

European Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1805.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of SIR THOMAS PASLEY, BART. And
2. A VIEW of SALISBURY.]

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VOL. XLVIII. SEPT. 1805.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Fitzgerald's Impromptu came too late for this month.

The long mathematical discussion by *J. S.* is inadmissible.

We know nothing of the paper mentioned by *T. T.*, nor are we desirous of any thing on such a subject.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from September 7 to September 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	Essex	79	4	44	3	44	9				
											Kent	86	6	00	0	40	6	37	3	48	0
											Suffex	106	0	00	0	00	0	34	6	00	0
											Suffolk	81	2	42	0	38	9	36	4	45	8
											Cambrid.	75	6	00	0	00	0	25	10	42	4
											Norfolk	79	3	00	0	33	2	00	0	00	0
											Lincoln	82	5	62	3	50	3	27	1	47	0
											York	80	3	82	8	38	11	27	3	46	2
											Durham	90	2	00	0	00	0	28	7	72	4
											Northum.	87	2	56	0	48	0	28	11	00	0
											Cumberl.	85	6	55	4	41	10	29	6	00	0
											Westmor.	99	0	61	2	41	4	33	4	00	0
											Lancash.	97	8	00	0	00	0	33	3	49	0
											Cheshire	93	9	00	0	00	0	30	4	00	0
											Gloucest.	99	10	00	0	49	7	30	0	56	10
											Somerſet.	95	5	00	0	50	0	28	3	57	10
											Monmou.	102	5	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
											Devon	95	10	00	0	47	3	31	0	00	0
											Cornwall	102	1	00	0	48	2	30	10	00	0
											Dorſet	91	8	00	0	46	0	36	6	58	0
											Hants	88	9	00	0	41	0	36	8	00	0
											WALES.										
											N. Wales	97	4	00	0	51	4	27	0	00	0
											S. Wales	98	8	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
INLAND COUNTIES.																					
Middleſex	78	1	44	11	39	0	30	11	47	5											
Surry	90	4	42	6	40	8	35	4	48	0											
Hertford	76	2	44	6	48	3	29	3	43	3											
Bedford	73	5	46	4	45	6	31	7	48	9											
Huntingd.	76	2	00	0	43	6	20	0	43	9											
Northam.	85	4	57	6	41	9	29	0	50	9											
Rutland	89	0	00	0	48	0	28	0	00	0											
Leiceſter	92	0	00	0	47	6	28	6	00	0											
Nottingham.	88	8	64	9	49	0	31	6	48	0											
Derby	93	6	00	0	00	0	33	10	51	4											
Stafford	98	2	00	0	45	4	32	9	53	8											
Salop	102	2	70	8	56	0	29	6	00	0											
Hereford	87	5	54	4	47	5	28	0	47	10											
Worceſt.	97	2	00	0	49	1	32	5	57	3											
Warwick	102	3	00	0	54	6	34	1	57	5											
Wilts	84	4	00	0	48	0	32	6	61	4											
Berks	74	7	48	0	41	0	31	7	52	9											
Oxford	82	8	00	0	48	10	30	7	49	5											
Bucks	75	4	00	0	46	6	35	3	48	0											

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock A. M.

1805	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.	1805	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.
Aug. 29	30.01	68	W	Fair	Sept. 13	30.08	66	W	Fair
30	30.07	69	NE	Ditto	14	30.19	65	WSW	Ditto
31	29.79	69	W	Ditto	15	30.08	66	SW	Ditto
Sept. 1	29.66	67	W	Ditto	16	30.01	66	W	Ditto
2	29.91	64	N	Ditto	17	29.99	66	W	Ditto
3	29.81	66	SW	Ditto	18	30.00	66	S	Ditto
4	29.75	68	W	Ditto	19	29.86	69	S	Ditto
5	29.70	68	W	Ditto	20	30.05	65	W	Ditto
6	29.72	68	SE	Rain	21	29.89	66	SSW	Ditto
7	29.61	67	SSW	Ditto	22	29.92	61	N	Rain
8	29.80	66	W	Rain	23	30.11	58	N	Ditto
9	29.91	65	W	Fair	24	30.14	57	N	Fair
10	30.15	64	W	Ditto	25	30.17	51	WNW	Ditto
11	30.05	67	SW	Ditto	26	30.18	59	W	Ditto
12	30.04	67	W	Rain					

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,
FOR SEPTEMBER 1805.

SIR THOMAS PASLEY, BART.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THIS gallant Officer was the son of James Pasley, Esq., of Craig, in the county of Dumfries, who died in the year 1773, aged eighty, and was buried at Welterkirk, in that county. His mother was Magdalen, daughter of Robert Elliot, of Middleholm Mill, in the county of Roxburgh, who was married to Mr. Pasley at Langholm Cattle, Dumfrieshire, in 1726.

Thomas, their fifth * son, and the subject of our present attention, was born at Craig aforesaid, March 2, 1734; and having from his infancy intimated a strong inclination to the sea, was entered as a Midshipman on board of the Garland frigate in 1752; but very soon after removed into the Weazle sloop of war, then under orders for the Jamaica station. In this vessel he served progressively under Captains Cockburn, Webber, and Digby; the latter of whom, being in a short time raised to the rank of Post Captain, and ap-

pointed to the Biddeford frigate, took with him Mr. Pasley, and promoted him to the rank of acting Lieutenant. The frigate was almost immediately after ordered to England, having on board 300,000*l.* in bullion. As soon as the vessel arrived at Portsmouth, Mr. Pasley was dispatched to London with the treasure; having a Serjeant and twelve marines assigned him for his guard.

Having safely lodged his charge in the Bank, Mr. Pasley returned to Portsmouth, and embarked on board the Dunkirk, (to which Captain Digby had been appointed during his absence,) and had a share in the expedition against Rochefort in September 1757; in which expedition, though it was not attended with success, his merit was so conspicuous to his Commanding Officer, that on the return of the Dunkirk, he found a Lieutenant's commission lying for him at Portsmouth, appointing him to serve on board the Roman Emperor fireship.

At his own request, however, he was soon removed to the Hussar, Captain Elliot, and with that Commander passed into the Eolus frigate, of 32 guns; in which, on the 15th of March 1759, he contributed to the capture of the French frigate the Mignone. The action was short, but sharp; and the loss in killed and wounded was singularly disproportionate. In the English ship one or two persons only were slightly hurt; while the French Captain and a great number of his people were killed; and the second Captain, with twenty-five of the crew, severely wounded!

On the 24th of February 1760, Captain Elliot, who was then on the Irish station, and had accidentally put into the port of Kinsale to refit, received information from the Duke of Bedford, then

* Of the Admiral's six brothers, four have died; and two, we believe, are still living.

Robert, (the eldest,) born Jan. 3, 1727, died March 1792, and was buried at St. Mary-le-bone, in London.

James (the second) died in Virginia about 1756.

Gilbert (the fourth) died at Madras 1781, where he held the appointment of Surgeon-general to the Army in the East Indies.

William (the sixth) died in East Florida, 1775.

John Pasley, Esq., of Gower-street, Bedford-square, and of Colney Hatch, Middlesex, (the second brother,) is now living; as is also

Charles, (the seventh,) born at Murtleholm, in Dumfries, Jan. 25, 1740, who married Jane, daughter of John Carlyle, of that county.

then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that there were three French ships of war at Carrickfergus*. He therefore sailed immediately, taking with him the Pallas and Brilliant, (36 guns each,) in quest of the enemy. On the 28th, at four in the morning, he got sight of them, and gave chase; about nine he got up alongside their Commodore (the famous Captain Thurot) off the Isle of Man. In a few minutes the action became general, and lasted about an hour and a half, when they all three struck their colours; viz. the Marshal Belleisle, of 44 guns, and 545 men, (including troops,) M. Thurot, Commander, who was killed; la Blonde, of 32 guns and 400 men; and the Terpsichore, of 26 guns and 300 men. The killed and wounded of the enemy amounted to about 300; on board the British Squadron it stood thus:—

	Killed. Wounded.	
Eolus - - - - -	4	15
Pallas - - - - -	1	5
Brilliant - - - - -	0	11
	5	31

The House of Commons of Ireland voted their thanks to the Captains Elliot, Clements, and Logie, for their bravery.

It is here proper to mention an event which took place during the action, and did great credit to the judgment of Lieutenant Pasley. The Eolus had fallen on board the Belleisle, the bowsprit hanging over that ship's quarter-deck, and was consequently not only left exposed to the whole weight of the enemy's fire, without being able to bring a single gun to bear on her antagonist, but also compelled to engage the Blonde at the same time with her aftermost guns, that frigate having fallen on board the Eolus. In this perilous situation, Mr. Pasley called the men from the foremost guns, which he at that time commanded, and having boarded the enemy at their head from the bowsprit, made himself master of the deck, and obtained entire possession of the ship. As soon as this success was achieved, he sent on board the Eolus for an English jack, which was immediately hoisted on board the prize, as the signal

of her surrender. Before it was possible, however, to effect this necessary purpose, Captain Logie in the Brilliant, seeing the dangerous situation of the Eolus, and remaining unacquainted with the surrender of the enemy, bore up to the Belleisle, and poured the whole of his fire into her. The jack, however, being immediately hoisted, a repetition of the same tremendous salute was happily prevented, and the victory remained complete. The injury sustained by the prize was so serious, as to render it extremely difficult to carry her into port; but exertion prevailed over the weight of disaster, and the captors, together with the captured, reached Ramesa Bay in the Isle of Man in safety. The whole of them being repaired as well as circumstances would permit, proceeded in triumph to Portsmouth, where they arrived on the 26th of March.

Toward the latter end of 1762, Mr. Pasley was promoted to the rank of Commander, and appointed to the Albany sloop of war; but was soon after removed and invested with the command of the Weazle, in which he had formerly served as Midshipman, and proceeded to the coast of Guinea. In 1771 he was advanced to the rank of Post Captain, appointed to the Sea Horse, of 20 guns, and ordered to the West Indies, where he rendered very material service by his manifold exertions during the contest with the Caribs. The next year he returned to England, and, the Sea Horse being put out of commission, remained unemployed during the four following years.

In 1776, Captain Pasley was appointed to the Glasgow, and sent out to the West Indies, with two sloops of war under his command, to convoy thither a valuable fleet, consisting of 120 sail. His unremitting care and attention to this charge procured him the very unusual honour of thanks not only from the merchants and owners whose property he had so effectually protected, but also from the cities of London, Bristol, and other ports. Nor was the gratitude of the merchants confined to words; for during his absence they had presented his lady with an elegant and costly piece of plate.

In 1780 he was appointed to the command of the Jupiter, of 50 guns, and gained great credit by his conduct in the action between Commodore Johnson and Mons. de Suffrein, in Porto Praya

* They had landed there, plundered the town, destroyed the ammunition, and spiked the cannon.

Praya Road. At the cessation of hostilities in 1782 the Jupiter came to Chatham, where she was put out of commission and dismantled.

Captain Pasley now enjoyed for five years the relaxation of domestic retirement; but in 1788 he was invested with the chief command of the ships and vessels of war in the Medway, and hoisted his broad pendant on board the Vengeance. This appointment was particularly honourable to Captain Pasley, as being the only home-command ever bestowed in time of peace on a person not previously holding the rank of a Flag Officer. From this station he removed first into the Scipio, and then into the Bellerophon, in which he was ordered to join the Channel Fleet, in consequence of the apprehended ruptures with Russia and Spain. Those disputes, however, being compromised, he returned to Chatham, where he continued during the customary period allotted to such a command.

The commencement of the dispute with France, early in 1793, once more called his abilities into exertion. He was appointed, as an established Commodore, to hoist his broad pendant on board his former ship the Bellerophon; and, being ordered to join the Grand Fleet under Lord Howe, was frequently detached with small squadrons on various services. On the 18th of November the British fleet had the fortune to fall in with a detachment of the enemy's ships of war, consisting of six sail of the line besides frigates. Earl Howe immediately made the signal for particular ships to chase the enemy, and soon afterward the whole fleet followed their example. The Latona frigate, however, commanded by Captain Thornborough, was the only vessel which was able to get up and exchange any shot with the enemy, as it presently became so totally dark as to prevent a farther continuance of the action. Earl Howe having at the close of the day made a signal that the ships under his orders should use their utmost endeavours to keep sight of the French during the night, but not to come to any engagement, the Bellerophon, with the utmost diligence, accomplished the instructions; but Captain Pasley was extremely surprised at finding himself close to his antagonists, and accompanied only by the Latona and Phoenix frigates. Though every other ship

composing the British fleet was out of sight, not the smallest attempt was made on the part of the enemy toward entering into any contest; nor did he again fall in with Earl Howe, or any of the fleet under his orders, till they all returned to Torbay, when he had the satisfaction of receiving the thanks of that Nobleman for his conduct on the preceding occasion, expressed in the most flattering and handsome terms.

On the 12th of April 1794, Commodore Pasley was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White Squadron; and in this capacity, still on board the Bellerophon, assisted at the glorious victory of the 1st of June; in which action he had the misfortune to lose a leg. He had, however, the satisfaction of receiving from his Commander and his Sovereign such honourable notice as amply compensated to a British Officer the loss of a limb in battle.

The first of the following letters he received from Earl Howe, and the second from the Minister.

“ Portsmouth, June 16, 1794.

“ Lord Howe being again prevented in his intention of waiting on Admiral Pasley to-day, to have had the pleasure of seeing him, if his state of health had admitted of it, he is obliged to postpone calling on him till to-morrow, when he flatters himself his time will be more at his command. He will not trouble the Admiral either with expressions of the sensible concern he felt that the services of a friend he so highly esteemed, and so gallant an Officer, capable of such spirited exertions, should be restrained by any disaster from the continued exertion of them; nor will he dwell on the great pleasure he has received on the assurances given him, that the misfortune was likely to prove as little injurious as could be looked for under similar circumstances.”

“ Downing-street, 26th July,

“ SIR, 1794.

“ I have received his Majesty's commands to intimate to you his gracious disposition to confer on you the dignity of Baronet of Great Britain, as a mark of the sense which his Majesty entertains of the distinguished share which you bore in the late successful and glorious operations of his Majesty's fleet under the command of Earl Howe. Permit me to assure you of the sincere satisfaction which I personally feel in executing

executing this commission; and of the regard with which I am,

"SIR,

"Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) "W. PITT."

"Rear-Admiral Pasley."

Besides the dignity of Baronet, Sir Thomas received from his Sovereign an honourable pension of 1000*l.* a-year.

In 1798 Sir Thomas was, in consequence of the mutiny at the Nile, appointed for a short time Commander in Chief in the Thames and Medway; and in March 1799 was made Port Admiral at Plymouth.

His gradations of naval rank are as follow:—

Rear of the White, April 12, 1794.

Rear of the Red, July 12, 1794.

Vice of the White, June 1, 1795.

Vice of the Red, Feb. 14, 1799.

Admiral of the Blue, Jan. 1, 1801.

LYCOPHRON'S CASSANDRA.

L. 1404.

Τῷ πᾶσι Φλέγρας αἶα δουλαθήσεται,
Θραμβουσιάτῃ δειράς, ἥτ' ἐπακτίος
Στέρδωγξ Τίτωνος, αἶτε Σιδώνων πλάνης
Παλληγίατ' ἄρουρα, τὴν δ' εὐούκρας
Βρύχων λιπαίνει, γηγενῶν ὑπερήτης.

THAT Midas was king of Phrygia, that his request to Bacchus was, that whatsoever he touched might turn to gold, and that he had ass's ears, are particulars, which have been transmitted to us by historians and poets of different ages. But for his conquests in Macedonia and Thessaly we are indebted, says Canter, to our poet only. Meursius and Potter seem to have acquiesced in Canter's opinion.

That Bacchus, at the request of Midas, turned all things which he touched into gold, was a traditionary tale, in which, as usual, truth and fiction were blended. But its foundation having been laid, as our author supposed, in true history, he has reserved a place for it in the historical part of his poem. He has undertaken to reconcile the strange story, of the conversion of all things into gold by the aid of Bacchus, to sense and probability. For it appeared to our poet not improbable, that the insatiate avarice of this prince might so far prevail over his love of indolence and ease, as to induce him to attempt the conquest of

European countries, with a view to enriching his coffers with still ampler hoards. For Midas had learned, that not only in his own Asiatic territories, but in different parts of Europe, particularly about Macedonia and Thessaly, were rivers and mines of gold, yet unexplored; and that riches would pour in upon him, if he hazarded the search, from unnumbered sources. He disclosed his designs to Bacchus, already famous for his Indian conquests; and engaged him to become his associate in this European expedition. How far Lycophron, in attempting to reduce this story to the standard of historic truth, may have availed himself of authorities which have never reached us; or how far he may have relied on the plausibility of his own conjectures, it is now in vain to inquire.

Perhaps instead of *Τίτωνος* we ought to read *Τυφῶνος*: the hill under which the giant *Typhon* was buried; hence called *his* hill. Canter's observation on *Βρύχων* is; that *here* that word means a river, though it is for the most part commune vocabulum; thus *κελάδων* in Homer. But it seems far more probable, that the word, as we now read it, is a corruption; and that our poet wrote *Στρυμῶν* a river, which it was much to his purpose to mention, and which he has mentioned by name on other occasions.

Lycophron, in those parts of Cassandra's narrative, which are confessedly fabulous, adheres to the fable. In those parts, which refer to true history, he follows authentic historians. His geographical accounts are collected with accuracy and skill. These his sketches, if they may be so called, are neatly finished to a certain point; beyond which if the reader be desirous to proceed, there are the works of poets, historians, and geographers, which he may consult. Such was our poet's design. Yet there are, who consider this poem, as an incongruous mixture of discordant things; a chaotic mass, jumbled together without order, sense, or design. "Poeta poetarum, si quis alius, immò ultra quàm alius quis, dictionis extraneæ atque insolentis,

solentis, quâ legentibus crucem figat, studiosissimus affectator." Hear another critic:—"quæ hodieque superest, non sine majorum nostrorum ignominia; qui, tot præstantioribus neglectis, talia nobis *monstra* asservârunt." Thus they deal their random blows; which, instead of hitting or harming the object aimed-at, recoil upon themselves.

R.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE Extract from a Will * of a late Earl of Pembroke, inserted in your Magazine for August, was an imposition upon your readers, no such Will having been left by any Earl of Pembroke:—it was written by Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, to ridicule Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who lived during the reign of Charles the Ist and Cromwell's usurpation. He was a noted time-server, and a very profane man.

6th Sept. 1805.

* T. J.

SALISBURY.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS city, the capital of the county of Wiltshire, is situated in one of the most charming vales in England. It is large, well built, and seated at the confluence of the rivers Avon, Bourne, Nadder, and Willy, and is about eighty-one miles distant from London.

Salisbury is supposed to owe its foundation to a contention for power between the Earl and Bishop of Old Sarum; the latter of whom obtained a bull from the Pope, by virtue of which he translated the church to the spot where it now stands; and a temporary wooden chapel, in honour of the Virgin, was so far advanced, that Richard Poore, then Bishop, celebrated divine service in it, and consecrated a cemetery there, on the feast of the Trinity 1219; and, at Michaelmas in 1225, consecrated three altars in the new Cathedral. After this, the old city of Sarum was quickly deserted, and a charter of incorporation given by Henry the IIIrd. A grant from Edward the IIIrd to turn the great West-

ern road through the new city, completed the ruin of Old Sarum, the ancient Sorbiodunum, according to the Itinerary of Antoninus.

The government of the Corporation is by a Mayor, a High-Steward, Recorder, and Deputy-Recorder, twenty-four Aldermen, thirty Common-Councilmen, a Town-Clerk, and three Serjeants at Mace.

The Avon is navigable to within a short distance of the city; the streets are in general spacious, and at right angles; and a clear stream of water runs through most of the principal ones. The manufactures of Salisbury are chiefly flannels and druggets, a cloth for the Turkey trade called Salisbury Whites, bone lace, and cutlery *. The market-days are Tuesdays and Saturdays; and there are several fairs in the year; besides one every fortnight (from ten days before Christmas to Lady-day) for cattle.

Highly distinguished among the sacred edifices of England is the beautiful cathedral of Salisbury, which stands in the centre of the Close. It is nearly as long, and almost seventy feet higher than St. Paul's. This noble structure was begun A.D. 1219 by the before-mentioned Bishop Poore, who also built Harnham Bridge, and who, besides the contributions of the King and the Nobility, and money raised by indulgencies, recommended it to all the Priests in his Diocese to put dying persons in mind of contributing to this fabric: he even sent for architects from abroad to build it. This work was so forwarded by his successors, that it was finished in 1258, consecrated on the 30th of September, in presence of King Henry the IIIrd, and a great number of the Nobility and Prelates, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. According to an account delivered in to that King, it cost 40,000 marks, amounting to 26,667l. 13s. 4d.; at that time a most astonishing sum.

It is built in form of a lantern, with its spire in the middle, and nothing but buttresses and glass windows on the outside. The upper part of the tower, and its elegant spire, are supposed to have been added about two hundred years after the body of it was built.

* Salisbury cutlery is only inferior in the perfection of polish to that of Woodstock.

* Vide Butler's Posthumous Works.

The cross aisle is very lightsome and beautiful. The gates or doors are traditionally said to be as many as there are months in a year; the windows as there are days; and the pillars and pilasters as there are hours*: the latter are of fusile marble; an ancient art now either lost, or very little known.

The dimensions of this church, as we find them given by Mr. Willis, in his "*Mitred Abbeyes*," are as follows:—

The length of the whole fabric from East to West, including the buttresses, &c. 473 feet (of which, from the West door to the entrance into the choir is about 246.)

The length of the choir is about 120 feet; after which,

From the high altar to the upper end of the Virgin Mary's chapel, is about 80 feet more.

Breadth of the body and side-aisles, 76 feet.

Length of the lower great cross aisle, from North to South, 210 feet (each transept being 63 feet); and of the upper one, 150 feet.

The height of the vaulting is 80 feet.

Width of the West front, 115 feet.

The spire, which is of free-stone, and the highest in the kingdom, (being twice the height of the Monument of London,) 404 feet. On the South-west side it declines nearly twenty-three inches from the perpendicular.

The cloyster, of excellent workmanship, is 160 feet square.

The bells for the service of this church, which are eight in number, hang in a strong and lofty steeple, detached, on the North side of the church-yard: the walls of the spire (which are little more than four inches thick,) being considered too weak for such a weight

* According to the following verses:—

"As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in one church we see;
As many marble pillars there appear,
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year:

As many gates as moons one year do view:

Strange tale to tell; yet not more strange than true."

We conclude, however, that the above is a popular error, an imaginary calculation.

of metal; so that there is only one little bell in the cathedral, which rings when the Bishop comes to the choir.

The choir is terminated by an elegant organ, built by Mr. Green, of Isleworth, which was a present from his Majesty. The late Bishop Barrington having been asked by the King the nature of some alterations and improvements which were at the time under contemplation in the cathedral, and how the expense was to be covered, told his Majesty the particulars, and added the want of an organ, which, however, he feared the money collected would not admit of being included; it arising merely from the voluntary contributions of the *Gentlemen of the Diocese*. The King instantly said, "Then I desire that you will accept of a new organ for your Cathedral, being my contribution as a *Berkshire Gentleman* *."—The organ bears an inscription of which the following is a copy:—

MUNIFICENTIA

GEORGII TERTII

PRINCIPIS

CLEMENTISSIMI PIENTISSIMI OPTIMI,

PATRIS PATRIÆ

ET

HUJUSCÆ DIOCESEOS

INCOLÆ AUGUSTISSIMI.

The Chapter-house is a very singular building. It is an octagon, 50 feet in diameter, and 150 in circumference; but the roof bears all upon one small marble pillar in the centre, which seems too feeble to support it, and is therefore considered as a curiosity that can scarcely be matched in Europe. It contains fifty-two stalls.

Besides the cathedral, there are three other churches in Salisbury, viz. St. Thomas's, St. Edmond's, and St. Martin's. There are three charity-schools; an asylum for ten clergymen's widows, called the Matron's College, founded by a former Bishop, Seth Ward, in 1682; and several other benevolent institutions.

In the neighbourhood of Salisbury are many elegant country seats; particularly Wilton House, and Longford Castle, in the possession of the Earls of Pembroke and Radnor. Those curious remains of antiquity called Stonehenge are situated about eight miles North of the city.

* The palace of Windfor is in the diocese of Salisbury.

VESTIGES,

VESTIGES, collected and recollected. By
JOSEPH MOSER, Esq. No. XXXIX.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL VIEW
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

WITH NOTES, &c.

Chapter IV.

HAVING in the last Chapter taken a cursory view of the ancient gates of London, we must once more advert to its walls*, because they, forming

* Without endeavouring more sedulously to search for what it is now impossible to discover, and which if discovered would be of little use to the world, namely, the precise time when London was first walled, a subject upon which *authorities* are more opposite and evanescent than upon most others, we, leaving the *shadow*, would for a moment wish to consider the substance that remains, as from that we may, it is possible, be able to make some deductions, at least curious, if not advantageous.

The art of producing *artificial stone* (for such bricks certainly are,) by the means of tempering and ignifying clay, is an art of the most ancient date. Bricks were used in the building of the temple of Babel, and are mentioned as known in other remote ages. The Romans had this art in the earliest stage of their establishment; and it is to be observed, that in their hands it was greatly improved. How brick-making, as far as it applies to those important materials which were formerly used by them, was conducted, we shall now observe. How it has in this age degenerated, we shall take another opportunity to inquire. The flat bricks or tiles of the Romans, as they appeared, and as some of their vestiges *still* appear, in the remains of the ancient wall of this metropolis, were of two sorts; *tegulae* and *sesquipedales*, i. e. two feet tiles, and those of a foot and a half. Those in the wall were chiefly of the latter sort, one inch three-tenths thick, eleven inches six-tenths in breadth, and seventeen inches four-tenths in length. The bricks in the wall also seem to have been composed of two substances; the one sort seem to have been formed, not, as a modern author has stated, of *red clay*, (for *red clay* is unknown in the English potteries, or in brick-making,) but of viscous earth that is termed *potter's*, of which very large beds have been

with the river the boundaries of the City, are said to have given to its dimensions some resemblance of the shape of a *laurel leaf*; from which the *seers* of former times have most piously wished that it might, and most prophetically denounced that it would, flourish like that plant, which has in all ages been considered as the emblem

found in digging in different parts of the metropolis and its vicinity; particularly within these twelve years, the workmen piercing through the artificial to the native earth when digging for a spring close to the Park Gate in Great George-street, found, at the depth of about twenty feet, a stratum of the genuine blue potter's clay of considerable thickness. Of this material the red Roman bricks in the metropolitan wall were formed, and of which the coarse earthen-ware of this kingdom was and is composed. Red clay would not only, like the *boles* of which it is a species, become yellow, but would, like them, shiver and crumble in calcination. The other bricks, of a pale yellow or grey colour, of which some vestiges are still to be seen in London-wall, seem to be of that composition which we *now* term artificial stone. The principal ingredient in their formation appears to have been a clay which, for want of a more descriptive appellation, is called *Stourbridge*. Of this, from its power to resist the action of fire in a greater degree than any other earth, crucibles, melting-pots, muffles, &c. are formed, and of which in our potteries is fabricated that species of ware termed *Welsh stone*, a species pretty well known, as in that country all their *ale-jugs* are composed of it. From these two sorts of earth may not only be traced the rise of all our brick buildings, but by the artful combination of them, and the philosophical addition of other materials, the rise of our pottery*, the advantages of which have been already alluded to. With respect to the former, (the blue clay,) it is perhaps needless to state, that it is used by sculptors in making their models. and that it derives its red, or rather pink colour, from baking; it is then termed *terra cotta*; though we think the sculptors of the present era have, in moulding their models in plaster of Paris, before the clay has shrunk in drying, and then casting them in the same material, which is easily repaired, improved much upon the ancient method.

and

and meed of excellence in *arts* and *arms*. Thus was the plan of Crotona said to have been laid in a dream; and such visionary ideas have, with respect to the origin of cities and countries, been always afloat in the human mind.

The most anxious efforts which a combination of talents and learning, with the most unremitting industry, could engender, have been already used to rescue the ancient metropolis from the grasp of time, and to raise it from the ashes of antiquity; it therefore becomes more our particular object to combine considerations upon the morals and manners of the different ages through which we pass, and, in a philosophical inquiry respecting the people, only to quote those vestiges to which we shall refer as collateral proofs or elucidations of the subjects of our contemplation, of which a very prominent instance is now before us, in the extraordinary change that was effected in the character of the East Saxons by the influence of the mild doctrines of Christianity, to which they had so lately become converts.

It is easy, from the strong and definite features that had, until the arrival of Augustin and his associates, distinguished the manners of this people, both in their native land and in Britain, to discern, that ferocity and barbarity in a very considerable degree preponderated.

That they were arduous in their pursuits and violent in their passions had already been stated; therefore it is the less an object of wonder, that upon their conversion those pursuits should take another direction, and that those passions should assume another form; the consequence of which was, that their former violent and warlike propensities became almost, as if stimulated by inspiration, zealous in the cause of Christianity, and energetic in the defence of doctrines into the principles of which they were as yet scarcely initiated.

The ebullition of the public mind produced by the conversion of King Sebert, which was followed by that of all his dependents, continued during the life of the Monarch. At this period the Church enjoyed a temporary triumph; for such was the influence of example, that the military character of the age became at once devotional; in fact, they were not, as in after-times, blended: but such is the instability of

human affairs, operated upon by human tempers, that after the death of this Prince, and that of Ethelbert, most of the East Saxon Christians returned to their former idolatry, and joined in expelling from his See of London Melitius the Bishop *, who had, under Sebert, exercised such unbounded influence.

This mutability of the public mind (which might, if it were necessary to prove our legitimacy to those our ancestors, be paralleled in subsequent periods,) was attended with all the direful consequences which generally attend popular convulsions.

The dormant passions of the Saxons were roused, and, like a spring, flew back with far greater velocity than they had been drawn forward. With the Bishop the Monks were also expelled. Whether the Church of St. Paul suffered dilapidation is uncertain; whether it was partly unroofed, and became once more a Pagan temple, is unknown; but it is probable, that if this edifice was not absolutely defaced, it was exceedingly neglected, since we find that at a subsequent period St. Erkenwald † expended considerable sums in repairing it. He likewise enlarged the building, enriched it with endowments, and procured for it the grants of several privileges. He also built two monasteries, one of which was near his Cathedral, and in process of time became an object of much attention.

Viewing, therefore, with a considerable degree of compassion, the East Saxons relapsed into barbarism, we must pass over near half a century of darkness that ensued, to notice the first effort that was made for their reconversion by Sigebert the Good, about A. D. 653. This change promised to be the more permanent, as it

* This Prelate, after visiting other parts of this kingdom, (where we fear he was very coldly received,) seems to have abandoned all thoughts of being restored to his diocese. He retired to Rome, where he died.

† This Saint, who was the son of Offa, King of the East Saxons, was the third Bishop of London after they possessed the Island. He is stated to have been a person of a very holy and exemplary life. He died A. D. 685.—*Dugdale*.

was by no means so sudden as the former: whether the passions of the new race of Saxons were less violent than those of their fathers, or the efforts of the Priests more gradual, are subjects upon which we shall not decide. The Monarch seems to have understood their dispositions better than his predecessors, for he endeavoured to attract them by the splendour of his establishments, and to bend the minds of the rising generation to the pursuits of literature. During his short reign he built many churches; and with the assistance of Cedd, a Monk whom he procured to be consecrated Bishop of London, erected monasteries and public schools throughout his dominions.

From this period we may more accurately date the rise of monastic influence in this part of the kingdom than from any former, and still more distinctly mark the consequent change that took place in the character of the people of the metropolis. Sebba, who is stated to have reigned for the long period of thirty years, the latter part of which he became, by the death of his coadjutor, sole Monarch, is represented to have been both virtuous and amiable. He must have had much to bear from the unsteady principles of Siger*, and from the influence of his ill example much to regulate; therefore when he found himself, though at an advanced period of life, invested with the sole power, (subject indeed to the King of Mercia, but only liable to a trifling acknowledgment,) he, from the emanations of his own mind, still more sedulously endeavoured to reform the morals and manners of his people, and to promote those establishments which his predecessor had founded. His contemplative disposition (which at that period, when books † were scarce and

learning still scarcer, caused his ideas to prey upon themselves,) induced him to resign his crown, and to profess himself a Monk in his favourite monastery of St. Paul, where he is said to have submitted to all those restrictions, and to have endured all those privations and mortifications concomitant to monachism in those early ages, and, as has been observed, so much the reverse of regal enjoyments*. But it should be

book upon Cosmography to Adelfried of Northumberland, his Sovereign, for eight hides of land. This circumstance almost makes us wonder, as books were so scarce, that schools were deemed necessary; yet they might be more accessible in London than in Northumberland.

* The idea of retirement in the latter years of life, (which is a propensity so universal, that it is unquestionably implanted in the human system for the wisest and best of purposes,) seems to have been seized on by the Roman Church in the very first ages of its establishment, and to have been most eagerly (perhaps from the example of St. Anthony and his Hermits,) adopted and urged by its Priests, as their intelligent minds in an instant discovered it to be, or rather to produce a passion from which that system must derive very considerable advantages: and it is curious to reflect, how, in every circumstance attendant upon, or concomitant to, the Roman Catholic mode of worship, its Ministers have upon all occasions endeavoured to interest the passions. If we had an opportunity to trace the rise, and to develop the sources of those principles and ceremonies which in this enlightened age seem either *dangerous* or *useless*, it would be easy to discover through their whole operation a desire to attract the attention, to guide the passions, and to controul the judgment of the people, perhaps *originally* with the most pious and most virtuous intentions, however they may have been perverted; for an appeal is certainly much sooner made, and mental domination much sooner obtained through the means of the senses than of the reason; and this attraction is still the greater, and consequently the more dangerous, in many instances, as the people are more ignorant; therefore, as we have had occasion to deplore, in certain circumstances, the influence of these doctrines even in modern times, when the idea of making

* The joint reign of Sebba and Siger over the East Saxons produced an exhibition of mental disparity rather curious. Sebba was, as has been stated, a most zealous Christian; and Siger, who had been also converted, relapsed into idolatry, and became as zealous a Pagan. How their subjects balanced themselves betwixt the *Church* and the *Temple* would be a pleasing disquisition, were there a possibility of obtaining information upon the subject.

† As an instance of the scarcity and value of books at this time, A. D. 690, it is stated, that Benedict Biscop sold a

considered, that perhaps regal enjoyments, in the extensive acceptation in which the term is *now* understood, were, in those times, considerably contracted.

Having just hinted this the influence of religion upon the Monarch, and consequently upon the polity of the country, we now return to take a farther view of its operation upon the architecture of the metropolis.

