SWEET to the lover is the day
His blushing mistress's consent ;
And sweet the light's returning ray
To him who, long in dungeon pent,
Again looks round with gladden'd eye,
Restor'd to life and liberty :

But sweeter far that hour appears,
When the glad School-boy's lesson
o'er,
Twelve's welcome stroke at length he
hears,

And shuts his book to ope no more ;
While friends, and home, and holidays,
Dance o'er his mind as fancy plays.

Morpheus, thy poppies vainly fall—
Nor aught that night sweet sleep be-
flows ;

Rous'd by the frequent-fancied call
That breaks his transient, short repose :
While oft before his aching eyes
Deceptive morning *seems* to rise.

But see at length the morn appears ;
Light springs from bed th' impatient
youth ;

No more ideal sounds he hears,
Awake to the delightful truth :
The bell loud rings, and at the gate
John and his faithful poney wait.

Nor one heart-rending sigh he heaves ;
Nor soft emotions now arise ;
Learning's rever'd abode he leaves
With unpain'd soul and tearless eyes :
For weak the ties of classic lore,
Home beckons, and they bind no more.

To childhood's interesting seat
He goes, where love and joy await ;
Where unfeign'd smiles his coming greet,
And warmest welcome opes the gate ;
Where ev'ry object to his heart
Will pleasure's thrilling glow impart.

The rapture seen in ev'ry eye ;
The eager, fond, impetuous race ;
(Sweet struggle for priority,
In the warm kiss, and close embrace ;)
The tears of joy that trickling come,
Mark the glad School-boy's welcome
home.

Delightful period! we in vain,
In future life's much-varied scene,
Look for thy like of bliss again,
The bliss we tasted at fifteen.
Care comes, a rude unwelcome guest,
And robs our cup of half its zest.

G. C.

ODE TO WINTER.

THOU! whose chilling horrors fill
The bitter cup of mortal ill ;
Whose hoary presence ever brings
A keener point to mis'ry's stings ;
Bleak Winter! soon thy cheereless reign
Shall clothe with ice the wat'ry plain.
Dark gloomy Power! at thy dread
name

Unusual horrors chill my frame ;
And tho' I tune the choral lay,
I tremble at thy awful sway :
Not to the Muse—with heavenly fire
Inspir'd—she boldly strikes the lyre ;
Th' attendant ills which on thee wait,
Agents decreed of ruthless fate ;
With sounding voice, she'll loudly sing,
As by they sit upon the wing ;
Whilst thou, dread Pow'r! sitt'st high in
air,

With thy white locks expos'd and bare,
And giv'st the winds thy dire command
To rage and ravage o'er the land.
And lo! before my gazing eyes
What countless forms of Death arise!
Now howls the fury of the East,
Alike the foe of man and beast ;
The dreadful fierceness rends the sail,
The vessel drives before the gale ;
In vain the seamen strive to stay
The flying vessel on its way ;
In vain the pilot strives to steer,
Nor art nor skill the winds revere ;
Across the decks the huge masts fall,
And dreadful ruin threatens all ;
For lo! before their anguish'd sight
A rock displays its awful height,
In threat'ning state—With horrid fear
At once o'erwhelm'd the crew appear ;
Aghast they stand, and silent wait
The will of dire relentless fate.
The vessel strikes!—What numbers rush
To Death's abode at that dread crush !
While others, toss'd upon the wave,
Exhausted sink, and find a grave.
But equal horrors fill the shore
As the fell *East's* terrific roar ;
Tree falls by tree, whole mansions fall,
And deathful terrors hang o'er all.

Such, Winter, are the heralds of thy
train,
And such the horrors which precede thy
reign.

But now again I see thy hand
Outstretch'd to give the dire command ;
And now I feel the piercing North,
With keenest fury bursting forth ;
The drifted snow begins to fall,
And bleaching nature covers all :
Drove by the blast, it forms in hills,
And all the dreary forest fills :

The

The weary traveller thinks of home,
 And fondly vows no more to roam;
 No more his anxious wife to leave,
 Nor children of their sire bereave;
 Hopes no disaster may attend
 His toilsome journey to the end;
 But trusts to reach his native place,
 And meet his absent charge in peace;
 Then blest—in Plenty's lap to lie,
 And 'midst his friends and children die.
 Ah! wretched man! nor friend nor wife
 Shall close thy parting scene of life;
 For onward as in haste he hies,
 A hidden bog before him lies,
 He falls, he sinks, then prays, and }
 dies!

But soon sharp frost assumes his sway,
 And clothes with ice the wat'ry way;
 All nature shrinks—a dreary dearth
 O'er spreads the face of all the earth;
 And thousands seek, by famine led,
 The peaceful mansions of the dead.

Such horrors, Winter, mark thy gloomy
 reign,
 Death, Misery, Famine, stalking in thy
 train.

Piccadilly, Dec. 21, 1803. J. S.

WINE.

AN EXTEMPORE.

*Written at the Time the additional Duty on
 Wine was imposed under the Administration
 of Mr. Pitt.*

SHOULD Fortune speed her venom'd dart,
 And plunge it deeply in thy heart,
 Forbear, O mortal! to repine,
 And "bathe the wound with rosy wine."

Should tyrant Love invade thy breast,
 Nor grant thy soul one moment's rest,
 'Twill soon his little rage confound,
 If still with wine you bathe the wound.

Or should Love, smiling, heed thy pray'r,
 And give thee spouse, and prattling heir,
 Tho' spouse should scold, and child should
 squall,

Wine, potent wine! would quiet all!

Should gloomy days confine at home,
 For gloomy days will oft-times come,
 Dare not against the skies rebel,
 For wine will every cloud dispel.

Even Hope, if ever to thy mind
 She speaks in language most unkind,
 Will, at the sight of bumpers, smile,
 And yet again thy soul beguile.

Plunge him in wine, and Sorrow dies!
 Give Fancy wine, she mounts the skies!
 Wine is our sovereign good below!
 Wine is the balm for every wee!

—Thus sung a bard, elate of soul!
 His right hand grasp'd the flowing bowl;
 When Pitt arose, at stern command,
 And dash'd the blessing from his hand!!!

RUSTICUS.

*Cottage of Mon Repos,
 near Canterbury, Kent.*

MORE MODERN SONNETS!!!
 (Continued from Vol. XLIV. Page 303.)

SONNET V.

To an old Wheelbarrow.*

ALL hail! my giddy friend! all hail!
 all hail! [plight:
 I little thought to find thee in this
 Thy head runs round, thy legs begin to
 tail; [night.

Thou seem'st as drunk as I was to other
 To fetch and carry long has been thy lot;
 But Ministers and Courtiers do the
 same: [have got,

Yes, yes! when knaves and fools a place
 They fetch and carry, like a spaniel
 tame. [blue †;

Alas! thou hast no place! thy colour's
 And loose are all thy joints, for want
 of pegs; [that's true,

Now, hadst thou been a red, by all
 Thou would'st have had new arms,
 new sides, new legs. [thrive!

Thus, all that fetch and carry do not
 Thy master's poor, and poverty's the
 devil! [live,

Oppress'd with cesses, taxes, who can
 Unless his name be found on list so
 civil?

So civil? Yes! so civil, let me say,
 That civilly it drains a poor man's purse!
 Thus, out of place, thy master, every day,
 Finds things grow worse and worse,
 and worse and worse!

All hail! my luckless friend! whose
 heart's so sound! [runs round.

Thanks, for that blessing, that thy head
 RUSTICUS.

Cottage of Mon Repos.

SONNET VI.

To a Lady's Needle-Book.

O THOU! call'd Hussy in my grannam's
 days, [lot!

How do I envy, pretty thing! thy
 Now with thy leaves the charming Julia
 plays,

And now into her pocket thou hast got!
 O! might I follow thee to that sweet
 place, [thee,

There would I lie me down, so close to
 That, tho' I could not view her lovely
 face, [be!

Yet, O! how snug and happy should I

* Written at the time of the late general election. † The anti-ministerial colour.

O Love! O Sentiment! of birth divine,
Thanks to my stars, thy precious gifts
are mine.

RUSTICUS.

Cottage of Mon Repos.

SONNET VII.

To a Chaise Percée.

PARENT of *Ease*! elate I sit on thee,
My arms a-kinbo, and half-clos'd my
eyes;
From what a burden hast thou set me free,
Amidst a copious vent of groans and
sighs! [creek!
Bless'd did I hear thy op'ning hinges
Bless'd hear thy echoes swell each rum-
bling sound! [speak,
E'en *Kings* of thee, in *strains* of rapture,
And drop their offerings in thy cave
profound. [thy stand;
By *their* bed-sides each night thou tak'st
They mount thee oft'ner than they
mount their thrones;
On thee full oft is lain the royal hand,
Thou comforter of bowels and of
bones! [in life!
All hail! thou dearest, dearest thing
Full fifty pounds a-year I waste on
thee! [wife,
And, if I add my children and my
One hundred pounds and fifty it would
be! [in life!
Hail! then, thou dearest, dearest thing
Hail! cry my children; and hail! cries
my wife.

