

European Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1805.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of Mrs. CROUCH. And, 2. A VIEW of
WARD'S HOUSE, HACKNEY.]

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a number of pieces on the death of Lord NELSON, most of which came too late for insertion. A selection from them will hereafter appear.

As *Dictator* has sent his performance to another Magazine, he must be content with its appearance there.

The complaint of the over-loading of waggons is better adapted for a Newspaper. *J. N.* and *Scholasticus* in our next.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from November 9 to November 16.

										COUNTIES upon the COAST.				
Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans		Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans
s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.					
London										Effex	67	4	31	0
00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	Kent	74	3	38	0
										Suffex	74	8	00	0
										Suffolk	65	11	00	0
										Cambrid.	64	5	00	0
										Norfolk	62	5	32	0
										Lincoln	64	8	39	0
										York	66	4	52	0
										Durham	69	1	00	0
										Northum.	63	11	45	0
										Cumberl.	74	8	51	0
										Westmor.	83	3	60	0
										Lancash.	78	0	00	0
										Cheshire	75	10	00	0
										Gloucest.	91	2	00	0
										Somerfet.	90	9	00	0
										Monmou.	95	11	00	0
										Devon	94	7	00	0
										Cornwall	88	8	00	0
										Dorset	82	7	00	0
										Hants	74	11	00	0
										WALES				
										N. Wales	76	8	00	0
										S. Wales	90	0	00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock A. M.

1805.	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.	1805.	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.
Oct. 26	29.35	47	E	Fair	Nov. 12	30.39	40	SSE	Fair
27	29.42	45	NE	Rain	13	30.37	38	N	Ditto
28	29.60	43	NE	Fair	14	30.54	41	NE	Ditto
29	29.61	42	NE	Rain	15	30.67	44	NNE	
30	29.85	37	N	Fair	Small shower of rain for 20 minutes,				
31	30.40	38	N	Ditto	16	30.71	42	NNE	Fair
Nov. 1	30.35	40	E	Ditto	17	30.52	40	E	Ditto
2	30.07	41	NE	Ditto	18	30.31	34	E	Ditto
3	30.21	34	E	Ditto	19	30.01	35	SW	Ditto
4	30.37	35	E	Ditto	20	30.20	37	N	Ditto
5	30.41	34	NE	Ditto	21	30.47	34	N	Ditto
6	30.39	40	SE	Ditto	22	30.24	37	W	Ditto
7	30.40	43	SE	Ditto	23	30.28	38	N	Ditto
8	30.37	40	E	Ditto	24	30.25	35	W	Rain
9	30.29	41	SE	Ditto	25	30.21	37	NW	Fair
10	30.40	39	E	Ditto	26	30.22	38	W	Ditto
11	30.37	41	SE	Ditto	27	30.20	39	W	Ditto

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER 1805.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CROUCH.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

“ Without one jarring atom was she form’d,
And gentleness and joy made up her being.”

NEVER did either ancient or modern Bard exert his poetical genius in praise of a more lovely woman than the late Mrs. CROUCH; whose personal charms were heightened by those graces of speech and deportment which would have rendered even ugliness agreeable.

She possessed by nature every requisite for genteel comedy and serious opera; and these requisites were early cultivated by her father, who, from his refined taste and sound judgment, was perfectly adequate to the task. Her first music-master was a Mr. Wafer, many years Organist of Berwick-street Chapel; by whom she was so diligently instructed, that she was, at ten or eleven years of age, capable of accompanying herself on the piano forte in some of the most difficult English airs.

At this period she passed much of her time in the house of Sir Watkin Lewes; and his Lady took great pleasure in introducing the little Anna-Maria Phillips to her visitors, as a songstress of great promise; yet so unassuming was the child, that instead of being elated by the kind attentions she received from the amiable Lady Lewes, and several other ladies of great respectability, she has frequently lamented that her elder sisters did not sing and play as well as herself, to share the pleasures she enjoyed—“ For I love my sisters,” she would say, “ and had rather never go out than make them unhappy by leaving them at home.” This affection for her family strengthened with her growth; for never existed a more sincerely affectionate sister, or a more dutiful child.

About this time her tender heart was severely wounded by the death of her mother; an event which greatly increased the naturally serious turn of her mind. She then, for the first time,

quitted her paternal home to reside with an aunt, her father’s sister, a very sensible woman, whose conversation was extremely entertaining and instructive. With this lady she closely continued her lessons of music, improving daily, and gaining new and respectable patronesses without losing the favour of her former ones; and thus admired and caressed, began her theatrical career, in the seventeenth year of her age, 1780, as a pupil of Mr. Linley, who had every reason to triumph in the success of his fair scholar; as, from her first appearance, in *Mandane*, she arose rapidly to the height she attained in her profession.

Sir Watkin Lewes, then Lord Mayor of London, and his Lady, honoured their young protégée by appearing with an elegant party in the stage box at her *first* benefit, when *Lionel and Clarissa*, with *Who’s the Dupe?* were performed to a crowded and brilliant house, and the beautiful *Clarissa* received the most encouraging applause from every part of the theatre.

In the summer of that year, 1781, she appeared in a number of first-rate characters at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool; where she not only acquired new fame and admiration, but was treated by the principal inhabitants of that city with distinguished marks of respect.

Although she returned to her engagement at Drury-lane greatly improved in person and talents, yet she still retained the interesting charm of feminine timidity when she appeared in any new character, and with humble diffidence seemed only to claim the indulgence of a liberal audience, while she deserved and obtained their warmest approbation and applause.

When, in the full bloom of beauty, and nearly arrived at perfection in her theatrical

theatrical department, she made her first appearance on the Dublin stage, she was received with the enthusiastic rapture inherent to the Hibernians, who love to foster the blossoms of genius. Among various compliments in prose and verse, which were inserted in the public prints on that occasion, the following was extracted from the *Freeman's Journal*, as being rather curiously turned, and may not, perhaps, be deemed improper in this place.

"A theatrical correspondent advises all dramatic and musical connoisseurs, who propose to attend Smock Alley house on the night Miss Phillips performs, to guard well their hearts, as so sweet a countenance, elegant person, and ravishing voice, are scarcely found in a century to unite so powerfully in one young lady. Our correspondent advises, likewise, all ladies who are not perfectly secure of the affections of their caro sposos, and every Stella who has not absolutely fixed the love of her Strephon, to apply immediately to Parliament to except from the articles of free trade, by an *ex post facto* law, the importation of this captivating Syren."

The praises lavished on her personal attractions she regarded as common place flattery, unworthy a thought: those bestowed on her professional abilities never excited vanity, but an ardent wish to *deserve* them, which rendered her anxiously attentive to her duty as a singer and an actress; and this indefatigable attention established her fame in the opinion of a judicious public.

Affectation never distorted her features, embarrassed her actions, or enfeebled her voice, either *on* or *off* the stage, nor did she ever condescend to be an *imitator*; and indeed to render most of the characters in her line *perfect*, after having studied the dialogue, she had nothing to do but to be *herself*; expressive looks, dignified yet easy manners, clear, impressive articulation, and fascinating beauty, were her own natural gifts; and she appeared in *reality* that assemblage of charms of which an author's fancy usually composes the interesting heroine of his drama.

In the year 1785 she was married to Mr. Crouch, a Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy; but her marriage state was *not* a happy one. Mr. C. was young, handsome, and apparently good-natured; but he was gay and thoughtless, and preferred his own pleasures abroad

to the society of a beautiful and sensible wife; and so far from protecting her with the care and attention she deserved, he soon became an indifferent and careless husband.