In the seventh and eighth centuries, London might have been said to have risen from its ruins; the genius of the people having taken a milder turn, though they did not *yet* fall into that effeminacy, nor abandon themselves to that luxury, which had been the causes of the subjugation of the Britons, induced them, instead of fortresses and

making them subservient to pecuniary purposes had long been abandoned, we the less wonder at its universality in the dark ages. But to digress no longer: The retirement of Sebba and of many other of the Saxon Princes, does not seem more extraordinary (perhaps not so much so,) than the retirement of Charles the Vth, and many other Princes in the nations of the Continent that had preceded him; except that his body did what the bodies of some of those did not do: it became famous for working miracles soon after he expired; of which there is one particular instance upon record. Sebba died about A. D. 694, and was buried in the Cathedral of St. Paul, in a coffin of stone, which is stated to have been made *too short*. However, the ignorance of the mason is said to have been attended with no inconvenience to the corpse of the Monarch, which, as soon as it was entombed, by the exertion of its limbs, stretched the stone to a proper length. This coffin with the *whole length* of the King, who had rested in this *easy* posture during the long period of 972 years, was then found under a pointed arch behind a very elegant colonade. The epitaph upon this his monument is preserved by Dugdale; by which it appears, that he was converted by St. Erkenwald, the Bishop of London whom we have mentioned in the preceding note, and who was also buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. The body of this Saint was *translated* about the year 1400, and placed in a magnificent shrine above the Choir, and behind the high Altar.

castles, to found churches and monasteries*.

About this period Siredus built a convent and church to the Holy Cross and St. Mary Magdalen, upon the spot (Duke's place) where afterward the monastery of the Holy Trinity was erected.

The ancient church of Allhallows Barking (which, most probably, was erected by Mellitus,) had a Roman foundation. This edifice rose in consequence of the triumph of Pope Boniface the IVth, or rather of the Christian religion, over the Heathen Pantheon at Rome, dedicated to Cybele and all the Gods. Out of this magnificent temple the Pope is said to have cast the Pagan images, and soon after to have consecrated it to the Blessed Virgin and all the Martyrs. So was the London church dedicated originally to the Holy Virgin and All Saints†.

Near the Metropolitan Cathedral stood a very small church, also built, as is believed, by Mellitus, in honour of his friend and patron Pope Gregory. It was dedicated to St. Gregory, in remembrance of the Pontiff who had

* As an instance of this propensity, the Palatine Tower, which stood near Ludgate, and which was a Roman fortress erected to protect the Western extremity of the City, (which, it should be observed, was, during the times both of these people and of the Saxons, &c., much more populous than the Eastern,) was first dilapidated, and then entirely razed, and its materials used to repair and to extend the Cathedral to which it was contiguous.

† This superb building was obtained on very easy terms from the Emperor Phocas, who had been a Centurion, and was elected by the soldiers in the pontificate of Gregory the Ist. Many of the Gods were *molten* for the sake of the *brass* of which they were formed. Some of the marble statues, it is said, were canonized, and after undergoing some alterations, admitted into the new church. The reign of *Domitian*, when the Pantheon was erected, was not the most flourishing era of the arts; yet in the fusion, dilapidation, and loss of these statues, which are said to have amounted to some hundreds, the antiquaries have found frequent subjects of regret and lamentation.

so actively endeavoured to revive Christianity in Britain.

The small church of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate-street, was originally Saxon. Ethelburga was the daughter of that great patron of St. Augustin and his works, Ethelbert, King of Kent. She was married to the first Christian King of Northumberland, who for his sanctity obtained the appellation of "the holy Edwin," and who is said to have suffered martyrdom. Ethelburga also built a monastery at *Limning*, where she died. She was the first widow among the Saxons who took the veil.

The original church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, (for we have it stated upon the most probable grounds that there was a church in this place many ages before the priory was built,) was dedicated to the Empress Helena, the wife of Constantius Chlorus, and is said to have been erected to her memory by her son Constantine.

The church of the Augustin Friars, of which the Dutch Congregation have been in possession from the year 1550, was anciently a Saxon building.

Waiving the legend attached to St. Peter's, Cornhill, which takes a much more extensive flight into the regions of fancy than we are disposed to follow,) Stow, who upon this occasion quotes Jocelin, says, that Thean, *Archbishop* of London, with the assistance of Ciran, Chief Butler to King Lucius, built the church of St. Peter on the Cornhill; and although this has been disputed, from a supposition that the church mentioned by Jocelin might possibly allude to that of St. Peter at Westminster, this hypothesis is unsupported by any authority. It is therefore certain, that the original church, whether built by Lucius, Thean, or Ciran, was founded on this spot in the reign of the former, as appears both by an inscription still extant * and the author last quoted.

* The following is a copy of the inscription alluded to, hanging upon a column in this church.—*Stow*. "Be it knowne unto all men, that the yeeres of our Lord God a c,lxxix, *Lucius*, the first Christian king of this land, then called *Brytaine*, founded the first Church in LONDON that is to say the Church of St. Peter, upon *Cornebill*, and he founded there an Archbishop's See, and made that Church the Metropolitan,

The church of St. Edmund the King, in Lombard-street, was erected to commemorate Edmund, nephew to Offa, King of the East Angles, soon after he was *martyred* and canonized.

St. Botolph, Billingsgate, was an ancient church, known by that appellation in the time of King Edward the Confessor.

St. Bennet Grace Church rose soon after the establishment of the Order of the Benedictines by Gregory the Great, A. D. 595†.

St. Mary Bothaw was esteemed an ancient church in the time of the Danes.

The church of St. James Garlick-hithe, which had its addition from the sellers of garlick, a most important article in ancient cookery, who held their market near the spot whereon

and the Chief Church of this kingdom. And so endur'd the space of CCCC Yeeres unto the Coming of St. *Austin*, the Apostle of *England*, the which was sent into this land by St. *Gregory*, the Doctor of the Church, in the time of King *Ethelbert*; and thus was the Archbishop's See and Pall removed from the aforesaid Church of St. Peter upon *Cornebill* unto *Dereber-niam*, that now is called *Canturbury*, and there remaineth unto this Day: And *Millet** Monke the which came into the Land with St. *Austin* was made the first Bishop of LONDON, and his See was made in *Pauls Church*: And this *Lucius* King was the first founder of St. Peter's Church upon *Cornebill*: And he reigned in this land after *Brute* a M,CC,xiv Yeeres, and the Yeeres of our Lord God, a c,xxiiij. *Lucius* was Crowned King and the Yeeres of his Reigne were Lxxvij Yeeres; and he was (after some Chronicle) buried at LONDON; and (after some Chronicle) he was buried at *Glowcester*, in that place where the Order of St. *Francis* standeth now."

† The Missionaries sent by this Pope for the conversion of the Saxons were all of the Benedictine Order. This process of time became the most eminent of the religious societies in this kingdom. All the sodalities of our cathedral priories, (except that of Carlisle,) and most of those of the rich and mired abbeys, were under the patronage and protection of St. Benedict.

* Mellitus.

it was erected, was of Saxon origin, and was one of those numerous edifices of this description that arose in the seventh and eighth centuries. The *New Church* was built by one of the Sheriffs in the year 1326.

The church of St. Anthony was also very ancient. It was a cell to the abbey of St. Anthony, at Vienna, and had, contiguous to it, and under the direction of its Brotherhood *, the School of St. Anthony, which was one of the first erected by the Saxons in the metropolis.

The church of St. Mildred was built by the Anglo-Saxons. The Saint to whom it was dedicated † had within it a shrine and a tabernacle as early as A. D. 697.

The church of St. Alban, Wood-street, (faith Stow,) is of very remote antiquity; one note of which is, its dedication to the first Martyr of Eng-

* The Monks of this Convent, who were the most importunate of all the Mendicants, obtained the appellation of *St. Anthony's Hogs*. The Scholars of St. Anthony, the most turbulent of all Scholars, were honoured with the epithet of *St. Anthony's Pigs*. With respect to the former, it is said to have arisen from their rapacity, which was insatiate in their demands for pigs and porkers as rewards for their prayers that the calamity of fire, and also the disease called St. Anthony's fire, might be averted from the inhabitants. The latter are supposed to have acquired their cognomen from their mode of following and imitating the brotherhood. The picture of the Saint is drawn with a pig following him: whence the proverb.

† We learn from the legend of this Holy Virgin, that she was one of the most early of the female monastic founders after the Saxon Conversion. She, stimulated by religious zeal, and condemning the pleasures of this world, first dedicated herself to God in a nunnery at Kale, in France. She then, accompanied by seventy other virgins, came to England. They landed in Kent, a part of this kingdom where monastic establishments were then the rage. Here she founded one of the same nature in the Isle of Thanet, of which she was consecrated Abbess by Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. She died A. D. 676. Her body was translated to different places; but some relics of it at last rested in this church.

land; another character of its antiquity is to be observed in the manner of turning the arches in the windows and the capitals of the pillars; a third appears in the Roman bricks * here and there interlaid among the stones in the building. It is therefore most probable that this church is as ancient as the reign of King Athelstan the Saxon, who, as tradition says, had his palace at the East end of it; one great tower of which was, in the historian (Stow)'s time, remaining at the corner of Love lane, constructed of the same stone, and in the same stile of architecture.

Without wishing to lay a greater weight upon the stability of tradition than its depth will actually bear, we must remark, that it is of two species; namely, that which floats through a whole country, district, or parish, and descends from age to age in a regular and continued stream; and that which, like a small pipe, is conveyed only from person to person, or at most from family to family. The first may be termed a *public*, and the latter a *private* transmission. So, without attempting a further disquisition, it must be sufficiently obvious, that the public tradition which has been known to and been the theme of a parish or place from the earliest ages, especially upon so important an article as the foundation of their church, must be nearly as correct as the knowledge derived from written documents; we shall therefore proceed to state, that tradition says the ancient church of St. Ann within Aldergate was originally founded by that Saint and her sister St. Agnes, at their own charge; whence it acquired their appellations; although the latter, from the Saint being of less celebrity, has dropped, through the lapse of ages.

* These bricks were most probably brought from the adjacent wall of London, which, even in the time of the Saxons, had become ruinous in many parts, and had indeed, it is equally probable, been by them broken through in order to form the Postern of Cripplegate. That this mixture of brick and stone is a proof of the antiquity of the building we agree with Stow, as they were not thus inartificially mingled in ages when architecture was better understood. The windows and capitals also seem to have had the Saxon character.

The

The church of St. Augustin was dedicated to that Saint (Archbishop of Canterbury) very early in the seventh century; as was also that of St. Ewen, which derived its cognomen from Ewen, the first Christian King of Northumberland*.

St. Nicholas Cold Abbey is stated by Stow to have been a very ancient building. The steeple, which was not so old as the church, was rebuilt in the reign of Richard the II, 1377.

* Though the traces of the origin of these churches are faint, we think they are tolerably exact; because, reasoning from analogy, we know that *monuments*, which many of these certainly were, are, generally speaking, erected while the impressions of the sanctity and virtues of those persons that they are intended to commemorate were warm in the public mind. There are few instances, at least *spiritual* instances, where the canonization of men or women of superior holiness has remained long uncommemorated. In the first dawn of Christianity, churches were only dedicated to the Apostles; but as its influence spread, as religion became more patronized, we fear that human passions sometimes mingled with and alloyed its purity, and that persons in elevated stations sought for posthumous fame through the medium of monastic establishments, which they knew, in the peculiar circumstances of the times, were the only means to ensure it, and to convey their names with honour to posterity. Canonization was therefore frequently not only intended as a compliment to the deceased, but considered as the best method by which court could be paid to the survivors. The sons and daughters, the relations and connexions of legendary Saints, have therefore frequently become the founders of those churches which bore the names of their parents or friends, and the patrons of those Orders to which they owed their apotheosis. We the more particularly mention *sons and daughters*, because in the early ages of the Church the *century* of probation, during which period the character of a candidate for sainthood, like the character of a writer, had not obtained. Primitive canonizations were only orders from the Popes or Bishops, whereby the names of persons eminent for their piety, charity, &c. were inserted in the Canon of the Mass, that they might be commemorated in the service by the appellation of Saints.

To this short sketch of those edifices which were founded by the Saxons in the early period of their domination, and within the walls of the metropolis, a more laborious research would enable us to add many others, but that they are sufficient for our purpose, which is to show, that when the Christian religion, upon its replantation, had taken root, the characteristic ardour of those people contributed with very singular force to its almost immediate extension. Yet in order more particularly to mark the tendency of their passions, we would gladly have traced those monastic establishments which from this period arose in every direction, whose inhabitants diffused a sable tint over the appearance of the populace, or, as it has been said, "blackened all the streets." Of these notices we would gladly have availed ourselves, but that they are so faint that they or their brotherhoods can now be only identified by their appellations, or rather by the appellations of their Orders. The monasteries were nearly all levelled at the Reformation; while the churches, thank Heaven! were suffered to stand. Many reasons operated with the interested to conceal the very existence of the former, and the same reasons perhaps operated to induce them to repair to the latter, that they might have places wherein to ask forgiveness for crimes which that concealment engendered.

In contemplating on the means by which the British metropolis has arrived at such a height of commercial importance as to have become, what it really is at present, the *Emporium* of the World, it is necessary to recur frequently to the commercial pursuits of its former inhabitants, because it is from those efforts of their ancestors that the merchants of the present age have in a great degree derived their pre-eminent distinction among the nations of Europe, and also their internal opulence. Religious establishments, such as we have just mentioned, certainly contributed to adorn, ostentatious rites to interest, and long-drawn processions, perhaps, to diffuse an erratic splendour over the City. Military achievements, "with all the pomp and circumstance of war," were calculated, if domestic, to afflict; if foreign, to astonish the public, and to shine in the historic page, and indeed there only: but the real advantages of commerce have, in a greater or less degree, been felt

felt by every generation: and it is pleasing to reflect, that in the progress of traffic through every age, at least from the Norman Conquest, it has received a tincture of improvement. Therefore having already adverted to this important subject during the government of the Romans, and lamented its decline among the Britons, whom we might have supposed would have availed themselves of the knowledge which they acquired from their *first* conquerors, we shall proceed to hail the faint gleams of its revival under the influence of their *second*.

The earliest notice which we have of London as a commercial city during the Saxon domination we gather from Bede, who says, that the capital of one of the smallest kingdoms of this *Island*, by its happy situation on the bank of the noble and navigable river Thames, was an emporium for many nations repairing to it by sea *and land*. This refers to the early part of the government of those conquerors, who, when identified with the Britons, are said to have acquired (or rather perhaps, in some instances, to have elicited) their ingenuity. But however this may be, the Anglo-Saxons were, in those early ages of their residence in this Island, celebrated for their execution of curious works in gold and silver*,

* This art their ancestors had probably practised in Germany; and it is curious to reflect, that in goldsmiths' work and jewellery the Germans are eminently skilful to this hour. The *Salii* are said to have introduced this art into France at a much earlier period, and also the art of embroidery. Of the richness of the latter we have instances respecting an article of dress common both in France and England, which when made of home manufacture was in this kingdom called a *plaid*, by which term it is still as well known in the North as by the texture and colours of the fluff. It was afterwards called a cloak, and lately a *shawl*. Among the Romans this garment obtained the names of a *Pallium* when worn either by dignitaries of the State or by dignitaries of the Church as a mantle; a *Paenum* when embroidered; a *Sagum*, or *Sagellum*, when used as a cloak or caftock; under which last appellation it is recognized by Virgil as the habit of the ancient Gauls, at the same time

which had become so famous even in Italy, that at a subsequent period we learn that they were, by the means of the pilgrims, *smuggled* through France; where it is to be observed, that all commodities, if brought by Christians, were liable to an impost* equal to an eleventh part of their profit; if by Jews, to a tenth†.

That

that he celebrates a personal trait which shows their affinity to the Anglo-Saxons.

*Aurea casaries ollis, atque aurea vestis
Virgatis lucent Sagulis.*

VIRG. ÆN. lib. viii.

* This impost does not seem to have been very productive at Paris during the reign of Charlemagne, as ten men were sufficient to collect it. There were only two gates, and the taxes of one of them (the Northern) are said to have amounted only to twelve livres Tournois a-year.

† This impost, which may probably account for its paucity, it appears the pilgrims endeavoured to avoid. This illicit transaction produced a letter from Charlemagne to Offa, King of Mercia, which is translated by Mr. Macpherson, in his very excellent and most important work, the *Annals of Commerce*; and which, as a curiosity relevant to our subject, we shall quote:—"Charles, by the grace of God King of the Franks and Lombards, to our venerable and dear brother Offa, King of the Merks, greeting: First, we give thanks to Almighty God for the sincere Catholic Faith which we see so laudably expressed in your letters. Concerning the strangers who, for the love of God and the salvation of their souls, wish to repair to the thresholds of the blessed Apostles, let them travel in peace without any trouble. Nevertheless, if any are found among them not in the service of religion, but in pursuit of gain, let them pay the established duties in the proper places. We also will, that merchants shall have lawful protection in our kingdom according to our command; and if they are in any place unjustly aggrieved, let them apply to us, or to our Judges, and we will take care that ample justice be done to them."—After some ecclesiastical particulars," (the Monarch) "concludes by informing Offa that he had sent him a present of a belt, a Hunnish sword, and two

That many persons not in the service of religion, but in pursuit of gain, took the habit of pilgrims in those ages, we have little reason to doubt; but then the articles which they carried must have been extremely portable, and must have rather been valuable for their workmanship than their *weight*, because they did not in the seventh and eighth centuries travel on horseback, &c. as we find that they did in the time of Chaucer, when a journey to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket was rather a party of pleasure than of devotion. In fact, the ancient pilgrims, like the Cynic philosophers, aye and like many philosophers in the Romish Church, valued themselves upon their privations: their ostentation rather consisted in a display of poverty than of opulence.

Allowing, then, that the taste which the Anglo-Saxons are said to have displayed in gold and silver works, and in embroidery, which we have seen were become articles of commerce, induced their exportation, still we must observe that the catalogue was as yet very contracted; though certainly some addition must, on the other hand, be made to it, when we take into the account the large importation of the relics of saints, images and furniture for the churches, dresses for the priests, and also glass for the windows, which was about A.D. 628 introduced into the Cathedral at York by Bishop Wilfrid; though it had been in use upon the Continent, and probably in this Island, many ages before †.

two robes of silk *."—*M. Paris, Vit. Offæ*, p. 20, or *Will. Malmsh.* p. 17.

† Glass was known to the Greeks and Romans; indeed it is said to be as ancient as Job. But without endeavouring to trace its origin from a source of

Contracted as the commerce of the country certainly was at this period, it was still sufficient to render it of some consequence in the scale of European nations. Our two principal rivers, the Severn and the Thames, are (by Gildas) said to have opened their mouths to receive the luxuries of foreign climes, and to return the necessaries of life in exchange for them. But although this kind of traffic was comparatively small, it was important in another point of view, as we can discern in it the *germe* from which the present mercantile system hath arisen.

If we consider this subject a little more accurately, we shall find, that although Imperial Rome, which had not attracted, but *dragged*, the other nations of the world at the wheels of her triumphal chariot, and had accumulated unbounded wealth by means which confer more celebrity on the valour than on the morality of her sons, had fallen; yet the spiritual Empire that arose upon her ruins had become another source of attraction to the surrounding nations; of which its effects upon this were, perhaps, from our insular situation, the most obvious. If, therefore, our importations consisted chiefly of the trumpery of relics, waxen images, silk dresses, and all the other paraphernalia that were then deemed essential to devotion, the intercourse which was through this medium opened, not only with the Pontifical metropolis, but with other countries, enlarged the ideas, extended

such high antiquity, we may observe, that Lucian mentions large drinking-glasses, and Plutarch the making of glass. It is also spoken of by Lucretius and other authors. It has upon this subject been well observed, that glass must have been as ancient as *pottery* itself, or the making of bricks, because it was impossible but that in every kiln vitrifications must have been engendered which would at any time have led to the discovery: therefore the production of this beautiful and useful substance, or what is emphatically termed "The Art of Glass," must have been coeval with the building of the Tower of Babel. In A.D. 674, Benedict Bishop brought from the Continent glass-makers, who taught the English the art of making window-glass, lamps, and drinking-glasses.

not

* From the Chronicle of Fontenelle it appears, that even at the commencement of the reign of Charlemagne, A.D. 751, a regular commercial intercourse was established betwixt France and England; in consequence of which the latter supplied the former with corn, tin, iron, leather, and *shooting-dogs*. The English dogs, it appears from this and many other instances, were at least as famous as the Spartan.

not merely the sphere of thought but of action among the people, and created new powers in the human mind. From the cities of Italy we caught our first systematic ideas of commerce, from the vestiges of the arts which the Capital exhibited we formed our taste, and from the *ashes* and fragments of Greek and Roman literature arose our own. From their religious superfluities, their figured silks, their fine linen, their curious works in brass, their bells*, their beads, and a variety of other articles, the early state of our manufactures derived considerable advantages. The Anglo-Saxons, at first struck with admiration, soon after endeavoured to imitate: imitation introduced the spirit of rivalry, which in time led to that distinguished excellence which, combined with our adaptation of those arts to *useful* purposes, has turned the tide of commerce in our favour, and made us not only the merchants, but the manufacturers, of the world.

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean
bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air."

GRAY.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.
SIR,

AMONG the various phenomena of the human mind, there are not any that more excite our interest than the developement of uncommon powers of intellect by its own native energy;

* It is said, (by Gildas,) that the Anglo-Saxons had bells in their churches which some of the Abbots manufactured themselves. This must surely mean *sacring* bells †, of which we remember to have seen one (once in the possession of the late Dr. Chauncy,) of a very ancient date, which to a long handle or staff had an ornament of silver fillagree, that bore a distant resemblance to a castle, at the corners of which were four bells, apparently of silver.

† *Sacring Bell.*] The little bell which is rung to give notice of the *Hof* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish Church.—*Theobald.*

and if it happens that the moral has kept equal pace with the mental progress, our esteem is engaged, at the same time that our admiration is excited.—An extraordinary instance of this kind having lately fallen under my observation, I beg leave, through the channel of your widely-circulated Magazine, to communicate a few of the particulars to your readers; being persuaded that there are many whom the story will interest; some whose mistaken ideas of the vast superiority of wealth and station it may help to correct; and a few, perhaps, to whom it may open new sources of consolation in the day of sorrow and distress.

A few weeks ago, a copy of verses was put into my hands by a young woman, a friend of the writer, who said she had called upon poor Charlotte Richardson; and finding her weeping, and writing about the death of her husband, had taken the verses away, for she thought that studying and writing made her worse; adding, "But I have brought them to show you, they are such pretty lines." Upon reading them, I was entirely of this young woman's opinion, that they were indeed pretty lines; that they evinced great sensibility of heart, a mind softened and refined by the benign influences of genuine piety, and enlarged and elevated by the hopes and promises of the Gospel: and I was the more astonished, having known Charlotte Richardson from her infancy, and being perfectly convinced that neither the education she had received, nor the subsequent situations in which she had been placed, could possibly have supplied any of the ordinary means of mental cultivation. I inquired if she had written any thing more, and a small manuscript book of poems was put into my hands; many of which had so much merit, not indeed as faultless pieces of poetry, but as the simple effusions of a very feeling and a pious mind, that I determined to make a selection from them, to publish by subscription for the author's benefit.

At first it was merely my intention to obtain subscriptions from a few friends; but it being suggested to me, that by means of your Magazine, and some other periodical papers, a wider range might perhaps be taken, I shall first trouble you with an outline of the author's history, and afterwards subjoin a specimen of her poetry.

CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON was born in the City of York in March 1775, and was early distinguished for her quickness and docility by the conductors of a Sunday School; and three years afterwards, a vacancy happening in what is denominated the Grey Coat School, from the uniform worn by the children, she was admitted into it. In this school, the girls being intended for working servants, they are kept very close to the worsted wheel, the line wheel, and to every branch of domestic education, and are merely taught to read their Bible, and as much writing and arithmetic as shall enable them to keep an ordinary account. She left the school in July 1790, having attained her sixteenth year; was placed in service; and soon afterwards lost her mother, the only parent she had ever known. In her three first services she was not well treated, and encountered many difficulties; but at length the writer of this article was instrumental in recommending her to a cook-maid's place in the small family of a widow lady, where she received four pounds yearly wages, and where her good qualities were more duly appreciated. She continued in this place some years; during which time she lost her only brother. This unfortunate youth had been rendered a cripple by a blow received in childhood: he was afterwards bound apprentice to a shoemaker; was very cruelly treated by his master; and at length found an asylum in the City poor-house, where he died. Here, in the poor-house, he was visited, as often as she could obtain leave of her mistress, by his affectionate sister and only friend; who unceasingly endeavoured to pour the balm of consolation on his afflicted spirit; who procured for him every little comfort she could afford; and who cheered him, and supported herself, by the assured hope of a joyful immortality: and when he was dead, she borrowed two guineas of her mistress, (which were afterwards faithfully repaid,) in order that he might be buried decently! During this period several of the little pieces were written which will form a part of the intended selection. Her library consisted of a Bible, a Common Prayer-book, the Whole Duty of Man, the Pilgrim's Progress, and one or two other books of like description; but having money some-

times given her to go to the theatre, she saved it from time to time, and bought herself Gray's Poems, Goldsmith's Poems, and the Death of Abel; and in addition to these, she accidentally met with the Vicar of Wakefield, and one volume of Lady Julia Mandeville.

She married, in October 1802, a young man of the name of Richardson, to whom she had long been attached: he was a shoemaker; and having some little property of his own, which enabled him to open a shop, and it being on both sides an union of affection, a gleam of prosperity shone for a while upon their humble dwelling; but at length the husband was attacked by a consumption, and, after lingering many months, she was left a widow early in the year 1804, with an infant at the breast of two months old. Their little property was consumed during his long illness, and she found herself once more without a relative in the world, save the helpless babe, who in vain was cast upon its afflicted mother (herself worn down by fatigue and sorrow,) for its future support. For some time the infant appeared healthy, and was in every respect a most lovely babe, lively and intelligent beyond his age; but for the last six months he has been in a most deplorable state of suffering, requiring the attendance of his mother night and day, and at this time he is nearly quite blind, owing to a complaint in the head. She has begun a little school; and if the proposed subscription should prove successful, so as to defray the expense of printing, and to leave a residue that shall enable her to get assistance in nursing the sick child, there is little doubt of her being able to procure a decent maintenance*.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CATHARINE-CAPPE.

York, August 12th, 1805.

* We understand that this interesting selection will make its appearance as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions are received, at a crown each, to defray the expense of printing; and that they will be received by Mr. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. Mawman, in the Poultry; and Mr. Hatchard, in Piccadilly.

SPECIMENS of the POETRY of CHAR-
LOTTE RICHARDSON.

THE INQUIRY.

(Written in 1800.)

Addressed to a FRIEND of the AUTHOR.

WHEN late you ask'd, "Where do your
parents dwell?"

Unconscious of the pain your question
gave;

For still this heart with agony will swell,
When Memory whispers—They are in
the grave!

"I have no parents!" sadly I replied,
(Whilst down my cheek th' unbidden
tears would flow;)

"Nor am I by the ties of blood allied
To one kind being in this world be-
low!

A tender father's care I never knew;
One only parent blest my early years:
Beneath a mother's fostering care I grew
From infancy to youth, devoid of
fears!

Unknown to me was every cause of grief;
No anxious thoughts my happy mind
disturb'd;

Health and content still bloom'd upon my
cheek,

And cheerfulness dwelt ever in my
breast.

To youthful minds each object gives de-
light;

The world presents unnumber'd charms
to view;

And fancied pleasures eagerly invite;
Yet oft, in vain, the phantom we pur-
sue!

Scarce had I enter'd on the world's wide
stage,

Elate with youth's gay hopes of pro-
mise'd bliss,

When soon a different scene my thoughts
engage,

And into sorrow turn'd my happiness.

For ah! Disease had fix'd its fatal dart
Within that breast far dearer than my
own;

And vain, alas! were all th' attempts of
art

To save the destin'd victim from the
tomb!

Tho' many a year has run its circling
round

Since my lov'd parent was to dust con-
sign'd;

Yet in my heart her image still is found;
Still lives the mother in her daughter's
mind!

One tender tie remain'd, a brother dear—
But he, alas! Misfortune's victim
prov'd;

And oft have I conceal'd the falling tear,
Left it should wound the bosom which
I lov'd!

Chill penury and sickness were his lot;
Yet was he to his Maker's will re-
sign'd;

And all his wants and sufferings were
forgot,

When'er he thought upon his Saviour
kind.

He view'd th' approach of death with
joyful eyes,

And often strove my heavy heart to
cheer:

'Soon,' said th' expiring Saint, 'I
reach the skies,

And, O my sister! let me meet thee
there!'

Forgive these tears, my Mary! you have
known

Those agonizing pangs that pierce the
heart!

You too have wept o'er a lov'd parent's
tomb,

And felt what 'tis from those we love
to part!

Now on the world's bleak waste I stand
alone;

An unprotected orphan I am left;
To me the names of kindred are un-
known;

Of each endearing comfort I'm bereft!

Yet, tho' a tender sorrow fills my breast,
I sorrow not as those who have no
hope;

For still that God who gives the weary
rest

With humble confidence I dare invoke.

I know my heav'nly Father, good and
kind,

Will not without a cause his children
grieve;

His promises support, and cheer my mind;
And countless mercies I from him re-
ceive."

TO MY INFANT ASLEEP.

(1804.)

SLEEP on, sweet babe! for thou canst
sleep!

No sorrows rend thy peaceful breast;

Thy pensive mother wakes to weep,
Depriv'd by grief of balmy rest!

May angels watch around thy bed!

Thee safe from ev'ry ill defend!

May Heav'n unnumber'd blessings shed,
And be thy never-failing friend!

Sleep

Sleep on, sleep on, my baby dear!

Thy little heart, from sorrow free,
Knows not the anxious pangs that tear
Thy mother's breast, sweet babe! for
thee.

Soft be thy slumbers, Sorrow's child!
Serene and tranquil be thy rest!
Oft have thy smiles my pains beguiled,
And sooth'd my agitated breast!

Thine infant tongue has never known
A father's name; nor can thine eyes
Recall to mind the graceful form
That low in Death's embraces lies!

But I in thee delight to trace
That form so tenderly beloved!
To picture, in thy smiling face,
His image, far from earth remov'd!

His pious cares thou canst not share;
Nor can he guide thy tender youth,
Or guard thee from each hurtful snare,
Or lead thee in the paths of truth.

The sad, yet pleasing talk be mine,
To virtue's ways thy mind to form;
To point thee to those truths divine,
Which in the Gospel are made known!

With Reason's dawn thou shalt be taught
Thy father's God betimes to know;
The wonders he for us hath wrought
Shall be thy mother's task to show.

Each rising and each setting sun
Thy little hands in pray'r shall raise;
And early shall thine infant tongue
Be taught to lift thy Maker's praise!

ON COMETS.

In a Letter from NICOLAS MUNCKLEY*,
Esq., to ———.
(Now first published.)

THE Newtonian philosophy and the observations of modern Astronomers have given sufficient reason to conclude that Comets are not only solid and durable bodies, but also revolve round the sun in very eccentric ellipses, and, consequently, return within our system, and become visible to us at stated and regular periods. Yet what those precise periods are has been determined only as to three of them with any great degree of probability, viz. the comet which appeared last in the year 1680,

and is expected again about the year 2255; that which appeared in 1661, and is expected in 1789; and that which appeared in 1682, and is expected in 1758.

The first of these, that in 1680, was the Comet which, more than any other, both acquired the most astonishing degree of heat by its amazing approximation to the sun, and threatened the earth with the nearest appulse. This was so near the sun at its perihelion, that its distance from his surface was but a sixth part of the diameter of the sun's body; and therefore the heat it then received was twenty-eight thousand times greater than that of summer, or two thousand times hotter than red-hot iron. Its least distance from the annual orbit of the earth was, according to Dr. Halley's computation, no more than one semi-diameter of the sun, or about the radius of the lunar orbit; and, consequently, if our globe had been in one particular part of its path, the comet might have been as near us as the moon. Upon examination of the orbit of this comet, it was found so very eccentric, that a revolution through it must require more than 500 years to complete it. Mention is made in history of the appearance of a similar comet, first at the death of Julius Cæsar and the celebration of the games by Augustus to his honour, and at two several times afterwards; each appearance at the distance of 575 years from the preceding. And a computation of the motion of this comet in an orbit which would require that number of years for it to revolve in, was found to agree very well with the actual observations which were made of it. Its period therefore is fixed, by Dr. Halley, Mr. Whiston, &c. at 575 years; and its return is expected, with great probability, about the year 2255.

The second comet whose period is supposed to be known, is that which appeared in the year 1661, and which seems to be the same with that which was seen before in 1532; but the observations of it then are scarce exact enough to allow this to be determined with certainty. However, if this conjecture be right, the period of this comet will be about 129 years, and its next return about the year 1789.

The third comet, and that whose appearance is soonest to be expected, is that which was seen last in the year 1682. There is great reason to imagine

* Barrister at Law, and nephew of the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. See a poem by him on her death in the fourth Volume of her works, *Arch's* edition, p. 376.—
EDITOR.

gine this the same with that which appeared first in 1456, though not then observed by any astronomically, and which was afterwards taken more exact notice of in 1531, 1607, and especially 1682. Every thing relating to the comets seen in these several years agree, excepting the little inequality of the intervals, which, however, as Dr. Halley observes, is no more than may be well accounted for by physical causes; as, for instance, by the disturbances the comet may have received in its orbit from its approach to other heavenly bodies, such things having been certainly known to happen with regard to the planet Saturn, and the much greater eccentricity of the ellipses of comets undoubtedly making these liable to more considerable irregularities. The small difference, therefore, in the intervals of the years mentioned already, is by no means a sufficient objection against supposing it to be the same comet which was seen in all of them. Its period will, consequently, be about 75 or 76 years, and its next return about the year 1758. This comet is far from being in any particular degree threatening or dangerous to our globe, (if indeed any comets at all are so,) because this is not among those which either receive the greatest heat from the sun, or approach nearest to the orbit of the earth.

If these comets should appear again at the periods they are expected, it is easy to see what a confirmation it will be of the truth of the Newtonian philosophy relating to them: but, on the other hand, if any of them should not do so, it will by no means be sufficient to overthrow it, since it cannot be imagined that they should preserve the same regularity in their periods as the planets; because, as I have intimated already, the eccentricity of their orbits must necessarily expose them to greater alterations from the heavenly bodies they may meet with in their course. Dr. Halley particularly observes, about the comet in 1682, which is supposed to be the soonest to revisit us, that a very little increase of its velocity may even occasion a change in its orbit from an ellipsis to a parabola, the consequence of which will be, that it can never return to us at all. The mere failure, therefore, of the re appearance of this or any other comet, must not be considered as confuting a theory built upon the same solid foundations as the

theory of the planets, answering with wonderful accuracy the observations of astronomers, and accounting for them by the best-established physical causes.

In regard to what may probably be the effects of comets, or the uses for which they are designed by the supreme Creator and Preserver of the Universe; however generally they have been apprehended the causes or forerunners of evil, there are not wanting philosophers, and those among the best and most religious ones, who appear to consider them rather as instruments of the beneficence of the Deity. This seems particularly to be the opinion of Sir Isaac Newton. He conjectures, that the tails of comets are intended to supply the diminution of moisture on our earth and the other planets, and may in a great measure furnish that most subtle and excellent part of our air which is requisite to the life of all things: for as these tails are undoubtedly the vapours exhaled from the gross atmospheres of comets by the action of the sun, they will dilate as they ascend, and will gradually be dispersed through all the planetary regions; and therefore, in consequence of the power of gravitation and attraction, will be gathered into and absorbed by any planets that may be nearest to them, and stand most in need of their assistance. The bodies of the comets may also be as serviceable to our system as their tails, especially the bodies of those which have the greatest approximation to the sun, since these may possibly at their perihelion move within the solar atmosphere, and from its resistance be somewhat retarded: if so, at every revolution they will meet with a greater resistance, and be yet more retarded, and consequently at length fall into the body of the sun, and supply any decrease which may have happened in that vast globe of fire by the continual emission of light and heat for so great a number of centuries.