RUSTICUS.

*Cottage of Mon Repos,
near Canterbury, Kent.*

A TURKISH SONG.

MY heart, a stranger to delight,
Exhausted by its sighs,
O! longs impatient for the night,
To close these tearful eyes!
My tyrant in my virgin breast
Has long essay'd to reign;
But I his proffer'd love detest,
And all his gifts disdain.
But now, dear youth! my panting heart
Its restless prison flies,
Of thee to form a second part,
Which, if thou scorn'st—it dies!
O! if thou'lt love me as I love,
I'll find some secret way
From this sad *Haram* to remove,
And give to bliss the day!

TRANSLATOR.

Cottage of Mon Repos.

ERRATA in our last volume, page 301,
col. 1, line 33, and page 302, col. 1, line
44, for *friend* read *fiend*.

SONNET

Written at Midnight, on the Shore of
Aberystwith, South Wales.

BY THOMAS ENOBT SMITH.

IN dewy softness, on her white-wove seat,
Now shines the Moon, sweet lamp of
heaven, full bright,
Casting her robe of pure reflected light
On yon calm waters, while, with snow-
tipp'd feet, [among,
The deep green bosom'd waves the sports
Flinging athwart her silvery radiance
clear, [wings the air,
While sleep doth fold with silence,
And nought is heard, save the hoarse
boatman's song, [fraught tale,
Chaunting at distance rude some love-
Or oar slow dipping in the half-hush'd
wave. [turn, who gave
Great Power! to thee my thoughts I
Yon fair-form'd orb, and hung her taper
pale
High in the firmament to bless our sight,
A smiling dimple on the cheek of night.

CUPID AWAKENED.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH.

As thro' a cool sequester'd wild,
The other day, I carelessly stray'd,
I saw, by chance, a blooming child
Asleep beneath a woodbine shade.
'Twas Cupid's self—for well I knew
The Urchin, by his pleasing air,
His vermeil lips, and blushing hue,
And golden ringlets of his hair.
With cautious steps I 'proach'd him near,
And marked well his lovely charms;
Examined too, without a fear,
His unstrung bow and barbed arms.
“ Ah me!” I to myself then cried,
“ Can grace like this such care create?
Is this the Boy I have defy'd,
Who swears with unrelenting hate?
Sure, under these soft-dimpled smiles
Deception foul can never dwell?
Nor can this face by artful wiles
The bosom's throbbing pulses swell?”
Thus musing, in deep eager thought,
A sigh escap'd my anxious breast;
The God awoke—I pardon sought,
But stern revenge his soul possess'd.
Forth, then, his odour'd wings he spread,
And from his quiver drew a dart;
Twang went the bow—the weapon fixed
All forceful thro' my trembling heart.
“ Go now,” he said, “ to Rosa go,
And pity at her feet implore;
There sigh thy smart and secret woe,
And all thy troubles number o'er.”

For

For captive thou to her shall be
Bound fast with this bandeau of mine;
And since thou'lt dar'd to 'waken me,
Keen love shall fill that breast of
thine."

J—B—N.

Liverpool, Dec. 14, 1803.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, ON HIS
DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

TO thee, my friend, I bid a long adieu,
For well I fear that we too soon must
part, [did impart,
That all those sweets kind friendship
And fond attachments—known, ah! but
to few, [heart
We must relinquish—and that this sad
Which to its trust has e'er remained
true,
Must feel stern Separation's cruel smart,
And o'er lost joys Hope's fading roses
strew. [may prove,
But still, my friend, how'er thy fate
Be it to plough the Ocean's briny
foam, [grove,
To trace the wilds of Georgia's piney
Or on the shores of fair Ohia roam,
Let Fancy's magnet e'er to pleasure move,
And point thy thoughts to those thou
leav'st at home.

J—B—N.

Liverpool, Dec. 5, 1803.

EFFUSIONS OF AFFECTION,

ADDRESSED TO THE MEMORY OF A
BELOVED HUSBAND.

YES—thou art gone! alas! for ever
gone, [and woe;
From this vain world of wretchedness
To yon bright realms of peace thy spir-
it's flown, [know,
Where joys celestial thy pure soul shall
What tho' no father shed the tender tear
O'er thy poor corpse, committed to the
tomb; (appear,
What tho' no mother's grief did there
Thy death lamenting, and my hapless
doom;
Of what avail is a proud brother's scorn;
A sister's taunts upon thy honest name;
What tho' they leave me helpless and
forlorn, [spotless fame;
And blast, with stand'rous breath, my
Still thy afflicted wife, with sorrow sweet,
Each night and morn, before the throne
of Heav'n, [peat,
Shall thy dear name in ev'ry prayer re-
And sue to God thy sins may be for-
giv'n.

Then shall Memory, with mournful joy,
retrace [love;
Thy tender kindness and increasing
Shall call to mind that heav'nly placid
face, [remove.
That smile of patience death could not

And when assail'd by Fortune's threat-
ning frown, [fate,
Or Friendship cools upon my alter'd
In pleasures pure I will my sorrows
drown, [fate.
Nor murmur at the hard decrees of
Pleasures unknown to the licentious
throng, [mind:
Who shut reflection from their sickly
But, as they dance in Folly's maze along,
Seek for that happiness they ne'er can
find.

It is in Solitude's sequester'd shade,
Where silent Contemplation loves to
dwell, [were paid,
I'll think on Him to whom our vows
And learn true wisdom from each pass-
ing knell.

And may this hope cheer my poor faint-
ing heart, [guid eyes,
When death is stealing o'er these lan-
"That we again shall meet, no more to
part, [skies."
In that sweet blest abode, yon azure
M. F.

Greenwich, Dec. 17, 1803.

TO SLEEP.

SWEET Sleep! destroyer of each care
That rends th' afflicted breast,
Thy soporific draught prepare
To lull my thoughts to rest.
Sister to Death, almighty pow'r!
Kind Nature's gentle nurse!
Thy sacred influence o'er me show'r,
And all my cares disperse.
For thou can't make all Nature bow,
And own thy drowsy sway;
Thou too dost ease the labourer's brow
After a toilsome day.
Thou too can't close the Prince's eyes,
And potent warriors bind;
Before thy presence Mem'ry flies
Swift as the winged wind.
Like as the fondling infant smiles,
Press'd in its mother's arms,
Unknown to life's deceitful wiles,
And all its pregnant harms:
But when it grows to manlier years,
And feels life's keenest darts,
Those smiles are chang'd to joyless tears,
And Grief its pain imparts:

So thou dost for a while bereave
Our breaths of busy care;
But when thou dost our senses leave,
We're what before we were;

To giddy Fortune's smiles a prey,
And subject to her frowns;
For whom she doats upon one day,
The next she quite disowns.

Behold the lion's native pride
Humbled beneath yon hill;
And lo! the tiger, by his side,
Lies dormant at thy will.

See where, by thy most pow'rful aid,
Close to yon murr'ring stream,
Numbers of fleecy flocks are laid,
Rapt in some pleasing dream.

Then, if these lambkins claim thy pow'r,
Permit a suppliant boy
This short but solitary hour
In peaceful sleep t' enjoy.

H. H.
(*act.* 13.)

Fleet-street, Dec. 14, 1803.

JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
SECOND SESSION OF THE SECOND PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

(*Continued from Vol. XLIV. Page 478.*)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, DEC. 12.

A PETITION from J. Macleod, imprisoned two years for a breach of privilege, was ordered to lie on the table.

Lord Hawkesbury, on proposing the second reading of the Irish Habeas Corpus and Martial Law Bills, adverted to the transactions of July, commended the present measures on the ground of humanity, and praised the lenity of the Irish Government.

A debate ensued; in which Lords Suffolk, Grenville, and Darnley, objected, that there was not sufficient information before the House; and were answered by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Hobart, who maintained that the Government had been fully acquainted with the projected rising.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13.

The East India Bond, Seamen's Desertion, and some other Bills, were read a third time.

On the motion for the passing of the Bank Restriction Bill, Lord Grenville said, he had never conceived this measure to be necessary, but had formerly supported it to prevent the effects of an unfounded alarm. He observed, that it would increase beyond all measure the private paper of the country; and recommended the institution of Committees to inquire into the circulation of such paper.

This was objected to by Lord

Hawkesbury, who, however, acquiesced in the principles advanced by Lord G. The Bill was passed.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14.

The Irish Habeas Corpus Bill was read a third time, and, with some private Bills, passed.

THURSDAY, DEC. 15.

The Royal Assent was given, by Commission, to the Bills which had passed both Houses.

FRIDAY, DEC. 16.

The Earl of Suffolk made some observations on the Volunteer System, of which he highly approved; but objected to the attachment of Field Officers. He took a general view of the best means of defending the country, and recommended the establishment of a great military depôt in Warwickshire: he also hoped that Government would pay particular attention to the formation of Rifle Corps.

Lord Grenville was of opinion, that the Bill was not calculated to answer the objects it had in view; but he declined a discussion of the plan.