When Mr. Kelly came from Italy, and was engaged at Drury-lane Theatre, Mr. Crouch invited him to reside in his house; Mr. K. accepted the invitation, and Mr. C. thought he had *then* full liberty to indulge in his amusements abroad, and left his wife entirely to the guardianship of her Cicisbeo. Mrs. C. was too sensible not to feel the neglect of her husband, and their mutual unhappiness terminated in a separation by *mutual* consent. Some years ago Mr. Crouch obtained the affections of a lady to whom he immediately lent his name, which he will *now*, no doubt, give her a *legal* title to assume. It will not be amiss to end this subject with the sentiments of Mrs. Crouch: "I most sincerely forgive the whole conduct of Mr. Crouch to *myself*; he is older now, and I hope is sufficiently sensible of his errors to abjure them, and render the *present* object of his choice, who I hear is a deserving woman, far happier than he did *me*; and they may rest assured that I will never take the least step to interrupt their felicity."

As Mr. and Mrs. Crouch were not divorced by act of Parliament, Mr. Kelly could not *marry* her according to the ecclesiastical law, but he bound himself by a solemn contract never to marry any other woman during her existence, and to make her his wife if ever she should be a widow. The day on which this contract was signed he called his wedding-day, and bailed it with an annual festival. He always regarded *her* as his respected and beloved *wife*, but she always found *him* a tender and attentive *lover*.

From the first of their meeting, the study of love had been their constant professional duty. Love was to guide their actions, dictate their speeches, and breathe in their songs; the brilliant graces of the Italian music were caught from Mr. Kelly, to adorn her own sweet voice; and he, who had passed many years in Italy, anxiously strove to acquire the easy graces of her perfect pronunciation of the English dialogues which they were to repeat on the stage. Thus in their rehearsals at home, and in the theatre, they endeavoured to improve each other. They succeeded,

succeeded, and insensibly their hearts were inspired with the passion they were obliged to study—they ceased to be actors, they were lovers in reality, and that *reality* gained them unbounded applause. When they sung the charming duet,

Oh! thou wert born to please me!"

it flowed from their hearts, they *felt* it—the audience felt it too, and seemed silently to respect the perfect harmony of mutual love, and then to applaud it with enthusiastic rapture.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the finest acting scene in the opera of *Lodoiska*, was produced by an accident. The first night it was performed, Mrs. Crouch, who played the Princess, was situated in the blazing castle so near the flames, fanned toward her by the wind, that she began to *feel* her danger. Mr. Kelly beheld it, and hastily darting over the scenery, she saw him fall from a considerable height, and uttered a cry of terror: in a moment, however, he caught her in his arms, and scarcely knowing what he did, bore her rapidly to the front of the stage; while she, terrified by his fall, and actually scorched with the flames, was nearly insensible of her situation; but the audience, who thought it the finest piece of acting they had ever seen, soon roused the lovers, by the loudest plaudits, from their apprehension for each other, and not only convinced them that they were on the stage, but that their *real* terror had far exceeded, in effect, the finest studied scene they could have acted; and as it happened to be perfectly in character, they ever after endeavoured to imitate as closely as possible, their own *natural* feelings on *that* night.

In the character of *Lodoiska*, Catherine in the *Siege of Belgrade*, and several others, Mrs. Crouch has had no equal. Miss De Camp is too sensible to be offended at this assertion; as a charming actress and an agreeable singer, she has long established a fame of her own, without *seeking* for it in the first line of Opera characters, in which she has succeeded Mrs. Crouch, not to oblige *herself* but the *Managers*, and has acquired new fame by her performances in the *Haunted Tower*, *The Siege of Belgrade*, and *Lodoiska*, although she is *not* the singer which her predecessor *was* when those operas first came out.

Miss Alton, in the late General Burgoyne's comedy of the *Heiress*, a character so fully dependant on fine speaking and modest deportment, never can have a more excellent representative than Mrs. Crouch; her figure, dress, and manners, were exactly appropriate to virtue in distress; she displayed all the charms of innate delicacy animated by the spirit of insulted worth; and her impressive manner of pronouncing the word "*Scorn*" must still vibrate on the ears of all who heard her, whenever they recollect that interesting scene.

About the time that Drury Lane Theatre was rebuilding, reports were raised, false as they were various, concerning an exalted Personage and the fair subject of this memoir; but though much was said, nothing was *authenticated* either at *that period*, or ever has been *since*. This great Personage, ever an admirer and an encourager of fine talents, patronized Mr. Kelly from his first arrival in England, and still continues to patronize him; and always honoured Mrs. Crouch with public marks of respect, wherever he saw her; these are *certainties* known to those who live in the fashionable world.

When in the full perfection of song and beauty, Mrs. Crouch had the misfortune to be overturned in her carriage, as she was on a journey; a weighty dressing case fell upon her throat, and had nearly deprived her of life before she could be extricated from her dangerous situation. This fatal accident injured her vocal powers so much, that for many months she was totally incapable of singing. The first surgeons, in this and other countries, were consulted, and at length her voice was in some degree restored, but its *strength* both in singing and speaking was lost for ever.

From this unfortunate accident, when her whole frame received to dreadful shock, might probably proceed the internal disorder which slowly undermined her constitution and terminated her life.

The consciousness of the injury which her voice had sustained, added to her natural timidity, made her feel then a *dread* of appearing in public, and she who at home could endure distress and pain with the truest fortitude, lost all that *fortitude* when she came upon the stage during the latter seasons of her performing, and she was

at times actually unnerved by her apprehensions lest the audience should express disapprobation: but although her song was deprived of its exquisite powers, her acting possessed too many charms not to insure her applause; and if health had permitted her to bear the fatigues of a theatrical life, and Heaven had spared her to the world, she might have been for many years to come still inimitable in the serious line of genteel comedy.

Before, as well as since, she quitted the stage, Mrs. Crouch bestowed a great part of her time in the instruction of Mr. Kelly's pupils, many of whom have done infinite credit to the attentions and talents of *such* instructors. She has also rendered an orphan niece, the daughter of her eldest sister, perfectly capable of taking all the *first* trouble of tuition from Mr. Kelly, if he should continue to take pupils. Besides this young lady, she took under her care, from their infancy, the three children of her youngest sister, the widow of a Mr. Horrebow, late Captain of a Danish East Indiaman. The eldest of these children is now abroad in the naval service; and the other two, a girl and a boy, have already given great promise of being acquisitions to the stage; but now, in the early dawn of their genius, the loss of their aunt as an instructress will be, perhaps, an irreparable misfortune to them.

As Mrs. Crouch had received great benefit from the sea breezes after various attacks of her disorder, she set out for Brighton last Autumn with the flattering hopes to her friends of a speedy restoration; but, alas! those hopes were deceitful, and soon after her arrival there, she was pronounced, by the faculty, to be in imminent danger, and her internal agony brought on a fever attended by frequent fits of delirium.

Mr. Kelly, and her only surviving sister, Mrs. Horrebow, who were both constantly by her side, experienced the most heartfelt pangs on observing her

—"Noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

and her "unmatched form blasted" by disease.