If it still be imagined, with Dr. Gregory, a deference due to the common suffrage of all ages to consider comets as having a pernicious influence upon our earth, such influence cannot possibly, I think, be of any partial or political nature, but must be some physical disorder or mischief to the whole globe. For instance: Dr. Gregory supposes, that if the tail of a comet should touch our atmosphere, or fall upon it by its own gravity, the vapours belonging to

to the comet, brought from the most distant and different regions, might, by mixing with our air, produce in it an alteration very sensible, especially by animals and vegetables, and possibly prove destructive to terrestrial constitutions. And Mr. Whiston imagines, that comets seem fit to cause vast mutations in the planets, particularly in bringing on them deluges or conflagrations, according as the planets pass through their atmospheres in their descent or ascent to the sun. If these conjectures appear founded upon the best established theory, or the most certain experience, they must no doubt be considered as probable: but surely, as to the pretended concurrent testimony of all ages, it is neither strictly universal nor uniform; and if the mere consent of many nations and centuries is to induce us to the reverence and belief of popular opinions, we shall be obliged to receive the grossest and most impious absurdities in philosophy, in religion, and even in morality.

Feb. 14, 1750.

N. M.

*The TALES of the TWELVE SOOBAHS
of INDOSTAN.*

(Continued from page 109.)

It must not be thought (continued Yousef) that I did not very much regret the loss of my poor wife Sunthee; but my imagination had become so heated with the recollection of the beauties of Perkeya, that I became every day more and more disturbed. At last, to quiet my mind, I made a resolution to go in search of the good Derveish JERNDEKIN, who is to be found on the beach of the river *Kissmala*, where BRAHMA appears daily to him in the shape of a little fish, and instructs him how to preserve MAN from the wicked power of MAHADEO, the destroyer. Having therefore drank three hand-fuls of the water of the Ganges, and anointed myself with *ghee* and cow's milk, I set out for his abode. However, it fell out, that in my way thither I met with the same young man who had first enticed me from my home to make a better market of my pots of honey. He presently discovered that I was very unhappy; so I told him frankly the state of my mind; at which he only smiled in my face, and bid me think no more of my wife Sunthee. I was very angry with him at first

for making so light of my loss; yet he appeared so good-humoured, that I was prevailed upon to go with him into a house just by, where we met to see an old man of his acquaintance, having first told him my design of visiting the Derveish. He assured me that his friend was also a Derveish, and that he would comfort me with his sage advice and reflections, being versed in the *Khutderun*, or six modes of knowledge, and would cause me to become reconciled to the death of Sunthee, which he insisted was not occasioned by the mixture in the phial.

When we entered into the house of the old man, we found him reading a large book, which I took to be one of the eighteen *Biddya* of the religion of Brahma. He accosted us very mildly, and gave us some fruit in a tray, and some sherbet. I found that his name was NANNY, and I told him very readily the state of my mind, when I saw how kindly he treated us. The old man shook his head as I related my story, and blamed my companion and the magician Mazoud for what had happened. He pretended, however, to look into the large book before him, to discover whether my wife might not have died from some other cause; which at length, after much talk, he told me was the case: he then went out, and brought in with him a pitcher of wine. I was rather surprised, I must own, to see a Derveish drink wine, and could not reconcile it to my mind: however, I was persuaded to taste some, and we very soon got merry; when my companion took me on one side, and advised me to give the old man one of my pots of honey; which I excused myself from doing, by saying that my buffalo was left at the magician's stable; but my companion took me to a stall outside the house, where I found the poor animal, and was persuaded to unload another pot of honey as a present to the old man.

After having taken our refreshment, the old Derveish advised me to see the magician Mazoud, and to forget all my trouble in the arms of Perkeya; and indeed the wine acted so powerfully on my senses, that it was not long before I wished to be in the palace of the forcerer. In an instant I fell into a sleep, and found myself when I awoke in the palace of Mazoud. The first thing that I did was to make him a present of a pot of honey, for which he very graciously

graciously presented me with a bow and arrows, as he told me, so admirably contrived by a great magician, that it would never miss its object. I was very much pleased with this present, and was determined in my own mind to make use of it the moment I came out of the palace. It was not long before I had an opportunity for amusing myself in the plain that surrounded the dwelling of the magician. I drew my bow to shoot a raven that was not a great way off; but instead of striking the bird, it pierced the eye of a poor water-bearer, who was travelling across the plain. I fled, and hid myself in the palace, the instant that I had done the mischief, and complained to myself of the deception which the wicked Mazoud had passed upon me; but my companion only laughed at the accident, and bid me go and console myself in the apartments of Perkeya. I was but too much disposed so to do, and found her very glad to see me. She was taking coffee and sherbet, and invited me to come and sit by her. I did so; and soon after, supper was prepared, when she condescended to help me herself. In the mean time the bed was got ready for the celebration of our nuptials, and I was quite delighted at the thoughts of the happiness that awaited me. The attendants were ordered to withdraw, and Perkeya in a playful mood uncovered her bosom; but what was my horror when I discovered that, beside the face I had been accustomed to see, she had another in her breast, so ugly that I could not bear to look at it, besides the deformity of its being situated where Nature has given so much beauty to women. I would gladly have escaped; but seeing me reluctant, she would have drawn me to the bed. I sprung away with terror, but not before she had stamped upon the floor, which brought the four black slaves into the room. "Seize that wretch!" cried the enraged Perkeya, "and carry him to the rock TATAH." It was not till now that I discovered that these wretches had wings; for no sooner were they in the open air, than two of them mounted with me with great velocity, till at length they arrived at the rock Tarah, where they put me down. I did not see a creature, (for the blacks had left me,) except a woman who was performing incantations over

some live embers upon a stone near a small house that seemed the only dwelling upon the rock. She measured several cubits in height, and was thin and emaciated. I presently discovered that she was one of the class of the *Jiggerkhar*, or liver-eaters; but it was too late for me to escape, for she had already, by her diabolical art, deprived me of all power and motion. I observed her throw upon the embers a grain resembling the seed of a pomegranate, which she spread to the size of an earthen dish, and began to eat. I found immediately that this was the liver-cake, and that I was dying. I had in short but little strength left, when it came into my head to make use of the power of my ring, and in my distress I wished to be at home in my own house. This caused me to fall into the same sleep as usual; and upon my awaking, I found myself in my own hut, but that I had lost my ring. I began to seek for it diligently all over the floor; but it was gone. I went to look for my poor buffalo, which I had left at the palace of Mazoud, but I found the poor creature in its stall: however, not one single pot of honey was left me; at which I began to lament very much, as I did to curse the magician Mazoud, the young man who had deceived me, and the wicked Perkeya. I execrated myself also for my folly. My creditors came in, one after another, to demand what I owed them, and I ran away from my home, quite distracted, and not knowing whither to go, until I happened to hear of the Divan of my gracious master, Prince Yesdijurdd. I was determined to prefer my complaint at the Dowlet Khaneh; and for that purpose I went to a proper officer to seize the magician Mazoud, and the wretches who had imposed upon me. However, though I had been several times at his palace with the young man, I could not find my way thither again, and I only tired myself and the officer with fruitless endeavours. At last, as I was approaching this place about two hours ago, I saw the young man who persuaded me to dispose of my honey enter the gates; and I am now come, most gracious Prince! to demand justice against that impostor."

At this the Prince Yesdijurdd arose from his seat, and silence was kept by the crowd who filled the Dowlet Khaneh, so much respect was paid to the sentences

sentences that fell from his lips. "Yousef," cried the Prince, "look round and point out the offender, who shall receive severe chastisement for his deceptions, besides being made to restore twenty-fold the merchandize he has caused thee to squander." At this, loud acclamations of joy were heard among the people; and Yousef looking round him, made his way very fast through the crowd, to the spot where a young man was standing whom he conceived to be the one he wished to bring to justice; but as he approached he began to hesitate, having perceived another still more like him: in short, in his eagerness he accused twenty different persons of being the offender. At which extraordinary conduct the Derveishes were amazed, and looked at each other, thinking the merchant to be out of his senses, and that the whole story he had been telling was false. The Prince Yefdidjurdd appeared the only one who was not provoked at his stupidity. "Yousef," cried he, "it is in vain that thou seekest for the wretch who has imposed upon thee: doubtless he is a magician, and has the power of leading thee into continual mistakes. Numerous are the resemblances of these impostors: better it is, Yousef, that you bear with the loss, and return to your own house to redeem it by industry."—"Alas! alas!" cried the wretched Yousef, "I was poor enough before, and now I must begin the world again. Besides, what will ever restore to me the loss of my poor dear Sunthee?"—"Go!" cried the Prince; "these tears are unavailing; try to do the best you can, and leave the rest to Providence, that will not utterly forsake thee now that thou art come to thy senses; and after that one moon shall have been elapsed, return and tell me all that may have passed."

The unhappy Yousef left the Divan full of sorrow, but amidst the acclamations of the Derveishes, who admired the wisdom of the Prince Yefdidjurdd. The first thing Yousef did was to visit the burial-place of his wife Sunthee before he set to work. Upon his arrival at the spot, he found the palafs wood covered with leaves, but no sign of any of it being burnt by the fire that had been lighted, and beneath the leaves, which seemed to have been strewn there from the beaks of the

innumerable birds who inhabited the place, he found the body of his wife. "Ah!" cried the unhappy Yousef, "why did I ever leave the comfort of thy arms, and the consolation of thy bosom, for strange pleasures? Cruel that I was, to prevail upon my beloved to taste of that accursed liquor that destroyed her!"

As the wretched Yousef was uttering these reproaches upon himself, a pigeon flew across, and dropped upon the ground a small ring that perfectly resembled that which Yousef had received from Mazoud. "Ah!" cried he, as he took it up, "I have now the ring that I lost, and can go again to the palace of the magician: who knows but that he may now give me all that I can desire. And yet," cried he, "have I had any other than misery and vexation since I knew him? But I can find him now, and the young man too, to take them to the Dowlet Khaneh, that they may be made to restore my honey. Ah no! I will rather take the advice of the good Prince Yefdidjurdd, and go home, and set to work, and Brahma give a blessing to me. No, my dear Sunthee! I will never leave my home again, though now I can only fancy thy presence there. Would indeed that thou wert alive, that we might now live happily together!" As he spoke these words, Sunthee, who had only been entranced, opened her eyes, and looking tenderly at her husband, said, "Yousef, do not grieve; I am not dead, but have only been entranced by means of the incantations of that wicked Mazoud; and so I should have continued had it not thou wished for me to be alive; for the power of Mahadeo, the destroyer, ceases as soon as the desires of the heart are good. Yousef was so transported with joy at the sight of his beloved Sunthee alive, that he cried and wept for joy by turns. Sunthee arose from the palafs wood, which was but at a small distance from the house. "Now," cried Yousef, "I might be happy indeed; but the worst of it is, that all my pots of honey are squandered upon these wicked wretches; not one is left; and we must starve before we can gather enough to sell."—"Be not afraid," answered Sunthee; "we will work hard; and to give you some encouragement, come along with me." At these words she conducted him to a small closet lined with

with china tiles, and the earth covered with *Khefs Buyah*, the root of a grass that grows on the banks of rivers, and which when sprinkled with water makes it cold and odoriferous. Sunshee only had kept the key of this apartment, and Yousef had never troubled his head about what use was made of it. Nothing could exceed the wonder and delight of Yousef, when he found it stored with pots of honey that had been saved and increased in number by the industry of his wife Sunshee. "My dear Yousef," cried she, "I have saved these in case that you might ever be in distress; and while you was away at the wicked magician's, I saved seven pots, the exact number you have lost. Now, then, let us first return thanks to Providence, and then sit down and be merry."

The next day Yousef attended early in the morning at the Dowlet Khaneh, and recounted the adventures he had met with. All present were astonished at the relation but the Prince Yefdi-jurdd, who, with a smile mixed with melancholy, spoke as follows:—"Oh, Yousef! he that putteth the reins of desire into the hands of reason shall not lose himself, in seeking after that which is improper. Yet is the Deity seated on the Eminence of mercy, that those who swerve from the path may look up and see a way to return. GOD is GREATEST, and the dispensations of BISHEN mysterious. It is better to cleave to the wife of thy bosom than to go with a stranger. Better to have one single pot of pure honey than a bag of fifty gold mohurs that will be required again of thee for the decorations of vice. Better to have the reward of thy labour than presents that bestow nothing but danger and uneasiness. Never, oh Yousef! fix thy hopes again upon the enchantments of the wicked, which are accursed even in their success. Learn to know that a double meaning is upon their tongue, and that poison is mixed up in the perfumed promises of their lips. Like the arrow of Mazoud, their words may be said never to miss their object; but that object is not the one that the unsuspecting imagine. The power of the Deity can, however, interfere, and direct every thing to his will. It is by this that virtue carries an everlasting impression and an immortal name; it is this that is the ornament of the nine heavens and seven stars; and it is this

that benefits the companions in the road of God to eternity."

Yousef bowed his head, and retired; and thus by the correcting influence of the burning beams of his disappointment and adversity, Yousef obtained the gold of content.

(To be continued.)

The JESTER.

No. VI.

"Money makes the mare go."

OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

THE want of money is perhaps one of the greatest evils or misfortunes incident to a human being, in a civilized country; more so than even want of health, or want of domestic happiness. There is a considerable difference between not being able to eat any thing, and the not having any thing to eat; between having a scolding partner whom you may leave, if you have money in your pocket, to seek consolation abroad, and one who sticks by you in poverty to upbraid you with the scantiness of your means of supporting her.

Philosophers say that Nature abhors a vacuum; which very well explains all the growling discontents of an empty stomach, that expresses itself dissatisfied in a variety of ways, and is never still until it gains its object. A friend of mine, a young student of the Inner Temple, who had the only stock in trade insisted upon by the late Counsellor Bearcroft to be the best of any for a lawyer, poverty, frequently observed, with considerable humour, that there was no real misfortune in life but the want of money. "Any thing else," said he, "may be asswaged, or alleviated, or ameliorated, or reconciled, or replaced; but the want of money is a radical disease, a poverty of the constitution, sometimes hereditary, frequently a chronic complaint, that nothing will entirely remove but the balsamics, syrups, tonics, and rich cordials, given in exchange by that celebrated quack, Dame Fortune, for the articles of HONESTY and HUMANITY, which commodities she wishes to buy up in the world at any price." It appears lucky, therefore, for mankind, that this distemper of poverty is by no means incurable, as several celebrated nostrums of the above notorious quack will remove the complaint; though it must

must be admitted that sometimes the remedy is worse than the disease, and dangerous symptoms of new disorders appear in the room of it; such as the tumors and white swellings of Pride, the dry gripes of Avarice, the fever of Ambition, the heart burn, the incubus, or night-mare of Conscience, and a numerous catalogue of other complaints inoculated with the poison of the nostrum, more dreadful frequently in its effects than hemlock.

There is, however, a radical cure to be effected of the complaint of **POVERTY**, recommended by all the regular practitioners of real life, and which will by gradual steps renovate and enrich the constitution with amazing effect, and sometimes much sooner than could be imagined, with the advantage that it restores to the patient perfect health. This prescription is no secret, nor is it an amulet or charm, though it has all the character of one. It can be prepared by the patient himself; and the ingredients are so common and cheap, that it requires little else than time and attention, and will *catera paribus* suit all constitutions; it is known by the title of *Industry*; but it requires, to make it keep, another ingredient, *Honesty*; for *Honest Industry* is a specific that can safely cure all the diseases of poverty, all over the world.

It will be proper in this place to say something of the virtues, attributes, and incidents, attending upon the better circumstance of "Money in both pockets." Look at that round-faced, fresh-coloured man, scudding (if I may use the term) before the wind, along Fleet-street, and now passing St. Dunstan's Church; he is an honest, hard-working tradesman, just going to his banker's with "Money in both pockets;" he was very poor ten years ago, with a wife, but they were both frugal; he got, to use another old adage, "the forehorse by the head," and by the help of the whip of Industry he soon got Dame Fortune into a canter; he has a pleasant box at Islington, and the children, Master and Miss Chubby, are now at a boarding-school for their education.—And may the honest English tradesman never be without these fair rewards of his labour.

To pursue the subject: the most distressing condition of human life is, perhaps, that of a poor gentleman.

The poor gentleman, incapable from the manner in which he has perhaps been brought up, suffers the disease of poverty with a temperament of mind and body that will scarcely permit of the common remedy above recommended. Of too delicate a constitution for hard labour, exercise, the great ingredient of the specific, would be too strong a medicine for him to bear; and though there are some places where a prescription is made up of milder, yet efficacious drugs, it is in so much request by the numerous persons afflicted with the disease, that it cannot be obtained by every one. How wretched is the situation of a well-educated, intelligent, sensible man, alive, from intellect, to every incident he meets with, and tenacious of every insult, oppressed by an almost incurable disease, only palliated at times by the opiates of invitation and of obligation, which leave the constitution of the mind impaired!

It is, however, a pleasant reflection, that of late years this once numerous class of society are considerably reduced in number by the wisdom of the generation, who have taken better care to bring up their children either to the professions of the Church, the Army, or the Navy, and among the middling classes of people to trade, thereby striking at the root of an epidemic.

I have been told an anecdote of the late Lord Falmouth, which, from the respectable quarter it came from, I believe to be true. About fifty years ago, it was a well-known custom among the poor gentlemen of that day to walk in the Park, as it was called, for a dinner, that is, in the hopes that they might be asked to one by some person they might chance to meet. Numerous were these daily claimants upon incident and accident, who might be seen counting the trees in shabby genteel habiliments, and sometimes with swords by their sides. It happened one day that Lord Falmouth, who was a very plain dressing man, was accosted by one of these **PARK-KEEPERS**, who was seated next him on one of the benches, with, "How are you, Sir? it gets late; I don't think that we shall have any luck to-day."—The Peer stared.—"I presume, Sir, that you are upon the same business with myself?"—"Really I don't know, Sir," cried his Lordship: "What is your business?"—"I mean no offence, Sir; but I suppose that you have been waiting here

here in hopes to meet some of your friends."—"I should have no objection."—"No, I thought so, Sir; but 'tis too late now, Sir. I declare I hav'n't had a dinner these two days. I hope you have had better luck."—"Why yes," answered his Lordship, (who had now become master of the subject;) and as you think it is too late now to expect any body to ask us, suppose we walk a little way together, and if you have no objection I am provided for to-day, and shall be glad of your company to take a bit with me."—"Well!" replied the stranger, (rising from his seat,) "I'll do as much for you another time."—This conversation continued until they came to the door of his Lordship's elegant mansion, at which were half a dozen of the servants in livery standing to pass away the time. The stranger was astonished to find them draw up and pull off their hats; but his ideas could not carry him higher at the moment than to fancy his friend the House Steward or the Butler; and here his dignity was a little hurt, for he was a real gentleman, and when he was asked to dinner it was with persons of condition. However, his good-nature, and respect for the hospitable invitation he had received, joined to the intercessions of an empty stomach, made him enter. But what was his astonishment when he saw himself introduced into an elegant dining-room, to a table supplied with all the luxuries of the season and the finest wines. The stranger now became in his turn master of the subject. No other person dined with his Lordship that day; and after making his guest eat a hearty dinner, he addressed him as follows:—"Sir, in future you will recollect that you are not to walk in the Park for a dinner, but for an appetite; the dinner you will always find provided here, whether I am in town or not, at home or abroad."

MR. JESTER,

I am a young fellow, and I believe I may, without vanity, say of some little consequence in the world, as you will find by the sequel.

I am a constant reader of the European Magazine, and in the last Number paid particular attention to the remarks of your Correspondent ABEL ALABASTER, with whom I perfectly agree in opinion; and wish, as a friend to decency and good nature, to add, as

worthy reprehension, two more articles to his catalogue of improper jests: I mean the jest of *Slander*, and the jest of spreading false and ridiculous reports. The first has long held a distinguished place at our tea and card-tables: and, by-the-bye, an ingenious friend of mine, Bob Playful, intends offering to the public notice a new discovery or invention, by way of *make game* I suppose, for Bob is a little satirical, by which the *Tabbies* may mutually instruct each other at whist, as children learn geography, while they play at a game: the art is, that of uniting the attention to the cards to that of killing of characters, at one and the same time; by which both games may go on at once, and many tricks be got in each: indeed he affects to prove, that there are many remarkable *synonimes* in the play; such as a *see saw*, playing from a strong suit, and leading through an *honour*, shuffling, cutting, the point, the single, a double, and the *rubber*.

It is curious that the jest of slander is the most quiet and composed jest in the world; so much so, that if it were not certain that these good old ladies and maids had no meaning in what they said, one would suppose that they were in earnest. It is often whispered with the strictest injunctions of silence. "Ma'am, it is your lead."—"Did you hear that to-day?"—"What's trumps?"—"She never can appear again in public!"—"I have lost the odd trick."—"Her reputation's gone."—"We are all four by honours."—"Poor thing! I pity her!"

Perhaps the sagacious Mr. Hoyle, or Bob Short, or some other experienced whist players, have enjoined silence as a necessary condition of the play, to favour the exercise of this art; for it must have struck them, that things so analogous might be carried on at the same time, and that a whisper would answer either purpose; that of winning a trick, or flabbing a character.

My next complaint is, of the common jest of making or publishing false or ridiculous reports. I believe that I am one of those who have suffered, if it can be called so, in my own particular person, very repeatedly by these kind of jests. For instance: though scarce beyond my thirty-second year, I have been married three times; twice to young ladies of great fortunes, and once I threw myself away upon a cast-off

off mistress. I once fought a duel without killing my man, or standing the smallest chance of being killed myself; and even the affair was handsomely made up without my knowledge. I died about a year ago at Norwich, of a lingering illness, though I was fox-hunting every day, and left the whole of my fortune to an entire stranger, though I wasn't worth sixpence in the world. I was another time thrown from my horse and killed upon the spot, and actually read an elegy of considerable merit upon my own death, which was spoiled by nothing else in the world but my being alive. The Pelican Office once actually refused to take an insurance upon my life, insisting upon it that I was dead. Two years ago I went to the West Indies without taking a passage; and to an appointment at Bengal without leave of the Directors; at which place I married the daughter of a rich Nabob: and a letter from the Mauritius arrived in London the next season, in the very identical week that I sent my brother an enclosure from Southampton-street, Covent-garden. But my misfortunes of misrepresentation were not completed until I got *gored* by an ox passing through Smithfield, and met my friend in a suit of mourning for my loss. In short, I have, through the interposition of my narrators, been journeying betwixt this world and the other in many horrid shapes, and have been a traveller who has returned from that self-same *bourne* so much talked of. I have been ill, and enjoyed perfect health; I have been married without the danger of ever being a c——d; I have travelled without expense; and have been killed without the coroner's inquest ever having sat upon my body. I forgot to tell you that I was once thrown into a prison without being in debt, and removed again without a habeas corpus.

It being known that I have now and then amused myself in scribbling, I have had the honour, too, of having various works ascribed to my pen; two libels, a filthy jest-book, (I mean no reflections,) a new edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, and a new Art of Cookery. I did not know this until I happened, only a few days ago to stroll into a bookseller's shop in Piccadilly, where I found several modern men of fashion assembled in a ring criticising a shilling pamphlet of which I found I was the author. Two young Gentlemen

in particular, whose faces I had never seen before, and who, as Mr. Dangle says, I never wish to see again, were engaged in separate comments upon its merits. "It is d——d stuff, to be sure!" cried one.—"I don't think so," answered the other: "I know the author very well; he is a devilish clever little fellow!"—"Who is he?"—"Lord! don't you know? Why he's in the Guards. I remember him at the *Helder*. We were very intimate once; but I don't know, there has been a shyness of late. His father was a Clergyman in Northumberland, and married the daughter of Doctor O'Caslock, the Irish Bishop. You know Doctor O'Caslock, to be sure."

By this time one of them, who had bought the pamphlet, had torn off the first page in a fit of absence, and had frittered it entirely to pieces between his fingers. I was enraged to see a work of *mine* so ill treated, and was about to remonstrate, when I recollected that the bantling was only mine by the adoption of these gentlemen, as other illegitimate offspring are sometimes fathered; therefore I prudently thought that I had no business to support it.

I beg, Mr. Merryman, that you will hold up to proper reprehension this wanton affectation of being acquainted with every body, and with every thing of his affairs, or I must, to avoid being endangered and perplexed by this species of jesting, retire to the small confines of a village, and show myself every day in the market-place, to prevent misrepresentation; and in such case I will trouble you to circulate every year, among my friends in town, an affidavit of my being alive, that I may save myself and them a great deal of uneasiness and trouble. I rather suspect my friend Bob Playful of having held a hand in this game; but I could never prove the fact. I request your serious consideration of my unhappy case in society; and believe me very truly

Yours,

Sept. 3, 1805.

BILL BADGER.

I cannot, in my capacity of Jester, refrain from making a few observations upon the subject of the letter of my last Correspondent, Mr. Badger. I have too much respect for the genuine jest, the repartee, and the *bon-mot*, not to feel great displeasure at those wretched in-

fects

fects of the gnat or muskitoë tribe, who annoy, with their sharp and venomous stings, the more generous and noble part of society. The fabricating or publishing a ridiculous report has often caused hours, if not days of uneasiness, to the subject of the invention; and even a common or harmless incident has been magnified into some wonderful tale by the malicious or impertinent. I remember a Gentleman of this cast, who, after saying every thing (by way of jest,) to depreciate the talents, the conduct, and the character of another, before an author celebrated for his good-nature as well as his real wit, was answered by him, "Well, Sir, this may be all true, but we have all our faults: let the man who is 'blameless throw the first stone;' and even in that case," added he, "I doubt very much if it would be the PHILOSOPHER'S stone after all;" meaning to shew by that observation, that there is little to be gained, and numerous enemies to be made, by a prompt display of superiority, with a design to hurt or depreciate others. I recollect one of these little scorpions, after having just left the theatre, hastening to a coffee-house in the vicinity, to detail any news that he could fabricate. *One* opportunity only offered, for there was only *one* Gentleman in the room in a corner box. There he chose to seat himself; and after a little discourse upon politics, he favoured the stranger with an article of intelligence. "So, Mr. ———'s play is d——d." "I am sorry to hear it, Sir," answered the stranger, "for I know the author very well."—"So do I, Sir, intimately acquainted, and I am truly sorry; but, Sir, he can't write: I have often told him so."—"That was very kind, Sir."—"He has no invention, no plot, no comedy about him. Why, Sir, there wasn't a new character in the piece."—While this interesting conversation was carrying on, a third person came in, and shook hands with the old Gentleman in the corner: "My dear Mr. ———," said he, "I give you joy of the success of your comedy to-night; it was very flatteringly received, and as it merited."—"Indeed!" cried the author: "Why there is this Gentleman assures me that it was d——d; and more than that, he tells me frankly that I can't write; and what is more extraordinary, that he is intimately acquainted with me, and that he has told me so

an hundred times." The lover of mischief turned pale at this discourse, with the apprehension of a kicking, and stammered out an excuse, that he was in the lobby all the time, and that he thought it much more likely that a play should be d——d than succeed: as for his knowledge of the author, he *acknowledged* that vanity was the cause of the assertion: at which the Gentleman who was the author's friend addressed him as follows: "Sir, I will make no severe reflections upon your conduct; but I expect presently that this coffee-room will be full; and I insist upon it, that in reparation for the wanton injury you have done a Gentleman of merit as an author, that you go up individually to every person, and speak the truth of the success of his play, and that you do it in the best terms you can. I am a man of cool resolution, and shall watch your conduct: if it pleases me, I shall pass over this offence." The terrified young Buck obeyed, was lavish in his encomiums of a piece he had never seen, and actually engaged a party to go on the author's night, and by this penance worked out the absolution of his crime. A chastisement of another sort could not have produced the retribution, nor have answered the purpose of an exemplification of the effects of speaking mischief at random. G. B.

REFLECTIONS *upon seeing the WORLD.*

By JOSEPH MOSER, Esq.

PART II.

As two travellers were, one beautiful summer's morning, standing in the Prospect at Ross, they, after having feasted their eyes with the enchanting view that lies beneath it; after they had endeavoured to trace the meanders of the Wye, by watching a pleasure-boat that now appeared to approach, then to recede, as the winding shores of the river, the picturesque scenery, and a combination of stone, wood, and water, seemed to expose, or to conceal from their sight, the object of their attention; after they had admired the stupendous back ground, clothed by forests, checkered by blue and red tinted rocks, and relieved by all the varieties of light and shade, sunshine and clouds, melting into the horizon on which the majestic mountains of South Wales were faintly marked; after

after our travellers had viewed this magnificent prospect till, lost in a delirium of pleasure, their aching sight sought repose, they turned toward the Church; when one of them observed to the other, "This, my friend, is seeing the world in perfection."

"It is indeed," said his friend: "we have for the last hour enjoyed to a great degree the beautiful and sublime; we now turn to the humble and domestic. In this point of view the houses and cottages ranging down the sides of the hill, while the church crowns its summit and the brook washes its base, in my opinion form a scene, though more familiar, almost equally beautiful. We seem to tread not only on fairy, but on classic ground; and when I contemplate the building before us, I cannot help asking myself, in the language of the poet,

"Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?"

"That heaven-directed spire," said the traveller, "rising with such dignified solemnity above the trees in which the body of the church is embosomed, is certainly a most interesting object: the church-yard ascending by a gentle gradation, the magnificent woods and walks on the right, the intermixture of houses and gardens on the left, all contribute to form a landscape equally elegant and interesting."

"Yet," said the friend, "it wants some great requisite to become a finished picture."

"What is that?" returned the traveller.

"A few figures on the fore-ground; for whatsoever may be the matter, there seems many in the distance."

"That requisite," said the traveller, "will not long be wanted, for I observe a kind of procession coming out of the church. See, they shape their course down the great walk. Bless us!" he continued, "so many fine folks assembled! What, is this a christening?"

"A christening!" answered an old woman who stood to open the wicket: "No, it is *not* come to that yet: in the course of a year I'll tell you another story. This is a wedding."

"A wedding!"

"Yes, sure! I hope they'll be happy, for the bridegroom has been to sea, and the bride has been to London; so that both of them have seen a great

deal of the world. You know Mr. Henry Harrow: we used to call him Harry; but now he is married and rich, it must be Mr. Henry, or Mr. Harrow; though this puts one in mind of that ill-natured toad his father: rest his soul!"

"No; we do not," said the traveller.

"Mercy on me! Well, but you must know Mary Murtle, *that was*, because, as I told you, she has been in London, and they said when your chaise drove into town that you came from there."

"Indeed," said the friend, "we do not."

"Lord! Lord!" cried the old woman, "where have you lived? Why every body here, and all round the country, knows them both. Here they come!"

The approach of the wedding-party here broke off the tale, though agreeably enough to the travellers, who had the pleasure of beholding several very handsome and elegant couples, and among them the bride and bridegroom. It was easy to perceive that the latter was a Naval Officer, and was a gentleman more advanced in life, whom our travellers took either for the real or hymeneal father of the lady. They wished to learn their history; which wish would, by the loquacity of their host, have been easily gratified, but he, unfortunately for them, had run among the crowd to see the wedding: they were therefore obliged to depart with very slender information upon this interesting subject. But as we can, from our intuitive faculties, supply this deficiency, we shall try our powers, in the hope of being able, in this respect, to rival the modern "Man of Rofs."

Mary, blooming like the roses that adorned the garden of her grandmother's cottage, (for she was an orphan,) was scarcely fifteen when we choose to introduce her dancing upon the Green, near the bank of the Wye, and close to the magnificent and interesting vestiges of Goodrich Castle. In this situation she attracted the attention of Henry Harrow, who was the son of an opulent farmer in the neighbourhood. The lovely Mary was grace, celerity, and innocence personified. She bounded over the sward with the lightness of a sylph, and exhibited that natural elegance which can never be imitated or acquired by art. Henry, who had known her from her childhood, but
had

had not seen her for some years, as she had been in Wales, and consequently had seen something of the world, was astonished. His eyes pursued her through all the varied and fantastic mazes of the dance, and he felt the full force of her attractions. More years had passed over the head of Henry: he was seventeen, therefore he was unquestionably more prudent than Mary. Consequently, finding it was vain to combat, he resolved to fly: for this purpose he had turned from the ring, when Mary caught him by the coat, saying, "Harry, the *world* will think that you are grown proud now you are a *man*, if you do not go down one dance with me."

Diogenes himself could not have resisted this invitation, accompanied as it was by a look and a smile, such as the philosopher, even among the Grecian models of perfection, never had the happiness of contemplating. Henry took her hand, nay he took both, saying at the same time, "Proud indeed!" as he led her into the ring. They danced till they had wearied almost all their companions. From this happy hour an intimacy commenced; and Henry was so frequently at the cottage of old Mrs. Myrtle, which was of all the cottages in the village the most romantically beautiful, that the neighbours began to observe how young Mister Harrow, whose father was almost a Squire, for his riches, was likely to be drawn in by a forward girl, who had nothing but a pretty face and a tolerably well grown figure to recommend her, while he overlooked the Misses Price, Misses Evans, Misses Floyd, Misses Proffer, and a hundred others; some of whom, it is probable, hinted his imprudent connexion to his father, who was, as the old woman said, "an ill-natured toad;" that is, he was one of the sternest men in the county; therefore he was irritated to a great degree, as this news met him at a moment when *things* had gone cross at market. He poured forth the effusions of his anger upon poor Harry, and, as the saying is, taxed him with having ruined Mary.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of the young man. He totally denied the charge; and declared, that he loved her too well to injure her, and that she was too virtuous even to incur suspicion. "In short," he exclaimed, "I am fond of the lovely

Mary to distraction, and am resolved to marry her!"

"To marry her!" repeated the equally astonished father. "A youth of seventeen, who has seen nothing of the world, marry a chit! a girl who has not yet finished her sampler! a girl without fortune too! a pretty match indeed!"

The end of this contention was, that Henry was resolved either to marry, or, as a step towards seeing the world, to go to sea. To the latter, which of the two he thought the least evil, old Harrow consented. The youth was hurried away, and poor Mary only learned the cause of his absence from the *good-natured* consolation of her companions, who all agreed that the girl had cried until she was absolutely a fright!

What was now to be done?

This we should have endeavoured to suggest, but that misfortune never comes alone, and the illness of Mrs. Myrtle at this period called off the attention of Mary even from the idea of her lover to the situation of her grandmother, whom, with the most pious affection, she almost idolized, whose indisposition she watched through all its variations with the most unremitting assiduity, and whose death she deplored with an almost delirium of sorrow; for it must be stated, that the exemplary Mrs. Myrtle, whose life, contracted as were her means, had been a series of beneficence, whose unaffected piety and humility were only equalled by her strong understanding, expired, even while she was inculcating those principles, which had been the rules of her own conduct, on the mind of her beloved granddaughter. At this interesting moment she, we repeat, expired in the arms of Mary. If there ever was an object of domestic woe which more than another deserved particular commiseration, it was this beautiful young creature, then scarcely sixteen, left, as it might be said, almost alone in the world. The person to whose precepts she had listened with rapture, and upon whose example she had formed her mind, taken thus suddenly from her, she seemed now, a slender scion, to stand unsupported. Henry had not been heard of, at least not by her; and why should it be concealed? It would in this trying moment, now her thoughts recurred to the faint and distant attachments that were left, have afforded her some consolation

olation to have been informed of his situation; but even of the hope of this she was deprived; as she had learned from her neighbours, to whom she had before been obliged, that the father of the youth had exacted a solemn promise from him not to write to her. This certainly did not extend to his friends, if such he had, favouring her with a line: but she knew the rectitude of the mind of Henry too well to believe that he would in the smallest degree equivocate.