Lord Hobart observed, that there would be sufficient opportunities for considering the question in the course of the Session. It was one of great importance, and he assured the House that the attention of Government was already turned to it.

Some explanations took place; during which the Duke of Clarence expressed

pressed his full concurrence in the opinion of Lord Grenville.

The Bill was then read.

SATURDAY, DEC. 17.

The Duke of Norfolk brought in a Bill to exempt from arrest and civil process, Rectors, Vicars, and Perpetual Curates. The Bill was read a first time. His Grace then moved that the Bill be printed. He observed, that the Bill recited several Acts of Parliament relative to the privileges of the Clergy, some of which were passed in the reign of Henry VIII. The question, it would therefore be perceived, involved much clerical law; on which account he would not have brought it forward, had he not first consulted a Gentleman of high legal authority, peculiarly conversant on the subject. His Grace added, that he wished the Bill to stand over till after the recess, and in the mean time to be printed.—Agreed.

The Volunteer Exemption Bill went through a Committee; and, upon the Report being brought up, the Lord Chancellor made several verbal amendments; to the end, that Members leaving their Corps after the passing of the Bill should not be entitled to exemption from the Militia and Army of Reserve Ballots.—The Bill was then ordered to be read a third time, and the House adjourned to

MONDAY, DEC. 19.

On the third reading of the Volunteer Explanatory Bill,

Earl Fitzwilliam expressed his opinion, that it was not sufficiently distinct. By the Act of the 33d of the King, Volunteers were exempted from Martial Law, or from any call to march beyond their own particular district. They were, however, liable to be balloted as Militia-men. By the Acts of the 42d and 43d, it would seem that Volunteers were subject to Martial Law, but were to be exempted from serving in the Militia and Army of Reserve. Even the last point was not clearly defined, it being a matter of doubt to many, how far those Volunteers raised after a particular period were entitled to such exemption. He thought it necessary that every doubt should be removed.

Lord Hawkebury observed, that the present Bill was intended merely to abolish a doubt as to the right of exemption in favour of those Volunteers who had not been regularly supplied with arms. It would therefore be improper to extend its object: he added, that the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown was sufficient to solve all doubts on the subject.

The Lord Chancellor concurred in this opinion, and the Bill passed.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20.

Accounts were presented of the Bounties paid for Fish brought to London and Westminster in the last year, &c.—And after Counsel had been heard in some Scotch Appeals, the House adjourned till the 3d of February.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, DEC. 12.

ON the report of the Army Estimates, Colonel Craufurd suggested the establishment of a Grand Military Council of Veteran Officers, because he considered the abilities of one personage unequal to such an Herculean labour: he stated the object of such a Council to be, to consider the various plans that might be presented; and after enforcing, at some length, the advantages of such a measure, he proceeded to take a retrospective view of the conduct of Ministers previous to the war, whom he censured for their dangerous confidence in the French Government. He next made some remarks on the best modes of defence, among which he mentioned Martello Towers, that could not be stormed; and expatiated on the advantage of

throwing up numerous works in every quarter: he concluded with deprecating the exemptions granted to Volunteers, and advised the raising of large bodies of pikemen and pioneers.

Mr. Rose wished to know if it was the intention of Government to provide for all the families of Volunteers who might be called out? Without indemnification, they would be ruined; but with proper encouragement, he was convinced they would soon be able to render as effectual service as the regulars. He took an animated view of the state of the Sea Fencibles, in contradiction to the statement of Mr. Windham on Friday; and asserted, that our coast was guarded by upwards of 800 armed vessels, while the establishment on shore was fully adequate to farther defence.

Mr.

Mr. Yorke said, that if farther relief to the families of Volunteers, than what the Act proposed, was found necessary, a clause would be added.

Mr. Pitt explained, that on Friday he meant the Field Officer and Adjutant should be appointed to give their assistance to the Commandants of Corps, who would thereby have the benefit of their instructions, but without the Field Officer having any superiority attached to him. He continued to represent, in glowing terms, the advantages to be expected from the Volunteers; and on the reading of the different resolutions, he recapitulated all his former arguments in the most strenuous manner.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer doubted whether the measure respecting Field Officers could be put in practice.

Mr. Windham repeated his objections to the Volunteer force, with the additional remarks, that he considered it as an armed democracy, from which great mischief might be apprehended, and that it interfered with the orders of society, by taking labourers from their occupation, while it depreciated military rank, by making Officers of low mechanics: in short, if the system had been taken from the pigeon-holes of the Abbé Sieyès, it could not be more revolutionary.

Mr. Erskine severely condemned the indulgence of splenetic criticisms against such a gallant body: he was sorry that Mr. W. continued to make speeches so fraught with mischief, and to encourage others to write what he spoke; and added, that such words spoken without that House would render him liable to a prosecution: he concluded with expressing his firm opinion, that the meritorious conduct of the Volunteers would soon render the country impregnable.

Lord Castlereagh, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Yorke, opposed the arguments of Mr. Windham, and the Resolutions were passed.

In a Committee of Supply, several sums were voted for Irish and English Miscellaneous Services.

TUESDAY, DEC. 13.

A Message from the Lords announced their assent to the following Bills, without any amendment, viz. Malt Duty, 5,000,000. Loan Exchequer, Pension Duty, Irish Sugar Drawback, Qualification Indemnity, Irish Suspension Pro-

missory Note, East India Bond, and Seamen's Desertion Bills.

Mr. Yorke stated the object of the Volunteer Exemption Bill to be, to remove the inconvenience of Officers not understanding former Acts, which required returns to be made on the 1st of September. He afterwards brought up a clause for providing for the families of Volunteers on actual service out of their district, during their absence, in the same manner as the families of Militia-men.

The evening was passed in long and desultory conversations, consisting of a repetition of former remarks in favour of and against the Volunteer system.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 14.

A Message from the Lords announced their assent to the English Bank Restriction, Irish Martial Law, English Promissory Note, Irish Distillation and Crop Exportation, Sugar Drawback, Curates' Relief, and Portugal Wine-Bonding Bills.

On the motion of Mr. Corry, 21,600*l.* Irish was granted to the Trustees of the Linen Board in Ireland.

Mr. Yorke presented an accurate return of the Army of Reserve; from which it appeared, that the total number raised on the 21st of November, in England and Wales, was 26,607. Of these, 642 had been rejected, 70 were dead, 770 had deserted, 25,500 were effective, and a deficiency of 8000 remained to be made up. In Scotland, 5,500 had been raised; and in Ireland, 6,000.—He then moved, that another account of the number of men raised for this army, distinguishing the counties, &c. be prepared against the meeting after the recess.—Ordered.

On the motion for the third reading of the Volunteer Bill, Mr. Windham suggested the propriety of putting a stop to all exemptions in future; and objected to the power vested in unauthorized persons, such as Officers and Committees of Volunteer Corps, in which that sort of democratic administration prevailed which determined who should be ballotted for the Militia and the Army of Reserve, which was like imposing a fine of fifty guineas upon an individual: these points he pressed on the attention of Ministers; as likewise, that the army wanted a perennial source, while the Army of Reserve was only a single supply.

Mr. Addington observed, that there were multitudes of Corps which had

no Committees, and that large bounties for the Army of Reserve were confined to the metropolis. He made some severe comments on Mr. W.'s late language against the Volunteers; and asked if he was so grossly ignorant of history as not to know that the greatest prodigies of valour had been performed by undisciplined members, actuated by a spirit of liberty.

In answer to a question from Alderman Price, the Secretary at War said, the River and Sea Fencibles had not been returned in the Volunteer List, because it was supposed they belonged to the Admiralty.

Col. Craufurd defended Mr. Windham, and repeated, that the exemptions destroyed the recruiting service.

Sir W. Young and Mr. Calcraft made some remarks on the bounties, exemptions, &c.; and Dr. Lawrence entered on a long defence of Mr. Windham; to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied with some warmth.

MONDAY, DEC. 19.

Some Army and other Accounts were presented, and Petitions brought up from Debtors in different Prisons.

Mr. Corry gave notice, that after the recess he would move for leave to bring in a Bill for the Consolidation of the Import Duties of Ireland. The duties which he should propose to consolidate, were regulated in the last Session of the late Irish Parliament, and had continued in the Sessions of the United Parliament. The duties will be as nearly the same as possible, only with the trifling difference that, where the

impoit, as it now stands, contained a fractional part, that would be raised or lowered to the nearest integer, as the case might present itself. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. duty, payable here on East India goods, and which did not before affect the importation into Ireland, should, by the measure which he proposed, be extended to that part of the empire also. There was likewise a regulation affording facility both to the merchants and to the officers engaged in the collection of those duties, which was, that, instead of having one article charged by a fixed rate, and another *ad valorem*, they would be now reduced to one general denomination. With respect to East India goods, he should propose some new drawbacks for the purpose of more generally assimilating the duties of the two countries. He added, that he should also submit the plan of a Property Tax for Ireland similar to that in force in Great Britain.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice, that he should move that the Duties alluded to be made permanent instead of annual.