During the last fortnight of her existence the intervals of reason were long and frequent; and, perfectly sensible of her approaching end, with the

most exemplary calmness and fortitude she endeavoured to comfort those dearest to her heart, and to settle all her worldly affairs according to her equitable and affectionate disposition. In peace with the whole world, and in the perfect faith of an eternal and merciful Creator, she expired on the 2d of October last at Brighton, where she was also interred. A neat monument is preparing to mark the spot where her remains are deposited; and the following lines were written to commemorate her virtues:

AN EPITAPH

*Designed for the Monument of the late
MRS. CROUCH.*

Though *here* her mortal beauty must decay,
To the bright regions of eternal day,
On Mercy's downy wings her soul arose,
For much she joyed to sooth another's
woes,

"To rock the cradle of declining age,"
The widow's and the orphan's pangs
allwage,

To give sincere affection every thought,
And practise all the lessons Mercy taught.

If, when within Mortality's confine,
Some human errors stain the soul divine,
Touch'd by Beneficence, with tender
care,

In *Heaven's* just eyes they fade—they disappear—

Her soul refin'd, among th' angelic choir
Joins the pure strains celestial joys inspire.

As it is impossible to say every thing due to the public and private character of Mrs. Crouch within the limits of this publication, the writer of the foregoing Memoir will as speedily as possible publish a regular life of that lady, selected chiefly from her *own* memorandums and the letters she preserved, which afford many interesting anecdotes concerning herself and others.

NOVELS.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I MUST beg permission, by means of your Magazine, to offer my sentiments to the Public, on a subject which at present but too much engages the attention of the youth of both sexes;

I mean Novels. To such a height is this dangerous and absurd diversion grown, (that I may not use a feverer term,) that it really must excite our serious fears for the morals of the rising generation. Can anyone hear without the utmost horror and detestation the most sacred tenets of his religion derided, the Christian's hope of a future existence treated as the idle chimera of false philosophy? Yet such are the infamous precepts of German atheism, which, couched under the most seducing eloquence of language, though they may be unable to eradicate, blait *by degrees* the fruits of the most virtuous education *. In vain might they attempt to disseminate these opinions if *openly* avowed; youth might then learn to avoid the treacherous snare, and reject it with deserved indignation; but when concealed beneath the mask of virtue, what evils may arise from hence? What vices are not encouraged and applauded?

Though more harmless than the other, yet, contrary to *appearances*, even *Methodism* has found its way into these books. I mention this merely to show that they are a vehicle for every sentiment which, if more plainly expressed, would fall under the severest censure of the law.

Should these remarks in any way tend to discover the real designs of these authors, my purpose will be satisfied. It is my ardent wish that the law would strictly restrain such indecencies, falsehoods, and *profaneness*, as are to be found in these publications; in which I believe, Mr. Editor, your good sense will heartily concur with me. I remain yours, &c. VERITAS.

WARD'S HOUSE, HACKNEY.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS mansion, which, though plain in itself, has long been traditionally conspicuous, from the infamous celebrity of its founder, stands at the

* It is a remarkable fact, that while one of the most celebrated of these *male* authors has been induced, by a severe and public animadversion, to retract, at least to omit, in a subsequent edition, what he had before said; a *woman* (I blush to say it,) has, at the age of *eighteen*, shamelessly avowed the most disgraceful principles; nor, like her FRIEND, has been moved by public reprehension to alter them.

corner of a lane leading from the upper extremity of that beautiful village Hackney, through Dalston to King'sland. It was built by John Ward, Esq., a gentleman whose character was so *notorious* for his readiness to take advantage of the foibles, the wants, and vices of his fellow creatures, that it attracted the satirical acrimony of Pope, who in his epistle to Allen Lord Bathurst, on the use of riches, has placed him in a *niche* in the adamantine temple of Obloquy, in company with a trio who seem extremely proper to descend with him to posterity, or rather to accompany him in the *descent* alluded to in these lines:—

“Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,

We find our tenets just the same at last,
Both fairly owning, riches in effect
No grace of Heaven, no token of the elect;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,

To Ward, to Waters, Chatres, and the Devil.”

Respecting the first of these celebrated characters, John Ward, Esq., very little of his private history is known. He is said to have been early in life engaged in a sail cloth manufactory. The exact period when he erected the mansion which we are now contemplating is also uncertain. We find that he resided in it in the year 1727. At this time he was a Member of Parliament *, but having made a *mistake* with respect to a name in a deed, in which the interest of the Duchess of Buckingham was implicated, he was, by that lady, prosecuted for forgery, and on the 17th of March in the same year stood in the pillory. The consequence of this was his expulsion from the House; and as misfortune seldom comes alone, about this time the attention of the public was still more strongly attracted to the character of this gentleman by the termination of an *action*, brought against him at the suit of the South Sea Company, for the recovery of fifty thousand pounds, which he had assisted that well known Director, Sir John Blunt, to conceal. The transactions of Sir John, Messrs. Grigsby, and Ward, would furnish matter for a long history; but these, thank Heaven! it is unnecessary here to detail. The South Sea Company recovered the full amount of

* He was one of the representatives for the borough of Melcombe Regis.

the damages laid in their declaration, and in consequence an execution swept away all the furniture and effects of the mansion of which we have subjoined a correct view. These being insufficient to cover even *the costs*, it became incumbent upon the ingenuity of Ward to guard his estates and tangible property, by exhibiting prior conveyances. Again these *paper fortifications* a bill in Chancery, ten times as voluminous, and twenty times more zig-zag, was erected, a *countermine* of immense depth was sprung, and however ably his works were defended, they were at length carried. The consequence of these operations was, that he, the said Ward, was obliged to do that at last which he ought to have done at first; namely, to restore some part of his (or rather *their*) property to the public.

In the course of these transactions our hero suffered a long imprisonment; long indeed, for it was great part of the time that the Chancery suit was pending. And while in durance, it is said to have made a principal part of his delight and amusement to torture animals: but we hope that this is a *friendly* exaggeration, of which the turpitude of his character did not stand much in need.

To pursue the history of this mansion after the ejection of Ward, it was occupied by a Mr. Gould. A Miss Foggelson was then the tenant for two years; these were succeeded by a Mrs. Vine, who resided in it fifteen years; and from her it descended to the present respectable occupier, Mr. Checke, who took possession the 24th of May 1757, and has continued in it through the long period of forty-five years.

Our local history affords but few instances of so long a residence in one house; and it is amazing to reflect on the vicissitudes which this tenant must have observed in the neighbourhood and village, the fluctuations of the inhabitants, the increase of the buildings and consequent population, and all that infinite variety to which human affairs are continually subject. But still Mr. C. must have been a much more accurate observer of the vicissitudes in his own house; for although he has been a *fixtured*, yet as the greatest part of it has been let in suites of apartments, the variety of its inhabitants in so long a series of years, their avocations, connexions, and pursuits,

must have afforded a curious speculation to the intelligent mind. The house still continues to be let out in apartments, and the respectful attentions of the landlord generally insure tenants, who wish to retire from the bustle of the Metropolis during certain seasons of the year.

The present proprietors of this mansion are the Tysson family, who hold the manor; but since the death of the late Francis John Tysson, Esq., it has been in trust. This family, it will be recollected, have for a long course of time had large possessions in Hackney and its vicinity. Francis Tysson, Esq. was, at the beginning of the last century, the occupant of a large mansion at Shacklewell, which he purchased of Henry Rowe, Esq. This house, which has been many years dilapidated, was remarkable for having been once the residence of Cecilia, the accomplished daughter of Sir Thomas More, who married Giles Heron of Shacklewell, a gentleman who was unfortunately involved in the ruin of his father-in-law, and whose family, by the death of an infant son, became extinct.