The dependence of Mrs. Myrtle had been upon a small annuity. She had been too benevolent to save; therefore the finances of Mary were very contrasted. Her neighbours advised her to endeavour to see the world: this, they explained, was to take a journey to London, with a view to obtain some genteel place; for, said they among themselves, "the girl has been so badly brought up, that she is no more fit for a farmer's servant than she is for a farmer's wife."

The village (for reasons that may be gathered in the course of this narrative,) would have been sufficiently disagreeable to have induced Mary to have taken their advice, even if she had not recollected a distant relation of the name of Evans, the wife of the Captain of a man of war, whom she had met in Wales, and who had there taken great notice of her, and had even invited her to town.

Danger or necessity, it is said, will induce men and women too to catch at a straw. Mary resolved, slight as the invitation was, to write to Mrs. Evans respecting her situation, and her hope through her medium to be recommended to some good place.

There was not on earth a more benevolent creature than Mrs. Evans, except the Captain her husband, to whom this lady handed Mary's letter the moment he had perused it at breakfast. He read it with attention, and, giving a slight whistle, cried, "Here's a beautiful vessel run a ground. Surely this is from that pretty, modest little girl whom we saw at old Captain Cable's, at Brecon."

To this he was answered in the affirmative.

"You said she was your relation?"

"So she certainly is," returned the Lady.

"And wants a place?"

"Yes."

"If she is a relation of ours," continued the Captain, "she shall never be servant to any one. Poor girl! she has hove out signals of distress before she ought to have begun her voyage of life; foundered almost as soon as she was out of dock; and shall we not man the long-boat to save her? As to the cargo she mentions, it does not matter a rope's-end. Let her crowd all her sail for the port of London: she will always find a safe harbour in this house. She will be an agreeable companion to you, my dear, and help to keep your journal and log-book while I am at sea. I'll rate her directly: she shall walk the quarter-deck with Harriet and Fanny. I see, girls, you titter at the thoughts of your new messmate."

We are now to behold the lovely Mary settled in the house of Captain Evans. Here her mildness, good-nature, prudence, and indeed talents, engaged the affections of the whole family: Mrs. Evans loved, but the young ladies adored her. Some years of war elapsed, during which the Captain, who was engaged in active service, obtained many rich prizes, and the rank of Admiral. He returned at the peace; and it need not be stated that his return rendered the happiness of his family complete; though still a small spark corroded the bosom of Mary when the thought of her Henry, and she scarcely thought of any thing else. Strange as it may appear, this predilection rendered her peculiarly agreeable to the Captain, as she used to delight him daily with her sea-songs, of which she had stored a collection in her memory that frequently astonished him.

She had one day concluded the ditty, "For my true love is gone to sea," when, putting his arm round her, he cried, "My lovely girl! I have some news for you."—Mary deeply blushed.—"Ah ha!" he continued, "you have hoisted your colours already—let them fly; they're truly English. Now mind and obey my signals; dress your ship to the best advantage. I have some young sailors coming to dine on board: their hearts are tinder; those eyes of yours will do execution; they'll be blown out of the water—two lighted matches in the magazine—I say no more, you know how to level your guns."

Mary,

Mary, who perfectly understood him, again blushed, but did not neglect to obey his signals, as he termed them. Attired with the most elegant and picturesque simplicity, she about four followed Mrs. Evans into the drawing-room. One of the young ladies was at the piano-forte, the other was singing. She advanced toward them, and saw the Admiral introduce an elderly Sea Officer to his Lady; but she saw nothing else—except a glimpse, as she thought, of her beloved Henry, in whose arms, a few minutes after, she found herself.

"A prize!" cried the Admiral. "But Lieutenant Harrow, you need not throw your grappling irons so close, for she does not seem disposed to sheer off."

"Are you indeed my Mary?" said the Lieutenant.

"To be sure she is!" said the Admiral: "You have boarded, and she will soon be declared lawful. Od so! my lad, you have hauled down her colours with a vengeance: she looks as white as a flag of truce: we must shift her berth."

"This is what I expected," said the good-natured Mrs. Evans; "but you, my dear, would have your way."

"Well!" cried the Admiral, "I believe I was wrong; I took her for a stouter vessel. However, tow her out of the engagement for the present."

This injunction Mrs. Evans, who felt for the situation of her *protégée*, very readily obeyed. She led her into the back drawing-room, whither Henry followed.

The Lady soon returned, and whispered the Admiral.

"Well, well," said he, "if I have spoiled the young people's mess, I'll take care the cook shall not spoil ours; so lead the way to the state-room, where we will drink their healths."

This was a favourable opportunity for Henry; he recounted to his lovely Mary his marine adventures, and further informed her, that his father, who had regretted that he had sent an only son to sea, was no more."

At this interesting interview Mrs. Evans, as soon as she could retire from her company, assisted; when it was settled, that the union of this young couple should be celebrated at Rofs, near which the bridegroom was about to purchase a large addition to his paternal estate.

It was issuing from this celebration that our travellers had the pleasure to observe the happy groupe that formed so elegant a foreground to the landscape of which one of them had just deplored the want.

When the company, who walked to the inn where their carriages waited, which was indeed but a few steps from the churchyard, arrived there, the Admiral, who had acted as the father to the bride, congratulated her, the bridegroom, and indeed himself: "For," said he, "Lieutenant Harrow, if you had not been with me you would have seen nothing of the world, at least perhaps to any profitable purpose; and you, my *Fly-boat*, the lovely Mary, if Mrs. Evans had not taken you under her convoy, you would perhaps have parted with your anchor, or have sunk in your native village, or have been made a prize by some pirate; and then—my eyes, I think, want *baling*—the world would have seen nothing of you."

THREE SLIGHT ESSAYS respecting MUSIC.

(See page 103.)

III.

On the Fashionable Neglect of Simple Melody and Attachment to Harmony.

THE singing of the human voice doubtless contains the most perfect, as well as the most obvious and ancient, species of music; as it is capable not only of every delicate grace and inflection that the imagination can conceive, but of displaying CHARACTER, and of manifesting, in union with its tones, many of the most pleasing traits and affections of the soul. Its first exhibitions of course must have been in simple strains of *one voice*, unaccompanied with any other voice or instrument. And these exhibitions seem to have been judged and felt so perfect in themselves, that it was not till comparatively late in the world that singing in parts had its rise, and became fashionable; so truly fashionable indeed, and prevailing, that to it alone now-a-days is given the name of music. And without some contemporary ground, or under or accompanying part, we cannot hear a strain from the harper, or a song on the stage. Indeed it is asserted by some, and apparently acquiesced in by all, that without these

harmonic

harmonic sounds there can be no genuine music. Certainly this notion must be as incorrect and frivolous as it is current. A song from the human voice, without a single accompanying note, must appear, on a little unbiassed thought, to be a *perfect* exhibition; perfect *within* itself, and containing every mark of completeness and unity which logic can require, or any thing in nature display: and hence it must be conceived as *one* duly established manner of exercising the human voice and gratifying the human ear. And to this conception of the case simple nature will bear the most incontrovertible testimony: for in hearing an agreeable song before the mind is swayed by the bewitching associations of fashion, we no more feel the want of an *accompanying sound*, than in surveying a beautiful statue we wish the field of vision furnished with an *adjoining group*. And though we can relish, in their way, both the *group* and the *contemporary tones*, when they happen to be presented to us, and find a certain pleasure from them as to *quantity, variety, &c.*, yet this is no proof of their being entitled to a preference which degrades the others in question into mere mutilations, or fragments of an exhibition. A hornpipe, on the score of completeness, no more needs an apology on the stage, than a Highland reel, a French corillion, or an English country dance. And though a limner might introduce into the portrait of an *architect* the appearance of a building, a sketch of a landscape, and the butt of *Palladio*, properly, and in a manner that would give pleasure; yet the truth of this does not prove that the simple image, backed only with the usual umber colour, is an imperfect production. In short, the truth appears to be, that a song from a single voice is not only complete *music*, but that, when adequately managed with the full extent of its powers, it is one of the most beautiful and affecting performances of art. And I have known people of the most delicate ear and taste as much offended at the accompaniments of a song, as a connoisseur in surveying a picture would be hurt by the abrupt wavings of a *curtain* or the interruption of a *chandelier* *.

Science and fastidiousness, however, have their pleasure, as well as simple nature; and it is to their ears only that music in parts can yield its full and appropriate satisfaction. But then we should remember, beyond some ordinary effects this is not founded so much on feeling and the emotions of the breast, as upon accuracy of organic perception and the recognitions of learned precept. It is some quality of contrivance rather than train of thought that gratifies them. And when joined with a long and daily habitude, these circumstances produce a taste which perhaps has a less chance to be genuine than the unshackled and unperturbed notions of a person of feeling and delicacy who even may not know what is meant by the terms *Clef* and *counterpoint*.

Harmony, doubtless, has its own characteristic qualities; but they are not of the essence of *music*. That must lie in the simple modulation of sound considered in the abstract: for in *that* modulation lies the very soul of invention *; and from that source arises all those affecting and almost beatific suggestions of the mind which must be developed by the philosopher who would adequately investigate the grounds of pleasures we receive from music, and unfold the powers of what is often called its *expression*. All that harmony can benefit the common ear, is by enlarging the field of *variety*,

but I shall content myself with a single transcript from one of the most comprehensive minds, and who without any arrogance might say of his studies, "I have taken all knowledge to be in my province." The great Lord Bacon, in one of his letters, observes, "In music I ever loved easy airs, that go full all the parts together, and not those strange points of accord and discord."—*Letter XL to Sir Robert Cecil*.

* A passage fully agreeing with this assertion, from a recent publication (1798), by an approved judge in these matters, I here transcribe with pleasure. "Harmony already exists independent of invention, and that succession of chords and structure of parts termed composition are the fruit of information and practice; by these we judge of his [the Composer's] skill; but we estimate the *invention* of a composition by his *melody*."—*Jackson's Four Ages*, p. 196.

* Much even *modern* authority might be quoted in support of this opinion;

and producing *new*, though not *disimilar*, effects; of which, as to kind of instrument, or voice, or chace, or predominancy of sound, of all that bears a likeness to *form* and *position* in visible objects, this common ear can doubtless take some cognizance. But it cannot descry, with any precision, the leading contemporary melodies, nor the scientific contrivances and intricacies of the encountering parts. This requires much care and experience. *Ewanescant* sounds are evidently much harder to be distinguished than what is displayed to the eye in *permanent* features. We can easily see and contemplate not only the *tout ensemble* of a *printed chintz* or *paper hanging* in which four distinct species of ornament are combined together, but also the *four* ornaments themselves, because they *never vanish* from the sight. But the *four* (or more) conspicuous parts of a harmonical composition are too fugitive and difficult in their nature to be discerned and appreciated by any ears but those of adepts in the science. And when they are perceived, I am afraid they gratify no other feeling, and influence no other passion, than what is applied to in tracing the intricacies of the *chintz* and *hanging*; that is, the placid impressions of *admiration* and *curiosity*. Hence the composition that may touch a learned ear with pleasure, may fail of duly gratifying the unlearned one; and all this without any impeachment of the genuine musical taste given by nature to the latter. For nature in the display of any taste (be it the *figurative* one in the arts, or the *literal* one of eating and drinking,) always sets out right at first, and stands a greater chance of being perverted by unceasing exercise and too much indulgence, than by ordinary, or indeed infrequent, use. And I query whether a violent attachment to harmony in preference to melody; to the cold aromatic creepings of *recitative*, or to any very marked species of what is called *national music*, may not be classed with, and attributed to, that same *custom* and *habit* which makes us relish mustard, tobacco, and several dishes of meat and kinds of beverage, from which all young and genuine palates would turn with some degree of disgust. Nor is this perversion unobservable in the *amateurs* of other arts. Men of the best natural taste and erudition have sometimes so incontinently attended theatres, that in the end they could

not endure any thing but farce and pantomime. And the veteran *belles lettres* critics, for their ultimate gratification, pass from what they *feel* to what they *think*; from effects on the *heart* to appearance in the *head*; to a chill and a gossiping kind of estimate of the abilities and characteristic turn of the author. As men advance in criticism, they doubtless often decline in feeling. In all the fine arts, indeed, it appears, for certain reasons, that to prevent the encroachments of false taste is ever a task of the most difficult kind; and perhaps in none more so than in the province of music. For the peculiar sociability, the enthusiasm, the complacency, that are felt by lovers of the art *at musical performances*, will, from association of ideas, give it a favour in the mind, (especially in a young mind,) which, be the adopted music good, or be it bad, will yield a pleasure which may easily be translated from the cause to the concomitant, from the gaieties of the heart to the merits of a composer. Hence we may satisfactorily trace the fluctuations of taste in the arts as well as of fashion in dress: and hence it is, that, in fact, *true* taste has, in general, little more than its chance of being now and then predominant in the course of that casual rotation which, at times, gives prevalence to that which is *false*.

For these reasons, (among some other queries that might be put of a like kind,) is it not possible that there may be at present among the lovers of music a too great attachment to *harmony* in preference to simple *melody*? Is it a mark of ignorance to conclude that a native relish for *sweet sounds* united with sensibility of heart, may presume its plaudits to be genuine praise, though given without reference to any theoretic principle? And is it right to despise that taste as crude and unlearned, which can listen with pleasure to a good plain unaccompanied song, or a ballad by two voices in unison, while it feels nothing but shame and disgust from the childish titterings and noisy rattle of some fashionable concertos?

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE following narrative was written by a Medical Gentleman at Bengal, in a letter to a Friend in London. Its contents appear somewhat incredible,

ble, yet instances have occurred which alike show the depravity of human nature. (*Vide European Magazine*, Vol. III, p. 393. It is therein stated of a surprising monster having abused, and then devoured, eighty women, besides men and children. Also see *European Magazine*, Vol. XVII, pages 73, 155, speaks of a creature who ate a live cat at Windfor.) However, it is submitted for insertion, and you again oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

10th Sept. 1805.

—
Berhampore, July 1798.

WHILE waiting some days in attentive vigilance for something worthy of communicating, accident, or rather my indulgent genius, has procured the history and portrait representing that voracious monster, the *Probatophagite* (or Sheep Eater) at *Futty Gbur*; of whom I should not dare to give a serious description, unless authenticated by Gentlemen of the greatest veracity, and supported by pictures taken of him in every posture during the sanguine process, which have been conveyed by several Officers to England*. It may be requisite to premise, that the following account was given me by Captain R——, Brigade-Major at our Station †; a man of solid judgment and known acuteness, who twice saw this *Bhaezawauilla* (or Sheep-fellow), as they call him, eat two sheep at a single meal: once in the presence of Gen. E. A.—— and many Officers; and at another time at his own bungalow; whence he marked every circumstance with minute precision, and detained him in every attitude till sketches were completed. The father of this *Cannibal*, now resident up the country, is 102 years old, and has always been accustomed to devour raw flesh; (and this his own son lays aside for him the tongue and liver, when the curiosity of Gentlemen furnishes victims for his voracity.) He wears a beard matted close with grease and dirt; which, however, when disentangled

from an immense band of cordage, usually binding it, by the perseverance of Captain R——, who had it unravelled in his presence, and measured above two yards: it was said two yards and a half.

The *Polyphemus* of our story has nothing remarkable in his exterior appearance, except a countenance of unusual ferocity, long shaggy hair, and a complete and regular set of teeth: his height five feet six inches. He is a Hindoo of the *Bramin* cast, the highest sect of his religion; is leader of numerous disciples, who venerate him as did the pupils of *Alfouran*.

As a prelude to his repast, fixing his teeth in the sheep's back*, he suspends him by the fleece; then throwing the animal upon the ground, tears open its abdomen with the same weapons, heaves out the entrails, and throwing his head into the cavity, drenches his gullet with the spouting gore.

“ Torn limb from limb, he spreads the
horrid feast,
And fierce devours it, like a monstrous
beast;
He sucks the marrow, and the blood he
drains,
Nor aught but guts and solid bone re-
mains.”

Whilst performing this beastial enormity, his brutal pleasure is expressed by growling murmurs, and each morsel before swallowing is rolled in the dust, to supply, as he says, the defect of salt:—and at the conclusion of this repast he eats, as we would a lettuce, two large branches of the *lactiferous argon*; a plant of such contrivacy, that no animal (except a goat) can endure the taste. This done, to obviate the possibility of deception, as many suspicions had been entertained of his disgorging the superfluity, a watch was kept upon him while confined for twenty-four hours without symptoms of indigestion or inconvenience.—Such is the description as given to me; nor upon second perusal am I sensible of any exaggeration.

T. J.

* It is wished that some Gentleman would furnish this Magazine with one.

† This Gentleman is at this time in Great Britain.

* The Bengal sheep are particularly small; those we speak of were taken indiscriminately from a flock.

INCREASE of BEES.

THE following easy method of taking the honey, without destroying the bees, was communicated to the Editor of the Cornwall Gazette, by a respectable French Priest, who asserts that it is the method generally adopted throughout France:—In the dusk of the evening, when the bees are quietly lodged, approach the hive and turn it gently over; having steadily placed it in a small pit previously dug to receive it, with its bottom uppermost, cover it with a clean new hive, which has been previously prepared, with two small sticks stuck across its middle, and rubbed with some aromatic herbs. Having carefully adjusted the mouth of each hive to the other, so that no aperture remains between them, take a small

stick, and beat gently round the sides of the lower hive for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, in which time the bees will leave their cells in the lower hive, ascend and adhere to the upper one. Then gently lift the new hive, with all its little tenants, and place it on the stand from whence the other hive was taken.—This should be done some time in the week preceding Midsummer-day; that the bees may have time, before the summer flowers are faded, to lay in a new stock of honey, which they will not fail to do, for their subsistence through the winter.—As many as have the humanity and good sense to adopt this practice, will find their reward in the increase of their stock and their valuable produce.

THE
LONDON REVIEW,
AND
LITERARY JOURNAL,
FOR SEPTEMBER 1805.

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

European Commerce; showing new and secure Channels of Trade with the Continent of Europe: detailing the Produce, Manufactures, and Commerce of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany; as well as the Trade of the Rivers Elbe, Weiser, and Ems: with a general View of the Trade, Navigation, Produce, and Manufactures, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and its unexplored and improvable Resources and interior Wealth. Illustrated with a Canal and River Map of Europe. By J. Jackson Oddy, Member of the Russian and Turkey, or Levant Companies. 4to. pp. 666. 1805.

THIS copious Work is a very striking instance of well-timed, laborious, and successful diligence. It holds out information, encouragement, and very great assistance or facilitation of business to the merchant; while it presents, at the same time, new and important views of political economy to the legislator and statesman. It affords

also, collaterally, not a little entertainment to the general reader of books or scholar, as well as matter of reflection to the speculatist in moral and political science. The deductions relating to the origin and progress of the trade on the Baltic and Northern shores of Germany, and the History of the Hanseatic League, in Chapter I, Book I, wants nothing to be as interesting as Dr. Robertson's View of European Commerce from the earliest Times with India, but the charming graces of his style and manner. In respect of these, there is the same deficiency in Mr. Oddy's work that usually appears in the writings of men more accustomed to business and calculations of loss and gain than to logical arrangement, or to the contemplation of fine models of writing. This deficiency, however, is not observable in the preface, on which, it should appear, the author has bestowed pains, and which exhibits a faithful and clear account of the nature and design of the work.

“The

"The uncommon circumstances of the present times, when commerce is forced from its usual channels, may sufficiently apologize for my offering some information relative to those new and circuitous routes of carrying on business with the Continent of Europe, which it is become necessary to adopt.

"The commerce of Britain must either decline, or new channels and modes of carrying it on be sought after, encouraged, and adopted; for where shall we find sufficient market for our East and West India produce, and our home manufactures, when shut out from the Continent of Europe?

"Every material circumstance here developed would certainly be known in process of time: but men engaged in commerce have no time to lose; I therefore hope, that what I now offer will be found useful. I shall preface the subject with a few general remarks.

"There is no information yet published, relative to our commercial intercourse with the Continent, through the medium of the Northern channels, sufficiently detailed and comprehensive for the use of the British merchant: and, as accuracy of detail may be claimed without apprehending an imputation of vanity, I hope I may be permitted to say, that I have had and cultivated opportunities of becoming in some measure qualified for the task I have undertaken. Personal observation with experience, both at home and abroad, in a life of active occupation, having given me peculiar advantages, I have been enabled to point out many things hitherto little known, and which will be highly useful to the landed proprietors, merchants, manufacturers, ship-owners, and underwriters of Great Britain.

"While Great Britain is engaged in a contest with an implacable foe, who aims at the annihilation of her political existence by the ruin of her commerce, it must afford the highest satisfaction to every friend of his country to know, that even if the Continent remain in its present situation, there are new, wide, and secure channels, by which her trade may be carried on, through the North of Europe and Germany, to Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and even Turkey; to which last country a new, expeditious, and cheap route is pointed out, and some interesting details given.

"Under the present circumstances, it becomes of importance to show that the trade with the Northern Powers is more beneficial to them than to Great Britain. In doing this, it will be demonstrated that their jealousies respecting the commercial prosperity of this country originate in mistaken notions both of our interests and their own; and that though the disadvantages arising from a suspension of that trade would doubtless be great both to the Northern Nations and to the British Empire, they would be far greater to the former than to the latter; for neither the French trade, nor any other, could compensate to them for the loss of the British commerce; while the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland would find in its own unimproved, unexplored, various, and vast resources, means of uniting individual gain and prosperity with public security and greatness.

"To illustrate these important points, to show how trade in general, and to the North of Europe in particular, may be combined and extended to the benefit of all parties; and at the same time how the disadvantage that would accrue from the loss and interruption of that trade might be made up to the united kingdom, and the opportunities it would afford of introducing and extending various branches of manufactures: is one of the main designs of the work now offered to the public.

"It appears to me particularly important to prove, that though our trade to the interior of the Continent by the North of Europe be very beneficial, yet our trade to the Northern Nations themselves is far from being so; the reader, therefore, will please to attend to the distinction between the one and the other.

"The Northern Powers treat us, in our commercial intercourse, as if we were dependent upon them; when, in fact, theirs are the only branches of trade the balance of which is considerably against us.

"To set this matter in its proper light is among the particular objects of the present publication. And as I attribute my knowledge of the subject not to superior abilities, but to peculiar advantages in point of local information, derived from a long residence abroad; so my aim has been to give useful information in the most intelligible

intelligible form in my power, without pretending to any of the niceties of composition, to which I am conscious I have no pretensions.

"This work I began last year, and in the progress finding that many materials were wanting, I again visited the Continent, to procure authentic, more recent, and accurate information, on various points of importance.

"The volume concludes with a short analysis of the whole of our foreign commerce; showing, that as it is liable to great fluctuations and changes, true policy directs us to study and cultivate those internal resources which may counterbalance them, and preserve the prosperity of the country."

This is Mr. Oddy's design. It is executed with fidelity to his engagement, with great accuracy, with comprehensive views of minute attention. The numerous tables of merchandize, tolls, customs, freightage, &c. &c. must have cost him infinite pains, and we presume not a little expense. We doubt not but his work will be found useful; and advantageous or profitable both to others and to himself. To give even a very general analysis of the valuable materials of which it is composed would carry us far beyond the plan of the London Review; even its contents occupy six pages of close print. The following are specimens of the Work:—

"CHAPTER I. *Of the Facility of carrying on Commerce with the Interior of the Continent by Means of the Baltic Sea and the North of Germany.*

"The cities on the south of the Baltic Sea where commerce first flourished in any Northern climate, may again become the depositories of commercial riches; and as the wild warlike spirit of France and Spain banished industry to the North previous to the sixteenth century, the same cause may again produce the same effect; and indeed it is not a little singular, that the last twelve years have restored to prosperity many of those places which had been on the decline since the great Southern Nations cultivated the arts of peace. But those great Southern Nations have once more adopted a system of warfare, of conquest, and oppression, calculated to banish industry and commerce, which have again fled to the North, where there is still the same wish to cherish, and a much greater power to protect than formerly.

When Christianity was introduced into the North, a connexion that was very slender before with Italy and other Christian countries became more strict, the manners of the Northern people grew more polished: by degrees the produce of the South and the North was thus interchanged, and commerce settled on the South shores of the Baltic; and along with commerce many arts and manufactures were introduced. Charlemagne, while he introduced Christianity and commerce into the North of Europe, revived it in the South. He rebuilt Genoa, that had been destroyed by the Lombards, and restored Florence, which had been laid in ruins for more than two centuries. The revival of commerce in Europe may be fixed at this period; and in the North, it was not a revival, but introduction.

"The Pagan Priests, who had been driven from the converted countries, took refuge in Sweden and Denmark, which were several centuries later in embracing the Christian religion.

"The Crusades to the Holy Land were a principal cause of the revival of civilization and commerce in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. All the Princes, and all the Nobles, Knights, and Gentlemen, of Christendom, took an interest in that great enterprize; they returned more civilized, and better acquainted with the use of those luxuries which Southern climates and the luxuries of the East furnish. They had visited Constantinople and Italy, where alone there remained in Europe any vestiges of ancient manners and ancient grandeur; and though the Barons of those days had not the advantage of learning, they were not inferior in ambition or natural talents to those of any other age.

"The Southern shores of the Baltic and the Netherlands owed chiefly their wealth and greatness to this change of manners, which introduced the luxuries of the South and the East into countries to which they were till then almost unknown.

"It was in the end of the twelfth century that the maritime laws of Oleron were first promulgated by Richard the Ist of England, on his return from the Holy Land. And in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the marine laws drawn up by the merchants of Wisby, (in the Isle of

of Gothland,) made their appearance, and became the mercantile code for determining all matters in dispute amongst merchants on all the shores of the Baltic, as well as of all the cities of the Hanseatic League. This proves that commercial matters were become of importance; the nature of trade and the rights and interests of merchants well understood."

Mr. Oddy's remarks on the Fisheries and means of improving them, merit the attention and the thanks of Government, of the Nation, and particularly of our Societies for promoting the Fisheries; all whose plans commonly end in nothing more than jobs for individuals, at the expense of the subscribers. As to large bounties, cunning men soon learn to fish for the bounties, not for cods, ling, or herring.—"All the attempts hitherto made to aid or increase our fisheries, have been made upon a wrong principle. To encourage poor men to work, furnish them with the necessary implements. Though boats and nets are not very expensive, they are far too much so for the fishermen who use them to purchase. In all trades where expensive tools are necessary, such as mills or other machinery, it becomes the business of opulent men to furnish them to the poor labourer, or journeyman; so ought boats, nets, and other requisites, to be furnished the poor fisherman."—Book vii, Chap. v, p. 523.

Mr. Oddy makes it pretty clear, that by the cultivation of our own waste lands, particularly those of Ireland, we might render ourselves independent of Russia, or other Powers, for the great articles of flax and hemp. But it is perhaps better, on enlarged views, to continue and encourage our growing navigation and trade to the Baltic, particularly Russia, and to turn our waste lands to other kinds of produce.

On the whole, Mr. Oddy's book is a valuable present both to individual adventurers in trade and to the great Council of the Nation; who, by due attention and regard to such experience, intelligence, and contrivance, as this Gentleman seems to possess, might combine the remuneration of individual merit with great national advantage.

Hints towards forming the Character of a young Princess. Two Volumes, 12mo. Second Edition.

(Concluded from page 120.)

The second Volume commences with the twentieth Chapter, containing an essay on the true arts of popularity. These hints, enforced by precept and elucidated by example, are certainly just, and may probably be one day useful to the illustrious Pupil whom, we can assure the author, so easily is popularity acquired when the object is interesting, attained it in a very eminent degree before she was four years of age, by the elegant and captivating manner in which, with her hand, she returned the salutations of the people. Slight, and even childish, actions mark character. Were she tutored for years in the true arts of acquiring popularity, she never could become more popular.

The twenty-first Chapter is on the importance of Royal Example in promoting loyalty—On false patriotism—and public spirit.

"It is true," saith the author, "that public virtue and public spirit are *things*" (words) "which all men, of all parties, and all characters, equally agree to extol."

So they do! but, alas! during the course of the last century they have suffered a strange perversion, inasmuch that they have nearly lost their real signification, and (*out of the house*) are scarcely used, except ironically; so that (as Dr. Johnson would have said,) Pope in these lines seemed to *vacillinate*:—

"At length corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful Ministers withstood,)
Shall deluge all; and Avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun.

See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms."

Therefore however desirable the introduction of *true* patriotism and *real* public spirit (which, from the emanation of her own genius, we allow she has most ably described,) may be; yet we fear that they generally love to reside in more sterile regions, and are more likely to be found in the bosom of the

the Alps than in the bosom of the metropolis; for although they are continual themes, they are much more easily spoken of than identified.

The twenty-second Chapter comprises the graces of deportment. These we have already hinted were conspicuous in the Royal Pupil while yet a very infant; at which we the less wonder, as they are absolutely hereditary. Habits of business should unquestionably be acquired by a Prince. Domestic habits must be natural to the Princesses for whom these hints are intended, or she would have availed herself little of the illustrious examples around her. Much as we admire the character of the late Queen Mary, the Royal Pupil has, in this respect, little necessity to turn to the historic page for instruction, because she can enjoy the advantage of imitating a living Queen, upon whose character, if she forms her mind, she will, from the situation which (though we hope it is far distant) she may one day be called to adorn, dispense happiness to all around her.

The twenty-third Chapter is on the Choice of Society.—“Sincerity,” Mrs. M. properly states, “is the bond of familiar intercourse.” She then descants on liberality; gives us some instances of ingratitude in Princes; and concludes with some observations on giving the tone to conversation and manners.

The twenty-fourth, “on the Art of Moral Calculation, and making a true Estimate of Persons and Things.” In this Chapter, as in the others, the positions of the author are illustrated by examples; though she is not quite so correct as usual with respect to that monster Cæsar Borgia. It does not appear that the papacy was an object of his ambition. He could not “by his interest have secured the next election,” because, though he had been Cardinal of Valenza, he had about 1498 divested himself of the purple, and in 1499 married Charlotta, daughter of John d’Albret, King of Navarre; and indeed it has been doubted whether, although he probably suffered by it, he participated in the last crime of Alexander the VIth; but although the incorrectness to which we have alluded in some small degree weakens the force of the example in this instance, the subject of it had still vices enough left

to furnish a dreadful one in every other. With respect to Henry the IVth of France, who “in his pleasure lost his fame,” historical or traditional judgment have not very frequently been false: we have generally seen his character pretty justly appreciated. We surely need not hint to Mrs. M., that in the situation wherein he was placed, and the times wherein he lived, he could not long have been King of Navarre: he must have been Cæsar or nothing.

In the twenty-fourth Chapter, our author, while engaged in the consideration of erroneous judgment, develops the character of Queen Christina, of Sweden, whose darling passion, like that of Wharton, appears to us to have been “a lust of praise;” which most probably acting upon her mental faculties, led the Royal Wanderer into all her eccentricities, and caused her to roam “from country to country, and from court to court, for the purpose of entering the lists with wits, or of discussing knotty points with philosophers, proud of aiming to be the rival of Vossius, when her true merit would have consisted in being his protector. Absurdly renouncing the solid glory of governing well, for the sake of hunting after an empty phantom of liberty, which she never enjoyed; and vainly grasping at the shadow of fame, which she never attained.”

This character, whose enormities the author more fully develops, is contrasted with that of Alfred, than which nothing can be more dissimilar.

Observations on the age of Louis the XIVth and on Voltaire, in the twenty-sixth, lead the author, in the twenty-seventh Chapter, to an examination of the claims of those Princes who have obtained the appellation of THE GREAT.

Louis the XIVth, in the opinion of Mrs. M., seems to have been destitute of all those heroic qualities which are implied in the possessors of that imposing epithet. “We are aware,” she continues, “that the really heroic virtues are growing into general disesteem.” “*The age of Chivalry is gone!*” said a great genius of our own time, one who laboured, though with less effect, to raise the spirit of true chivalry as much as Cervantes had done to lay the false. “The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of

manly

manly sentiment and heroic enterprize, is gone!"*

Yet we think that Louis the XIVth had, even from his patronage of the French Academy, if we consider *who* were its members, nay and from our author's own statement; many more claims to the epithet of the Great than some others who have acquired it. Charles the Vth was great only in his abdication. If he had done the very thing which he has blamed in Henry the IVth of France, (for we cannot believe her to be so intolerant as not to allow that there may be among the Roman Catholics rational Christians as well as bigotted Monks,) if he had changed his religion, we believe, considering her education; that his remorse would have been still greater. Contemplating the historic page, it is easy for us to assign motives for the actions of mankind. It is easy when their lives *have passed* to show how they might have amended them,

* With respect to the sentiment that closes this brilliant passage, that "vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness," we think Mrs. M. is mistaken; and as she has hazarded a censure upon it, we will endeavour to hazard an explanation. The subject upon which Mr. Burke was writing shows that he did not, indeed he could not, mean vice in general, which no man was readier to condemn. With a mind strongly impressed with the ideas of a monarchical and a republican form of government, he was considering them in every point of view, and consequently their *political* vices became the subjects of his reflections. In this pursuit he easily discovered *vice* in each; indeed, as applicable to the Gallic *regime*, the same sort of *vice*, namely, an inordinate desire of power, and an equal desire to oppress, to enslave, and to plunder the people: but, says he, according to our apprehension, this vice (this tyranny) under the old system "lost half its evil by losing all its grossness;" therefore it was not half so mortifying to them as the coarseness and vulgarity of the new. In fact, that the people finding they had only changed their masters, had rather have suffered from the haughtiness of the Nobility, whom they had been taught to reverence, than be tyrannized over, enslaved, and plundered, by those whom a short time before they had perhaps deemed their inferiors."

but exceedingly difficult to develop the situation of their minds during their existence. Who can tell what motive or passion operated upon that of Charles the Vth? It might be remorse; it might be insanity; it might be piety; or indeed it might be a combination of all these, that almost daily diffused over his actions a different tint, as the intellectual light was displayed, reflected, or absorbed.

From the characters of Monarchs who have deserved the appellation of the Great, (an appellation, by-the-bye, which very few even of those the mentions *really* did deserve,) the author proceeds (Chapter XXVIII) to books; which leads her, after enumerating many from which the most useful and elegant subjects of conversation may be drawn, to particularize Telemachus, and to connect it with the Cyropædia of Xenophon. These she contrasts with Il Principe of Machiavel; and we should perfectly agree with her in her conclusion, that "the lives of the pupils are the best comments on the works of the respective authors—Fenelon produced Telemachus and the Duke of Burgundy—Machiavel Il Principe and Cæsar Borgia," but that we unfortunately do not recollect that the Florentine Secretary ever was tutor to the son of Alexander the Vth.