A Message from the Lords announced that they had agreed to the Volunteer Exemption Bill, with some amendments.

TUESDAY, DEC. 20.

A new Writ was ordered for a Member in the room of the Hon. C. Ashley, appointed Clerk of the Deliveries in the Office of Ordnance.

The House then adjourned to the 1st of February.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, DEC. 1.

Copy of a Letter from the Hon. William Cornwallis, Admiral of the Blue, &c. to Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. dated on board his Majesty's Ship the *Ville de Paris*, off *Ushant*, the 24th ult.

SIR,

HEREWITH I send, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the copy of a letter from Captain Masefield, of the *Atalante*, to Captain Elphinstone, of the *Diamond*, dated the 10th ultimo, which I have this moment received from him.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. CORNWALLIS.

His Majesty's Sloop Atalante,
Quiberon Bay, Oct. 10, 1803.

SIR,

I beg leave to inform you, in obedience to your signal to chase last evening, that part of the convoy, consisting of two ketches and one brig, that were running under the point of St. Guildas, I tacked and stood after them in the sloop I command, and obliged them to run on shore off the Mouth of the River of Pennerf, and having considered it very possible to cut them out in the night, as the wind was directly off shore, I dispatched Lieutenant Hawkins, in the six-oared cutter, and Mr. Richard Burral, Master, in the five-oared

oared cutter, armed, on that service, after it became dark, and stood in with the brig, as near as I could go for the shoal, to protect them. About half past nine, P. M. the boats got up to the above vessels, when Lieutenant Hawkins boarded, and took possession of the in-shore vessel, but found her aground, a number of troops along the beach keeping up a heavy fire of musketry on his boat, assisted by two field-pieces, and a party of troops on board the other two vessels (previously embarked from the shore). After cutting her cable, and firing a considerable time on the other vessel near him, found it impossible to do any thing with her, and very properly left her, to go to the assistance of the other boat, who had by this time boarded the brig, in defiance of a party of ten or twelve soldiers, with their muskets and sabres, killed six of the troops, hove two overboard, and drove the rest, with the crew, below. After cutting her cable, finding she was aground, and a light vessel, they returned with both boats on board, not thinking proper, from motives of humanity, to set her on fire, as several people were heard below, supposed to be wounded.

I am exceedingly sorry to inform you, on the first fire of the soldiers, one of our men, Henry Brenman, sail-maker, was killed, and in boarding, two seamen wounded, but are in a fair way of recovering. When it is considered, that Mr. Burstal, the Master, the Serjeant of Marines, and five other men, boarded this vessel, (with ten soldiers on deck with charged bayonets,) and performed what they did, I trust you will see and admire with me the very resolute and gallant conduct of Mr. Burstal and the six brave fellows with him; indeed, the Officers and crews in both boats deserve the highest praise, though unfortunately out of their power to bring the vessels off, all three being fast aground within half a cable's length of the beach, and the shore covered with troops, keeping an incessant fire, with their muskets and the two field pieces, on them. I had the pleasure to see the brig lying on a ridge of rocks, this morning, apparently bilged.

I am, &c.

JNO. MASEFIELD.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horse Guards, Dec. 2.

It is his Majesty's command, in case the enemy should effect a landing in any part of the United Kingdom, that all Military Officers (below the rank of General Officers) who do not belong to any particular regiments, shall report themselves in person to the General Officer commanding the District in which they are resident; and the Commander in Chief requests, that all General Officers not employed on the Staff, will immediately transmit their addresses to the Adjutant-General.

By his Royal Highness's command,
HARRY CALVERT, Adjutant-General.

THURSDAY, DEC. 8.

[This Gazette contains two Orders of the King in Council, dated the 7th instant; the first for permitting British subjects to trade to the conquered Colony of Berbice, subject to the same regulations as that of the West-India Islands; and the second, for continuing the Bounties to Seamen from the 31st instant till the 31st of December 1804.]

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, DEC. 10.

Dispatches, of which the following are copies, have been received at this Office, from Rear-Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth, K. B. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels at Jamaica.

Shark, Port Royal, Jamaica,
SIR, *Sept. 29.*

Their Lordships will observe from Captain Walker's letter, enclosed, that he was induced, when in the Bight of Leogane, to proceed off St. Mark's, and take the French garrison on board, correspondent to capitulation.

I am, &c.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

Vanguard, off Cape Nicola Mole,
SIR, *Sept. 9.*

Understanding from General Desflines that it was his intention to summon the Town of St. Marc immediately, which was reduced to the last extremity, I was strongly induced to urge him not to put the garrison to death, which he consented to, and I stipulated with him, that, if they sur- rendered,

rendered, he should march them round to the Mole in safety, and that I should appear off the Bay, and take possession of the shipping, one of which I knew to be a ship of war.

I received General Desfaline's dispatches about eight o'clock at night of the 31st of October, and got under weigh at one A. M. At day-light we chased a man of war brig off St. Marc, but the wind being light and partial, she got into that place: in the afternoon we perceived a flag of truce coming out, but a heavy squall of wind and rain obliged them to return. The following morning they came on board, and brought a letter from General d'Henin, which I answered by making several distinct propositions, and sent them in the ship's boat as a flag of truce, with an Officer, and Mr. Cathcart had the goodness to take charge of them: about five o'clock the same day the General himself came on board in the boat, and we agreed to a convention: the next day and part of the night we were busily employed in effecting the embarkation of the garrison, &c. and the whole being completed, General d'Henin and his staff came on board the Vanguard at three o'clock in the morning of the 4th, and we made sail out of the bay.—The situation of this garrison was the most deplorable it is possible to imagine; they were literally reduced to nothing, and long subsisted on horse-flesh. I forgot to mention, that on the 1st we captured the same schooner we had taken on the 26th past, with twenty-five barrels of flour, going to St. Marc, which I took out, and transferring her people, with fifteen soldiers she had on board, to a small sloop we took at the same time, sent her away, and kept the schooner, as she might be eventually useful to us; and she is the vessel I have made over to General d'Henin.

The vessels delivered to us consist of the Papillon corvette, pierced for twelve guns, but only mounting six, having fifty-two men on board, commanded by Mons. Dubourg, Lieutenant de Vaisseau; the brig les Trois Amis, transport, nothing in; and the schooner Mary Sally, who has between forty and fifty barrels of powder. General d'Henin has given me regular receipts for the garrison, which amounts in all to 850 men.—I have further to inform you, Sir, that on the 5th we captured the National schooner le Courier de

Nantes, of two guns and four swivels, and fifteen men, commanded by an Enseign de Vaisseau, from Port-au-Prince, with a supply of thirty barrels of flour and sundry other articles for St. Marc.—I enclose a weekly account; and have great satisfaction in stating, that we are almost well again; not one of the men who came from the hospital has died.

I have the honour to be, &c.

JAS. WALKER.

Sir J. T. Duckworth, K. B. &c. &c.

Shark, Port Royal, Jamaica,

SIR,

Sept. 29.

His Majesty's sloop Pelican having been employed these eight weeks in watching the port of Aux Cayes, Captain Whitby writes me, on the 21st instant, that the General of Division, Brunette, had sent off Brigadier-General Le Fevre to propose taking off this garrison; but as it appeared that the numbers are beyond what the vessels in the harbour, with the assistance of the Pelican, could effect, Captain Whitby (of whose assiduity I cannot speak too highly) agreed on an armistice of ten days, to communicate with me; and though I had in some degree anticipated the want, by sending the Pique on that service, I have, in consequence, added the Theseus, and am in expectation, that before the sailing of this packet, I shall have to request that, in addition to this, you will communicate to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the capitulation of the garrison.

I am, &c.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

Shark, Port Royal, Jamaica,

SIR,

Sept. 30.

Captain Bligh, whose merits as an Officer are always conspicuous, having, during the time he was senior Officer at the blockade of the Cape, thought it for the service to attack Port Dauphin, I send you herewith his statement of the success, and the capture of la Sagelle, of twenty eight-pounders on her main-deck, and eight four-pounders on her quarter-deck.

I am, &c.

J. T. DUCKWORTH.

Theseus, Port Dauphin, St.

Domingo, Sept. 8.

SIR,

Having found extreme difficulty in preventing small vessels from passing into Cape François with provisions from the little ports on the northern part

part of the island, in consequence of their finding a safe retreat from our pursuit under the batteries of Port Dauphin, and conceiving that port to be of the utmost importance to the enemy, I deemed it necessary to make some efforts for the reduction of the place, and the capture of a ship at anchor there. As soon as the sea-breeze this morning rendered it impossible for the enemy's frigates to leave their anchorage, I proceeded to Manchermel bay, leaving the Hercule and Cumberland on their station. The water being sufficiently deep to allow me to place the ship within musket-shot of Fort Labouque, situated at the entrance of the harbour, our fire was so well directed, that it was impossible for the guns of the battery to be pointed with any precision, the colours of which were struck in less than half an hour. Another fort in the harbour and the ship being the next objects of our attention, the *Thésée* entered the port with the assistance of the boats, and having fired a few shot at the ship of war, she hauled her colours down, and proved to be la *Sageffe*, mounting twenty eight-pounders on the main-deck, and eight four-pounders on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, commanded by Lieutenant J. B. Baruetche, and having only seventy-five men on board.