Francis Tysson, the proprietor of the land on which Ward erected the mansion to which we have directed the attention of the reader, died the beginning of November 1716, and, after his corpse had lain in state at Goldsmith's hall, was buried the 11th of the same month at Hackney church. In this splendid funeral, posthumous ostentation seems to have been carried to the very verge of extravagance; in consequence of which a curious advertisement was published in the London Gazette of the 24th of November, under the sanction of the Earl of Suffolk, Deputy Earl Marshal. The magnificence and state of these obsequies, it appears, were, by the officers at arms, thought too distinguishing and too elevated, considering the private station of the defunct, they therefore state, that they declined interfering in the arrangement, at the same time they launch a censure at those "ignorant pretenders," who took the "licentious liberty" to marshal and set forth funerals in general. This seems to have been *well timed*, as we know, that from the state and splendor of these solemnities in the age when Sir Richard Steel produced his *Grief A-la-mode*, an undertaker must have been a pretty profitable profession.

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

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL VIEW
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

WITH NOTES, &c.

Chapter VI.

UNPLEASANT as it is to contemplate the calamities of the metropolis, still it affords us some degree of consolation to find, that from the earliest date of its foundation there appears to have existed among the people, whether Britons, Romans, or Saxons, a kind of characteristic energy, that induced them, race after race, to repair the ruin and to renovate the devastation that the barbarous inroads of their predecessors had occasioned; and we cannot help observing, that they seem, in every age, not only to have had this inclination, but also the means to carry it into effect. It is singular enough, that even in those early times luxury is stated to have been prevalent among the people, who are said to have owed their misfortunes in a considerable degree to their *domestic vices* *.

* Gervasius Dorobernensis, the Benedictine, author of the British, Saxon, and Norman History, says, (which, indeed, was much for him to say,) that "the Clergy of those times" (the tenth century) "were idle, drowsy, and ignorant." The laity gave themselves up to a loose way of living, and to luxury. All discipline was laid aside. The state, like a distempered body, was consumed by all sorts of vice; but pride, that forerunner of destruction, had of all others made the greatest progress; and they run to headlong into wickedness, that it was looked upon as a crime to be ignorant of crimes. All these things tended plainly to ruin."—"The English at that time," saith William of Malmesbury, "had clothes that did not reach beyond the middle of the knee. Their heads were shorn; their beards shaven, only the upper lip was always let grow to its full length. Their arms were even loaded with golden bracelets, and their skin all set with painted marks. The Clergy were content with a superficial kind of learning, and had much ado to hammer out the words of the sacraments."

From the reign of Egbert to that of Ethelred, the kingdom had been kept in a state of moral ebullition, which a strong sense of sufferings already endured, and a continual apprehension of those horrors attendant upon savage invasion, had excited in the minds of the people. Of these apprehensions the metropolis, as being the centre point, had its full share. No sooner had one horde of piratical depredators, satiated with their prey, receded from our coasts, than another arrived; and although in A.D. 972 Edgar is with much pomp stated to have assembled his fleet at Chester, and to have entered into an alliance with six of the Monarchs of Wales, who consequently became tributary to him, there is a reasonable probability that this fleet was very inconsiderable, if not in the number of ships of which it was composed, certainly in their construction and stability, from the circumstance of the navy of his son Ethelred, raised by requisition upon all the lands in the kingdom *, and combined with

* This circumstance (extracted from *Sax. Chron. A.D. ann. 1008, 1009,*) is the first instance of the raising *Ship-money* that we meet with in our historical researches. Perhaps, had it been recollected, it might have been quoted in after ages. It will, however, be seen, that the necessities of the times gave rise to this imposition, which certainly was among the Saxons, much more cheerfully paid than another which had been with considerable rigour exacted: this was the tax called DANIGELT, the nature whereof this passage, taken out of our old laws, does fully discover: "The pirates gave first occasion for the paying DANIGELT; for they made such havoc in this nation, that they seemed to aim at nothing but its utter ruin." And to suppress their insolence, it was enacted, that Danigelt should yearly be paid (which was twelvence for every hide of land in the whole nation,) to maintain so many forces as might withstand the incursions of the pirates. All churches were exempt from this Danigelt, nor did any land in the immediate possession of the Church contribute any thing, because they put more confidence in the prayers of the Church than in the defence of arms." This tribute is said to have been the

with this, being found insufficient either to expel the Northern invaders, or even to protect the Mouth of the Thames.

At this period commerce seems to have been in some measure suspended, while the people (as usual) attributed all the evils under which they groaned to the weakness and imbecility of the Monarch, and the treachery of his Ministers. The calamities of the times, it is certain, operated with more force upon the City of London, whose inhabitants depended in a greater degree upon the adventitious profits arising from commerce, or local traffic, than in the country, where they derived their subsistence more immediately from the products of the earth. Yet, although in this instance depressed, they were still doomed to suffer greater calamities; for in A.D. 982 we find that the major part of their houses, which are stated to have been *then* on the Western side of Ludgate, were burned*.

the original of the *land tax*. Yet that, by ancient writers, is stated to have been the oldest mode of assessment in the kingdom.

* This is asserted by Stow, (*Annals*, p. 114.) upon the credit of Radburn, an uncredited writer of the fifteenth century; and this assertion has occasioned some observation. Though the circumstance of there being but few, and those fraggling, buildings east of St. Paul's in the times of the Saxons can scarcely be credited, as we know that there were many churches, perhaps (and it is a presumption which the discovery of numberless detached vestiges has rendered probable) the Roman and Saxon buildings in London were in some degree formed upon the same plan; that is, unconnected with each other. Those for religious purposes, the palaces of the Monarchs, and the mansions of the Nobility, it is most likely, for the reason just stated, had taken an eastern direction, while the houses and cottages of the middle and lower ranks of the people occupied the western. Contracted as the commerce of those times was, it must always have ranged along the bank of the Thames. The markets, we know, must always have been held in the streets that still retain their denomination. Betwixt Cheapside and the wall to the North, and from the same line to the river South, it is most

Upon this occasion the energy of the people was remarkable. Rising superior to the calamities of the times, we find them soon after, with the most sedulous zeal and industry, rebuilding their houses, and repairing the dilapidation that the conflagration had occasioned. Perhaps in many instances the solid architecture and materials of the churches had bounded the fury of the flames; though there is little doubt but that the wooden and thatched buildings to which we have before adverted, suffered to their full extent the elementary waste. While the Citizens were thus laudably employed, they were called upon for exertions of another kind; for in the year 994, Olaf and Swein sailed up the Thames with upwards of ninety ships, and attempted once more to burn the metropolis. Indignation at the cowardice and cruelty of this attempt animated the Citizens. They flew to arms, and repulsed their barbarous invaders with a courage of which the Danes believed *Citizens* incapable.