The twenty-ninth Chapter, "Of periodical Essay Writers, particularly Addison and Johnson," we must, however reluctantly, pass over, fearful that we should make our critique as long as the work; yet we cannot suffer it to go without one observation. Surely in our libraries

"No whiter page than Addison remains."

If it is necessary to inform the Royal Pupil of the dissolute manners of former times, where she can with greater safety to her morals or delicacy collect that knowledge than from the works of Addison? we wish to be informed ourselves. Without any fear of appearing too dogmatical, we will venture to assert, that if the preceptors of the illustrious Personage *for the use of whom* this system of education is intended, teach her to prefer the morality, the piety, and even the critical knowledge, (to say nothing of wit, humour, stile, and sentiment,) of Johnson before those of Addison, they will, while they risk *something more* than

her taste, endanger their own reputations.

Books of amusement form the subjects of the thirtieth Chapter. Don Quixote she has ably discriminated; and in her allusion to the works of le Sage and Fielding, justly appreciated the *worth* of the character of Gil Blas; though we think that she has not been so happy with respect to Tom Jones, whose history, if we were not commenting upon the work of a Lady on the subject of female education, we would venture a few words in the defence of.

"The young female," saith our author, who seems to have no aversion to Eastern tales, "is pleasantly interested for the fate of Oriental Queens, for Zobeide, or the heroine of Almorán and Hamet; but she does not put herself in their *place*, she is not *absorbed* in their pains or their pleasures, she does not identify her feelings with *theirs*, as she too probably does in the case of Sophia Western:" that is to say, (and which, by-the-bye, is a strong, because a natural proof of its merit,) she does not prefer the sickly, sophisticated, chalk and water composition of Hawkesthorn, to the ingenious, spirited, and genuine effusions of Fielding. If the young female discriminates so justly, she exhibits a proof of sense, taste, and feeling, which may, if properly directed, be turned to the wisest and best of purposes.

Shakspeare and English tragedy next engage the attention of Mrs. M.; whence she proceeds (Chapter XXXI) to books of instruction. Upon Lord Bacon's History of Henry the VIIth, however she may admire his other works, she seems to have no mercy; a proof that she has, as we have observed, taken some things *upon trust*. Budgell, we need not inform her, is a name of no authority; and we would wish, before she again decides upon a work which has stood the test of ages, that she would suffer her own good sense and sound judgment to operate. We are little apt to be caught by the whistling of a name; and if we were, it would not be that of Bacon, for whose character (and do what we will the idea of character will too frequently mingle with the consideration of an author's works,) we have not the profoundest respect; and yet we can discern in Bacon's History of Henry the VIIth all those requisites which Dr.

Johnson stated to be absolutely necessary in that kind of composition. Whether the Doctor was exactly right in his examples, is a question which we cannot now stop to examine; but that we think he was *nearly* so we request Mrs. M. will do us the credit of believing.

The next consideration that occupies the mind of Mrs. M. is the Holy Scriptures. Upon these subjects, as we have already observed, she is peculiarly excellent. In treating of those authors whom she has judiciously selected, whose works, with some trifling allowances in general, she has as judiciously discriminated, we may discern ideas and opinions which arise from a course of reading, and from habits of reflection that run in some degree parallel with those of others who have considered the same subjects with the same degree of attention; but in her examination of these she seems to rise above all, at least above all her *lay* contemporaries.

There is in her observations upon the Holy Scriptures a fervour, a glow of devotional animation, which, proceeding from the heart, flies directly to the heart. Her short consideration of the Old Testament is truly excellent; that of the New, including her observations on the whole of the prophetic parts of the divine Volume, invaluable.

The thirty-fourth Chapter is "On the abuse of terms—Enthusiasm—Superstition—Zeal for religious opinions no proof of religion."

The thirty-fifth directs the Royal Pupil's attention to that great event "The Reformation."

The thirty-sixth treats of the importance of religious institutions and observances; which leads the author, in the thirty-seventh, to the consideration of the Established Church of England. Here we fear that Mrs. M., in her exulting appreciation of our Established Church over that of Helvetia or Germany, though we allow it to be in some respects just, has rather stated its *present* influence upon the patriotism and the morals of the people, as she wishes it to operate, than as it *really* is. It is impossible for her to be acquainted with the *deep shades* which the picture of moral depravity (too frequently the objects of our contemplation,) exhibits, as we are; therefore we think it necessary to hint, that however spiritual influence may affect the patriotism,

patriotism, there is, with respect to their morals, among certain orders of the people unquestionably much necessity for a reformation; though if this reformation is not effected, it will not be for want of the exertions of Mrs. M., who has, in her "Sunday Readings" and other works, most meritoriously used her best endeavours to promote it.

The thirty-eighth Chapter bears the characteristic stamp of excellence which impressed the others on these subjects: here she descants "On the Superintendence of Providence manifested in local Circumstances, and in the Civil and Religious History of England."

These religious and political considerations are continued through the next, and comprize reflections arising from our insular situation, from the politic spirit of the Romans, from the domination of the Saxons, and the feudal system; embracing the tolerant spirit of the Church, the duty of instructing the poor, extending to the Revolution and to the providential Succession of the House of Hanover. To follow the author through the extent of these subjects which she has elucidated would far exceed our limits. All of them she has most accurately and ably detailed; some of them she has most benevolently praised. Were her example more generally followed, we should not have occasion to hint at those *deep shades* of moral depravity to which we have just alluded.

The concluding Chapter of this Work is a treatise on Christianity considered as a principle of action, especially as it respects Supreme Rulers. In this Mrs. M. properly states, that "the religion which is in this little work meant to be inculcated is not the gloomy austerity of the ascetic; it is not the fierce intolerance of the bigot; it is not the mere assent to historical evidence, nor the formal observances of the nominal Christian; it is not the extravagance of the fanatic, nor the exterminating zeal of the persecutor; though all these faint shadows and distorting caricatures have been frequently exhibited as the genuine portraits of Christianity by those who either never saw her face, or never came near enough to delineate her fairly, or who delighted to misrepresent and disfigure her."

Mrs. M. then having thus ably depicted the false, gives us a most glowing, animated, and emphatic definition

of the true religion, which she states to be "the most sober, most efficient, most natural, and therefore most happy, exercise of right reason," and in language in which she says that there is no enthusiasm, but in which we say there is that best, because that genuine enthusiasm which arises from the heart, and springs into an exaltation of ideas. She considers the subject as peculiarly applicable to Princes; and after stating that pious Sovereigns are at all times the richest boon which Heaven can bestow upon a country, and making some allusions to the present situation of Europe, concludes with these lines: "Who can say how much we are indebted for our safety hitherto to the blessing of a King and Queen who have distinguished themselves above all the Sovereigns of their day by strictness of moral conduct and by reverence for religion? May their successors to the latest posterity improve upon, instead of swerving from, their illustrious example!"

Having made so many remarks as we have perused the several Chapters of this Work, we have the less occasion to continue those general observations with which we introduced them. On the difficulty and delicacy of the task which Mrs. M. has undertaken we have already expressed our sentiments. That she has, generally speaking, executed it in a manner which does the highest credit to her literary abilities we can unequivocally assert. We have heard it suggested, that there is discernible through the whole of the work a desire to display a vast fund of erudition with which many are acquainted, and a reference to an immense mass of reading within the reach and the minds of most: but if we divest ourselves of the idea of its being a code of directions for tutors, who cannot be supposed to want any, and consider it as a system, or hints for a system, of female education in general, we think that it may be read, and not only read but praised, with the greatest advantage; and that in pursuance of her plan, it was absolutely necessary for Mrs. M. to bring every author whom she has referred to to bear upon the subject. Whether those references are not too numerous? Whether the plan which she has drawn for the education of the illustrious Pupil is not, if acted upon to its full extent, more likely to produce confusion than perspicuity in her mind?

mind? are questions which we shall not take upon us to decide. That a memory stored with an infinite variety of reading, and a strong and comprehensive intellect, have been employed to form a work at once useful and entertaining, no one can deny. That the religion and piety of the author are as exemplary as her remarks and applications are generally just, is equally obvious: therefore we take this opportunity, while we felicitate Mrs. M. on this successful effort of her genius and her talents, to recommend their effusions to the consideration of the Public.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.
By William Rojcoe. Four Volumes, 4to.

(Continued from page 131.)

The tenth Chapter, wherein the time it includes is no longer remarked, (whether because the Cardinal de Medici, who in it touches the utmost height of all his greatness, can be no longer supposed to be necessitated to enumerate days or hours, months or years, we shall not pretend to determine,) commences with the assembling of the Conclave, and the mode of election to the Papal See; circumstances so well known, that it is impossible for the genius of any author to give to them an air of novelty. But although we could not expect much novelty from these, we had hopes that we should have found it even in the opening of the pontificate of Leo the Xth, whom we have so arduously pursued through all the vicissitudes of his Cardinalship up to his present elevated station. How great, therefore, our disappointment is to see the man whose character has hitherto risen upon us with every change of his circumstances, entering into the mazes of Italian politics, though with a view to obtain peace, the reader will imagine.

Leo the Xth could, probably, as soon have stopped the convulsive throes and the ebullitions of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, as have harmonized the contentious spirits around him, or have counteracted the almost insane incursions of Louis the XIIth; but it would have exalted his character much in our ideas if he had attempted, not by treaty, (for negotiation was the *daily bread* of the Italians at that period, one treaty generally producing several contentions, and every contention other

treaties,) but by example. We had hoped to have seen him exalting himself above all these provincial disputes and paltry considerations, exerting his supreme power as Head of the Church, and influencing by virtue rather than policy. Towards this although he certainly made some efforts in this Chapter, we must wait till another to see with what effects they were attended.

The most striking circumstances in this part of the work, after the ceremonies, are the treaty of Mechlin, betwixt Leo the Xth and Henry the VIIIth of England; the attack of the Milanese by Louis the XIIth; the expulsion of the French from Italy; the invasion of France by Henry the VIIIth; the battle of the Spurs, (which appellation arose from the wit of one of our countrymen, who said, that the French made more use of these than of their swords upon this occasion;) the attack of England by the King of Scotland; the congratulatory letter of Leo the Xth to Henry the VIIIth; and, finally, the humiliation and absolution of Louis the XIIth, "the latter of which was" (from the situation of his affairs) "now complete; and Leo the Xth, with the consent of the Council, gave him full absolution for all offences against the Holy See.

Respiring from the turbulence of contention, relieved from the fatigues and horrors of war, we in the eleventh Chapter, which comprises a period including the years 1513 and 1514, seem awhile to luxuriate in the pursuits of literature. The contemplation of this subject we believe to be more agreeable to the author; as it certainly is to ourselves, than many of those that have been discussed in the preceding pages of this elegant and elaborate work.

"Of the state of literature at Rome when the Cardinal de Medici first took up his residence there," says Mr. R., "some account has already been given in the former part of this work. Since that period, upwards of twenty years had elapsed without affording any striking feature of improvement."

In fact, we find that in the confusion of the times the state of learning had suffered under a very extraordinary degree of depression, from which it was the general expectation (in consequence of the attachment that Leo the Xth had, while Cardinal, discovered towards letters and the arts,) he

he would raise it. Under the influence of this idea, (natural to all, but peculiarly so to men of genius, who, as they are more ardent, are more sanguine than those of common mould,) it is not surprising that he should find a shower of eulogy fall upon him soon after his investiture, or that he should be commended for talents which had not as yet burst forth, and praised for labours which he had not as yet performed. Of this propensity to idolize prosperity the author adduces some instances: we think that he could have quoted many more.

Felicitas multos habet amicos.

The first step taken by Leo the Xth toward answering these demands upon his patronage, was the restoration of the Gymnasium, or Roman University, founded by Eugenius the IVth, to its former state. He recovered its revenues that had been directed to less laudable purposes, and filled the Chairs of its Professors with eminent scholars, whom the fame of his liberality had attracted from different parts of Europe. His next effort was directed to the promotion of the study of the Greek language; in consequence, he converted the residence of the Cardinal of Sion, on the Esquilian Hill, into an academy for this purpose, under the direction of Giovanni Lascari. How much the Pope had this institute at heart appears by his letter to Musurus, from whom Mr. R. quotes some very elegant verses, prefixed to an edition of the works of Plato; of which he had, by the desire of Aldo Manuzio, superintended the printing. The result of these verses, and of the assiduity of Musurus, was his appointment to the Archbishopric of Malvaia; a circumstance that at once shows the attachment of Leo to learning, and his propensity to liberality.

"The efforts of Leo the Xth for the promotion of liberal studies were emulated by many persons of rank and opulence, but by no one with greater munificence and success than by a merchant who had for some time resided at Rome, and who deserves more particular commemoration in the annals both of literature and art than he has hitherto obtained."

Agostino Chigi, Chigi, or Ghigi, as he is variously named, was, it appears, a native of Siena, who erected for himself a splendid house at Rome, for the

convenience of his mercantile concerns, in the decoration of which he evinced his taste and munificence, by employing the greatest artists. Those effusions were also most conspicuously displayed at the rejoicing that had taken place on the procession of Leo the Xth to the Lateran. In the magnificence concomitant to this spectacle, he exceeded every other individual at Rome. He seems to have been in the confidence of the family of the Medici, and the similarity of their pursuits endeared him to the Pontiff in particular. Among the learned men patronized by Agostino, we find the names of Cornelio Benigno, who undertook to superintend an edition of the works of Pindar, accompanied by the Greek Scholia, and of the printer Zaccaria Calliergo. At this period Varina Camerti, an Italian of the order of St. Benedict, is said to have rivalled Lascari, Musurus, and other native Greeks, in the cultivation of this branch of literature. This Priest, who appears to have been particularly devoted to the Medici, was appointed Librarian of their private library, and finally Bishop of Nocera. Cateromachus and Urbano Balzano are also recorded by Mr. R. as Greek scholars whose labours adorned this pontificate. The latter, who had travelled through Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, &c. *on foot*, is a most interesting character, not only on account of his great learning, but for his liberal and independent spirit.

"The exertions of Leo the Xth were not, however, exclusively confined to the promotion of any one branch of literature. Soon after his elevation, he caused it to be publicly known, that he would give rewards to those who should procure for him manuscript copies of the works of any ancient Greek or Roman authors, and would at his own expense print and publish them, with as much accuracy as possible. In consequence of this the first five books of the Annals of Tacitus, which Lipsius afterward divided into six, were brought from the Abbey of Corvey, in Westphalia, by Angelo Arcomboldo, who was remunerated by the Pope with the liberal reward of 500 zechins."

The brief which he granted to Bembo for the publication of this work is, in its exordium, curious and interesting, but too long for quotation.

In this Chapter, (which we scarcely know

know how to leave,) the rise of the study of the Oriental languages next attracts the attention of the author. Among those who had made an early proficiency in these was Tessio Ambrogio, of Pavia, regular Canon of the Lateran, who arrived at Rome in the year 1512. In this he was unquestionably assisted by the numerous Ecclesiastics from the East who attended the Lateran Council; though we think, from other circumstances, these languages had spread over Europe, and been much cultivated, long before the period from which their rise is dated by Mr. K., or rather by the Italians. Sure they could not have forgotten the *Crusades*! but if they had, the scriptures were every day before them. The works of Origen, St. Jerome, &c.; the state of the Eastern Churches; and the proceedings of the Eastern Councils; all show that this branch of literature had suffered less by the revolution of ages and the concussions of time than any other. To this we might, were it necessary, add proofs by examples drawn from *lighter* works, that their authors were at an earlier period, even in Italy, much better acquainted with Oriental literature than they are here supposed to have been.

The twelfth Chapter, including only the year 1514, opens with this observation:—"The reconciliation which had been so happily effected betwixt Louis the XIIth and the Roman See was extremely agreeable to the Pope, not only as it afforded a subject of triumph to the Church, in having reduced to due obedience so refractory and powerful a Monarch, but as having also extinguished the last remains of the schism which had originated in the Council of Pisa, and at one time threatened to involve in contention the whole Christian world."

This satisfaction was further increased by a coincidence of fortunate events; of which the most brilliant in the ideas it opened, and the most important in its consequences, was the discoveries of Vasco de Gama in the East, under the patronage of Emanuel, King of Portugal. Splendid in all his arrangements, the processions upon this occasion seemed to emanate from the mind of the Pontiff. These were emulated by the Ambassador from Portugal, who arrived with magnificent presents to the Pope, and on his entry exhibited a procession new to the mo-

dern Italians, except in the Eastern fables, which we have hinted were probably then in circulation. An elephant of extraordinary size preceded his chariot, while two leopards, a panther, and other uncommon animals, followed. "Several Persian horses richly caparisoned appeared also in the train, mounted by natives of the same country dressed in their proper habits, &c."

In return for these public testimonies of consideration and respect, the Pope granted the new-discovered countries to the Monarch, and soon after transmitted to him *a consecrated rose*; which he for some time hesitated whether he should send to Portugal or to the Emperor Maximilian. However, the elephant and leopards carried it in favour of the former. Leo the Xth endeavoured next to prevent an alliance betwixt that restless being Louis the XIIth and the houses of Spain and Austria; in which he was not successful. We then find him engaged in a pursuit more congenial to his situation, which was an endeavour to reconcile the French and English Sovereigns. This ended in an alliance, and, as is well known, in the marriage of Louis to the Princess Mary, sister of Henry the VIIIth. Upon this occasion Wolfsey first makes his appearance in these volumes. In this negotiation his policy became conspicuous, and was ultimately successful.

"On the 2d day of October, 1514, the Princess Mary embarked at Dover, to which place she had been accompanied by the King and Queen, who then consigned her to the Duke of Norfolk to be conducted to Abbeville. A numerous train of Nobility also attended her to that city, where the marriage was celebrated with great splendor the ninth day of the same month. After the ceremony, her whole retinue was dismissed, except a few confidential attendants, among whom were Ann Boleyn, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn. The coronation took place shortly afterwards at Paris; on which occasion magnificent spectacles were exhibited, with jousts and tournaments, in which the Duke of Suffolk and the Marquis of Dorset came off with honour. The King and Queen of France were spectators; but Louis, although not at an advanced age, was so infirm that he was obliged to recline upon a couch."

A very entertaining part of this Chapter

Chapter is the singular interview between Erasmus and the Papal Legate Canossa, who appeared at a dinner with the sage in the character of a merchant, and listened to a conversation in Greek which might have operated to the disadvantage of the former had the ideas of the Legate been less liberal.

We are happy, under the auspices of Leo, to behold the tranquillity of the city of Florence restored, and those exhibitions, first introduced by Lorenzo de Medici, which combined the charms of poetry with the most striking effects of picturesque representation, again revived, as these are the surest symptoms that all was peace within.

The triumph of Camillus, the tournaments, and the views of aggrandizing the family of the Medici, now "the tired nation breathed from civil war," we must pass over.

We have still less inclination to notice the design that was engendered in the mind of the Pope, of excluding the young Archduke from the kingdom of Naples, and for uniting the dutchies of Ferrara and Urbino to Tuscany, because we think it does him very little credit.

This Chapter, after wandering again into the intricacy of Italian politics, concludes with the death of Louis the XIIth of France; which very properly also concludes this Volume, in which he had been so active, and we are sorry to add, (considering him as in a great degree responsible for the enormities of his armies,) so sanguinary.

"About two months after the death of the King, his young and beautiful widow married the accomplished Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, to whom she is supposed to have been attached before her former marriage, and who attended her to France, although he was not nominated as one of the Embassy. Mezerai asserts, that the Duke of Angoulême, afterwards Francis the Ist, caused this English Lord to be narrowly watched, lest he should give the King a successor."

Where Mezerai obtained this piece of Court scandal, (which, however in the latter part it may accord with the character of Francis the Ist, at once cautious and libidinous, is not in the former the least consonant to that of the English Princess,) it is not in our power to conjecture.

Volume the Third.

This Volume opens with the assumption of the title of Duke of Milan by Francis the Ist; and his character (saith the author) was a sufficient pledge that it would not long be suffered to remain *merely nominal*.

"From his infancy he had been accustomed to hear of the achievements of his countrymen in Italy. The glory of Gaston de Foix seemed to obscure his own reputation; and at the recital of the battles of Brescia and Ravenna, he is said to have expressed all those emotions of impatience which Cæsar felt on contemplating the statue of Alexander."

We find him therefore, in order to unfetter his *arms*, so that he might pursue the object of his ambition with that ardour so natural to him, entering into an alliance with the Archduke, so well known afterwards by the title of Charles the Vth, (who, although only fifteen years of age, had assumed the government of the Low Countries,) and also with Henry the VIIIth of England; which negotiation was productive of a treaty, signed at Westminster the 4th of April 1515: in this, through the whole, Francis cautiously affixed to his other titles those of Duke of Milan and Lord of Genoa.

The union of these three Princes, young, spirited, enterprising, ambitious, and withal romantic, seemed to bode no good to Italy. What the event would have been, had it not been checked by the secession of Ferdinand and the Emperor Elect Maximilian, and in the end rendered nugatory by their impetuosity, it is easy to conjecture.

Under this alarming aspect of public affairs, Leo the Xth, whose sagacity enabled him to discover that the only means which he possessed to render himself of importance to all parties, was to hold himself independent of any; a conduct equally consistent with the dignity of his situation and his own inclination, engaged in the cultivation of literature and the arts, and in forming domestic arrangements. The progress of the former of these pursuits we have already seen in the last Chapter; and the effects of the latter became now apparent, in the marriage of Giuliano de Medici with Eleonora of Savoy, sister to Louisa Duchess of Angoulême, mother to Francis the Ist: he therefore

therefore seems to have had little time, and less inclination, to hazard his repose, by taking an active part in the political and military schemes of the Potentates whom we have mentioned.

But although (looking upon the mere surface of things,) his disinclination to appear either as a politician or as a warrior, is, we think, pretty apparent, yet the confidential intercourse betwixt him and Cardinal Bibbiona, one of whose letters is inserted, shows that the members of the Medici family were infected with those ambitious views and projects which were at that period concomitant to the general system, wherefore ever elevated rank favoured their expansion. This letter is curious, not only as it alludes to those views, but also informs us how much pains were taken, by shows, festivities, and even theatrical representations, to dazzle the eyes, and attract the senses of the people towards the magnificence of the Medicean family, which the members of it, probably, and indeed naturally, considered as the surest road to their approbation and favour.

We find in this epistle three passages that regard this country. They are interesting, as they show that neither Leo nor his Minister could look with an indifferent eye even upon transactions in which the Holy See does not seem in any way concerned.

"We hear by way of France, that the King of England intends to give his sister to the Duke of Suffolk; to which she is *not averse*. This is not much believed; and yet the intelligence is pretty authentic."

"The King of England is resolved that his sister shall on no account remain in France."

"The Emperor and Catholic King are using all their efforts to have her married to the Archduke."

These efforts may perhaps serve to account for the precipitancy of the marriage of the Princess Mary to the Duke of Suffolk; which has been more than once censured as indelicate.

After having tried all the arts of negotiation, (for which, as we have already observed, the age was celebrated,) Leo the Xth was obliged at length to take a decided part in the contention of the times. He had been courted by both parties; but, in opposition, as it would appear, to the interests of his house, he ranged on the side where justice preponderated, and open-

ly acceded to the general league formed for the defence of Milan.

The assumption of Fergoso, Doge of Genoa, of the title of Governor for the King of France, was the first indication of hostilities. This Officer endeavoured to justify his conduct by the example of the Pontiff, and produced a specimen of false reasoning which contains at once a sarcasm upon Leo and himself.

Sorry as we are to observe that this, the third Volume of the Work, is almost a repetition of those contentions that disgraced the two former, we feel ourselves obliged, however slightly, to advert to them.

While Francis the Ist was upon the point of crossing the Alps, the league betwixt the Pope, the Kings of the Romans, Arragon, &c., was proclaimed: at the same time Henry the VIIIth sent an Envoy to the French Monarch, admonishing him not to disturb the peace of Christendom; which, as may be supposed, had no effect.

The active exertions of the French, before whose ardour the Alps seemed to sink, induced Leo, who appears to have been pretty much governed by circumstances, and to have had in his disposition less stability than we should have expected from the *principal support* of the Church, to relax his opposition to France, and by the means of his confidential Envoy to endeavour to effect a new treaty, for the purpose, as has been most probably conjectured, that in case Francis proved successful he might be found engaged in negotiation with him.

Mr. R. seems, in this part of the Work, to have entered with unnecessary minuteness into the transactions of the French, the Swiss, and their allies.

By the exertions of the Cardinal of Sion, who was an Helvetian, and a most *eminent* member of the Church Militant, the Gallic encampment at Marignano was assailed about two hours before the close of day, and a most dreadful battle fought, which, with the intermission of only a few hours of darkness, was continued during the next. Here Francis the Ist greatly distinguished himself; but although his troops were *said* to be victorious, it seems to have been that kind of *victory* which, had it been succeeded by another of the same species, would have annihilated his whole army.

This

This battle, and the consequent surrender of Milan, induced the cautious Pontiff to form an alliance with the French Monarch; in which his example was followed by the Venetians.

In this Chapter we contemplate the appointment of Wolsley to the Cardinalship; which produces a variety of negotiation, and a chain of causes and consequences, ably, and we have no doubt (as they were before so well known) accurately detailed, but of little importance in the construction of this Work, and therefore still less the subjects of useful observation.

Interviews were the fashion of those times. The splendid one that took place betwixt Leo the Xth and Francis the Ist at Bologna, of which we have a most ample description, seems to have been the precursor of that betwixt the latter Monarch and Henry the VIIIth in the vale of *Arde*. Of the magnificent procession which attended the Pontiff when he entered his native city (Florence), the ceremonies that succeeded, together with the interview at Bologna, a very entertaining account is given; to which we must refer the reader, as the description of these spectacles, though perhaps in themselves absurd, and in their events certainly nugatory, will relieve his mind from the horrid monotony of military exertions, which form so prominent a feature in this part of the Work.

Though the treaty which stimulated this exhibition does not seem to have been concluded, the Pragmatic sanction was, for a time, abolished, and Leo decorated the French Monarch with a cross ornamented with jewels, estimated of the value of fifteen thousand ducats, and presented to Maria Gaudin a diamond of immense value, since denominated the *Gaudin* diamond, besides presents to others, which at once display proofs of his liberality and magnificence.

His affability and benignity seem also to have made such an impression upon the French, that, affected with his deportment, several of the Nobility expressed their contrition for their opposition to the Holy See, which they alleged to have arisen from the haughtiness, austere, and cruel conduct of Julius the II. Nay, the Monarch himself made a similar confession. "Upon which Leo the Xth stretching out his hands gave them his absolution and pontifical benediction. The King then

turning to the Pope, said, 'Holy Father, you must not be surprised that we were such enemies to Julius the II, because he was always the greatest enemy to the French, insomuch that in our times we have not met with a more formidable adversary; for he was, in fact, a most excellent Commander, and would have made a much better General than a Roman Pontiff.'

This Chapter, like many others in this work, has a melancholy termination, for it concludes with the death of Giuliano de Medici at Florence, (17th March 1516,) and the attempt of some Barbarian Corsairs to seize the person of the Pontiff at Civita Lavinia; from which, however, he had the good fortune to escape.

The fourteenth Chapter contains the transactions of the years 1516 and 1517.

"After twenty years of warfare and desolation," (saith the author,) "Italy began to experience some respite from her calamities. The contest was not indeed wholly terminated, but it was confined to the Venetian territories."

Neither was the conquest of Milan and the progress of the French arms regarded with indifference by Ferdinand of Aragon, whose reign teemed with events of the utmost importance to mankind; of which the discovery of the New World, the expulsion of the Moors, and the establishment of the Inquisition, are the most prominent. This Monarch, who seemed for many years to have been placed in the centre of the political system of Europe, was himself, if cunning and fraud may be termed *policy*, (and we fear that they have assimilated with the art of government like *mercury* acting upon *gold*,) one of the most consummate politicians that ever wore a crown.

However, (as if to show the futility of human science and human enterprise,) the mortal career of Ferdinand was terminated while he was probably forming plans of future aggrandizement and acquisition. He died at an advanced age, the 23d Jan. 1516.

The sagacity that had marked his character (and which, according to his own expression, had enabled him more than ten times to cheat Louis the XIIth, and indeed in some instances to be *even* with our Henry the VIIIth,) was still operated upon by a narrow bigotry, which descended to his successors Charles the Vth and Philip, and in their adust compositions became the scourge of Europe; though the author

hints, that the extraordinary piety of Ferdinand was the emanation of *his sagacity*.

In those times the death of a Monarch was generally a signal for convulsions and revolutions in the political system. The *tindery* substance of treaties was frequently broken, and as frequently inflamed by some *spark* arising from a collision that caused an explosion; by which, according to the Indian practice, thousands perhaps of his subjects were impelled to follow him.

This happened upon the demise of Ferdinand. Milan was still the source of contention, against which the Emperor Maximilian made an unsuccessful attempt. This Francis the Ist suspected the Pope of having favoured. Whether he did or not is of little importance. But as he also appears to have possessed a portion of that political sagacity which, in another instance, we have just commemorated, we rather think he was, at this time, too much engaged in designs respecting the aggrandizement of his own family to attend to matters that did not seem to be very intimately connected with it.

The excommunication of the Duke of Urbino, and his expulsion from his dominions by Leo the Xth in favour of his nephew Lorenzo de Medici, seems (however the banished Duke might have deserved his resentment,) a piece of *policy* perfectly *Arragonian*: he even, *cheap* as absolution was to himself, refused to absolve this Prince. "The Pontiff, to whom the care of all Christendom was entrusted, after despoiling the object of his resentment of all his possessions in this world, refused to pardon him even in the next."

Having without effect endeavoured to counteract the negotiations for the establishment of the peace of Europe, the Pope resolved to have a league in opposition. To this he had the address to prevail on the Emperor Elect, the King of England, and even the Spanish Monarch, to accede. This treaty was concluded at London the 29th of October, 1516.

The disbandment of a great number of troops was one of the consequences of this general pacification. Of this the exiled Duke of Urbino took the advantage, and engaging many of the Italian *Condottieri* in his service, made a movement so rapid that it anticipated the vigilance of the Papal Commander, whose soldiers, as Voltaire says,

"fought like true soldiers of the Pope;" so that in a few weeks "the Duke, without a single engagement of any consequence, found himself as suddenly restored to his authority as he had been a short time before deprived of it."

While Leo was requiring the aid of all Christendom against this refractory spirit, it stimulated its possessor to challenge Lorenzo de Medici, who committed the bearers of this missive to prison. The war of Urbino now commenced. In the first battle Lorenzo was dangerously wounded. The interference of Giulio de Medici seems to have reduced the bands of desperadoes of which either army was composed to a little order; and in the event the Duke was compelled to resign his dominions, though upon condition of being freed from the Papal censures, and other terms considerably more advantageous than he could have expected.

From negotiations to war, and from war to assassinations and treachery, are transitions so natural in an Italian history, that we do not wonder at meeting with a conspiracy to poison the Pontiff; nor indeed does it greatly increase our astonishment to find that its chief instigator was a member of the *Sacred College*, Cardinal Alfonso Petrucci, who employed a surgeon of the name of Battista da Vercelli, who had in the absence of his own medical attendant been required to assist Leo in a painful and dangerous complaint, and who was (had not the Pope, from motives of a delicacy fortunate to himself, refused to be relieved by a stranger,) to have administered poisonous ingredients mixed with his applications.

Upon investigation, it was found that several other Cardinals, who confessed their guilt, were implicated in this conspiracy; the author of which was strangled in prison, and some of the agents also executed.

The observations of Mr. R. on this event are judicious, and his deductions correct. To obviate the apprehensions felt by Leo the Xth from his conduct in this transaction, which we agree with him was severe, he created in one day thirty-one Cardinals. This is, we believe, the greatest number ever raised to the Purple at one time, and, however eligible they might have been in point of learning and talents, seems to have engendered part of that dissatisfaction,

satisfaction, the consequences of which soon after shook the system from which they emanated. However, saith the author,

"This important and decisive measure, by which the Pontiff diminished the influence of the Cardinals then in the College, and called to his society and councils his confidential friends and relatives, may be regarded as the chief cause of the subsequent tranquillity and happiness of his life, and of the splendour and celebrity of his pontificate."

Of the splendour of the pontificate of Leo the Xth the author adduces the instances of his munificence and liberality to his cousin Giulio de Medici, and alludes to many more, in which, with a largeness universal as the sun, he dispersed the beams of his favour all over Europe; though we do not very distinctly see how the *integrity* of the Church could be promoted by the same person being at "the same time an Archbishop in Germany, a Bishop in France, an Abbot or Prior in Poland or Spain, and a Cardinal at Rome!"

The happiness of the subjects of Leo the Xth is next detailed: and we should very readily concede, that even if happiness consisted in the splendour of literary establishments, and in the encouragement of graphic genius, the Romans in his age were comparatively happy. But it appears that the Pontiff, by abrogating those monopolies which had disgraced the country, and by thus unshackling commerce, fixed their prosperity upon a much surer foundation; so that while the public enjoyed the full benefit of these popular measures, the learned and the artists have been careful to transmit the applause resulting from them to posterity. Of this we have here two instances, in the inscription of the Capitoline statue and the medal that is appended to this Chapter.

The next, which is the fifteenth, containing the events of the years 1517 and 1518, begins with the dissolution of the Council of the Lateran, and the commencement of the Reformation.

"In reviewing the progress of the human race from the earliest assignable period, the chief part of their course seems to have lain through a cheerless desert, where a few scanty spots of verdure seem only to have served to increase the horrors of the surround-

ing desolation: such has been the powerful effect of moral causes on the happiness of mankind. Nor ought we to forget that on ourselves alone depends our exemption from a similar debasement; and that without a vigilant exertion of the faculties we possess, ages of ignorance darker than the world has yet experienced may yet succeed."

The author dates the period of the emancipation of the human mind from the beginning of the fourteenth century: and it is a curious circumstance, that although he tacitly allows the first steps toward the Reformation to have been taken by the early promoters of literature, (after it had smouldered from the times of the Greeks and Romans through the dark ages, who arraigned the misconduct of the Clergy, among whom he names Dante, Petrarcha, Boccaccio, &c.), yet he seems to have forgotten Chaucer, the cotemporary of Petrarcha*, who certainly (if the exposure of the libidinous conduct of the priesthood, and the ridiculing particular circumstances, were of any use in planting those seeds which in a subsequent age flourished in the Reformation,) deserves his full share of the praise to which the others are entitled.

The powers of ridicule are in this century little known, and still less understood; though the writers at the beginning of the last used them to produce a change in the political, as their predecessors had in the religious system, and with nearly the same success. What has *blunted* their effect, except it be the want of *proper food*, in the present age, it is not necessary here to inquire.

Fully aware of the dangerous consequences that must accrue to the Church

* Neither, in tracing the events which led to this interesting period, does Mr. R. mention Arnold of Brescia, and Tanchelm of Antwerp, who in the twelfth century first viewed the depraved manners of the age, and the intemperate lives of the Monks and Clergy, and thundered anathemas, exhortations, and declamations, in the streets of different cities, against the Pope, Bishops, &c.; by which, had matters been ripe, a reformation might then have been effected. Nor does he, that we recollect, mention Wickliffe, though certainly well acquainted with the influence of his doctrine.

from the further exposure of the enormities of its members, the Roman Pontiff and Cardinals, instead of introducing order and decorum amongst those under their immediate jurisdiction, did the very thing that they should have avoided; they endeavoured to restrain, and to persecute those that had published, those reprobatory writings. The effect of this, as might have been foreseen, was to excite a desire in the people to read them, and eventually the causing these works secretly to spread, which perhaps, without this prohibition, would have remained unnoticed.