The Commandant conceiving the place no longer tenable after the loss of the ship, and being under some apprehensions of being exposed to the rage of the Blacks, whom he considered as a mercilefs enemy, claimed British protection, and surrendered the fort and garrison at discretion. Having spiked the guns and destroyed the ammunition, the garrison and inhabitants, many of whom were sickly, were embarked and landed under a flag of truce at Cape François. Being informed by the prisoners that their General, Dumont, and his suite, had lately fallen into the hands of the Blacks, and that they were in the most imminent danger, I was induced, from motives of humanity, to solicit their freedom from the Chief of those people; and I had the satisfaction of having my request immediately complied with: they accompanied the rest of the prisoners into Cape François.

I am, &c.

JOHN BLIGH.

Copy of a Letter from the Hon. W. Cornwallis, Admiral of the Blue, &c. to Sir E. Nepean, Bart. dated off Ushant, the 3d instant.

SIR,

The *Acasta* joined me this morning. I have the honour to enclose a letter for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to me, from Captain Wood, which I have this moment received, giving an account of his having captured, on the 2d of October last, the French privateer *l'Avanture*, of Bourdeaux, and recaptured the two West Indianmen therein named, her prizes.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. CORNWALLIS.

Acasta, at Sea, off Ushant, Dec. 3.

SIR,

In pursuance of your orders, at day-break on the 2d of October, in lat. 48 deg. 19 min. and long. 21 deg. 30 min. West, we fell in with, and, after a chase of forty-five hours, captured the French privateer *l'Avanture*, of Bourdeaux, of 20 guns and 144 men, with her two prizes, the *Royal Edward* and *St. Mary's Planter*, both of the Jamaica convoy. This privateer was laying to, to take possession of the *Jane*, another of the convoy, and a fourth in sight.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) J. A. WOOD.

SATURDAY, DEC. 17.

[This Gazette announces the capture of le *Vigilant* French cutter privateer, of one swivel and thirty-five men, one day from Oitend, by the *Badger* excise cutter, off Lowestoffe, Mr. Gunthorpe, Commander.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, DEC. 20.

Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant Browne, of his Majesty's Gun-Brig Vixen, to Rear-Admiral Russell, at Yarmouth, and sent by the latter to the Lords of the Admiralty.

His Majesty's Gun-Brig Vixen, at Sea, Dec. 8, 1803.

SIR,

I beg to make known to you, that this day, at four P. M., Lowestoffe bearing N. W., distance eight leagues, his Majesty's gun-brig, under my command, captured le *Lionnais* French cutter privateer, *Jean Joley*, Commander, of twenty-one tons burthen, mounting two carriage guns, with small

small arms, and a complement of twenty-one men; out four days, but had not made any capture.

On removing the crew, I found the vessel in so bad a state, with every appearance of blowing weather, that I deemed it prudent to destroy her.

I am, &c.

PHILIP BROWNE.

Rear-Admiral Russell.

Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant Shepheard, of his Majesty's Gun-Brig Basilisk, to Vice-Admiral Patton, in the Downs, and sent by the latter to the Lords of the Admiralty.

His Majesty's Gun-Brig Basilisk,
SIR,
Dec. 13, 1803.

I have the honour to acquaint you, that, cruising off Calais, agreeable to my orders from Rear-Admiral Montagu, I this morning, at day-light, chased a lugger, and at noon came up with, and captured, the French National gun-boat, No. 436, mounting one brass eighteen-pounder forward, and a howitzer abaft, commanded by Lewis Sautoin, Ensign de Vaisseau, with seven sailors and a Captain, and twenty-seven soldiers of the 36th regiment of the line. She failed the day before from Dunkirk for Boulogne.

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

(Signed) W. SHEPHEARD.

*Philip Patton, Esq. Vice-Admiral
of the Blue, &c. &c.*

SATURDAY, DEC. 24.

[This Gazette contains an Order of Council constituting la Valette, in the Island of Malta, a free port, upon the same footing and conditions as Gibraltar, in which state it is to remain until six months after the signing of a Definitive Treaty of Peace.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, DEC. 27.

Copy of an Enclosure from Lord Keith, to Sir E. Nepean, dated on board the Speculator, in the Downs, Dec. 23, 1803.

MY LORD,

I beg leave to inform you, that, in cruising in his Majesty's armed lugger Speculator, under my command, and by the directions of Captain Stewart, to cruise off Dunkirk, the morning of the 19th instant, Gravelines then bearing East by South, distance four or five miles, I saw four gun-boats full of troops, running along shore, which I supposed bound to Calais. At ten

A. M. I got very close to them, and at half past ten I had the satisfaction to drive all four of them on shore, although the enemy opened a fire from six long four-pounders on the shore; two of the gun-boats must have been wrecked, as the sea made a break over them, the other two got off, as I supposed. I am happy to say they never hulled us.

I am, &c.

ROB. YOUNG.

[A letter from Captain Winthrop, of the Ardent, to Sir E. Pellew, announces the driving on shore and destruction of la Bayonnaise frigate, of 32 guns and 200 men.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JAN. 3.

Copies of Enclosures to Commodore Hood, from Captains Graves and Younghusband.

Blenheim, off Martinique,

SIR,
Sept. 16, 1803.

Yesterday, at two P. M., I discovered a small schooner privateer, apparently just returned from her cruise, and endeavouring to get into Port Royal; it being nearly calm, I directed Lieutenant Furber, of the Blenheim, to take the pinnace, and Lieutenant Campbell the barge, and to cut her off: she was rowing with her sweeps, but the boats nevertheless came up with her in about an hour and a half, and in a most spirited manner, under the fire of grape and musketry, boarded and carried her.—I am happy to add, that no lives were lost; the enemy had one man wounded: she is called the Fortune, mounts two carriage guns, and had twenty-nine men on board.

I am, &c.

T. GRAVES.

Osprey, off Martinique,

SIR,
Oct. 31, 1803.

I beg leave to acquaint you, that on the 26th inst. I discovered a suspicious sail under the land of Trinidad, and immediately chased; but on arriving within about four miles of her, it fell calm; and as I was now convinced she was an enemy's privateer, from the number of sweeps she was rowing, and having no chance of coming up to her in the Osprey, I sent three boats to attack her, under the command of Lieutenant R. Henderson: the cutter in which he was, rowing much faster than the other boats, he, without waiting to be joined by them, in the most

gaolt brave and determined manner, and under a heavy fire from the guns and mulketry of the schooner, boarded and captured the French schooner privateer la Resource, mounting four 4-pounders, and having on board forty-three men, two of whom were killed, and twelve wounded. Lieutenant Henderson, with three seamen, are slightly wounded, and one dangerously; the cutter had only seventeen men in her, who all behaved with the utmost bravery. I have farther to inform you, that having put Lieutenant Collier and sixteen men on board the prize, he the next day chased and captured la Mimi

French schooner privateer, of one gun and twenty-one men.

I am, &c.

G. YOUNGHUSBAND.

[Commodore Hood, after paying the highest compliments to the officers and crews above mentioned, adds, that the brig Earl St. Vincent, from Dublin to Barbadoes, and a Swedish schooner, have been recaptured by the sloop St. Lucie; they had been captured three days before by the l'Harmonie privateer, of Martinique, and which only escaped the vigilance of Captain Shipley by throwing her guns overboard, and sawing down her gunwales.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WE learn, that the Emperor of Russia has made propositions to the First Consul, which have been seconded by the Court of Vienna, to evacuate the Electorate of Hanover, and also to grant an indemnification to the King of Sardinia, equivalent in value to one-third of his late dominions; but the First Consul, without rejecting the propositions, has referred the consideration of them to the conclusion of the war.

An article from Hamburgh mentions, that the last proposals made by Russia to Great Britain and France were,

1. The cession of Lampedosa to England, in the room of Malta.
2. The guarantee of the freedom of the States contiguous to France.
3. An indemnity to the King of Sardinia. And,
4. A General Congress of the Powers of Europe.

France virtually rejected them all.—She replied, that England must content herself in the Mediterranean with the possession of Gibraltar—that the situation of the States contiguous to France was the natural result of her influence—and that with respect to the holding a Congress, she had no objection to a Congress for the regulation of the rights of nations by sea.

Bonaparte arrived at Boulogne on the 31st ult. On the next day he inspected the flotilla, which by as he left it, in the inner harbour. He returned to Paris on the 6th inst.

The sum and substance of the various reports from Holland and France is, that the enemy seriously means to try the experiment, at all hazards, of invading us

from Brest and Holland at the same time.

The Dutch unanimously consider the attempt to invade this Country as fantastic; and it is believed that the troops in the Dutch service would lay down their arms, even were they to effect a landing in England.