A few years after this deliverance, in the reign of Edmund the II^d, the Danish King Canute, observing the assistance which that Monarch derived from the steady loyalty of the Londoners, and believing that if he was deprived of this, his strongest hold, and his best support, it would put an end to the war, attempted twice to besiege their city; but the brave and determined resistance of its inhabitants enabling Edmund to come to its relief,

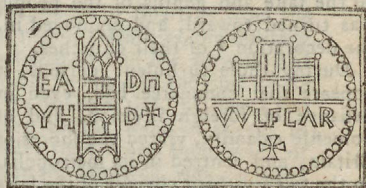
probable the Nobility and the most opulent of the Citizens resided. Their houses detached from each other, and their gardens divided by *lanes*, many of which now derive their names from the circumstance of bounding the demesnes of the adjacent mansions. In these districts, which are now termed the *heart of the City*, the monasteries also arose, and the far greater number of the churches. The street without Ludgate was then unquestionably a *suburb*, composed chiefly of cottages which extended to the then *village of St. Clement Danes*; for it must be remarked, that in those turbulent times, and for a long series of unsettled ages that succeeded, the people of superior rank, or superior opulence, did not like to risk, upon some occasions, their persons, and generally their property, without the walls of the City.

he was, like his predecessors, twice repulsed. Enraged at an opposition which he ought to have admired, a third time he essayed to storm the Capital; but, as if the courage of the Citizens derived energy from the danger to which they were exposed, he met with a reception which convinced him that they were actuated by a principle which rendered their walls impregnable: he therefore, despairing of success, totally abandoned the enterprize.

It is in consequence of the earliest of these sieges, under King Swein, that London-bridge * is first mentioned by our historians.

* It is stated, that coming from Winchester to London, many of the Danes who missed the bridge were drowned in the Thames. The antiquity of the timber bridge of London must, if we consider the absolute necessity for its erection, have been very great. If bridges had been unknown to the Romans upon their arrival in this country, they might, perhaps, have been some time before they invented an edifice of this nature, though common sense and imperious necessity seem to have pointed out its construction. But when we consider how frequently they had been obliged to build bridges in the course of their conquests, and how many they had over the Tyber, we see no reason to doubt but they at least threw one over the Thames. However, be this as it may, authors give no higher antiquity to the bridge at London than the time of the Saxons. It is mentioned in a law of Ethelred, supposed by Spelman to have been enacted prior to his treaty with Olaf. Stow dates the first notice of this bridge A.D. 994; but the Saxon Chronicle 1013. Snorro Starlison, quoted by Macpherson, (*Ann. Commerce, Vol. I. p. 277.*) relates, that Olaf Haraldson assisted Ethelred to recover London from the Danish King Canute, the son of Swein. Meeting with an obstruction at London-bridge, the breadth of which is stated to have been sufficient "for two carriages," (which it scarcely was when encumbered with houses,) "Olaf made fast his ships at high water to the wooden piles of it, and then rowing them vigorously down the river with the ebb tide, he shook down the bridge, and London thereupon submitted to Ethelred." (*Hist. Olaf. Sancti, C. ii.*) "This stratagem, I believe, is not mentioned by any of the English historians." Macpherson.

In tracing the events of periods when so little can be collected respecting the real appearance of things, we are, in our researches, glad to catch at the slightest notices, so that they appear to be authentic. Of this nature are the architectural vestiges fortunately preserved upon two medals which we have transferred to our page.



The first of these, which is upon the reverse of a coin of Edward the Confessor, exhibits the window of a cathedral, probably the east; and, if we were allowed to indulge a conjecture, we should state, that it is likely to belong to the abbey of Westminster. The second is the reverse of a coin of *Eadward Rex*, and displays the perfect front of a church, said by some historians to have been Westminster-abbey, but with much greater probability the ancient cathedral of St. Paul *: however, be it which it

For a very good reason, because they were *unacquainted* with it. Olaf, the Dane, came first as an enemy; and although it is supposed that he was bribed by Ethelred to leave the shores of Britain, yet it is very certain, whatsoever the terms of the treaty were, he faithfully adhered to them, and equally certain that he did not assist the King to make war upon his own subjects in the metropolis, but directed his piratical expeditions to the extremities (perhaps) of the Island. Another reason is, that had the bridge at London been as slight as the bridge at Chelsea, which over such a rapid torrent was impossible it could be, it was equally impossible, from the size and construction of the Danish vessels, that they should be able to beat it down without such repeated efforts as could not have been made in the face of the Citizens its defenders.

* The confusion of the country was such, from the continual ebullition of the public mind, that from the time of Erkenwald until that of Dunstan we do not find the affairs of the See

it may, its form is sufficiently accurate to give some idea of the most ancient construction of the churches of the Saxons. In the first of these medals we may observe a considerable improvement of the ornamental part of architectural elevation; such as we know from other vestiges obtained about the time of the Confessor, when all the taste and genius of the people was turned toward, and employed in, the decoration * of their churches.

During those turbulent periods, it appears that commerce had, even in defiance of foreign invasion, and of domestic calamity, visited the shores of Britain, and centred in its metropolis. In the twenty-third chapter of the laws instituted by King Ethelred at the Witenagemot convened at Venetyrig, or Wanating, (Wantage, Berks,) it was enacted, that every boat arriving at Belynggate should pay for toll or custom one halfpenny; a large boat with sails, one penny; a keel or hulk, four pennies; a vessel with wood, one piece of wood, (we suppose floated,) a boat with fish coming to the bridge, one halfpenny, or one penny, according to their bulk. Though internal commerce was at this time little known in France, we find that the men of Rouen brought wine and large fish. Those of Flanders showed their goods, and cleared their duties. The *Emperor's Men*, who came with their ships, were deemed worthy of good (or favourable) laws, but they were not to forefall the marker to the prejudice of the Citizens, and they were to pay their duties †

of London, except in one instance, (by Bede,) mentioned. Neither do we find the name of Ulfgar among those of the Abbots of Westminster; therefore it is most probable that he was (except Aljur be a corruption of it) Dean of St. Paul's.

* The decorations of the churches of this period seem to have consisted chiefly in their internal ornaments; the altars, candlesticks, and cases for relics, exhibited marks of uncommon labour and industry, without the smallest degree of that ingenuity which they afterwards displayed. The taste and genius of these people were exerted in every instance to form heaps of littleness, or to drag together minute parts without having the skill to connect them with propriety.

† At Christmas, those German merchants (who are supposed to have been

If these regulations show in some degree the state of commerce in those times, the sums that were drawn from London seem to place it in a still higher scale; for we find, that while, under Canute, the people began to respire from the miseries of war, and the nation a little to enjoy the tranquillity that the Danish conquest produced, it was assessed at the sum of *four score thousand pounds*; which assessment was levied for the most mortifying purpose, namely, to pay the arrears of the conquering army. Of this tribute the City of London (as stated by Florence of Worcester) paid fifteen thousand pounds. Hence may be gathered the flourishing condition and comparative opulence of its inhabitants, since, after all the horrors of war, and all the domestic calamities that they had suffered, they were able to pay almost a sixth part of this enormous imposition.

In judging of the progress of a people's advancing from barbarism toward refinement, the improvement of their laws (which have in every instance, we mean in this country, kept pace with the improvements in commerce and manufactures, and been the means of the improvement of the moral practice of its inhabitants,) may be resorted to as a sure criterion on which opinion may be founded. New systems always require new regulations. The collection of a number of persons, different in their extraction, dispositions, and pursuits, into one place, as the metropolis, for instance, must have engendered passions and propensities, and have given rise to circumstances, that, at different periods, threw different lights and shades upon the character

the predecessors of those who were afterwards termed the Merchants of the Teutonic Guildhall,) paid two grey cloths and one brown one, ten pounds of pepper, five pair of *men's gloves*, and two vessels of vinegar *: the same dues were also levied from them at Easter. *Ann. Com. Vol. I, p. 227.*

* This, as one of its indigenous productions, was most probably imported from Normandy; a province that about this period began to make as considerable a figure in the commercial as it did a short time after in the political world in Naples, Sicily, and England.

of the whole. If we consider the various nations from whom the inhabitants of London were derived, the various events that had occurred through a long course of invasion, conquest, devaluation, and perhaps ultimately unqualified subjection to, and assimilation with, every race that, attracted by the desire of plunder, had successively followed each other to our shores, we shall find little reason to wonder that it was deemed necessary by every Monarch who had at heart the real interests of his people, to form a code of laws for the regulation of their morals, and the encouragement of their industry. This was effected by Ina, Alfred, Athelston, Edmond, Edgar, Ethelred, Canute, and Edward the Confessor; the latter of which being the most full, it being the object of the King to repeal all the local statutes, and reduce all the laws of the kingdom to one general system*, were confirmed by William the Conqueror, about the seventeenth year of his reign.