To the revival of classical literature, and of the study of the Platonic philosophy, the author attributes the *schism* that now divided the Church. We cannot stop to argue the matter with him; but we conceive, that the defects, or rather enormities, of the system itself first produced those objections to it which the peace that now prevailed gave the people an opportunity to examine. Of these the promulgation of *indulgencies* was the most obviously absurd, and consequently the firmest ground upon which that singular character, Martin Luther, could erect his battery of opposition.

The history of the events that led to, and were included in, the Reformation, (the transition itself, so well known, so important, and so widely felt,) have been so frequently detailed, examined, commented on, re-examined, revised, and controverted, that it is impossible for the pen of ingenuity to add new matter, or the most excursive imagination to add new arguments to the subject: we shall therefore pass over the remainder of this Chapter with only this observation.

It was impossible for Martin Luther (who seems, like Peter the Hermit, or perhaps still more like his patron Gregory the VIIth, born to command the passions of mankind,) to have existed in a more fortunate period for the promulgation of his doctrines; for although we may observe in this and many histories strong traits of the opulence, magnificence, ambition, and contentions of the Great, (for of such materials all histories are composed,) we have no accurate idea, at least until we deeply reflect upon the subject, that most of these *materials*, however splendid they may appear in the decorated page, are derived from the sufferings of the people: yet how the people had suffer-

ed, how their purses had been drained, their countries desolated, and themselves destroyed, will be seen even in this our cursory examination of these volumes. Necessity, therefore, urged the survivors *to think*, and thereby produced that kind of general disposition towards *reformation* upon which Luther and his followers, who seized the critical period when passion, and even superstition, gave way to reason and conviction, founded his and their opposition to venerable and long-venerated establishments. He entered the field of controversy armed with proofs of the enormities and gross speculation which had engendered those evils under which the people groaned; with those he operated, upon these he worked; with those instruments of the corruptions of the Church in his hands, he, even individually, balanced the scale against the whole Christian world, and at length broke the beam which he could not wholly incline in his favour.

The sixteenth Chapter (1518), in the encouragement afforded to men of talents at Rome, commemorates the golden age of Leo the Xth. We have already remarked the ardour with which he applied, and the munificence which he devoted to the cultivation of the Greek and the purification of the Latin languages. In this Mr. R., in the first instance, commemorates the Italian poets. Sannazario has been already noted for something better than even verse. Tebaldeo (who, as poets are the most whimsical beings upon earth, was, it appears, confined to his bed for some time, having no other complaint than the loss of his *relish* for wine, though, if we may believe our Ben Jonson, this, to a bard, was a very important one.) and Bernardo Accolti, called l'Unico Aretino, (as we apply O Rare! to the poet just mentioned,) follow. The latter appears to have been one of the Apostolic Secretaries; and so high did his genius stand in the opinions of his countrymen, that "when it was known in Rome that the celestial Bernardo Accolti intended to recite his verses, the shops were shut up as for a holiday, and all persons hastened to partake of the entertainment." Pietro Bembo, the illustrious, comes next in view: he was also a Pontifical Secretary. Beazzano and Molza are next noted; and in reflecting upon the character of the celebrated Ariosto, the chief favourite of the Muses, and the wonder

wonder of his age, the author seems to exhibit a mixture of pleasure and regret. The first arises from the recognition of his old friend by the Pontiff; and the latter, in consequence of his not meeting from him that reward which was certainly due to his exalted merit. Leo, though elevated, as the *Churchwarden* said, was "still a man;" and we think, that if the Apologue inserted ever came to his sight, it was very likely to shut the gates of preferment against its author; for men in exalted stations can little bear reproof, however ingeniously contrived the vehicle may be in which it is conveyed: yet Mr. R. seems to think that Ariosto experienced at different times the liberality of the Pontiff, and that, in particular, he presented him with several hundred crowns toward the publication of his divine poems.

Vittoria Colonna, daughter of the celebrated Commander Fabrizio Colonna, next claims the attention of our author. Both her character and that of her husband, Ferdinand d'Avalos, of her husband, seem well to have deserved it. Costanza d'Avalos, Duchess of Amalfi, Tullia d'Aragonia, Veronica Gambarà, Laura Terracina, &c., complete this groupe of ingenious ladies.

The perfecting the prose Italian satire the author ascribes to the age of Leo the Xth. He here celebrates that eccentric genius Francisco Berni, who, with his cotemporary Teofilo Folengi, excelled in this stile of composition. Triflino and Giovanni Rucellai introduced and adopted the *versi sciolti*, or Italian blank verse. These were followed by Luigi Almanni, the criticisms upon whose works close this era of the poets of Italy.

We cannot leave this Chapter without repeating the observation that we have before made, that in character, anecdote, and elegant criticism, Mr. R. seems very much to excel; therefore those parts of the work into which these subjects are interwoven are by far the most agreeable. Intimately acquainted with Italian literature in all its branches, he has completely analysed, and in most instances justly appreciated it; and these pursuits have naturally led him to the intimate knowledge of the lives and transactions of the different authors. These subjects he has characterized with a strength of outline and glow of colouring that ren-

der them highly interesting, and respecting which he has occasionally introduced particulars that at once relieve and embellish his labours. In the contemplation of these pleasing prospects, we for a time forget the scenes of calamity through which we have waded to obtain a view of them, and, in reality, hail the golden age of Leo.

The seventeenth Chapter, the subjects of which are, we apprehend, included in the date of the preceding, is dedicated to the improvement of classical literature; one department of which, Latin poetry, had made a steady and uniform progress during the course of a hundred and fifty years. To this, saith Mr. R., the pontificate of Leo the Xth was destined to give the *last* impulse. Here he mentions the different authors that have filled this department. But as every thing that we have said respecting the merits of the former Chapter will properly apply to this, we must, however reluctantly, for the sake of brevity, pass it over, with only one remark, viz. that at this period

"Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills."

In the eighteenth Chapter, which includes the years 1518 and 1519, the historian travels to Asia, and, in a short account of his enormities, adverts to the life of that sanguinary barbarian Selim the 1st, who, striding over the mangled bodies of his father Bajazet and his elder brother Achmet, mounted the Ottoman throne about the year 1512; whereon he was scarcely seated, before he murdered five of his brother's sons; all of whom were under twenty, and one only seven years of age. To these he added the destruction of many other of his kindred; and had even intended to have massacred Solyman, his only son, who had, however, the misfortune to survive to inherit the barbarous disposition of his father. Imagining himself now secure, he turned his arms against the Sophi of Persia. His pretence for this expedition was religion. A shade of difference in the construction of the law of the Prophet (which does not, in some instances, appear much clearer than a *modern statute*,) had arisen betwixt the Persians, who are of the sect of Ali, and the Turks, who are the followers of the doctrine

of Omar. In consequence of this, and with a view to their *reformation*, he chose to fly like a whirlwind over the country of the former, and by the extermination of a great number convince those few that remained of the *purity* and *mildness* of the system whose tenets he endeavoured to promulgate. He then turned his arms toward Egypt, where the same success attended them. The Sultan Campson (Gaurus) perished in battle. Cairo was attacked and taken after a storm of near three days, the horrors of which, even in description, causes sensibility to shrink from the historic page. This might have been termed the *first* battle of the Pyramids. Tomombey, the last Sultan of the Mamelukes, was soon after overthrown, and made prisoner, and his empire, which the reader will recollect succeeded that of the Caliphs, annihilated.

These events (especially as Selim pretended, as has been seen, to be actuated by a zeal for religion,) spread considerable alarm over Christendom, and induced Leo the Xth to endeavour to combine the Christian Powers in a close alliance for the defence of the Church.

This splendid project, which commenced with the publication of a five years truce, the Pope was well convinced was not solely to be entrusted to *efforts* of the nature of those that had yet been adopted. "It is folly," said he, "to sit still and suppose that these ferocious enemies can be conquered by *prayers* alone. We must provide our armies, and attack them with all our strength."

In consequence, he used his utmost influence to give energy and efficacy to the measures which he purposed personally to take a part to carry into effect. But it does not appear, however zealous and sanguine in the cause the Pontiff might have been, that he was so successful in establishing this *new Crusade* as his predecessors had been with respect to the *Old*. Whether the Sovereigns of Europe interested themselves less in the cause of religion than they had done some centuries before, or were more jealous of each other, or thought less of the power of the Turks than their ancestors had done of that of the Saracens, is uncertain; but it is certain, that although the Envoys

whom Leo sent to different Courts failed in accomplishing the object of their mission, yet they rendered him very essential service, by replenishing his treasury with large sums of money, which, under the pretext of another *Holy War*, were extracted from the inhabitants of the several European nations, who, it appears, were upon this occasion readier to risk their purses than their persons.

Just noting the nuptials of Lorenzo de Medici and Madelaine de la Tour, we pause a moment to mention the death of Maximilian, the Emperor Elect, as it was an event that occasioned a contention betwixt Charles of Austria and Francis the Ist for the Imperial Crown, and eventually the election of the former, afterwards so well known by the title of Charles the Vth.

This election was a severe disappointment to Leo the Xth; the pangs of which were probably increased by a domestic misfortune accruing from the death of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, said to have been the consequence of his licentious amours while in France. His wife, Madelaine de la Tour, had died in childhood only a few days before, leaving a daughter, named Catherine; "who, by a concurrence of events which cannot in truth be called fortunate, rose to the dignity of Queen of France, and became the mother of three Kings and a Queen of that country, and a Queen of Spain."

With respect to the Florentine State, now become wholly subservient to the authority of the Medici, we have a memorial of Machiavelli, in which his reasoning upon the disadvantages of a mixed government is practically proved to be false and futile, by that now operating in this country.

This Volume concludes with the union of Urbino and the dominion of the Church: and here we cannot help observing, that although Leo the Xth has appeared, through the greater part of it, active, enterprising, and, with respect to his encouragement of the arts and learning, liberal and munificent, he does not impress us with the idea of his having been either that great or that *immaculate* character which we had been taught to expect.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The

The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, displayed in a Series of Select Engravings, representing the most beautiful, curious, and interesting ancient Edifices of this Country; with an Historical and Descriptive Account of each Subject. By John Britton. Part I. 4to.

Mr. Britton has been some years before the Public, as associated with Mr. Brayley, in a most useful and elegant publication called "*The BEAUTIES of England and Wales*;" (a title, by the way, far from being comprehensive enough to indicate the real scope of their plan.) The popularity which that work has acquired in its periodical progress, has, we presume, prompted him to the present undertaking; which the matter contained in this first Part, we think, shows him to be qualified to carry on with effect. "*The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*," he observes, "are justly esteemed its most interesting artificial objects; and have, therefore, peculiar claims on the attention of the antiquary, the historian, and the artist. As tending to develop the science, taste, and customs of our ancestors, they become eminently interesting; and as immediately connected with our *National History*, they furnish a theme of instructive entertainment to Englishmen. It is a fact justly regretted, that many fine English buildings are entirely obliterated, and others of singular beauty are daily falling a prey to the slow but sure dilapidations of time, and the reprehensible neglect or destructive hand of man. To preserve *correct delineations* and *accurate accounts* of those that remain to dignify and ornament the country, is the decided object of this work; the leading feature of which will be, *near views* of such buildings as are distinguished for their antiquity, curiosity, or elegance, drawn and engraved with scrupulous accuracy; and elucidated by such descriptive accounts as are calculated to define the styles and dates of ancient buildings, and to develop the history of Saxon, Norman, and English Architecture."

Mr. Britton's work, we understand, will include, besides representations of the earliest buildings, several views of magnificent Cathedrals, elegant Collegiate Churches, richly ornamented Chapels, and other distinguished objects of Architectural importance; and

will collectively exhibit specimens of the various styles which prevailed at different eras, in the Ecclesiastical, Castellated, and Domestic Architecture of Great Britain.

The Part before us contains eight engravings; viz. three Views of St. Botolph's Priory Church, Colchester; two of the Priory Church, Dunstable, (commonly, but less properly, written Dunitable); one Plate of the Ornaments of the said Church; a View of the Tower Gateway of Layer Marney House, Essex; and one of St. Nicholas Church and the Abbey Gateway at Abingdon. Each plate is inscribed to some distinguished author or artist; as Benjamin Well, Esq., President of the Royal Academy; John Nichols, Esq., the Historian of Leicestershire; Sharon Turner, Esq., Author of the History of the Anglo Saxons; and Henry Ellis, Esq., of the British Museum.

The bold and rich style in which the several subjects are engraven do great credit to the respective parties concerned; and if the work be continued with correspondent spirit, care, and elegance, we think it cannot fail of meeting with encouragement from the amateurs of the arts.

An Excursion to the Highlands of Scotland and the English Lakes; with Recollections, Descriptions, and References to historical Facts. 8vo.

The author of this agreeable tour is Mr. Mawman, the publisher of it. Considering the numerous publications of a similar nature with which the world has been glutted to satiety, we opened the Volume before us with but slender expectations of entertainment from what we supposed would be a "twice-told tale," and with still less hope of meeting with any novelty to relieve the apprehended dull narrative. In both instances we have been disappointed, and confess we have been both amused and informed. Mr. Mawman has shown himself to be no ordinary traveller; his observations are pointed and appropriate; his style brightly and perspicuous; and he has selected such circumstances to describe as will make the volume a useful and pleasant travelling companion, and as such deserving of the reader's attention.

Soldier's Fare; or, Patriotism. A Poem. 4to. pp. 20. 1805.

This poem is dedicated to Robert Wigram, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel Com.

Commandant of the sixth regiment of the Loyal London Volunteers, and celebrates his liberality and attention to those under his command while on permanent duty at Walthamstow, where "upwards of four hundred Volunteers were provided for upon the premises of the Colonel, and duly partook of his bountiful cheer, under the denomination of SOLDIERS' FARE." For this fare, which was repeated, the author here makes his acknowledgments, in a manner which evinces his gratitude,

though it is not calculated to establish his reputation as a poet.

Domestic Recreation; or, Dialogues illustrative of natural and scientific Subjects. By Priscilla Wakefield. 12mo. 1805, pp. 215.

The subjects of this little Volume are such as will be likely to occur in a family accustomed to observe with attention the objects around them. They are calculated for the improvement of youth of both sexes.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 12.

FOR the benefit of Mr. Elliston, a new Interlude, called "WHO'S AFRAID? Ha, ha, ha!" was performed at the Haymarket Theatre. It was a patriotic effusion founded on the threatened invasion, and was well received.

14. The Haymarket Theatre closed a successful season with *Ways and Means*, *Tom Thumb*, and *Obi*. After the second piece was concluded, Mr. Matthews came forward, and addressed the audience in the following words:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I am deputed by the PROPRIETORS of this Theatre to assure you, that their gratitude is not inferior to the uncommon success which has attended their efforts to obtain your patronage.

"The PARTNERSHIP now formed in this property was established at so late a period in the Spring, that scarcely sufficient time remained to make ready all those varieties of amusement with which it was their wish to present you. They flatter themselves, however, that the very ample encouragement bestowed on their endeavours, this season, is some proof of their having been strenuous to effect all that the nature of circumstances could admit; and they feel it incumbent upon them to redouble their activity for your future entertainment, when more time will be allowed for preparation.

"The PERFORMERS, Ladies and Gentlemen, beg leave to join their very grateful acknowledgments to those of the PROPRIETORS, and we most respectfully bid you farewell."

The same evening Drury-lane Theatre began its winter campaign with

The Country Girl and *The Irishman in London*. The Prince of Wales, Duke of Kent, &c. were present. The house was well filled, and the exertions of Mrs. Jordan in the play and Mr. Johnstone in the farce were greatly applauded. Messrs. Wroughton, Palmer, Barrymore, &c. also received the most flattering welcome.

16. Messrs. Harris, Kemble, and Co., commenced their operations at Covent-garden with abundant promise of success. The entertainments were, *The School of Reform* and *The Padlock*; the latter piece introduced a Mr. BENNETT (from the Bath Theatre,) in the character of *Don Diego*, which he performed with general approbation. He has a good bass voice, and seems, besides, an actor well versed in stage business.—Those favourites of the town, Lewis, Munden, Emery, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Lichfield, &c. received warm plaudits on their several entries.

19. At Drury-lane, *The Wonder* introduced a Mr. and Mrs. DORMER (we believe from the Richmond Theatre) in the characters of *Gibby* and *Flora*. Though somewhat deficient in the Caledonian accent, Mr. Dormer sustained the part with considerable humour, and was favourably received. Mrs. D. is a valuable acquisition to the London stage; she is a pretty woman; has great vivacity and an easy and appropriate deportment, and obtained great applause.

The new announcements for the season at present are;

For *Drury-lane*: *The Young Roscius*; *Mademoiselle Parisot*; Mr. Braham; *Signora Storace*; Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons.

For

For *Covent-garden*: Mrs. Siddons; Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston (re-engaged); Miss Smith, the Bath Heroine; Mr. and Master Oscar Byrne, from Dury-lane; Mr. Lifton, from the Haymarket; and Miss Lupino, from St. Petersburg.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

*Spoken at Cheltenham Theatre, on Occasion of her Benefit, by Miss FISHER *.*

As some poor mariner, his voyage o'er,
Reaches, with ardent leap, the well-known shore; [stride,

And, onward pressing with impatient
The spot approaches where his hopes reside; [mind,

While boding doubts assail his wav'ring
Uncertain what reception he may find;

So I, my labours ended, now appear,
With throbbing breast, your dread decree to hear. [inclin'd,

Should you to blame my efforts seem
Let gentle pity better judgment blind;

And if the ACTRESS cannot claim your
praise, [raise:

At least the CHILD your sympathy may
But should your smiles your gen'rous pleasure tell, [swell!

With what fond rapture will my bosom
Whate'er your sentiments, my grateful heart [part.

Disdains WITH YOU to play, a studied
Whether the crown I bear, the sword I wield, [field;

And gather laurels in the well-fought
Like RICHARD †, raving o'er each man-gled corse, [horse!"]

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a
Whether gay ROSALIND ‡ your fancies tickle, [KLE ‖];

Or urchins greet me in the LITTLE PIC-
Whether for gallant ROMEO § I pine,

And tender JULIET breathes throughout
the line; [treat

Or, as the famish'd SHORE¶, with pray'rs

"The smallest pittance; give me but to
eat!"

* This young Lady is about twelve years of age. (See Vol. XLVII, p. 445.) Her performances for the night were, *Moggy McGilpin*, in *The Highland Reel*, and *Nell*, in *The Devil to Pay*. In addition to these, she sung *Crazy Jane* in character, and danced a *Pas Seul* originally composed for her.

† Richard III.

‡ As You Like It.

§ Spoil'd Child.

¶ Romeo and Juliet.

¶ Jane Shore.

Or, fairly cheated by the DUKE * un-civil, [vil!"]

"I make a devil," aye "a very de-
Whether by JOBSON † lash'd, SIR JOHN care's'd,

By MOODY ‡ flouted, or with "poor,
dear, dear, Mr." BELVILLE ble's'd.

Or, when I find my tow'ring spirit fly,
"Like DOUGLAS || conquer, or like DOUGLAS die!"—

Still shall my humble soul its tribute pay,
As round these scenes reflection loves to play! [tear—

With swelling breast I'll drop the grateful
"Alas! I feel I am NO ACTOR here!"

"Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly
state, [ger here;

"Yet grateful mem'ry still shall lin-
"And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate, [der tear!

"You still may greet me with a ten-
"Ah, then forgive me! RITIED let me part!

"Your frowns, too sure, would break
my sinking, sinking heart!"

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

By your Magazine, I am sorry to find that some of my profession behaved in a very *unseamly* manner at the Haymarket Theatre, which must have proceeded from *sheer* ignorance. There is nothing in the entertainment of *The Tailors* at all calculated to offend the *honour* of the trade, for it is not intended to burlesque them, but the Poets of the day; perhaps, however, these *geese* thought the ridicule levelled at both, since there appeared to be some resemblance between the two professions. For instance: the number *nine* is common to both; for it takes nine *Tailors* to make a man, and nine *Muses* to make a poet. They likewise both work by *measure*; but the measures of the one generally produce a *coat*, &c. which is very seldom the case with the *measures* of the other: however, there is a sufficient similarity to confound weak understandings. I hope you will contradict the report that many Master Tailors were parties in the uproar; for I assure you we are not guilty of such bad *habits*, nor will we suffer our journeymen to choose what *pieces* shall appear on the *boards*. I understand these Gentlemen have declared,

* Honey Moon. † Devil to Pay.

‡ Country Girl. || Douglas.

F f 2

that

that if any *Pantaloons* are brought on the stage in future, they will make more *breeches* of the peace. But I hope no well-disposed Tailor will follow such bad *patterns*; for the ninth part of men are *not cut out* for rioting; they had therefore much better pursue peaceable *measures*; particularly as it appears that the Managers don't care a *button* for them, and are determined to commence *suits* against all such-like offenders, that their *jackets may be well trimmed*. And although many of them

may be very clever at *cuffs*, I am certain that if they pretend to enter the *lists* with such notorious *bruisers* as Messrs. Ellison and Mathews, they will get *double milled*.

At some future opportunity I may, perhaps, resume the *thread* of this discourse.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
SANDY M'CABBAGE,
Master Tailor.

Bedfordbury.

POETRY.

THE INSEPARABLES *.

STREPHON, a youth who early came
The genial pow'r of spring to prove,
Regardless of an am'rous flame,
Unheedful of the dart of love,

By chance two matchless sisters saw,
Of heavenly aspect, shape divine;
He felt the force of Nature's law,
Which cried, "Thy haughty heart
resign."

Bright Nancy's charms superior glow,
With splendid brilliance all their own;
Her glossy tresses smoothly flow,
And the vain aids of art disown.

The sweet expression of her eye,
The dimples on her roseate cheek,
Where smiles in soft profusion lie,
And eloquently silent speak.

Her distant glance too fatal aims,
Transfixing every heart from far;
Instant as vivid lightning flames,
And sparkles like a winter's star.

Not Parian marble shows so fair,
Tho' art conspires its form to deck;
Nor alabaster can compare
With the clear lustre of her neck.

See Fanny's milder beauties rise,
Which thrilling ecstacy bestow;
They fascinate our roving eyes,
And as we look, more lovely grow.

The polish'd forehead arch'd and fair;
The bosom's pure effulgent white,
Where ravishing attractions are,
And all seductive strike our sight.

Serene her air as cloudless skies;
Her locks in waving lustre shine;
New graces every moment rise,
Which with magnetic pow'rs combine.
Scarce such were Helen's blooming charms,
Which, irresistibly admir'd,
Impell'd the ancient world to arms,
And ev'ry martial chieftain fir'd.

While such perfections meet in one,
United they by birth and love;
Tho' each sweet maid could charm alone,
Their victories in concert prove.

In temper, amiably kind;
In converse, sociably gay;
Of manners exquisitely mild,
Tho' sprightly as the beaming day.

Their native wit unconscious wounds,
With delicate, but poignant sting;
And sense in ev'ry word abounds,
While fertile Fancy's on the wing.

Each action, look, and heavenly smile,
Can such resistless grace impart;
The wisest bosom they beguile,
And captivate the firmest heart.

As thus so lovely each appears,
In beauties more than half divine;
How must it aggravate our fears,
When both *inseparably* join.

What dangers wait th' incautious boy,
What perils must surround him still;
One may with fierce disdain destroy;
One, syren-like, invites to kill.

March 2, 1797. T— J—.

SONNET.

TO DELIA.

WHAT is this strange sensation fills my
breast, [and night
Absorbs my ev'ry thought—both day
Forbids my harass'd mind one moment's
rest, [whelm me quite?
And with such tort'ring pangs o'er-
Can

* These lines were written by a youth who had retired to H—n, just after a severe fit of sickness, about four months previous to his sailing for India.

Can it be love such keen affliction share?
 Can my fair Delia cause this direful
 woe, [hear,
 Whose form alone I see, whose voice I
 The sad, the ling'ring day and night all
 through? [claims,
 Yes! it is love! my too fond heart ex-
 And 'tis for thee, my Delia, that it
 bleeds; [claims
 Thy *doubt* evinc'd at parting last, pro-
 Each pang I suffer thence alone pro-
 ceeds: [destroy,
 Ah! cease then, fair one; nor my hopes
 The cause thou'lt banish—I may bliss
 enjoy.

T. O.

THE PLUNDERER.

A PICTURE.

MARK yonder wretch! so feeble, pale,
 and weak, [noon tide ray:—
 Whose eye scarce dares to meet the
 'Tis Conscience steals the roses from his
 cheek; [cheerful day.
 'Tis Conscience bids him shun the

For crimes are his most dreadful to the
 mind [pow'r:
 Where melting sympathy and love have
 His feelings never knew a bliss refin'd,
 His mercy never sooth'd affliction's
 hour.

False to the dearest friends man ever
 knew; [made;
 Fatt'ning on ruin that himself had
 False to all ties where honour bade be
 true, [trade.
 Destruction seem'd his never-failing

Thus he became—what Envy ne'er can
 blast— [man;
 A rich and pamper'd—but unhappy
 For while the lengthen'd span of life shall
 last, [ver can!
 Wealth may be his—but pleasure ne-

Revelry may assume her placid name,
 Or roaring Riot cheat the trifling mind;
 But *real Pleasure* is a peaceful dame,
 And what the wretched rich man ne'er
 can find.

Oh, Heav'n! receive the wish my pen
 shall trace!
 Let humble competence be ever mine;
 Guard my weak soul from Error's foul
 embrace, [daring!
 Nor let me stoop at Lucre's hateful
 Sept. 5th, 1805. J. M. L.

ANSWER TO A LETTER

*Sent by a Young Gentleman to his Friend in
 the Country, with two Verses in it, de-
 scribing a Mouse peeping from his Hole,
 which he called, in a jocular Way, the
 first Production of his Virgin Muse.*

YOUR Virgin Muse her Maidenhead has
 lost, [der;
 But what the subject is I'm left to won-
 A Mouse, I think, the fancy must have
 cross'd, [vous thunder.
 When she produc'd these lines of ner-

And though she has no larger thing
 brought forth, [her fountain:
 Don't, from that circumstance, despise
 You know the fable tells us, (in the
 North,) [and by a Mountain.
 A Mouse was brought forth once—

"Go on and prosper," is a motto good,
 Where genius prompts the mind to be
 aspiring; [brood,
 I hope the next, Sir, of your Muse's
 Will be a little better worth admiring.

But still, to give *the Naughty Man* his due,
 I'll tell you plainly what I think, good
 cousin: [mour too,
 Your first verse has both rhyme and hu-
 But in the second there are faults a
 dozen.

And of the subject, neither head nor tail
 Could I, or e'en my friend Dick Dob-
 son, make it;
The honour done to me can never fail,
 But more for joke than earnest still I
 take it.

No gold-edg'd paper have I got to send,
 You therefore must excuse this humble
 letter; [friend,
 'Tis want alone prevents, or else, young
 You may believe you should have had
 a better.

Sept. 5th, 1805.

J. M. L.

PHILIPPA.

How solemn peals the bell of death!
 'Tis for Philippa's fate!
 In mis'ry she resign'd her breath!
 And sank the prey of hate!

With Want's afflicting pang she bow'd,
 No fostering hand to save;
 Her humble hopes to Heav'n she vow'd,
 And sought the greedy grave!
 Sept. 5th, 1805. J. M. L.

STANZAS

STANZAS

To the Memory of a British Warrior.

BY J. EEDES.

O'ER the Libyan deserts, impurpled
 with blood,
 The Gallican squadrons had spread
 To the Syrian plains, where elated they
 stood,
 And Rapine advanc'd at their head :
 By the heroes of Acre—a patriot band—
 Cut short in their frantic career,
 Pale discomfit attested what madness had
 plann'd,
 And their flight was directed by Fear.
 'Till in myriads collecting, their courage
 restor'd, [once more ;
 The huge host threaten'd vengeance
 When the Guardians of Britain, by na-
 tions implor'd,
 Sent her warriors to Aboukir's shore.
 Thus commission'd, and led by a Chief-
 tain rever'd,
 Abercromby, the skilful and brave,
 He taught them to conquer where'er he
 appear'd,
 But he found in the conquest a grave.
 Like the great Theban hero, whose fame
 lives in death ;
 Like Wolfe, on Quebec's fated pier ;

In the proud arms of triumph he drew
 his last breath,
 And victory plum'd on his bier.
 A name thus ennobled, with glory en-
 tomb'd,
 Posterity grateful shall prize ;
 And a Cadmean host, where his laurels
 had bloom'd,
 From each life-drop he shed shall arise.
Pimlico, 6th Aug. 1805.

TO THE MONTH OF MAY 1805.

A LAS! how chang'd thou month of
 May,
 That us'd to smile so sweet and gay !
 Nipt by the chilly eastern blasts,
 A sullen gloom thy brows o'ercasts ;
 Each flow'ret hangs its drooping head ;
 The trees their verdure slowly spread ;
 And ev'n the warblers of the groves,
 Unfeeling, faintly sing their loves :
 The blooming nymph, whose panting
 breath
 With thee unwonted warmth confest,
 Now chill'd, no soft desire she knows,
 Nor more than frigid vestal glows.
 Nature herself will soon decay,
 Unless thou smil'st, O month of May !
St. Mary-at-Hill. MILLARD.

MR. JUSTICE HARDINGE'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY,

AT THE GREAT SESSIONS, 1805, OF THE COUNTIES OF BRECON AND
 CALRMARTHEN.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury,

THE calendar which is put into my
 hands, even in its present state, is
 almost a perfect blank.

In yours, I hope it will completely
 vanish.

It has, indeed, one *felony*, a theft
 of cattle, but which is likely to be con-
 verted into a mere *trespass*, or *confusion*
 of right.

Here, then, I should have dismissed
 you, (with pride of thanks to you for
 your exemplary vigilance over the po-
 lice, which has brought so light a
 calendar before me,) had it not been
 for a most painful subject, upon which
 a sense of humanity, as well as honour,
 compels me to detain you.

“ I will, however, spare you as much
 as I can ; we are fellow-sufferers ; I
 will spare myself too. The subject fills
 me with horror !

A mother of an illegitimate child,

in the month of April last, was tried
 in this Court, for the murder of that
 child.

A verdict of perhaps unexampled
 compassion (but it is a fault which I can
 never blame,) has enabled her to be
 alive at this hour.

That she had concealed the birth of
 that child, and had concealed its death,
 was in proof.

She is now in prison for the offence
 of that concealment.

Imprisoned (I blush for the law in
 stating it,) for two years ; the severest
 punishment left us for that offence,
 which is the root and principle of these
 murders.

In a very few days after this acquit-
 tal, another criminal of a similar de-
 scription was tried in one of the border-
 ing counties, was convicted, and was
 executed.

If these two facts were unaccompa-
 nied,

nied, they would be unparalleled in the history of the Island, as far as I can learn it from the annals of any Circuit, English or Welsh, and would in that view be alarming. But they are accompanied by other circumstances, which are of dreadful importance.

The two offenders lived, at the time of committing the offence, within a few miles of each other. Most of the leading facts in the two cases were the same. The offence, I am sorry to add, is of late more prevalent than ever, in England, in Wales, and in *this* part of it the most.

The difficulty of reaching it by legal proof is increased fifty-fold by a new Act of Parliament, passed upon grounds of policy, which I dare not, as a Judge, arraign, but which I am not able to fathom. The peculiar nature of this crime, and of the motives to it, appear to me either overlooked or superficially examined.

These are the circumstances which call upon me to solicit *your* powerful aid in averting such a reproach from the country which *you* inhabit; which your personal characters adorn, and which you are so calculated, by your public as well as domestic worth, to *civilize* into all the virtues that can be required of the rich or of the poor.

If the offence come in *judgment* before me, I know too well how to act upon it; that is, how to *punish* it.

But the humane and Christian spirit of prevention, which nips the offence in the bud, will be found the best and surest policy of justice.

I said, that in *you* were entrusted the hopes to *civilize* the lower classes of life into virtue. The term *civilize* carries with it a force upon which I mean to lay stress.

This offence has no root but in the barren soil of uneducated nature.

It is the guilt of savage ignorance; of unenlightened fear; or perhaps, in two better words, of undisciplined *self-love*.

This savage, truly defined, is a merely and brutally *selfish* character.

He cares for nothing, detached from his own personal figure, in the whole system of the world.

If in this generous county a man of a selfish character is to be found, (which I cannot believe,) let him refute me, if he can, when I tell him, that in proportion as he indulges that propensity he

approaches *downwards* to the Indian with his torturing scalp in his hand, or to the cannibal who eats the man he has slain.

This crime never occurs in the higher classes of life. It is the guilt of the poor alone; and almost universally within the pale of domestic servitude.

It springs from a distempered conscience; a desperate and frantic remorse; a fear of poverty, or of shame.

Two principles cover these motives: one of them is a total absence of *religion* from the mind; the other is a weakness or a perversion of the reasoning faculties, not from the want of *capacity*, but of *culture* alone.

To meet the offence thus explained, and repel the mischief, appears to me no very arduous task.

Three words bind the charm: *religion, humanity, and police*.

I believe it will almost universally be found, that convicts of this crime have been thoroughly destitute of *religious* impressions.

The poor creature who perished at Presteigne had not the faintest image of them.

She had scarce ever heard of the Saviour's name. Of *Christianity*, as revealing a future state of judgment, and as redeeming the sins of the world, she had never been *told*.

She had no *religious* abhorrence of her crime till a few short hours before she terminated her existence. Of her acquittal by interest she had very sanguine hopes, and had prepared gay apparel for the event.

After the bare statement of such a picture, can one hear (with temper) of objections to charities for the *religious* education of the poor?

From all that I have yet heard of this devoted creature, I believe, in my conscience, that *a feather of religion* would have saved her life, her virtue, and her character.

The attendance of infants upon religious duties, if rooted in early days, becomes a settled habit, which clings to them with admirable effect when they are grown up.

I said, that such offenders were generally *servants*.

Masters will do well to reflect upon the mischief done by *them* to their servants, and through *them* to the community at large, if they are themselves men of dissolute habits or of low pursuits; if they mark *their* contempt of religious

religious duties by an habitual absence from the Temple of their God.

Humanity is a most powerful implement in able and liberal hands. It has its limits, or it would not merit the office it bears in the world.

It may surely in some degree, without offence to the purity of moral decorum, endeavour to mitigate the shame of an illegitimate birth.

I do not mean that it should not reward the penitent mother, and much less that it should countenance the impenitent one. But it may well prompt, in a whisper, at least many cases of *seduction*, in which it would be the most cruel of all tyrannies to be severe, if the indiscretion is openly confessed in terms of remorse.

In cases even of a less favourable aspect, but short of prodigality in the habit, mercy, within proper limits, would at once be religious, humane, and politic. I think no matter of a reputable family should keep a female servant, in whom it is known by the other servants that he has detected her incontinence; because it would be of bad example to the other servants. But mercy is open still: he could recommend the discarded servant for other virtues, not suppressing this fault; and many are the humane who would gratefully accept a female servant thus recommended with a generous oblivion of this fault. Many are the female servants who have turned out excellent members of the community under circumstances like these.