In a letter from our cruisers off Boulogne, it was mentioned, that two of the French gun-boats, which were lately ordered from the inner harbour to the outer, had, almost immediately after getting into the latter, *swamped*, each of them having 100 men on board, all of whom were lost. This event had produced symptoms of mutiny among the French troops on shore.

Admiral Verbiel has hoisted his flag at Flushing; while Admiral la Touche Treville is gone on a secret mission to Brest. Augereau's army is also said to be on its march from Bayonne to Boulogne.

Among the official details of instructions from the War Office of the Hague, respecting certain allowances and privileges that the Dutch troops will be entitled to, is the curious one, that all officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, are *allowed* "to make their WILLS" before they embark for England, in alliance with the troops of the French Republic.

One hundred and sixty ships and vessels, of different descriptions, have been wrecked on the coasts of Holland and Friesland.

The noted German robber, Schinderhannes, was executed on the 21st ult. at Mentz, with twenty of his associates.

The real name of this famous leader of the gang of robbers was *Buckler*. The nick-name of *Schinderhannes*, which in German signifies Jack the Hangman, was given to him on account of his cruelty.

Letters from Constantinople state, that the Beys, who had not, as was some time ago reported, got possession of Alexandria, now besiege it so closely, that the Governor, Ali Pacha, has been forced to abandon the town, and confine himself to the defence of the castle.

In the month of October last, Mr. Thornton, merchant, of Constantinople, on his return from England, was stopped on the borders of Turkey, by a banditti,

and robbed of the whole of his baggage, containing fifteen thousand pounds worth of diamonds, besides several other articles of value; happily, himself and attendants escaped unhurt.

General Rochambeau, reduced to the greatest distress in St. Domingo, has, according to some accounts, been obliged to abandon Cape François, and to retire to the Spanish part of the island. Other accounts assert, that he has evacuated the island altogether, and made his escape to North America. The negroes, it is added, have established a Government of their own, and called it the *Republic of the Incas*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DECEMBER 17.

A LONG hearing took place, before the Magistrates at Union Hall, on a charge brought by Captain Collingdon, of the Southwark Cavalry, against Mr. Thomas Dowley, of the same Corps, for fines incurred by non-attendance at drills, &c. It was insisted, on the part of Mr. Dowley, that he had some time since resigned, had a right to resign, and was therefore not liable to the penalties; on the other hand, it was made out, and so determined by the Magistrates, that a Member of a Volunteer Corps could not of himself, and of his own accord, resign: the fines were accordingly confirmed.

18. About noon, Elfi Bey, accompanied by Lord Blantyre and Colonel Moore, attended by his interpreter and a suite of Mamelukes, arrived at the Castle Inn, Windsor, where he was soon after met by General Stuart, when the whole party proceeded to the Castle, where they continued for some time, viewing the apartments, &c. After divine service, the King, Queen, Princesses, and the Duke of Cambridge, came also into the Castle, and proceeded to the armoury, where they met the Bey, who was presented to their Majesties by General Stuart. The Mameluke Chieftain made a bend of low respectful salutation, and was received by their Majesties in a most gracious manner. Both the King and Queen conversed a long time with him, complimented him upon the gallantry of himself and his party, in their frequent discomfitures of the French troops during their late invasion of Egypt, and acknowledged their services to the English armies, in the glorious expulsion of the enemy from that

country. His Majesty, conformable to etiquette, did not enter into conversation with him upon any political objects of his mission to this country. In answer to his Majesty, the Bey said,

“ He was proud in expressing to their Majesties the inviolable attachment of all his party and adherents in Egypt; that he came to bear the homage of their respect to this nation, which, from its conquests, as well as its humanity, they considered the greatest in the world; that the happy deliverance of his country, by his Majesty’s brave armies, from the cruelties and oppression of the French, whom they still regarded as their common enemy, would ever remain engraved upon the breasts of his people; and that he still hoped that, under his Majesty’s auspices, its peace and tranquillity would be finally established, for the honour and glory both of their Emperor, the Sublime Sultan, and themselves, who, like a father and his sons, could have but one common interest.”

On quitting Windsor, the Bey, accompanied by the above military officers, went to dine at Lord Hobart’s, at Roehampton.

On Monday, his Excellency paid his visits of leave, in form, to their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Commander in Chief of the Forces, and the several Officers of State; and on Tuesday, at five in the morning, set out on his way to Portsmouth. He has since failed for Egypt.

The 10th Light Dragoons, of which the Prince of Wales is Colonel, has been removed from Brighton to Guildford barracks.

21. At the Levee, Mr. Mcintosh, the Barrister, was presented to his Majesty by Mr. Addington, on his being appointed Recorder of Bombay; when he received the honour of Knighthood.

24. Mr. Spencer, the master of the Garrick's-head, in Bow-street, went from his own house in a coach, with provisions which he had taken for the purpose of dining with Mrs. Spencer and some friends, at Bracknall, in Berkshire, on Christmas Day. When the coachman opened the door, at the White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly, Mr. Spencer was found dead. He appeared to be perfectly well in the morning, and had eaten a hearty breakfast. He was many years known to the Public at Dury-lane Theatre as the principal *Harlequin*, a character which he supported with peculiar activity, and with more of the traditional pantomimic knowledge of that character than any of its present representatives possess. It is to be noticed, that Mr. Spencer was one of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp Shooters, and lately gave a medal, value 50 guineas, to be shot for by the Members of that Corps.

28. This afternoon, two officers, with a warrant of distress from the Magistrates of the Borough, distrained on the premises of Mr. Thomas Dowley, Willow street, Bank-side, for the fines and penalties supposed to be due by him for non-attendance at drills, after he had tendered his resignation to his Commanding Officer, Captain Collingdon. These fines and penalties were stated to amount to 5l. 15s. but which Mr. Dowley resisted as illegal. The officers took from Mr. Dowley, his sword, pistols, uniform, and helmet, which they estimated at 4l. 10s.; and therefore, to complete their levy, they took from him two silver table spoons. Mr. Dowley has acted upon legal advice, and will bring the question to trial before a Jury in the Court of King's Bench.

JAN. 7. This morning, about two o'clock, Mr. Salver's cotton manufactory, at Durham, was discovered to be on fire; and by seven, nothing remained of that extensive range of buildings but the shell, the greatest part of which fell to the ground in the course of the day. The loss sustained is estimated at upwards of 20,000l.

11. This day, every Banking-house in town received a 1000l. worth of stamped dollars from the Bank, in exchange for Bank paper. The Bank issue and receive them at 5s. each.

13. *Francis Smith*, Officer of Excise, was indicted at the Old Bailey, for that he, on the 3d instant, did maliciously and aforethought make an assault with a loaded gun on Thomas Millwood, and him the said Thomas Millwood did feloniously murder and kill, by a wound in the head, neck, and jaw-bone.

Mr. John Lock, wine-merchant, in Hammer-smith, said, that on the night of the 3d of January, about half past ten o'clock, as he was going to his own house, in company with a Mr. Stow, he met the prisoner, who informed him that he had shot a man, believing him to be a pretended Ghost that infested Hammer-smith. There had been a rumour of such a circumstance. The watchman coming up, they all went into Limekiln-lane, where they found the deceased lying. Mr. Stow and the witness consulted together what was best to be done, and they sent for the High Constable. They observed the head of the deceased, and that a shot had entered the lower part of his left jaw. The witness told the prisoner the consequence of what he had done. He said he did not know the individual. It was an extremely dark night. He seemed very much agitated; said he had spoken to the person twice, but received no answer.

Cross-examined.—There had been a rumour of a Ghost for five weeks previous, but the witness had not seen the figure himself. Several parties had gone out for the purpose of discovering it. It was publicly known and talked of. Its dress had been described, and much resembled the dress of the deceased. He was all in white, and his trowsers reached down to his heels. The mischievous person who had been in the habit of terrifying the neighbourhood, was dressed sometimes in white, sometimes as if in the skin of a bear. The witness observed the prisoner to be in wonderful trepidation. He said, that when called to, the deceased, instead of answering, marched up to him, which increased the prisoner's fear. The lane was very dark; so much so, that, though narrow, it was impossible to see a person at the opposite side of it. The prisoner wished to surrender himself immediately, but the witness advised him to go to his lodgings in the first instance, that they might see what was to be done. The witness has known the prisoner some time. He is of a very mild disposition, a man of humanity and generosity, and esteemed by every person in the place.

William Girdler, watchman at Ham-mermith, said, that on the night of the 3d of January, about half past ten o'clock, he met Mr. Smith at the corner of Beaver-lane, who told him that he was going to look after the Ghost. The witness said, that he would come and meet him, so soon as he had called the hour; that they would then search the lane for him, and take him if they possibly could. They agreed on a watch-word, by which to know each other. The one was to say, "Who comes there?" and the other to answer, "Advance, Friend." They then separated. Shortly after this, as the witness was coming towards Black-Lion-lane, he heard the report of a gun. He was not surprised at the circumstance, as it frequently occurs during the night time, and he therefore took no notice of it. In a minute or two, however, the servant of Mrs. Honour, who keeps the White Hart, came up and informed the witness that Mr. Smith wished to see him. When he came to the prisoner, he informed him that he had hurt a man. The witness said, he hoped not much; and the prisoner replied, he was afraid very bad. Mr. Lock and Mr. Stow then came up, and they all went to the corner of Black Lion-lane, where they found the deceased lying on his back, quite dead, with a wound in his left jaw, apparently by a shot. They then carried the deceased to the Black Lion. The prisoner told Lock and Stow that he would deliver himself up immediately.