The rebuilding the church of St. Peter, at Westminster, about the year 1065, is a proof that, with commerce, the arts had made a rapid improvement. It has been said, that the new buildings were executed in the Norman stile; though we much doubt whether the Norman stile of architecture, which we suppose means an ornamental

addition to the Gothic, derived from the Saxon, had yet obtained in this kingdom. Those vestiges that we remember, whose antiquity was unquestionable, were of the second era of Saxon architecture, of which it is stated by William of Malmebury to have been the first specimen*.

Under the oppressive government of the Danes, and still smarting from the effects of recent calamities, the military and naval character of the English had considerably declined in the time of the Confessor; though this, perhaps, was less owing to the want of energy in the people, than from their want of example in the Monarch, who certainly had but few, if any, of the heroic *virtues* in his composition. They were, however, soon after impelled to arm by the invasion of a new enemy, and by Harold, who, like Alfred, apprised that a well appointed navy was the natural defence of England, stimulated to use the most indefatigable exertions

* Some years since, there were in the mason's store-yard belonging to Westminster-abbey, a number of pieces, which were evidently parts of the arches and windows of the ancient fabric. When the very ancient walls around Dean's-yard, on whose site a range of houses, the greatest part of which have been lately taken down, were dilapidated about fifty years ago, it has been stated, that in their construction and materials certain marks of a Saxon original were discovered, and that the low buildings adjoining to them, on whose site Little Smith-Street now stands, were of the same architectural character as the most ancient part of the Abbey. These were (or rather had been) a range of cells. Some are stated to have been for the reception of the Monks who were visited with infectious diseases. In later times they were used as stables, &c. The difficulty attending their dilapidation, so hard were the stone and cement, was very considerable; inasmuch that the tools of the workmen recoiled from the hardness of the materials, and in many instances broke with the force of their exertions, though for a considerable time they were scarcely able to make any impression upon them. It was probably owing to this difficulty of dilapidation that those vestiges remained, as was believed, from the time, at least, of Edward the Confessor,

* "The King, to reduce the kingdom under one law, as it was then under one monarchical government, extracted out of all those provincial laws one law to be observed through the whole kingdom. Thus *Ranulphus Cestrensis* says, *Ex tribus his Legibus Sanctus Eduardus unam Legem, &c.* And the same in *totidem versis* is affirmed in his history of the last year of the same King Edward. But Hoveden carries up the common laws, or those styled the Confessor's laws, much further; for he, in his History of Henry the 1st, tells us, *Quod istae Leges prius inventae et constitutae erant tempore Edgari. Aui Sui, &c.* And possibly the grandfather might be the first collector of them into a body, and afterwards EDWARD might add to the composition, and give it the denomination of the common law; but the original of it cannot in truth be referred to either, but is much more ancient, and is as undiscoverable as the Head of Nile."—*Sir Matthew Hale's Hist. Com. Law, p. 55.*

to provide or collect a fleet of above seven hundred ships: a force certainly for those times respectable. The event of this contention, which ended with the death of the Monarch, is well known. With him also ended the empire of the Anglo-Saxons, which, under various circumstances, and subject to numerous vicissitudes, had existed six hundred years.

Contemplating this awful subject philosophically, it is lamentable to reflect, that in this long course of time so small had been the improvement made in the state of society by the exertion of the mental faculties. Divided, or rather sometimes wavering, betwixt their religious and superstitious propensities and observances and the necessity of their military exertions, the people seem to have had little relaxation, the country few opportunities to respire, and the inhabitants of the metropolis still fewer stimulations to improvement: therefore we can scarcely wonder, that when, as was sometimes the case, they were fatally convinced of the inutility of resistance, and saw, nay felt, the horrors attendant upon unsuccessful attempts at military exertion, they flew to the Cloister, in the hope that the sanctity of its enclosure, and the veneration paid to its patron Saint, would alleviate the calamities which they had suffered, would shield them from the evils which they deplored, and in future protect them from the dread of impending devastation. These ideas, arising from a just and indeed too faithful a picture of the times, it is certain increased the difficulties and extended the distress of the people, because they produced that propension of mind which contracted their means of defence, and rendered their reluctant exertions more futile and imbecile.

To their sanctuaries little regard was paid, because every horde of invaders were savages of a different cast of character, who had little similarity of disposition, and who agreed in no one principle, except in a sedulous and unremitting attention to the main object of their piratical expeditions.

There is no circumstance that is a stronger indication, or a more certain criterion of the barbarous and unsettled state of any country than the neglect of agriculture. When the Romans had in some degree assimilated with the Britons, their first care was to

teach them to cultivate their lands, to bound their property, and to form roads and paths by which access was gained to their different estates, while traffic obtained a free circulation through the country. By these means the agriculture of Britain not only fed the metropolis of the Island, but in some instances the metropolis of Rome.

Far different was the situation of the country under the government of the Anglo-Saxons. Cultivation, which languished through the course of their intestine wars and commotions, was nearly suspended in the periods of foreign invasion, and never recovered its pristine eminence during the long series of their domination, although toward the end of it the indefatigable exertions of the Citizens caused commerce to flourish in the metropolis.

It is stated, that not the smallest document or notice can be found that might induce us to believe that even *one cargo* of corn was ever shipped from England while they were masters of the country. Indeed it is a prominent fact, that they had no superfluous corn to export. That kind of provident care which induces men to lay up a store against the hour of want made no part of the Anglo-Saxon character. If they had of the first necessities of life sufficient for the day, our ancestors seem, generally speaking, to have bestowed but little thought on the morrow. This is ever the distinguishing trait of a savage people. Consequently, for want of that prudent foresight which in this *too refined* age, at once timid and adventurous, is dependant upon a cloud, a shower, a gleam of sunshine, or even a word *properly placed*, the failure of their (at best but scanty) harvest produced universal distress. As cultivation was so contracted, it is little to be wondered that land was, even for the times, most disproportionately cheap. Amongst the records of sales that took place in the tenth century, we find that five *bides* of land at Holland, on the coast of Essex, were sold for five pounds of silver *.

Before

* No stronger instance of the languid condition of agriculture can be adduced, than that to be gathered from this amply recorded circumstance, that great part of the country, even close to the metropolis, had now reverted to its natural state, and

Before we close this part of our work, it will be necessary, in order to consider the state of domestic commerce, to consider also for a moment those Societies which, engendered by the rise of manufactures, and bound together by the ligature of metropolitan traffic, began to assume corporate forms. Some of these were at first termed honest and friendly fraternities, or brotherhoods; but probably as they became more opulent, and as the age advanced in refinement, they abandoned these monastic appellations, were civilly incorporated, became political bodies, and were denominated *Companies*.

and again become an uncultivated forest, only useful for feeding hogs and wild animals, and for furnishing timber for building. Of this the Forest of Essex, or Waltham Forest, from the Saxon *Wealdham*, is an instance in point. That this Forest, stretching over a considerable part of the county of Essex, and extending almost to London, was cultivated in many parts by the Romans, there is little reason to doubt. At Layton Camden settles their *Duroclitum*. In the church-yard of this village was found a large urn, with ashes and coals sticking to its sides. On the south side of a lane called *Blind lane*, which was the ancient highway that led from Essex through Old Ford to London, abundance of these urns, of different sizes, figures, and moulds, have been taken up by gravel-diggers, within two or three feet of the surface of the earth. In some of these were ashes and pieces of bones, the remains of those consumed in funeral fires.