Police follows up *humanity*. It should be upon the alert; and should give an alarm at the first hint or suspicion of *pregnancy*.

If the fact be believed, though it is not proved, every imaginable expedient should be adopted for the purpose of encouraging the disclosure, and of discovering the concealment.

The penalty of *concealment*, as the law now stands, is perfect ridicule. The Act of King James the II, now repealed, was admirably calculated for punishment, and for prevention of these murders, by punishing the *concealment*, which is the shelter and the motive.

As great and as good a man as this age or island could boast, whose death a few months ago is a national misfortune, was an advocate for this law, contemplated by him in its true light, as the mercy of *terror*, by disarming the hope to escape from conviction by the

artifice of *concealment*—I mean the celebrated PALEY. But as that law is no more, additional and peculiar vigilance is required from you to guard us against the mischief thus let in. That mischief is the *concealment* of the birth and of the death. Humanity and police united will reason with a suspected mother of a bastard child unborn. They can tell her, that concealment of *pregnancy* endangers the infant's life; that concealment of the birth is more dangerous and more cruel still; that murder, the last act of concealment, is the most indiscreet and depraved.

The *shame* can be reasoned out of its madness by topics of *prudence*. They can be asked, "What is the shame of illegitimate birth to the infamy of its detected concealment, or of death for the murder of the new-born child?" Enemy as I am to confessions unduly obtained, I would, in that stage of the guilt, recommend all practicable influence—upon hope and fear.

Deceit would be a virtue; but mercy is better still. I am an habitual admirer of the other sex; and I am proud of this judicial opportunity for distinguishing a person of that sex by her claim on the public esteem. I am told, that a lady in one of these two cases interrogated the mother, advised her to confess her pregnancy, and promised her not only to support the child, but also to recommend the mother into a good service. Every generous heart will be eloquent in its homage to this humanity. It was in the right place, time, and shape.

I have also heard, but I hope it is a mistake, that a person who should have prosecuted one of these offenders abandoned his trust. This inverted the picture. It was humanity in the wrong place, time, and shape; humanity which, if it could in general prevail, would be a charter of impunity for murders like these.

The *seducer* should be detested, high or low, and branded with shame. The guilt of supplying medicine for abortion should be punished, whether such medicines were used or no. It is a defect of the law, as it now stands, that for this offence there is no punishment. The medical tribe should be upon their guard against the sale of herbs and potions calculated for this effect. If the father should refuse to maintain the child when born, which is afterwards killed by the mother, such a refusal

refusal should be severely punished. It is, in a *moral* view, a constructive murder of that child. These are my hints for *your* better judgment.

The *poor* constitute the best wealth of the *rich*. Their love, and their esteem, is *your* proudest inheritance. On the other hand, it is not their *bread* alone, (a degrading word,) but their *immortal food*, their interest hereafter, as well as here, that is required by them from

the rich, from their liberality, their goodness of heart, and their example in virtue.

The poor female infant is an orphan of the community: you are answerable for the culture of her mind; for the decent habits of her deportment; for the honest affections of her intercourse with men; for the domestic worth, and for the dignified (which are the natural) graces of her character.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, AUG. 24.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 24.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Mudge, of his Majesty's late Ship Blanche, to William Marsden, Esq., dated on board the French National Ship Topaze, July 22, 1805.

SIR,

I AM sorry to inform you of the loss of his Majesty's ship *Blanche*, which was captured by a French Squadron, as per margin*; but, thank God! she was not destined to bear French colours, or to assist the fleet of the enemy. On Friday morning, July 19th, in lat. 20 deg. 20 min. N., long. 66 deg. 44 min. W., (weather hazy,) at eight, four sail were seen off the weather cat-head, three ships, and a brig on the opposite tack, under easy sail. I kept to the wind until we were near enough to distinguish colours; I then made the necessary signals to ascertain whether they were enemies. At ten, when

a-breast about three miles distant, they all bore up, and hoisted English ensigns; but, from the make of the Union, and colour of the bunting, with other circumstances, I concluded they were French, and therefore determined to sell the ship as dearly as possible, (for sailing was out of the question, the *Blanche* having little or no copper on these last nine months, and sailed very heavy.) Having brought-to, with the main-sail in her brails, at eleven the Commodore ranged up within two cables' length, shifted his colours, and gave us his broadside. When within pistol-shot she received ours; the action became warm and steady, the ships never without hail of each other, running large, under easy sail—Le Département des Landes on the starboard quarter, and the two corvettes close astern. At forty-five minutes past eleven the ship became ungovernable, and was reduced to a perfect wreck; the sails totally destroyed, ten shot in the foremast, (expecting it to fall every minute,) the mainmast and rigging cut to pieces, seven guns dismounted, the crew reduced to 190, and the rest falling fast, with no probability of escape, I called a Council of Officers for their opinion, who deemed it only sacrificing the lives of the remainder of as brave a crew as ever fought to hold out longer, as there was not the smallest prospect of success; I therefore, at twelve, ordered the colours to be struck, and was immediately hurried on board the Commodore. At six, the Officers who had charge of the *Blanche* returned, and reported the ship to be sinking fast; on which she was fired; and, in about an hour after, she sunk, for the magazine had been some time under water. Thus, Sir, fell the *Blanche*;

* La *Topaze*, of 44 guns, 28 eighteen-pounders on the main-deck, 10 thirty-six pound carronades, and 6 twelve-pounders on the quarter-deck and fore-castle, Captain Bourdin, Commander, 340 men, 10 Officers, and 60 privates, Legion de Midi—(410).

Le Département des Landes, of 20 guns, nine-pounders, and 2 six-pounders on the fore-castle, Captain des Mantel, 200 men, 6 Officers, and 30 privates, Legion de Midi—(236).

La *Torche*, of 18 guns, long twelve-pounders, Captain Brunet, 190 men, 3 Officers, and 20 privates, Legion de Midi—(218.)

Le *Faune*, of 16 guns, nine-pounders, Captain Delun, 120 men, and 3 Officers, Legion de Midi—(123).

Blanche; and I trust the defence made by her Officers and gallant crew will meet their Lordships' approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ZACHARY MUDGE.

P.S. Including every individual when the ship went into action, there were but 215, thirty men being in prizes, and eight left on board one of the frigates at Jamaica. I cannot exactly ascertain those killed and wounded, as the crews were promiscuously distributed to the different ships of the squadron; but those that came immediately under my notice were—John Nichols, Quarter-Master, killed; William Marsh, able, killed; Thomas Mullins, ditto, killed; James Forode, ditto, killed; Edward Marsh, ditto, killed; Nimrod Lurce, marine, killed; William Jones, ditto, (drummer,) killed; William Strutton, boy, killed; and Mr. William Hewett, Boatswain, with ten seamen, and two marines, wounded.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Barton, of his Majesty's Ship Goliath, to W. Marsden, Esq., dated at Sea, the 15th Instant.

SIR,

I have enclosed, for their Lordships' information, a copy of a letter I have this day sent to the Honourable Admiral Cornwallis.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. BARTON.

Goliath, at Sea, August 15,

SIR,

1805.

I beg leave to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that agreeably to your order of the 11th instant, standing for Ferrol, this day, at eight A.M., lat. 45 deg. 32 min. N., and long. 7 deg. 25 min. W., we fell in with le Faune brig corvette, mounting 16 guns, which, after a short chase, we captured; she was chased by the Camilla, who was in company, since eleven P.M.; she was from Martinico bound to any part of the coast she could make; she had on board 22 men belonging to the Blanche.

I have sent the corvette in charge of the Camilla, Captain Taylor, who is bound to Portsmouth, and shall immediately proceed to put your order in execution.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. BARTON.

Hon. Adm. Cornwallis, &c. &c. &c.

N. B. Le Faune is perfectly new, this being her first voyage; she sails remarkably fast, and I think is a great acquisition to the service for this class of vessels.

R. B.

[This Gazette contains a long Order in Council, for carrying into effect the Legislative Restrictions lately imposed on the Slave Trade.—After December next, the annual importation of Slaves into our Colonies is limited to three for every hundred in the Colony, provided it shall appear that casualties to that extent shall appear to have taken place in the preceding year.]

TUESDAY, AUG. 27.

WHITEHALL, AUG. 25.

This evening, about half past eight o'clock, departed this life, at Gloucester-house, after a long illness, his Royal Highness William Henry Duke of Gloucester, to the great grief of their Majesties and all the Royal Family.

SATURDAY, AUG. 31.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, AUG. 31.

Copy of a Letter from the Hon. William Cornwallis, Admiral of the White, to William Marsden, Esq., dated on board his Majesty's Ship Ville de Paris, off Ushant, the 24th Inst.

SIR,

I have the honour to send to you, to be communicated to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a copy of information received by the Dragon, which ship joined me yesterday.—I have particular pleasure in sending their Lordships that part of the account in which the gallant conduct of Captain Baker, of the Phoenix, is so conspicuous in taking the Didon French frigate of superior force, so much to his honour, and that of his Officers and men, who must have seconded him in the most spirited manner upon that occasion.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. CORNWALLIS.

Monday, August 13, Cape Ortegal bearing about E.S.E. fifteen or sixteen leagues, fell in with his Majesty's ship Phoenix, having a dismasted French frigate in tow, which she had captured on the 10th, in lat. 43 deg. 18 min. N., long. 12 deg. 14 min. W., after a severe

severe action of three hours. The name of the French frigate is the *Didon*, of 44 guns and 300 men. She was detached from the Combined Squadrons a few hours after their arrival at Corunna, and was cruising when the *Phoenix* fell in with her.

(Signed) EDW. GRIFFITHS.
Dragon, off Ushant, August 22, 1805.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 3.

A Letter from Admiral Cornwallis, to W. Marsden, Esq., dated off Ushant, Aug. 30, introduces the following:—

His Majesty's Ship Goliath,
Aug. 18.

SIR,
I beg leave to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, his Majesty's ship under my command, standing in for Cape Prior, in the morning of the 16th instant, three sail appeared in chase of us; we tacked, and stood towards them, and proved the ships named in the margin of my letter, dated the 15th.—I have the satisfaction to add, at eight P.M. we captured la *Torche* French national corvette, of 18 guns and 196 men, commanded by Monsieur Denon, having on board 52 of the late *Blanche's* crew. Had they not separated, and night coming on very fast, I am confident la *Topaze* would have been in my possession also.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. BARTON.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 7.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, SEPT. 7.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Baker, of his Majesty's Ship Phoenix, to William Marsden, Esq., dated Plymouth Sound, Sept. 3, 1805.

SIR,
Herewith I have the honour to transmit you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a copy of my letter to Admiral Cornwallis, explaining the capture of la *Didon* French frigate by his Majesty's ship under my command, with a list of the killed and wounded.

I have the honour to be, &c.

T. BAKER.

Phoenix, at Sea, Aug. 13,
1805.

SIR,
I cannot but exult in the honour of imparting to you the extreme good fortune of his Majesty's ship under my command on the 10th instant, lat. 43

deg. 16 min. N., long. 12 deg. 14 min. W., in the capture of la *Didon*, a remarkable fine, and the fastest sailing frigate in the French Navy, of 44 guns and 330 men, which had failed but a few days from Corunna, and was upon a secret cruise. The action commenced at a quarter past nine in the morning, (la *Didon* having waited my approach to leeward,) and lasted three hours, never without pistol-shot, during which all our ropes were cut to pieces, our main-top-sail-yard shot away, and most of our masts and yards severely wounded. The necessity for our engaging to leeward, in order to prevent the possibility of the enemy's escape, exposed us to several raking broadsides before it could be prudent to return the fire; and the superiority of la *Didon's* sailing, added to the adroit manœuvres of Captain Milins, convinced me of the skill and gallantry I should have to contend with, which has been fully evinced by the stubborn defence of his ship until she became a perfect wreck, and his subsequent honourable deportment. Owing to the lightness of the wind, and la *Didon's* attempt to board, brought our starboard quarter in contact with her larboard bow, in which position we remained full three quarters of an hour, subject to a galling fire of musketry, that robbed me of such support of Officers and men as there could be no compensation for but in complete victory. With sorrow I transmit you a list of the killed and wounded; and have the honour to be, &c.

T. BAKER.

To the Hon. Adm. Cornwallis, &c. &c.

A List of the Killed and Wounded on board the Phoenix and la Didon, on the 10th August, 1805.

Phoenix—12 killed, 28 wounded—Total 40.—*La Didon*—27 killed, 44 wounded—Total 71.—Difference, 15 killed, 16 wounded—Total 31.

Officers Killed and Wounded on board the Phoenix.

Killed.—J. Bounton, Lieutenant; G. Donelan, Master's Mate.

Wounded.—H. Steel, Lieutenant of Marines, dangerously; A. Tozer, Midshipman, dangerously; E. B. Curling, Midshipman, badly.

[This Gazette contains the official account of the solemnity of lying in state, removal, and final interment,
G g 2 of

of the remains of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. After lying in state at Gloucester-house, in Upper Grosvenor-street, Tuesday, (the 3d,) on Wednesday morning, at half past ten, the body, with the cavalcade of horsemen and carriages, were escorted to Staines by a detachment of the 14th Light Dragoons, and from thence to Windsor by a party of the Royal Horse Guards, blue. The body being placed under a canopy in the Queen's Presence Chamber, in the Royal apartments, between nine and ten the procession to St. George's Chapel took place in the following order:—

(The way being lined by a party of the Blues dismounted, and the Windsor Volunteers, bearing torches.)

Grenadiers of the 2d Battalion of 1st Foot Guards—Servants of the late and present Duke, &c.—Pages of the Presence, &c.—Physicians—Chaplains—Equerries—Secretary—Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household—The CORONET, borne by a Herald, and supported by Two Gentlemen Ushers—The BODY; the Canopy supported by Eight Generals; the Pall by Four Gentlemen of the Household—The Chief Mourner, HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK, now DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, &c., in a long black cloak; his Train borne by Lieutenant-Colonel Dalton—Gentleman Usher—Grooms of the Bedchamber—and other Attendants.

At the entrance of St. George's Chapel, within the South door, the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the Choir and the Poor Knights, received the Body, falling into the procession next before Lancaster Herald, acting for Norroy King of Arms, and so proceeded down the South aisle, and up the middle aisle, singing, into the Choir; where the coffin was placed on tressels, the head towards the Altar, the crown and cushion being laid thereon, and the canopy held over it, while the service was read by the Dean of Windsor; the Chief Mourner sitting on a chair placed for him at the head of the corpse.

The part of the service before the interment being read, the corpse was deposited in the vault near the Sovereign's Stall; and the Dean having concluded the burial service, Garter's Deputy proclaimed his late Royal Highness's Style, as follows:—

“ Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto his Divine Mercy, the late Most High, Most Mighty, and Illustrious Prince, William Henry, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, Earl of Connaught, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Third Son of the late Most Illustrious Prince Frederick Lewis Prince of Wales, deceased, and Brother of his Most Excellent Majesty George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith; whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and honour, and all worldly happiness.]

SATURDAY, SEPT. 21.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Parker, giving an account of the capture of the Spanish Privateer, the Prince of Peace.

His Majesty's Ship Amazon, off SIR, Ushant, 17th Sept. 1805.

I beg to acquaint you, we fell in with the homeward-bound Jamaica fleet at sun-set, on the 31st of August, during a hard North-west gale, eighty leagues to the westward of Scilly; and having with some difficulty learnt from one of the convoy, that several of the fleet had separated, I judged it proper to continue on the station directed in your order, in hopes of collecting and affording protection to the stragglers: we have not met any; but I am happy to inform you, on the 12th instant, in lat. 49 deg. 50 min. N., and long. 18 deg. 30 min. W., his Majesty's ship under my command captured the Principe de la Paz, a Spanish corvette privateer, carrying 24 nine-pounders and 4 brass swivels, with 160 men on board, principally French.

This ship was fitted out at Vigo five weeks before, and had taken the Prince of Wales packet from Lisbon, and the Lady Nelson letter of marque from Virginia, bound to Glasgow. We found part of the crew of the latter ship on board the privateer, and a considerable sum in specie. I have much satisfaction in her capture, as she was completely stored for remaining two months longer at sea, and her Captain, François Beck, an experienced cruiser, who commanded the French privateer le Braave during the late war, greatly to the annoyance of our trade.—I have the honour to be, &c.

W. PARKER.

The Hon. W. Cornwallis, &c. &c.

Letters

Letters transmitted by Vice-Admiral Sir A. Mitchell.

H. M. S. Cambrian, in lat. 29 deg., long. 62 deg., June 13, 1805.

SIR,

This day Lieutenant Pigot had the direction of the Cambrian's boats. With the launch he most gallantly boarded the Spanish privateer schooner Maria, of 14 guns and 60 men. Lieutenant Crofton, in the barge, instantly followed him: the vessel was carried notwithstanding every resistance was made. The other boats did not get on board until she surrendered; but no less merit is due to the Officers and men, who all volunteered this service. Lieutenant Pigot tells me every one did his duty most cheerfully. Two excellent men were killed, and two wounded.

I have the honour, &c.

J. P. BERESFORD.

H. M. S. Cambrian, July 3,

SIR,

1805.

After a chase of twenty-two hours, we have just captured the French privateer schooner Matilda. She mounts 20 guns, nine-pounders, is 200 tons, and 95 men: had captured the English letter of marque the Clyde, bound to Liverpool. She surrendered in very shoal water; and but for the exertion of Lieutenant Pigot, with one of the boats, every soul in her would have been lost.

I have the honour, &c.

J. P. BERESFORD.

His Majesty's Ship Cambrian, July 21, 1805.

SIR,

I beg leave to present you with a recital of Lieutenant Pigot's proceedings, from his Majesty's ship under my command, in a schooner privateer we had taken on the 3d. He made the best of his way to the river St. Mary, where we had information of two ships and a schooner: he got off the harbour on the 6th, and on the 7th he proceeded with the schooner twelve miles up a narrow river, through a continual fire of the Militia and Riflemen, until he

got within shot of a ship, brig, and schooner, lashed in a line across the river; he engaged them for an hour; the schooner grounded; he had recourse to his boats; and, after an obstinate resistance, carried the ship with her guns; he obliged the men to quit the brig and schooner; took possession of all; then turned his fire on the Militia, about 100 in number, and a field-piece, which were completely routed. Lieutenant Pigot got two wounds in the head by musket-balls, and one in the leg. Lieutenant Masterman, of the Marines, who most ably seconded all Mr. Pigot's views, escaped unhurt, to the wonder of all, for his clothes were shot through and through; Mr. Lawson, Master's Mate, wounded severely, as well as Mr. Mitchell, Midshipman; Messrs. Griffenhoofe, Bolman, and Williamson, behaved well, as indeed did all on this occasion. Two were killed, and fourteen wounded. This very gallant conduct was observed by some hundreds of Americans from the opposite side of the river, who expressed their astonishment. Mr. Pigot never quitted the deck for nearly three weeks, except to get his wounds dressed, which inspired the rest; the wind was adverse for that time, and the enemy never attempted to attack him. I hope he may meet every reward such conduct deserves; he really is an active Officer, always ready. The ship proves to be the Golden Grove, and the brig the Ceres, of London, taken by the schooner, a Spanish privateer, of 6 guns and 70 men, two months since. The enemy had armed the ship with 8 six-pounders, 6 swivels, and 50 men; the brig was defended by swivels and small arms.

I am, &c.

J. P. BERESFORD.

Officers Wounded—Lieutenant Pigot; Mr. Lawson, Master's Mate; Mr. Mitchell, Midshipman, (your youngest son.)

Killed on the Spanish Side.—Twenty-five Seamen, with five Americans.

Wounded.—Twenty-two.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ALL our information from the Continent leads us to form an opinion, that hostilities will be speedily commenced, and with a promptitude that greatly excites the hope of success.

Buonaparté was at Boulogne on the 27th ult., giving the necessary orders for the marching of the troops from thence towards Germany. The Conscrip'ts are immediately to be called into

into actual service. This we have from the Foreign Papers; and from the observation of our cruisers, we learn that *the Camp at Boulogne has broken up, and the troops were marching into the interior, supposed to the Rhine.*

The Paris letters say, "Meantime we have learnt, that the troops embarked on board the Fleets of the Texel and of Helvoetsluys have received orders to disembark, and to march with all speed to Mentz."—Thus has terminated the long-boasted invasion of Great Britain!

M. de Novossiltzoff returned to St. Petersburg on the 4th ult.

It is said, that a contract has been entered into by our Government and that of Russia, for building at St. Petersburg, and other Russian arsenals, twelve sail of the line and frigates, for the service of this Country; they are to be begun immediately, under the inspection of General Bentham, who has received orders to proceed without delay to Russia, with several Officers from different dock yards.

A most sanguinary duel took place lately at Wurtzburg, between the young Baron de Harf, a Canon of the Cathedral, and an Officer named Zandt. The cause of quarrel was a dispute about a gambling debt. The sabre was the weapon chosen, and the fight took place in the apartment of the Prince of Lowenstein, who acted as Second to Zandt, and having instigated the quarrel, took as much pains to inflame the rage of the combatants as seconds on ordinary occasions think themselves bound to effect a reconciliation. After 16 assaults, in which Zandt received two slight wounds, the combatants seemed disposed to discontinue the conflict; but the Prince cried out that it would be a shame to stop there. The sabres being blunted, were sent to the Cutler's to get a new edge: while they waited for them the combatants abused each other so grossly, that it was decided they should fight till one should be dead on the spot. At the first succeeding assault, Zandt was once more wounded, but being animated by the voice of the Prince, his vigour redoubled. At length, in the 31st assault, the young Canon Harf received a thrust which pierced his breast and penetrated deep into his lungs. He died the next day, after suffering the most cruel tortures.—Zandt fled, as well as his Second the Prince of Lowenstein, and Kleinemberg, the Second of the unfortunate Harf.

ALGIERS, July 24.—It is difficult to form an idea of the horrors of the dread-

ful sackings to which 12 or 13 thousand Jews were given up during three or four hours. A general massacre, with the exception of women and children, was determined on by the troops. A number of ferocious soldiers rushed tumultuously from their barracks, each armed with a pistol and a sabre; all the barbarous rabble of the town joined them; they were cheered by the exclamations of women, or rather furies, who crowded the streets and terraces. Fortunately it was Saturday, a Jewish festival, when but very few of that persuasion were abroad. But soon the soldiers burst open the doors of the houses; the riches which struck their view were the means of saving the unfortunate Hebrew nation; they discontinued the carnage to think only of plunder; the trinkets with which the women were adorned, were torn from them, and they were exposed to all kinds of outrage. The plunder then became general; ferocious cries were followed by a death-like silence—the streets were filled with men and women, passing in all directions with their booty, and in the course of three hours there was not the house of a Jew which was not stripped to the bare walls.

NAPLES, Aug. 3.—On Friday the 26th of July, about ten at night, there was an earthquake in the greatest part of this kingdom, which was so violent, that since that of Calabria, there has been none attended with similar devastation. In the city of Naples, 800 houses have become uninhabitable, and upwards of 4000 are much damaged; 40 churches have been shaken to their very foundations. The number of persons who have perished by the fall of the buildings is not very great in this capital; but in some inland towns, which are entirely destroyed, the inhabitants have nearly all lost their lives. The small town of Isernia, in the county of Molese, is nothing but a heap of ruins, and upwards of 1500 persons have perished there. At Campo Basso, and at Bajano, in the same province, most of the inhabitants were destroyed. Avelino, Montefarchio, Benevento, and Averfa, have suffered amazingly. At Santa Mariade Capua (the ancient Capua), a whole company of Cavalry were buried under the ruins of their barracks. At Casterta, the upper stories of the houses tumbled down, and the fine palace is so much damaged, that it is feared it cannot stand. The letters from Puglia and Calabria state, that those provinces have only experienced a slight shock. Since the

the 26th of July, Naples presents a very unusual, and indeed a dreadful spectacle. All the inhabitants remain, both night and day, without their houses, in the plains and roads near the city. They have, during that time, slept in carriages or on the bare ground. The general distress has risen to the highest pitch; and it is certain, that if the earthquake had been followed by some more shocks, the whole city of Naples would have been destroyed.

STATE PAPERS.

BERLIN, July 13.—The Negotiations, from which all Europe, to this moment, expected peace and the restoration of tranquillity, have miscarried. Baron Novosiltzoff has returned the passports which he had received from Milan, through the mediation of our Court, for his mission to France, with the following

Note from his Excellency Baron Novosiltzoff, to his Excellency Baron Hardenberg, Minister of State.

“When his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, in compliance with the wishes of his Britannic Majesty, had resolved to send the undersigned to Buonaparté, to meet the pacific overtures which he had made to the Court of London, his Russian Majesty was guided by two sentiments and motives of equal force, with which you are acquainted; namely, his desire, on the one hand, to support a Sovereign, who was ready to make exertions and sacrifices for the general tranquillity, and, on the other hand, to procure advantages to all the States of Europe from a pacific disposition, which, from the formal manner in which it was announced, must be considered as very sincere.

“The existing disagreement between Russia and France could have placed insurmountable obstacles in the way of a Negotiation of Peace by a Russian Minister; but his Imperial Majesty of Russia did not hesitate for a moment to pass over all personal displeasure, and all usual formalities.

His Imperial Majesty of Russia availed himself of the mediation of his Prussian Majesty, when he requested passports for his Plenipotentiary. He declared that he should only receive them on that particular condition, namely, that his Plenipotentiary should enter directly upon a negotiation with the Chief of the French Government, without acknowledging the new title which he had assumed; and that

Buonaparté should give explicit assurances that he was still animated by the same wish for a general peace which he had appeared to show in his letter to his Britannic Majesty.

“This preliminary assurance was the more necessary, since Buonaparté had assumed the title of King of Italy immediately upon receipt of the answer given by his Britannic Majesty to his letter of the 11th of January; a title, which in itself put a new obstacle in the way of the desired restoration of peace.

“After his Prussian Majesty had transmitted the positive answer from the Cabinet of the Thuilleries, that it persevered in the intention sincerely to lend its hand to a pacific negotiation, his Imperial Majesty of Russia accepted the passports the more readily, because the French Government showed so strong an inclination to transmit them.

“By a fresh transgression of the most solemn treaties, the union of the Liguarian Republic with France has been effected. This event of itself, the circumstances which have accompanied it, the formalities which have been employed to hasten the execution thereof, the moment which has been chosen to carry the same into execution, have, alas! formed an aggregate which must terminate the sacrifices which his Imperial Majesty of Russia would have made, at the pressing request of Great Britain, and in the hope of restoring the necessary tranquillity to Europe by the means of negotiation.

“Without doubt his Imperial Majesty of Russia would not have insisted so strenuously on the conditions fixed by him, if the French Government had fulfilled the hope that it would respect the first tie which holds society together, and which upholds the confidence of engagements between civilized nations; but it cannot possibly be believed that Buonaparté, when he granted the passports, which were accompanied with the most pacific declarations, seriously intended to fulfil them; because, during the time which would necessarily elapse between the granting of the passports and the arrival of the Undersigned at Paris, he took measures which, far from facilitating the restoration of peace, were of such a nature, that they annihilated the very grounds of peace.

“The Undersigned, in recalling to the recollection of his Excellency Baron Hardenberg, facts with which the Cabinet of his Prussian Majesty is very minutely acquainted, must, at the same time,

time, inform him, that he has just now received from his Russian Majesty an order, dated the 9th (21st) June, to return the annexed passports immediately, and to request your Excellency to transmit the same to the French Government, with this present declaration, since no use whatever can be made of them in the present state of affairs.

"The Undersigned avails himself of this opportunity to renew to his Excellency the assurance of his respect.

(Signed)

"N. VON NOVOSILTZOFF."

"Berlin, 28 June, O. S.

(10th July) 1805.

[The above Note was immediately transmitted by all the Ministers, except M. Laforet, the French Envoy, residing at Berlin, to their respective Courts, by messengers and expresses.]

Note transmitted by the Prussian Minister, Baron de Hardenberg, to the French Minister, M. Laforet.

"The undersigned Minister of State and of the Cabinet, with the deepest regret finds himself under the necessity of communicating to M. Laforet, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, the Note which M. Novosiltzoff has addressed to him, upon returning him the French passport (the original is hereby annexed); at the same time announcing to him the order which his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias has transmitted to him, in consequence of the recent changes in Italy, and especially the Union of the Ligurian Republic with the French Empire, not to proceed upon his journey to France. His Majesty could not but feel the greatest concern in seeing thus confirmed the fears which, from the moment the intelligence of that unexpected event transpired, it was impossible not to entertain, respecting the effect which it might produce on the salutary negotiation which it was under deliberation to open. The earnest desire which his Majesty has always cherished, and of which he has given repeated proofs, for the restoration of peace, is the strongest assurance of the sentiments of concern with which he is affected upon this occasion.

"The Undersigned has the honour to offer to M. Laforet the renewed assurance of his high consideration.

(Signed)

"HARDENBERG."

"Berlin, 11th July."

Declaration of the Emperor of Germany.

"Although the Emperor has not as yet taken any direct part in the different efforts which have been made, in the course of the present maritime war, to reconcile the Belligerent Parties, and effect the re-establishment of Peace, his Majesty has not been the less ardently desirous, that an object so beneficial should be obtained by the exertions of the Powers whose mediation was particularly solicited for that purpose.

"This desire on the part of the Court of Vienna was necessarily increased from the time that events, involving directly the interests and the balance of the Continent, were produced by the subsequent consequences of the war between France and England; and from the time that his Majesty the Emperor of the French had publicly declared, that the final settlement of the affairs of Lombardy should be deferred until the conclusion of this War, when it would be included in the negotiations which would take place for its termination. From that time, the Court of Vienna, who has possessions in Italy, and towards whom engagements were entered into respecting that important part of Europe, found herself immediately interested in the success of the negotiations for Peace; and she has, in consequence, declared, on different occasions, how anxious she was to have it in her power to contribute to accelerate their opening.

"It resulted from this disposition on her part, that nothing could be more satisfactory to her than the intelligence of the pacific proposal, made at the beginning of this war by his Majesty the Emperor of the French to the Court of London; and of that of this latter Power, in which she referred, upon that point, to the interference of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias: proposals which announced on the part of both Powers, a moderate and conciliating disposition, which it was hoped the mission of M. Novosiltzoff to Paris, offered and accepted with equal alacrity, would realize.

"It is, therefore, with the deepest regret that the Emperor has learned, that this mission has been cut short, by the recent changes in the condition of the Republics of Genoa and Lucca. Finding on his side, in the late changes, reasons of additional weight for desiring the speedy commencement of conciliatory measures, and not being willing to relinquish the hopes which he had built upon the spirit of moderation, professed and

and solemnly confirmed by the French Sovereign, the Court of Vienna hastens to offer its good offices, in the hope that the general expectation which was entertained from the conciliating temper of all the Powers should not be again disappointed. She therefore invites the Courts of St. Peterburgh and the Thuilleries to immediately renew the Negotiation which was on the point of being opened, being ready to lend her most earnest assistance to this desirable object; and flattering herself that the Court of Berlin will also contribute towards it on her side, as a necessary consequence of the lively interest which she has always professed to take in the re-establishment of the public repose."

"August, 1805."

Answer to M. Novosiltzoff's Note.

[From the French Papers.]

FRANKFORT, Sept. 11.—"The Note which is said to have been addressed by M. Novosiltzoff to the Court of Berlin, has been published in the German Journals. The false assertions which it contains, and the strange pretensions which it manifests, the total want of decorum which characterizes that *pretended State Paper*, do not permit the undersigned to remain silent on its publication. He has received formal orders to communicate to his Excellency M. de —, the following observations:—

"He does not doubt but that they will be sufficient to rectify the impressions which might have been produced by a paper, which is an offensive and inaccurate exposition of indirect and temporary circumstances, which have lately taken place between Russia and his Majesty. The Emperor and King has for a long time observed in silence the progress of Russia towards the South of Asia: he saw with just uneasiness the danger which threatened Persia and Turkey, two great empires; one of which cannot be overcome without involving the other in inevitable ruin, and the other is the sole barrier between the Continent and Russia. The States of the Grand Signor are not only threatened, but his Cabinet is continually besieged by intrigues, and is every day humbled by new demands, and by arrogant propositions, which are injurious to the dignity of the Prince, and do not leave the Ministers the free choice of any measures. His Provinces are agitated with new disorders, which the agents of Russia openly foment. Pachas

and seditious Governors are confirmed in their culpable enterprises, and pride themselves upon their projects of independence, and upon the assistance of Russia.—The Greeks, a Nation who, till this day, were submissive subjects, are revolting on all sides against the Turks, and their disobedience is not punished. The Russian squadrons pervade the Ottoman seas, and carry to their coasts arms, recruiting parties, agents of trouble and insurrection; and we may well doubt if there does not now exist in Tartary a greater number of men who are concerting and contriving to destroy that unhappy Empire, than the Sovereign could arm and embody to ensure its preservation. Such is the disastrous state of Turkey. The Emperor, affected to see himself almost the only Prince on the Continent, who very early foresaw the projects which were formed against Turkey, hoped that the imprudent rapidity with which they were developed would open the eyes of Europe, and he has seen with pleasure a circumstance which enables his Majesty to bring this interesting subject into discussion, and call the attention of all the Cabinets to it. His Majesty the King of Prussia wrote to him to communicate the desire which the Emperor of Russia had expressed, to send one of his Chamberlains—passports were demanded; the Emperor neither received nor asked for any explanation. He knew before-hand, and he expressed his opinion upon that point to the King of Prussia, that no hopes of the tranquillity of the world could be founded upon that negotiation—that though, perhaps, a favourable opinion might still be entertained of the personal generosity of the Emperor Alexander, no favourable result could be expected from a discussion in which his moderation had been so perversely overcome by foreign influence, and by the intrigues of those who surround him.

"That in reality Russia takes no real and sincere part in the interests of the Continent; but, indifferent to the happiness of Europe, her intervention in political storms has ever served only to increase hatred and inflame passion. That at all times the quarrels of other Powers have been to her only the subject of a mere idle speculation; and that now, occupied as she is with the progressive annihilation of Persia and Turkey, they can only be to her a momentary subject for diversion, or perhaps of fantasy. His

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Majesty the Emperor, however, ordered that the passports should be sent; and since then nothing more has been heard of the Chamberlain of the Emperor of Russia. It must doubtless be regretted that an opportunity has been lost of making just and severe representations to Russia on her conduct in Asia, on the oppression with which she menaces the Ottoman Empire, and on the causes of the alarm which begins to spread every where, at the approach of an event which threatens to destroy for ever the equilibrium of the south of Europe. It is in this point of view, above all, that his Majesty looked upon the proposed negotiation as an advantageous project, which might tend to the general good; and he is afflicted that the caprice of Russia has, in this respect, disappointed his hopes. In exposing, however, on this head, his real views, he does not think himself obliged to enter into any explanation with respect to the pretended dispositions the letter of M. de Novossiltzoff attributes to him. It is simply this, that an irresolute Cabinet, to give a colour to an absurd measure, endeavours to impute to France contradictions in conduct and language, which do not belong to her.