Ann Millwood, sister to the deceased, being called, she said that she lived in her father's house. On the 3d of January, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, her brother came in. He had been to seek his wife, who was at a friend's in the neighbourhood. The witness and her mother were then going to bed. She lighted up the fire, however, and her brother sat down for about half an hour. The watchman having then called the hour, she reminded her brother to go for his wife, who she was afraid was staying too late. He accordingly went away, and shut the door. The witness went to the door a minute or two afterwards, and heard a voice exclaim, "Damn you, who or what are you? Speak, else I'll shoot you." And immediately the report of a gun was heard. The witness cried out, "Thomas," meaning her brother. No person answered, and the witness said to her mother, that she believed her brother had been shot. Her father, and a gentleman

who staid in the house, paid no credit to her apprehensions; but the witness declared that she would see after her brother, though it should cost her her life. She accordingly ran out, and about half way between her father's house and the house to which the deceased was going, she found him lying dead on the ground. No person was near him at the time. She did not believe that any animosity subsisted between the prisoner and her brother: they hardly knew each other.

Mr. Flower, surgeon, said that he saw and inspected the body of the deceased, and found that he had received a gunshot wound in the left side of his lower jaw, seemingly from small shot, No. 4. The shot had penetrated the vertebra of the neck, and injured the spinal marrow. He examined the brain, and found it had received no injury. The witness entertained no doubt that the wound which he saw was the cause of the person's death. The face was much discoloured, and the jaw-bone broke.

The prisoner was now called on for his defence, who, being informed that his Counsel could not speak for him, said, "I can only declare, that I went out with a perfectly good intention: after calling to the deceased twice, and receiving no answer, I became so agitated that I did not know what I was about; but I solemnly declare that I am innocent of any malicious intention against any person whatever."

The mother-in-law of the deceased was called to prove that the deceased had once before been taken for the ghost, in consequence of his white dress, and that she therefore advised him to wear a great coat.

A number of respectable witnesses gave the prisoner an excellent character; one gentleman, who had known him for fifteen years, said his life had been marked by singular acts of humanity and benevolence.

As to the defence made by the prisoner, his Lordship thought it rather remarkable, that the prisoner should have gone out, under the persuasion that it was a mere man whom he expected to meet, and yet, in his defence, should alledge that he was so completely agitated, as not to know what he was doing. His character, however good, his Lordship was afraid, could not avail him. It was his Lordship's painful duty to say, that nothing occurred in this case which could take it out of the legal definition of *Murder*.

The prisoner seemed much affected during the trial. At the conclusion of the Charge to the Jury, he was obliged to retire for a few minutes into the air.

The Jury retired for an hour and five minutes, when they found a verdict of **MANSLAUGHTER!**

The Lord Chief Baron reminded the Jury, on the oath they had taken, that this was a verdict which they could not give. The prisoner could not be found guilty of Manslaughter. Their verdict must be, Guilty, or not guilty, of *Murder*.

Mr. Justice Rooke, Mr. Justice Lawrence, and the Recorder, stated their concurrence in this opinion.

The Jury then deliberated a few minutes in their box, and returned their verdict—**GUILTY OF MURDER.**

The Recorder immediately pronounced the Judgment of the Court, sentencing the prisoner to be executed on Monday next, and his body to be dissected and anatomized, according to the statute.

When the Jury returned the verdict of Guilty, the Lord Chief Baron said he would immediately report the case; and a respite was sent to Newgate in the course of the evening.

[Smith has since been pardoned, on condition of a year's imprisonment in Newgate.]

15. The Rev. Lockhart Gordon, and Mr. Lauden Gordon, brothers, forcibly carried off Mrs. Lee, a lady of considerable property, from her house in Bolton-row, Piccadilly, to Tetfworth, near Oxford; where, from a firm persuasion that her death would be the consequence of a resistance, (Lockhart having pistols,) she and Lauden Gordon slept in the same bed that night.

The Gordons are committed for trial.

By the statutes, 3d of Henry VII. and 30th Elizabeth, it is made felony, without benefit of Clergy, to take any woman forcibly away, with intent to possess her property, marry her without her consent, or to defile her person.

17. Ann Hurd, for forging a power

of attorney in the name of Benjamin Allen, of Greenwich, with intent to defraud the Bank; Sarah Cheshire, for burglary; Jeremiah Cornelly and James Diaper, for wounding and maiming; Margaret Carrol, for stealing in a dwelling-house; Samuel Jenkins, for uttering false money; and Cecil Pitt, for house breaking; severally received sentence of death at the Old Bailey.

Mr. Wickham has resigned the office of Principal Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Sir Evan Nepean, Secretary to the Admiralty, is appointed to succeed him in that important situation.—Mr. Marlden succeeds Sir Evan.

A letter has been sent by Colonel Harnage, Inspecting Officer of the London District, to the Commanders of Volunteer Corps, in which is contained the following remark: "It is proper to instil into the minds of soldiers, the absolute necessity of *positive silence and strict attention*. Every man, from the moment he is under arms, until dismissed, ought *not*, on any account whatever, to *move* hand or foot, head, *tongue*, lip, or eye, but as ordered by his officer; it is positively and indispensably necessary, that every man, officers included, while in the ranks, become machines, no part of which is to *stir*, but when put in *motion* by the *breath* of the commanding officer."

A Mr. Hime lately brought an action, in the Court of King's Bench, against a Mr. Dale, for piratically publishing a spurious copy of Dibdin's Song of *Abraham Newland*, the plaintiff being possessed of the sole right of the same. Lord Ellenborough thought, that a *song*, printed on a single sheet, could not be considered as a book, and of course did not come under the meaning of the Act of Queen Anne. Mr. Erskine, on the contrary, thought a poem, whether short or long, was still within the meaning of the Act, and entreated that this action might stand over for future discussion; to which his Lordship, though persisting in the opinion he had delivered, readily consented.

MARRIAGES.

JOHN HOLLINGBERRY, esq. to Miss Charlton.

The Rev. William Moneyppenny, to Miss Dering.

Sir William Pulteney, of Westerhall, bart. to Mrs. Stuart, widow of

Andrew Stuart, of Castle Torrance, esq. Serjeant Vaughan, to the Hon. Miss Augusta St. John.

The Rev. William Carey, head master of Westminster School, to Miss Sheepshanks.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

DECEMBER 7.

AT Great Baling, aged 84, Peter Tabois, esq.

16. At Trowbridge, Edward Horlock Mortimer, esq. of the commission of the peace for Wilts.

At Fulham, Mr. James Duncan, of Lincoln's-inn, one of the oldest solicitors in the court of chancery.

Lately, at Heath, near Southampton, Admiral Parry.

18. Peter Mellish, esq. sheriff of London and Middlesex 1798, and an eminent contractor for cattle.

The Rev. Mr. Cuthbert, rector of Bulwar, Essex, and joint minister of Long-acre Chapel.

Mr. John Howell, of the common-council of Castle Baynard Ward.

19. Mr. Hearon Wilkes, brother of the late John Wilkes, esq. aged 76. He was formerly a coal-merchant in Thames-street.

Lately, at Litchfield, aged 80, the Rev. Theophilus Buckeridge, master of St. John's hospital, in that city.

Lately, at Parflows, in Essex, John Gascoigne Fanshawe, esq.

20. James Smith, esq. of Colebrooke-row, Islington, aged 75.

Mr. Hall, late of Deal, grocer.

At Sutton in the Forest, Yorkshire, aged 74, the Rev. Andrew Cheap, M.A. formerly fellow of Baliol College, Oxford.

21. George Golding, esq. of Thorington Hall, Suffolk.

22. At Edinburgh, John M^cDouall, esq. brother to the Earl of Dumfries.

Lately, at Corhampton, Hants, the countess dowager of Clanricarde.

23. Mr. Spencer, proprietor of Garrick's Head Tavern, Bow-street, Covent-garden. He was formerly the Harlequin of Drury-lane Theatre.

At Bath, in his 77th year, John Gawler, esq. of Ramridge House, in the county of Southampton.

Lately, at Edinor, in Derbyshire, the Rev. James Peake, rector of Kingsley, in Staffordshire, and minister of Edinor and of Cartmell, in Lancashire.

Lately, at Epping, aged 85, the Rev. Charles Stuart, fifty years rector of Ashden, and forty-eight years vicar of Steeple Bumpstead, Essex.

Lately, at Stranton, near Hartlepool, the Rev. George Hicks.

27. Lady Taylor, widow of Sir Robert Taylor, in her 80th year.

In his 54th year, the Rev. T. Stock, rector of St. John the Baptist, perpetual curate of St. Alban's, Gloucester, and vicar of Glasbury, in the county of Brecon.