In the same place was found a small brazen figure, unquestionably one of the *Lares*, or *Penates*, of the Romans: the former were supposed to preside over the domestic arrangement and affairs of the family; the latter, intended to represent the souls of their departed ancestors, were the protectors of the master, his wife, and children, and were frequently buried with them. After the Norman Conquest, many of the oppressed inhabitants of London forsook their dwellings, and fled to the woods in its vicinity, where they supported themselves by plunder. This circumstance has been particularly noted with respect to Waltham Forest, which for a considerable time afforded to domestic depredators a sure asylum; but was characteristic of the inhabitants of forests in general.

Of these, as the most pre-eminently useful, and necessarily the most ancient, are certainly the *BAKERS*, or, as they were called, when among the Londoners opulence produced delicacy, *THE WHITE BAKERS*, in contradistinction to the *Brown*.

The first bakers, as it appears by ancient records, were settled at Stratford, (Essex,) whence they used, daily, to bring their bread for the supply of the City. This was probably a coarser sort than that manufactured within the walls. The former was called *horse bread*, or *horse loaves*, from their mode of being brought to the foreign market just without Aldgate*.

The Fletchers, or as they were afterwards termed the Bowyers and Fletchers, are of very remote antiquity, perhaps coeval to the earliest times of the Saxons: they have still, it is said, among their records an ordinance for their constitution and good government in the Saxon language.

The Armourers were a brotherhood nearly as ancient. Indeed it is easy to believe, that in those troublesome times, when the whole system of government consisted of offensive and defensive operations, the forgers of arms and armour, and the fabricators of

* In a very ancient ordinance, (still preserved by the Bakers' Company,) which begins when the price of *Whete* was 3s. per quarter, we find near the conclusion this note:—

“*Item*, the *Halfpeny* loaf Whyte of Stratford must weigh 2 ounces more than the halfpeny loaf Whyte of London.

“*Item* the loaf of All graynis, that is to say the Whete loaf must weigh as much as the penny Wyte loaf and the halfpeny Wyte loaf.

“The price of a Quarter of Whete 3 Shillings.

“The ferthing Symnal poise 15 ounces and di: qr.

“The ferthing Whyt loaf Coket poise 17 ounces di &c. ob.

“The ob—Whete loaf of all graynis poise 70 ounces & 2 di.”

It has been stated, that the first assize of bread was that let by King John and the Barons: but this is surely incorrect; for we know that it was much earlier regulated. The White Bakers were esteemed a very ancient fraternity at the time of their new charter granted the 11th of Edward the 11th.

bows and arrows, must have been professions of the utmost importance.

If we recur to the numerous *mints* that were erected in different parts of the kingdom, it will be seen, that the Goldsmiths, *i. e.* the workers in gold and silver, which then included the *setters* of jewels, were a Company to whom the care of the coin and coinage was confided, even in Saxon London. Their choice of St. Dunstan for their patron was unquestionably soon after his canonization. This Saint was not held in much estimation after the Norman Conquest; and when they received their charter from Edward the IIIrd, they were deemed and recorded to have been a very ancient fraternity.

The Brotherhood of Wax Chandlers rose soon after the conversion of the Saxons, perhaps much earlier; but it is certain, as the religion of the country flourished, their profession, connected with its ceremonies, or, as it was then thought, in a considerable degree with its essentials, became important.

The Cutlers claim an origin of the earliest date: they, or rather their productions, (knives,) are mentioned by Cæsar and Tacitus, and stated by other ancient authors to have been made in this kingdom for hundreds of years "*past all memory.*"

If we look at the imports during the times of the Saxons, we must conclude, that in the metropolis there were Silk Merchants, who afterward became Mercers, and Pepperers, who afterward became Grocers.

It is needless to state, that all the arts dependant upon building were by them known; and, as the vestiges of their fabrics have sufficiently indicated, carried to a considerable degree of perfection.

The Barbers, who practised Surgery, Winetuners, Butchers, Cooks, Sadlers, Saddle-tree makers, and a number of other Corporations, claim, we think very justly, the same remote original.

In fact, without entering more deeply into this disquisition, all those trades dependant upon the immediate necessities of mankind, and many which arose from luxury, from a superfluity of wealth, (for wealth in all ages is comparative,) must have abounded in the metropolis, and have extended over the country.

With respect to the cultivation of the

arts, and, up to a certain height, the progress of refinement among the Romans, we have not thought it necessary to quote examples, as they are subjects so well known. How far these features of civilization were communicated to the Britons, we have ventured, in the course of this work, to conjecture; we have also lamented their decline in periods immediately subsequent to the settlement of the Saxons, and in the series of their invasions deplored the cause that produced such melancholy effects; therefore it only remains, in order to close this part of our history with propriety, though but for a moment, to contemplate the state of the metropolis at a period immediately antecedent to the arrival of William the Norman.

Reviewing the scanty materials from which any idea of those times can be extracted, it does appear that, notwithstanding the long series of plunder, bloodshed, and dilapidation, to which London had been so frequently subject, her state as a manufacturing and commercial city has been considerably under-rated. There is little occasion to recur to the exactions of the See of Rome, the tribute paid to the Danish and other pirates, or the large revenue collected by the Monarchs, as these are already amply recorded; we shall, therefore, only advert to what has become a historical question, namely, how the Citizens (for it must be observed that in almost every instance of contribution London paid from the sixth part to nearly half as much as the rest of the Island,) became possessed of the immense sums that these frequent assessments demanded? In this disquisition, speculators, after wandering in the labyrinths of conjecture, have assisted in drawing these supplies from mines of gold and silver with which they have most liberally furnished the country, and even poured their contents into the mints of the different cities and towns, whence, say they, these precious metals, having received the Royal impression, were circulated through the land, invigorating the whole system, centring in the metropolis, and by the means of either religion, war, or traffic, finding their way to Rome, Germany, Denmark, and other parts of Europe. But allowing silver to have been anciently found among the tin in the mines of Cornwall, it was in quantities so small, that

it scarcely paid the charge of extraction. Where the other *strata* of the precious metals were discovered, how situated and worked, when exhausted, and what traces they have left, have never been brought to light, and we may confidently assert never will, for the best of all possible reasons, because no such *strata* ever existed.

In their ingenuity and industry, combined with an energetic, he might say indigenous, spirit of commercial adventure, the English in general, and the Citizens of London in particular, possessed, from the earliest ages, far greater riches than are to be extracted from the mines of Mexico and Peru, or to be found in the mountains of Golconda.

That those talents, and that spirit, were early and constantly exerted, we have not the least reason to doubt; and that they produced a comparative degree of opulence, such as frequently attracted invasion, is historically certain.