"But here the recrimination is only a pretext, and a pretext without truth. Passports solicited and obtained do not constitute a negotiation. France said nothing. Russia alone made a demonstration, and demanded that one of her Agents should be admitted to be heard. If this demand had been coupled with offensive conditions, with clauses which it is astonishing to see in a Note purporting to be official, it would have remained unanswered. The character of his Majesty the Emperor is too well established in Europe to have the impossible supposition for a moment believed, that he would have permitted propositions to be made to him contrary to his dignity, or have listened to such propositions. Nevertheless, to take away all possibility of belief from any such allegation, or that even which the agents of Russia have judged proper to publish, the undersigned has received orders to deny it in the most positive and formal manner."

Declaration of the French Government, in a Note presented by M. Escher to the Diet of Ratisbon.

"Under the present circumstances

of affairs, when the movements of the House of Austria menace the Continent with a new war, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, judges it necessary to make known in a frank and solemn Declaration, the sentiments by which he is animated, in order to enable his contemporaries and posterity to judge with a true knowledge of the case, in the event of the war taking place, who has been the aggressor.

"It is with this view, that the undersigned, Charge d'Affaires of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of the French, to the German Diet, has received orders to present a faithful exposition of the principles by which his Imperial Majesty the Emperor has been uniformly actuated in his conduct towards Austria.—Every thing which that Power has done contrary to the spirit and letter of treaties, the Emperor has hitherto permitted. He has not complained of the immediate extension of territory on the right side of the Pave, against the acquisition of Lindau, against all the other acquisitions made by him in Suabia, and which, subsequently to the Treaty of Luneville, have materially altered the relative situation of the neighbouring States in the interior of Germany; against those, in fine, which continue at the present moment the subject of negotiation with different Princes, to the perfect knowledge of all Germany; he has not complained of the debt of Venice not having been discharged, contrary to the spirit and the letter of the Treaties of Campo Formio, and of Luneville; he has not complained of the denial of justice experienced at Vienna by his subjects of Milan and Mantua, none of whom, notwithstanding the formal stipulations, have been paid their demands; neither has he complained of the partiality with which Austria has recognized the right of blockade, which England so monstrously arrogates to herself; and when the neutrality of the Austrian flag was so often violated to the injury of France, he was not provoked by this conduct of the Court of Vienna to make any complaint; thus making a sacrifice to his love of peace, in preserving silence upon the subject.

"The Emperor has evacuated Switzerland, rendered tranquil and happy by his act of mediation; he has not kept in Italy a greater number of troops

troops than is indispensably necessary to maintain the positions which they occupy to the extremity of the peninsula, in order to protect the commerce of the Levant, and to insure himself an object of compensation, which may determine England to evacuate Malta, and Russia to evacuate Corfu; he has not upon the Rhine, and interior of his Empire, any more troops than are indispensably necessary to garrison the different places.

"Engaged entirely in the operations of war which he has not provoked, which he sustains as much for the interests of Europe as for his own, and to which his principal end is the re-establishment of the equilibrium of commerce and the equal right of all flags upon the sea, he has united all his forces in the camps upon the borders of the ocean, far distant from the Austrian frontiers: he has employed all the resources of his Empire to construct Fleets to form his marine, to improve his ports; and it is at the same moment when he reposes with entire confidence upon the execution of treaties which have re-established the peace of the Continent, that Austria rises from her state of repose, organizes her forces upon the war establishment, sends an army into the states of Italy, establishes another equally considerable in the Tyrol; it is at this moment that she makes new levies of cavalry, that she forms magazines, that she strengthens her fortifications, that she terrifies by her preparations the people of Bavaria, of Suabia, and of Switzerland, and discovers an evident intention of making a diversion so obviously favourable to England, and more injuriously hostile towards France than would be a direct campaign, and an open declaration of war. In these grave circumstances, the Emperor of the French has deemed it his duty to invite the court of Vienna to return to a proper sense of its true interests. All the expedients which an ardent love of peace could suggest have been resorted to with avidity, and several times renewed. The Court of Vienna has made high professions of its respect for the treaties which exist between it and France; but its military preparations have developed her intentions, at the same time that her declarations have become more and more pacific. Austria has declared that she has no hostile intention against

the States of his Majesty the Emperor of the French. Against whom then, are her preparations directed? Are they against the Swiss? Are they against Bavaria? Will they, in the end, be directed against the German Empire itself?

"His Majesty the Emperor of the French has charged the undersigned to make known, *that he will consider, as a formal Declaration of War directed against himself, all aggressions which may be attempted against the German Body, and especially against Bavaria.*—His Majesty the Emperor of the French *will never separate the interests of his Empire from those of the Princes of Germany who are attached to him.* Any injury which they may sustain, any dangers by which they may be menaced, can never be indifferent to him, or foreign from his lively solicitude.—Persuaded that the Princes and States of the German Empire are penetrated with the same sentiments, the undersigned, in the name of the Emperor of the French, invites the Diet to unite with him in pressing, by every consideration of justice and reason, the Emperor of Austria not to expose for any longer period the present generation to incalculable calamities, to spare the blood of a multitude of men doomed to perish the victims of a war, the object of which is foreign to Germany, which, at the moment of its breaking out, is every where the subject of inquiry and doubt, and whose real motives cannot be avowed.

"The alarms of the Continent will not be allayed until the Emperor of Austria, yielding to the just pressing representations of Germany, shall cease his hostile preparations, shall not keep in Suabia and in the Tyrol more troops than are necessary for garrisoning the places, and shall replace his army on the Peace Establishment. Was it not understood, since the Conventions entered into in consequence of the Treaty of Luneville, that the Austrian armies could not pass the territories of Upper Austria without committing actual hostility? Was not Austria sensible at that period, that France being then engaged in a foreign war, having withdrawn her troops from Suabia, and having put a stop to the movements which it could make by means of the corps of troops she had in Switzerland, it was not just to oppose to such marks of confidence precautions truly aggressive?

gressive? The circumstances being the same at present on the part of France, why are the measures of Austria so different? Why does she keep 60 battalions in the Tyrol and Suabia? while the forces of France are collected at a distance for an Expedition against England?

"There exists no difference at this moment between the Swiss Republic and the German Empire; no difference between Bavaria and Austria; and, if any credit is to be given to the declarations of the Court of Vienna, there exists none between it and France. For what unknown objects then has the Court of Vienna assembled so many troops?—It can have but one plausible object; that is, to keep France in a state of indecision, to place her in a state of inactivity; and, in a word, to arrest her progress on the eve of a decisive effort. But this object can only be attained for a time. France has been deceived—she is no longer so. She has been obliged to delay her enterprises; she still defers them; she waits the effect of these remonstrances; she waits the effect of the representations of the Germanic Diet. But when every effort shall be fruitlessly made to bring Austria to the adoption either of a sincere peace, or of an undisguised and open hostility, his Majesty the Emperor of the French will fulfil all the duties imposed on him by his dignity and his power: he will direct his efforts to every quarter in which France shall be menaced. Providence has bestowed on him sufficient strength to contend against England with one hand, and

with the other to defend the honour of his Standards, and the Rights of his Allies.

"Should the Diet adopt the course which the undersigned has orders to point out to it—Should it succeed in representing to the view of the Emperor of Austria the real situation in which these movements, made perhaps without reflection, ordered perhaps without any hostile intention, and solely in consequence of foreign influence, have placed the Continent; should it succeed in persuading this Sovereign, individually humane and just, that he has no enemies, that his frontiers are not threatened, that France has twice had it in her power to deprive him for ever of one-half of his hereditary States, if she had extended her wishes beyond what had been established at Campo Formio and Lunéville; that, by his dispositions, which even before they are fully developed, affect France even in the centre of her action, he interferes, without advantage to his States, and without honour to his policy, in a quarrel which is foreign to him—the Diet will have deserved well of Germany, of Switzerland, of Italy, of France, of all Europe, with the exception of a single nation, the enemy of the general tranquillity, and which has founded its prosperity on the hope and the design, ardently and perseveringly maintained, of perpetuating the discords, the troubles, and the divisions of the Continent.—The undersigned, &c.

"BACHER."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AUGUST 21.

EARL ST. VINCENT was at York in the Race week; and at a Meeting of the Corporation of that City, on this day, it was unanimously resolved, "That the Freedom of this City be presented, in a box of heart-of-oak, to the Right Hon. John Earl St. Vincent; in testimony of the grateful sense which the Corporation entertains of the very important and faithful services he has rendered to the now United Kingdom, during a life unremittingly devoted to the glory of his Country, the honour of his Sovereign, and to the just maintenance of the rights and interests of his fellow-subjects. At

eight o'clock in the evening, the Lord Mayor, City Council, Town Clerk, Sheriffs, and Common Council, waited on Earl St. Vincent, at the Deanery, and presented the Resolution.

24. In consequence of Mr. Bromford's declining to ride, Mrs. Thornton, this morning, walked, or rather cantered, in a most excellent stile, over York Race Course, accompanied by Colonel Thornton, agreeably to the terms of the Match, for four hogheads of Cote Roti, 2000gs. h. ft. and for 600gs. p. p. bet by Mrs. T.

Afterwards commenced a Match, in which the above Lady was to ride two miles against Mr. Buckle the Jockey, well

well known at Newmarket, and other places of SPORT, as a rider of the first celebrity. Mrs. Thornton appeared dressed for the contest, in a purple cap and waistcoat, nankeen coloured skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings; she was in high health and spirits, and seemed eager for the decision of the Match. Mr. Buckle was dressed in a blue cap, with blue-bodied jacket and white sleeves. Mrs. Thornton carried 9st. 6lb., Mr. Buckle 13st. 6lb. At half-past-three they started; Mrs. Thornton took the lead, which she kept for some time; Mr. Buckle then put in trial his jockeyship, and passed the Lady, which he kept for only a few lengths, when Mrs. Thornton, by the most excellent, we may truly say — *horsemanship* — pushed forwards, and came-in in a stile far superior to any thing of the kind we ever witnessed, gaining her Race by half a-neck. The manner of Mrs. Thornton's riding is certainly of the first description; indeed her close seat and perfect management of her horse, her bold and steady Jockeyship, amazed one of the most crowded Courses we have for a long time witnessed; and, on her winning, she was hailed with the most reiterated shouts of congratulation.

Mrs. T. rode Louisa, sister to Kill-Devil, by Pegasus, out of Nelly; — Mr. Buckle rode Allegro, by Pegasus, out of Allegranti's dam.

[A sad disturbance took place at the Stand in the afternoon, in consequence of a dispute between Mr. Flint (who rode against Mrs. Thornton last year *) and Colonel Thornton, respecting 1000l. Mr. Flint had posted the Colonel on Thursday, and the Colonel re-termined on Friday. This day Mr. Flint came to the Stand with a *new horsemanship*, which he applied to the Colonel's shoulders with great activity, in the presence of a crowd of ladies. All the gentlemen in the place, indignant at this gross and violent outrage, hissed and hooted him. He was arrested by order of the Lord Mayor, and several Magistrates, who were present, and given into custody of the City Runners, until he can find bail, himself in 1000l. and two sureties in 500l. each. Colonel Thornton is also bound over to prosecute the party for the assault.]

SEPT. 2. A shocking accident happened to Mr. Mead, at Bocking water-

mill, Essex. Whilst oiling some part of the machinery, his arm was unfortunately drawn in, and so dreadfully mangled, as to render it absolutely necessary to separate the limb entirely from the shoulder.

6. The most violent storm that has occurred in or near the capital for many years took place this morning, between five and seven o'clock. The thunder was more than commonly loud and awful, and the lightning bore the resemblance of red and glowing balls of fire. Many persons felt shaken in their beds, and light articles were moved, in many instances, as if by an earthquake. At Kensington Gore several trees were split to pieces; a stack of chimnies, belonging to Mr. Morgan, in that quarter, was demolished, as was part of his park-wall; while redoubled showers came pouring from the sky.

Mr. Williams, proprietor of the great Copper-works in Buckinghamshire, has been robbed at various times lately of ten tons of copper, value 1000l. Mr. W. suspecting a neighbouring paper-maker's cart to be conveying paper from the mill at unseasonable hours, in order to cheat the excise, had it stopped, when, lo! instead of paper, the cart contained eight cwt. of Mr. Williams's copper!

Mr. Fuseli having accepted the situation of Keeper at the Royal Academy, has been under the necessity of relinquishing the Professorship of Painting; as the laws of the Academy do not permit one Member to occupy two offices. The election of a Professor took place lately, at a general meeting of Academicians; when Mr. Opie was unanimously chosen.

The Duke of York is appointed by his Majesty Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards, Warden and Keeper of New Forest, and Ranger of Hampton Court Park, vacant by the decease of the late Duke of Gloucester. — Of the two Ranger-ships above mentioned, that of Hampton Court has the advantage in point of residence; the *Pavilion* there being an elegant and respectable dwelling. The Lodge in the New Forest is chiefly respectable for its antiquity, there being not above three or four habitable apartments in it. The pride of this latter place is what is called *Keeper's Hall*, with its old oak benches and tables, where the Forest Courts have been held for ages, and still are held. The King and Queen passed several days here in 1789.

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* See Vol. XLVI, p. 236.

The Bishop of London has lately vested in his five Archdeacons, as trustees, the sum of 6700*l.* three per cents., yielding an annual income of 200*l.*, towards establishing a fund for

the relief of poor Clergymen in his diocese; but not to be connected with that excellent Charity which is already established for the relief of their Widows and Orphans.

BIRTHS.

MRS. SPENCER PERCIVAL, of a daughter.
Lady Amherst, of a son.

Mrs. Wilberforce, of a son.
The Countess of Westmorland, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

AT Philadelphia, Joseph Read, esq. to Miss Watmough, daughter of J. H. Watmough, formerly of Rotterdam.

The Rev. Mr. Weeden Butler, jun. of Chelsea, to Miss Annabella Dundas Oswald, of Little Ryder-street, St. James's-street.

At Vienna, the Earl of Clanwilliam, to Lady Shuldham, relict of the late Admiral Lord Shuldham.

Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, K.B. to Miss Bagwell.

Colin Douglas, esq. to Miss Boydell, eldest daughter of Alderman Boydell.

The Rev. T. G. Cullum, eldest son of Sir Thomas G. Cullum, bart. to Miss Eggers, of Woodford, Essex.

James Macdonald, esq. son of the Lord Chief Baron, to Miss E. Sparrow, of Biston, Staffordshire.

Brigadier-Major Ferrand, to Miss Twiss, daughter of Brigadier-General Twiss.

Mr. James Saner, of Sun-street, Bishopsgate-street, surgeon, to Miss Sarah Shallis, of Clerkenwell.

Lord Ashburton, to Miss Selby Cunningham, of Lainshaw, Scotland.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

AUGUST 16.

DAVID ROSS, Lord Ankerville, one of the senators of the College of Justice.

17. At Carlisle, aged 89, Mrs. Carlisle, mother of the Rev. J. D. Carlisle, vicar of Newcastle.

23. At Norwich, Mr. Augustin Noverre, brother of the celebrated ballet-master, aged 76.

24. At Wilton House, Philip Wyatt, esq. of Hanworth, Middlesex.

James Shaw, esq. of Great Portland-street.

At Twickenham, Thomas Amyand, esq. a director of the Bank.

At Hoveton, in Norfolk, in his 80th year, John Blofield, esq. a deputy lieutenant of that county.

25. At the Manse at Inveresk, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, minister of that parish, aged 84.

26. Lady Mary Hume, relict of Dr. John Hume, bishop of Salisbury, in her 82d year.

27. At Coldstream, Scotland, Henry Buchan, esq.

Mr. Owen, builder of the Bridge-houses at Sheffield.

29. Thomas Skottowe, esq. of Great Ayton, Yorkshire.

At Dromore, in his 79th year, the Rev. John Williamson.

At Chester, in his 36th year, James Sinclair, esq. barrister.

Lately, Mr. Vincent, a writing-engraver.

30. At Chelsea Hospital, at the age of 105, Robert Swifield, a pensioner; and on the 2d of August, Abraham Moss, aged 106.

31. At Sidmouth, Dr. James Currie.

At Hull, George Roberts, esq. formerly of Beverley.

At Bodmin, Lieutenant Wills, of the royal navy.

SEPT. 1. Mrs. Stephenson, eldest daughter of Alderman Sir William Stephenson, and mother of the Countess of Mexborough.

The Rev. Peter Hamond, rector of Wydford and South Mymys.

The

The Rev. Charles William Tonyn, aged 75 years, rector of Radnage, Bucks.

At Snodland, Kent, John May, esq.

The Rev. Christopher Munnings, formerly of Bilney Hall, Norfolk, and rector of Bentley and Bilney, in the same county.

Henry Thomas Jones, esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square.

2. Thomas Bray, esq. late of Percy-street.

Edward Fitzgerald, esq. of New Park, in the county of Wexford.

Robert Dyneley, esq. at Nottingham, in Kent.

At Whitby, Mr. Joseph Tindall, of Scarborough.

Lately, at Poole, Mr. Thomas Street, an alderman of that corporation.

7. Mr. James Spilbury, late of Lombard-street.

C. Colclough, esq. of Beaconsfield, near Newark.

Lately, at Weybridge, Surrey, Sir Henry Tuite, bart. of Sonagh, near Mullingar, in Ireland.

Lately, at Clerk Hill, Lancashire, Sir James Whalley Smythe Gardiner, bart.

9. Joseph Robley, esq. late of the Island of Tobago.

Robert Jennings, esq. chief clerk to Lord Grenville, auditor of his Majesty's exchequer.

10. Captain Francis Martin, barrack-master at Deal.

James Copps, esq. Bromley Common.

Lately, at Lanrothal, Herefordshire, aged near 100 years, the Rev. Martin Barry, vicar of that parish sixty-five years.

11. Mr. Carter Moore, attorney, Johnson's court, Fleet-street.

12. At Minehead House, in her 73d year, Dorothy Countess of Lisburne, relict of Wilmott, Earl of Lisburne.

13. Charles Chaloner, esq. just returned from the East Indies.

Philip Rogers Bearcroft, esq. late commissary-general of accounts to the Leeward Islands, and one of the commissioners for settling accounts of the army expenditure in the West Indies.

At Liverpool, in his 59th year, Mr. Thomas Lake.

14. Sir James Tylney Long, bart. in his 11th year.

16. At Derby, Mrs. Archdall, wife of Richard Archdall, esq. M.P.

17. Colonel Eardley, second son of Lord Eardley.

18. William Stiles, esq. commissioner of the customs, aged 75.

Lately, at Brompton, Mr. Charles Fairfield, a painter (say the diurnal journals) of extraordinary merit and knowledge in his profession, but of so modest and diffident a disposition, that, notwithstanding his acknowledged talents, he rarely ventured to paint from the impulse of his own mind, and would not do it at all, unless he was urged thereto by the importunity of friends: nevertheless, he has left behind him some original pictures, the merit of which will hand his name down to posterity as an eminent man of his day; and the many excellent copies of the finest pictures in the Flemish, French, and English schools, which have been produced by his pencil, will extend the fame of the several masters whose works he has so counterfeited, whilst his own worth, with reference to these, will be lost in the admirable and inimitable success of his imitations, which scarcely any eye can even now discriminate from the originals. Many of these copies will be found in the first collections, both at home and abroad; and the proprietors of them have no other idea than that they possess the original pictures, having paid value as if they were such, although he, poor man, sold them at a very low rate, and never represented them otherwise than as copies by himself. Notwithstanding Mr. Fairfield's great merit, he was never easy in his circumstances, and for a great part of his laborious life was under the clutches of the griping and unconscientious picture-dealer, who gathered the fruits of his labours by practising deceits upon the world. Mr. Fairfield died about the age of 45, after a very checkered, hard, and uncomfortable life: he was a very honourable, generous, and good man: he lived in retirement and seclusion, and was little known to the world; had he been more known, he would have been less unhappy, and more successful.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Mohegan, America, Martha, at the great age of 120 years. She was the widow of Zacara, one of the nobility of the Mohegan tribe of Indians, and many years an agent from the said tribe to the General Assembly at Connecticut.

JUNE 9. In his passage from Jamaica, William Stone Woolliery, esq.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR SEPTEMBER 1805.

Days	Bank Stock	per Ct Redu	3 per Ct Consols	4 per Ct Consols	Navy 5 per Ct	New 5 per Ct	Long Ann.	Short Ann.	Omn.	Imp. 3 per Ct	Imp. Ann.	Irish 5 per Ct	Irish Deben.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	English Lott. Pick.
24																		
26	178 $\frac{3}{4}$	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	58 a $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 1-16	2 $\frac{3}{8}$	3 pr.								2 pr	191 5s
27	178 $\frac{3}{4}$	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$	76	88 $\frac{1}{4}$				3 $\frac{1}{2}$					177 $\frac{1}{2}$		2	2 pr	191 5s
28		58	57 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$	76	89 $\frac{1}{4}$		17		2 $\frac{3}{4}$	57 $\frac{7}{8}$						2	2 pr	191 10s
29	178	58	57 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 58	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	17		2 $\frac{3}{4}$					177		2	3 pr	191 10s
30		58	58 $\frac{1}{4}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	89	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 1-16	2 $\frac{3}{8}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{8}$						2	3 pr	191 10s
31		59	58 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{3}{8}$	89 $\frac{3}{8}$		1 $\frac{1}{8}$	2 $\frac{3}{8}$	3 $\frac{1}{2}$			88 $\frac{1}{2}$		178 $\frac{1}{2}$		2	2 pr	191 10s
2																		
3	179	59	58 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$	76 $\frac{3}{4}$		101		2 7-16	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{8}$						3	1 pr	191 10s
4			57 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58 $\frac{1}{2}$		89 $\frac{1}{4}$			2 17-16	3	57 $\frac{7}{8}$	9 $\frac{1}{4}$					2	1 pr	191 10s
5			57 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58		89				3					181		2	1 pr	191 13s
6			58 a $\frac{1}{8}$		89				3	58						2	1 pr	191 13s
7			57 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58		89				2 $\frac{3}{4}$		9 $\frac{1}{4}$					2	2 pr	191 13s
9			57 $\frac{3}{4}$ a 58		89					58						2	1 pr	191 13s
10			57 $\frac{3}{4}$ a 58		89				2 $\frac{3}{4}$		9 $\frac{1}{4}$					2	2 pr	191 13s
11			58 a $\frac{1}{8}$		89				3	58	9 $\frac{1}{4}$			180 $\frac{1}{2}$		2	2 pr	191 13s
12			57 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58		88 $\frac{7}{8}$						9 $\frac{1}{4}$			181 $\frac{1}{2}$			2 pr	191 13s
13			57 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58		88 $\frac{1}{2}$					57 $\frac{7}{8}$						2	2 pr	191 13s
14			57 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58		88 $\frac{1}{2}$				3							2	2 pr	191 13s
16			57 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58 $\frac{1}{8}$		88 $\frac{1}{2}$											2	1 pr	191 13s
17			5 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 58 $\frac{1}{8}$		88 $\frac{1}{2}$						9 $\frac{1}{4}$					2	1 pr	191 13s
18			58 $\frac{1}{8}$		88 $\frac{1}{2}$				3	58				182		2	1 pr	191 13s
19			58 a $\frac{1}{8}$		88 $\frac{1}{2}$						9 $\frac{1}{4}$					2	1 pr	191 13s
20			58 $\frac{1}{8}$		88 $\frac{1}{4}$				3	58	9 $\frac{1}{4}$			181			par	191 13s
21																		
23																		
24			58 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$		88 $\frac{3}{4}$				3 $\frac{1}{4}$		9 $\frac{1}{4}$					2	par	191 13s

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The numerous inaccuracies of Dictionaries similar to the above, encouraged the author to the undertaking; and to render it perfect no pains, application, nor labour, have been spared; it is therefore announced to the public as deserving their patronage.

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Mr. SWAINSON has devoted the greater part of his life to observe the several orders of diseases, external and internal, proceeding from these causes; and he has studied them under a greater variety of circumstances than most other practitioners.

The formulæ of physicians, or of any established pharmacopeia, suit all degrees of the disorders to which they are applied, though the bodily powers producing those degrees may be widely different. When the attention of an ingenious and honest man is limited to few diseases and to one medicine, he is more likely to ascertain those powers, than if his attention were indefinitely divided among all the evils of life and all their supposed remedies.

But the question, on the comparative merit of the Vegetable Syrup, and all the common alteratives in competition with it, is a question of fact and experiment, on the different action of mineral and vegetable acids.

Dr. PERCIVAL says, (in his Essays,) “ From the ignorance of this distinction, or want of attention to it, I believe the elixir of vitriol is exhibited, when vinegar or the sour juices of vegetables would be more serviceable. For though it is the common property of all acids to correct the putrid acrimony of the blood; yet the power of

“ *sweetening* it, seems to belong only to the vegetable class. “ And as they are mildly aperient, at the same time, they “ will not only neutralize the septic colluvies, which in some “ diseases lodges in the stomach and flexum of the duode- “ num, but will also gently tend to evacuate it ; an advan- “ tage not to be expected from the mineral acids.”

The morbid matter generated by scurvy, scrofula, by the various classes of putrid fevers, or introduced by the measles, by the small pox, and by all the modifications of the lues, though they produce various and specific diseases, have the common properties of the same putrescent poison, which cannot be assimilated by the powers of the constitution, with our healthful fluids.

The following cases, among an indefinite number in the possession of the Proprietor, prove the Vegetable Syrup prevents the deposition of such morbid poison, on all the important and noble parts of the human machine ; dissolves old and indurated concretions on the joints, and hinders the retention of scrofulous, variolous, and syphilitic matter in any parts of the glandular system, or stimulates the excretory powers to expel them.

To the Printer of the Lewes Journal.

SIR,

I HAVE frequently observed, in your useful Journal, attestations of the cure of several diseases by the application of some particular medicine. I know of no medicine so innocent, so mild in its operation, and yet so efficacious, as VELNOS' VEGETABLE SYRUP. I have read many cases of its efficacy in scrofulous habits ; but in a lumbar abscess, attended with many other ulcers, I never met with a single instance of a perfect cure.

Mary Fuller, aged 20 years, servant to John Pinion, farmer in the parish of Bodiam, in May last, being incapable of working, went home to her mother in the parish of Ewhurst, where she was attacked with a Lumbar Abscess, (which consists in a collection of matter in the loins: which matter generally makes its way under the muscles situated in the groin, and is thrown out under the fascia of the thigh,

where it collects to the quantity of from one to two quarts, when it arrives at this state, it is by medical men generally considered as a fatal disease.) Her swelling became so alarming that her mother applied to the parish officers, who at considerable expence procured two eminent surgeons, and the abscess was opened, and discharged near two quarts of matter.—Some time afterwards I met with one of the surgeons who attended her. He told me there was not a hope of recovery—and that he could do nothing more for her. Having some of the Vegetable Syrup, I was determined to make a trial of it. I went to the house, when her mother informed me, that, independent of the lumbar abscess, she had four running ulcers, one in her right breast, one under her right arm, and two upon her back; and that she had not been able to turn herself in bed for sixteen weeks. Such an object to recover, I really think, was never seen; the processes on the bones were ready to pierce through the skin. In this miserable state of debility, with no other prospect than death, I began very sparingly with the Vegetable Syrup: soon, however, finding I lost no ground, I ordered the full dose, and, to my great astonishment, before she had taken three bottles, the ulcers in her back and breast became clean, and began to heal: unfortunately (through the neglect of the carrier,) she had no Syrup for four days, when the ulcers opened with their usual virulent discharge.

By a regular perseverance in taking the Syrup, (without any other medicine whatever,) the ulcers and abscess became dry, and healed of themselves. On the 6th of September I began with the Syrup, and on the 18th of November Mary Fuller was restored to perfect health, and continues so to the present 25th Day of February, 1801.

Witness my hand,

ROBERT RUSSELL, Rector of Ewhurst, Sussex.

NICHOLAS LARKIN, } Church-Wardens.
SAM. BAKER, }
JOHN GILBERT, Overseer.

P. S. Observing numerous efforts at imposture, such as PILLS, SYRUPS, BALSAMS, &c. intended to pass as preparations of De Velnos, or to be of similar effect—I always apply at the fountain-head; and obtain the medicine and advice immediately from Mr. Swainson, the successor of Mr. De Velnos, in Frith Street.

SCROFULA,

APPROACHING THAT STATE OF IT CALLED

THE KING'S EVIL.

[Mr. Swainson earnestly recommends the following Case to the particular attention and notice of the Reader, as it promises relief, and even a cure, in a disease, the KING'S EVIL, which has been hitherto the opprobrium of the Medicinal Art, and generally pronounced incurable.]

As this disease is scarcely ever cured, persons of Scrofulous Habits should attend to its pre-dispositions, which are hard kernels or moveable tubercles in the neck; enlarged joints, &c.—These have corresponding internal tumors in the lungs, the liver, and the mesentery.

This most miserable disease is treated with bark, opium, salt water, medicinal springs, mercury, antimony, arsenic and hemlock, and it terminates in tedious tortures and a dreadful death. All the pre-dispositions to this disease are effectually removed by the Vegetable Syrup of De Velnos; but humanity alone can induce the proprietor, Mr. Swainson, to attempt a cure, when its ravages have been of long standing, and the wretched patients are at the last fatal period.

DEAR SIR,

Torrey, August 2, 1800.

By mere accident I became acquainted with a person in Brixham, who has received perhaps the most extraordinary cure by your VELNOS' VEGETABLE SYRUP that was ever effected by medicine. I owe to you some obligations since I lived at Treleg in Monmouthshire, which, in all likelihood,

you may not recollect: this makes me anxious to communicate the above information, for which I obtained your late Patient's leave.

About four years ago, Mrs. ELIZABETH SAUNDERS was seized with a violent illness and breaking out all over her body; the Faculty pronounced it to be the Small-Pox, but that disorder she had had many years before. It, however, produced deep ulcers from head to foot, *in many of which the bones were plainly to be seen*. Her wounds generally took three hours daily to dress. In this condition she lay for ten months in bed, without being able to stir from thence: she was often visited by a Physician, and constantly by a Surgeon; who gave her up entirely, after trying every thing they thought would be of service. The famous Dr. W. called to see her once in his way to Dawlish; but not the most distant prospect of recovery was entertained by any of them that saw the miserable state she lay in. Her Surgeon, (an eminent practitioner of the neighbourhood,) at last recommended your Syrup, which she took, and soon found benefit from it; and, after taking fifteen or twenty bottles, was perfectly cured: she has now the appearance of being as healthy a woman as any in England, and has since borne children: *she usually expended a pound of lint (valued five shillings) every five or six days*, and was at an astonishing expence *in other respects*. She has one scar on the extremity of her nose, and several on her arms, which she shewed me; but the greater part are on her legs and body. They have the appearance of the cicatrices of wounds made by the King's Evil (when cured), if I may be allowed the expression. Many of the inhabitants of Brixham can attest this case, and the Surgeon would be able to give you a much better account of her *quondam* situation than I can; but if you think that I can be of any service to you in drawing up a more exact and methodical statement of it, you may command me.

I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

E. POWELL.

N. B. Direct, Rev. E. POWELL, Chaplain on board His Majesty's Ship *Ajax*, Torbay.

*Isaac Swainson, Esq.
Frith Street, Soho, London.*

I do allow the above to be a true and correct statement of my Case ; and beg to observe, I was confined eighteen months to my bed, and ten of which I neither turned on the right side or left, but lay on my back, without being able to move myself.

ELIZABETH SAUNDERS.

Brixham, Torbay, Aug. 18, 1800.

A Letter from the Rev. Mr. SAUNDERS.

SIR,

ELIZABETH CARTER, who has received benefit from your DE VELNOS' VEGETABLE SYRUP, is desirous of its being made public, if you think it will be of any service to mankind.

She was for fifteen years afflicted with a violent scrofulous complaint, the last eight of which she passed in most excruciating pain in her neck, head, and joints : she had six large lumps formed in her neck, and a thin watery humour discharged itself from her ears at times. The medical Gentleman whom she had consulted, told her that it was a confirmed cancer : she was in this state when she was advised to try your Medicine. After taking three Bottles she received great benefit, and with six more she was completely cured ; all the lumps being entirely dissolved, and no symptom whatever of the disorder remaining.

As I was a witness of the cure, I can testify the truth of the above statement, she being one of my Parishioners.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

Sawtry, near Stilton, Aug. 31, 1804. J. SAUNDERS.

To Isaac Swainson, Esq. Frith Street, London.

CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease, which generally selects its victims in the flower of youth, and which originates in a scrofulous affection of the glands of the lungs, is to be cured by alteratives, which, if taken in time prevent the formation of ulcers, and of tubercles tending to ulcers, or if they should be formed, to heal them.

The time therefore taken up by opium or paregoric mixtures, gums, resins, bark, blisters, bleeding, &c. is worse than lost. The genuine SYRUP of DE VELNOS' is the mildest and safest medicine of the alterative kind, which has yet been discovered; its effects and powers have been long ascertained by the severest trials under the most judicious inspection. Parents and guardians of youth are therefore entreated to have recourse to it, when the first pink blushes and short coughs appear, before purulent matter, a sense of suffocation, and a strong hectic proclaim the near approach of death.

The original of the following letter and the name of the author may be seen in Frith Street.

SIR,

ABOUT three years since you may remember I mentioned in a letter I wrote you relative to some cases in which I administered your VELNOS' VEGETABLE SYRUP with the utmost advantage, one in particular, strongly, in my opinion, and the opinion of the patient's relatives, proving its powerful efficacy in that truly deplorable disease CONSUMPTION. A young gentleman, about eighteen years of age, was put under my care: he had a most violent cough, of that dry, husky, short kind, attendant upon the formation of tubercles, great difficulty in breathing, hectic fever, pulse above 100, great prostration of strength, and almost total loss of appetite. As a medical man, I adopted that mode of treatment usual under such symptoms, but so far from gaining ground, that he seemed to lose it, insomuch, that for the satisfaction of all parties, I proposed a physician of the first eminence. He attended him for some time, but

finding him getting worse, he recommended his being sent into the country, to see what the change of air would do, at the same time observing, he considered his recovery impossible, as it was his opinion he was advancing very fast into the last stage of Consumption. In the course of my attendance upon the patient, I perceived he seemed to have a strong tendency to a scorbutic habit in his constitution, and having previously in my practice observed the powerfully alterative quality your Syrup possesses in refining the blood and juices, I determined upon recommending it; and as the young Gentleman's friends reposed great confidence in me, they most readily coincided with me in the plan. He began upon it immediately agreeably to your directions, without my interference in any respect whatever, otherwise than as a friend watching its effects. In less than a week he began to get better in all his symptoms, and in less than a month he was so hearty as to go into the country, and go through his usual exercise of bold riding in hunting, shooting, &c. and has continued from that time in perfect health. I should have handed you this before, but waited so long a period for the result; perhaps to your temporary disadvantage, but ultimately to your benefit; as the time elapsed will surely prove it a permanent cure. Though I do not consider your Medicine in principle or practice as under the description of quackery, as you stand upon a much more respectable footing; yet I cannot, for reasons obvious to yourself, suffer you to publish my name to this; yet thus far I may add, that my name is placed in the list given in your publication, with some of the first in eminence this kingdom can produce. I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

A. B.

*To Isaac Swainson, Esq. Frith Street, London,
18th of March, 1805.*

Mr. SWAINSON may be consulted daily, from ten till two, or letters (post paid,) may be addressed to him at No. 21, Frith Street, Soho; where the Medicine is prepared and sold at 13s. per bottle.