28. At Pentonville, aged 75, Mr. John Labrow, of St. John's-street, chemist and druggist.

At St. Andrew's, Scotland, Mr. William Baron, professor of belles lettres and logic in that university.

At Buxton, L dy Peel, wife of Sir Robert Peel, bart.

Mr. William Shipley, aged 87, the founder of the society for the encouragement of arts, manufactures, and commerce, in the Adelphi.

30. At Bath, Henry Partridge, esq. one of his Majesty's council.

JAN. 1, 1804. At Barton, Edward Dymoke, esq. late of Saucethorp, Lincolnshire.

At Durham, aged 74, Mrs. Wharton, mother of Richard Wharton, esq. M. P. for that city.

Mrs. Powell, wife of Mr. Powell, of Drury-lane Theatre, and herself formerly of the Norwich company of comedians.

2. At Edinburgh, Colonel James Abercromby.

Adam Beyer, esq. of Hampstead, in his 75th year.

Lately, Mr. George Barton, of Castle-acre Lodge, Norfolk, aged 56, a celebrated agriculturist.

3. At Belmont, near Hereford, William Matthews, esq. major of the Hereford Volunteers.

At Luttingstone Castle, Kent, Lady Dyke, in her 71st year.

At Bath, Sir William Mansell, bart. of Ilicoed, in Carmarthenshire.

Lately, at Kentish Town, Fletcher Main, esq.

Lately, in her 90th year, Mrs. Margaret Fisher, mother of the late Dr. Belward, matter of Caius College, Cambridge.

4. At Pangborn, Berks, in his 74th year, Mr. Doriat, many years page of the bed-chamber to his Majesty.

5. John Andre, esq. of Sloane-street.

6. The Rev. Newton Ogle, D.D. aged 78. Dean of Winchester 21st October 1769, and prebendary of Durham 27th October 1768. He was of Merton College,

College,

College, Oxford, M. A. 16th May 1750, B. and D. D. 11th March 1761.

Lady Anne Capell, Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

Mr. William Ince, of Broad-street, Scho.

7. At Colchester, Sir William Gordon, bart. of the West Norfolk militia.

At the Bishop's Palace, Wells, the Rev. John Gooch, D. D. aged 74, prebendary of Ely, and rector of Ditton and Wellingham, in the county of Cambridge.

James Bromhead, esq. formerly captain and adjutant of the North Lincoln militia.

8. Mr. Sealy, of Coade's artificial stone manufactory, and a serjeant in the Lambeth volunteers.

Mrs. Freeling, wife of Francis Freeling, esq. secretary to the post-office, and daughter of Francis Newbery, esq.

9. At Grantham, in his 78th year, the Rev. Bennett Storer, D. D. prebendary of Canterbury, and rector of Roppley, in Lincolnshire. He was formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, A. B. 1748, A. M. 1763.

10. At Whitehall, Mrs. F. Pelham, the last surviving daughter of the late Right Hon. Henry Pelham, esq.

At Malpas, in Cheshire, the Rev. R. Heber, of Marton Hall, in the county of York.

11. Her Grace the Duchess of Ancafter.

Skip Dyot Bucknall, esq. late member for St. Alban's.

At the Hot Wells, Bristol, Charlotte Viscountess Bolingbroke.

Mr. John Perkins, late a banker and draper at Huntingdon.

Mr. John Worrick, banker, at Lancaster.

Lately, at Stratford St. Mary's, Suffolk, in her 67th year, Mrs. Anne Richardson, only surviving daughter of the author of *Clarissa*, &c.

14. John Staines, esq. formerly a captain in the Bedfordshire militia.

At Falmouth, J. Drury, esq. going out commissary-general to Barbadoes.

15. James Scott, of Brotherton, in his 86th year.

Sir Francis Sykes, bart. M. P. for Walsingham.

Mr. Dru. Drury, F. I. S. aged 80.

At Hereford, in his 79th year, Dr. Campbell.

16. At Morpeth, in his 71st year, the

Rev. George Smalridge, forty-two years rector of Bothall, in Northumberland.

17. John May, esq. of New Ormond-street.

At Lyme, the Rev. Samuel Edwards.

18. At Newport, in the Isle of Wight, in his 73d year, the Right Hon. Leonard Lord Holmes, Baron Holmes, of Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick.

Thomas Elde, esq. one of the registrars of the court of chancery, in his 88th year.

Lately, at Rushbrooke-hall, near Bury, Charles Sydney Davers, eldest son of Sir Charles Davers, bart. late captain of the Active frigate.

19. In Cleveland-row, Mr. Robert Drummond, banker, of Charing-cross.

At Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire, John Vaughan, esq. lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of that county.

21. Mr. William Daniel, one of the building-surveyors of Bristol.

Lately, at Hackney, the Rev. J. Stubbs, fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Lately, at Belford, the Rev. Mr. Goodwin.

DEATHS ABROAD.

DEC. 18. At Welmar, aged 60, the celebrated German professor Herder.

DEC. 12. At Montpellier, Frederick Duke of East Gothland, uncle to the present King of Sweden.

OCT. 19. At Barbadoes, of the yellow fever, aged 58 years, three days after the death of his wife, General Grinfield, commander in chief of his Majesty's forces serving in the windward and leeward Caribbee Islands, and colonel of the 86th regiment of foot. In the short space of three months he had captured the French islands of St. Lucia and Tobago, the former by storm; and the Dutch settlements at Demerara, Essequibe, and Berbice, by capitulation. In the first campaign of the late war he, then colonel of the battalion of the 3d foot guards, was present at the siege of Valenciennes, at which the Duke of York commanded in person, and very particularly signalized himself in the well-known attack on Lincelles, where being second in command under General Lake, they, with only 1250 of the Guards, beat 5000 French, and obliged them to give up the post.

Nov. 4. At Grenada, General Clepmane.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR JANUARY 1804.

Day	Bank Stock	3 per Ct. Reduc.	3 per Ct. Consols	4 per Ct. Consols	Navy 5 per Ct.	New 5 per Ct.	Long Ann.	Short Ann.	Omn. 6 dif.	Imp. 3 per Ct.	Imp. Ann.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Irish 5 per Ct.	Irish Omn.	English Lott. Tick.
24	145	54 $\frac{5}{8}$		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{3}{4}$	15 15-16											
26																		
27																		
28																		
29	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{5}{8}$	15 15-16		6	53 $\frac{1}{4}$								
30	146 $\frac{1}{4}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 15-16		5 $\frac{3}{4}$	53 $\frac{3}{8}$								
31	146 $\frac{1}{4}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	15 15-16		5 $\frac{3}{4}$									
2	146 $\frac{1}{4}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	16											
3	146 $\frac{1}{4}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{1}{2}$	16		5 $\frac{1}{2}$		9 5-16							
4		55		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		91	16		5 $\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{3}{8}$	9 5 16							
5	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{7}{8}$		70 $\frac{1}{4}$		90 $\frac{7}{8}$	16		5 $\frac{1}{2}$									
6																		
7	146 $\frac{3}{4}$	54 $\frac{7}{8}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	70 $\frac{1}{4}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	91	16 1-16		5 $\frac{1}{2}$									
9	147	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	70 $\frac{1}{4}$	87 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 3-16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{3}{4}$								
10	147 $\frac{1}{4}$	54 $\frac{5}{8}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	71	88	92	16 $\frac{1}{4}$		5 $\frac{1}{2}$		9 $\frac{1}{8}$							
11	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	55	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	71	88	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$							
12	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	55	55 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	72	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 5-16	4		9 $\frac{1}{2}$	170 $\frac{1}{4}$						
13	150 $\frac{1}{4}$	55	55 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	72	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	16 5-16	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{3}{8}$		170						
14		55	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	72	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	94	16 $\frac{3}{4}$		4 $\frac{1}{2}$									
16	151	55	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	72	88 $\frac{1}{2}$	93	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 3-16	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{5}{8}$								
17	152	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	88 $\frac{1}{4}$	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	54 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	170						
18																		
19	152	53 $\frac{5}{8}$	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	89	93	16 5-16	3 5-16	4 $\frac{1}{4}$			170 $\frac{1}{4}$						
20	153 $\frac{1}{2}$	50	54 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	72 $\frac{1}{2}$	89	94	16 $\frac{1}{2}$		3 $\frac{3}{4}$	54 $\frac{1}{4}$	9 9-16							
21		56 $\frac{1}{2}$	55 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	73	89 $\frac{3}{8}$	94 $\frac{3}{8}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 5-16	3	54 $\frac{3}{8}$	9 9-16							
23		56 $\frac{3}{4}$	55 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	90	95 $\frac{1}{8}$	16 11-16		2 $\frac{1}{2}$			172 $\frac{1}{2}$						
24	154 $\frac{1}{2}$	57	55 $\frac{7}{8}$ a	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	90	95	16 $\frac{1}{2}$		2 $\frac{1}{2}$			172						

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.