Had the English been poor, they would have remained unattacked. Even the Romans retreated from the mountains of Wales, and the Saxons and Danes seem to have had but little desire to invade Scotland, because they were sure that nothing was then to be acquired by such enterprises but blows: but to their attacks upon England they were stimulated by cupidity. In her they saw a people rising by their own efforts, and by their productions attracting commerce to their shores; they therefore wished to become partakers of their opulence, which after a series of invasions they effected. Assimilated with the natives, they adopted their arts, and joined in their pursuits. In process of time, another race, inflamed with the same desires, appeared; confusion ensued, conquest was the consequence, and order succeeded. In the intervals, (for it will be observed, that although the prominent events of the times were warlike, and from this circumstance only, generally speaking, they appear to have been thought worth recording,) they seem drawn together, yet, on an accurate examination, considerable periods of peace are to be found, wherein the strong marks of devastation were obliterated, while commerce and manufactures flourished, and the City of London, notwithstanding her domestic calamities, ex-

bited in her churches, castles, gates, bridges, &c., a progressive picture of improvement.

From the trading and professional fraternities that were then formed, it is certain that she abounded with all the necessities, and many of the luxuries of life. Her navy was considerable; and although there were within the ample circuit of her walls large spaces laid out in gardens, and others unbuilt, yet were her inhabitants, for the times, numerous; her merchants had already become opulent; and her nobility in some degree refined. In this situation we shall, for the present, leave the metropolis, and close this part of our work. From the Norman Conquest to the Reformation will form the second period of our historical and philosophical view; and from the Reformation to the close of the eighteenth century the third.

To the Editor of the *European Magazine*.

SIR,

I SEND you for insertion, should you think it worth a niche in the *European Magazine*, another abstract of a letter from a young Gentleman at Bengal to his friend in London.

C— R—.

Dacca, 19th Nov. 1802.

MY DEAR B—,

ON my return from the *Egyptian Expedition*, on the 1st of last August, I found your affectionate letter of May last; which would have afforded me extreme pleasure, had it not contained the mournful intelligence of my friend John's lamented death*. I can feelingly conceive (Heaven grant the reality may be far distant!) the pangs of filial affection at the loss of an indulgent parent; but the severest agonies of a fond father at the destruction of his dearest hopes are almost beyond my comprehension. However, I rejoice to find my loved *Preceptor* has endured his ordeal with the firmness of a philosopher, while he felt as a man: for Christian fortitude differs widely from the Stoic's apathy; it is more congenial with human weakness, and its sacred resignation unites heroism to sensibility.

* A young Gentleman just called to the Bar.

Paracentesis to the navel was practised by Mr. A—C—, who always made the incision with a lancet, then introduced a canular with blunt trocar. The *vaccine* inoculation is slowly coming into fashion, especially at Bombay; but from long absence I know little or nothing about it. I never saw in Egypt a serpent longer than three feet; but while at *Trincomallie* heard that the *Aquerconda* was sometimes found in the woods at Ceylon. A friend of mine once shot a snake in a jungul at Bengal, whose largest circumference was two feet; and though at least one third had been separated by some former accident, the remaining length equalled or measured seventeen feet:—cast skins of eight feet I have often found between the Ganges and hills about Monghyr. When at Satacoon hot-well some time ago, the water raised Fahrenheit to 136 degrees; 24 degrees too little to harden the white of an egg, or coagulate serum. While in the desert of *Thebais*, I took some notice of influence of climate on myself, that I might better moderate its effects on others.—The following is from my notes upon the spot in June 1801: “At sun-rise a cool air generally breathes, which speedily decreases with the rising planet, till from above ten to four we feel an atmospheric fever; the sun, like *Daniel’s* furnace, blazing seven-fold day. Every solid, however shaded, imbibes considerable heat; the skin is dry, tongue furred, lips parched and sore, breath burning, body restless, mind agitated; all sense of appetite vanishes, and *drink, drink*, is then the only craving of animated nature:—the circling element, infuriated with sultry glare, would be intolerable, except for momentary cool puffs which reach us unexpectedly, and not more frequently than gleams of happiness in life:—*thermometer* from 110 to 126 in the shade; no perspiration perceptible, unless an evanescent moisture immediately after large draughts of water, (when procurable):—at eve a light refreshing breeze returns, and suffering man resumes his fortitude with some corporeal vigour:—all night the wind, though warm, is often tolerable, and sometimes pleasantly cool, which alone enables the human fabric to support the dejecting languor of another horrid day.”—Such were my own sensations: what must the poor soldier have endured! (Travellers may

pass with less difficulty).—Our men marched all the sleepless hours of night; then, exhausted with fatigue, had in the hottest season to sustain the dreadful day. Our feelings dictate with a sigh what Thomson’s fancy could only suggest,

“All-conquering heat, O intermit thy wrath!

And on my throbbing temples potent thus

Beam not so fierce!”

Another note of July 9 says, “Intent on discovery, at dawn trotted alone, mounting the most elevated hills near my little camp;—had previously doubted all reports about lions, as in marching all night we never heard them roar; but am now convinced, by a fresh track on a wide reef of fine firm sand; followed it some time, distinctly marking the divisions of his broad paws, and easily distinguishing between fore and hind:—ascended a steep eminence all of calcined stone, and pondrous black ores; I advanced cautiously, peeping into every cave-like-hole, lest some monster might be there: climbed from cliff to cliff; and reaching the summit, saw to an immense distance, three-fourths round, all horrid waste and stone; little hills and sandy vallies without a speck of green; winding road, immense mountains very distant; the scene was gloomy, sullen, dreadful, and inspired antipathy, with horror:—the mind became for a moment melancholy, anxious, fearful:—very strong wind blew, though calm in vale:—descended, with much hazard, for vast lumps of burnt stone loosening as I trod, thundered roaring down precipices: at last escaped by sliding on hands and feet.—Heat this day insupportable; each hardy soldier groaned with stifled anguish; the stubborn ass brayed with lamentable frequency; and even the patient, much-enduring camel, piteously expressed consummate misery.”—Adieu! my faithful friend; may Heaven preserve and bless you!

T. J.

AN ASTONISHING INCIDENT.

(After the Manner of Mrs. RADCLIFFE.)

HAVING lately had occasion to go to a friend’s house in the country, which is pleasantly situate upon the banks of the Forth, while I enjoyed the

the delightful scenery, night overtook me before I was aware. The road, remarkably romantic, wound along the sea-beach, and, by frequently jutting out into points, terminated by tufts of trees, produced a noble effect. I had lately beheld the sun descend behind that stupendous ridge of mountains which bounded my view upon the north, and felt a pleasing melancholy sensation glide upon my mind, as his last beams gilded their lofty tops. The last time, thought I with a sigh, the last time I passed this way, how different the scene appeared! that bright orb, in meridian splendour, blazed upon the scene, and I enjoyed the enlivening conversation of Adelaide, who is now probably stretched upon her bed, touched with the leaden fingers of sleep, and incapable of enjoying the rapturous sensations which such a prospect produces upon the feeling mind. The moon was now risen; and her silver beams, playing upon the waters, discovered a few boats, which, perhaps, like myself, had been overtaken by night, or perhaps the pleasantness of the evening had invited to make an excursion. On a promontory to the westward stood an ancient but small castle, inhabited by a few old soldiers, who were dignified with the name of a garrison: the river was calm and unruffled.

"Th' expiring breeze scarce kiss'd the western wave."

Not a breath was heard, save the distant chime of an evening bell from a town on the opposite side of the river, which greatly heightened the sublimity of the scene. I exclaimed with the poet,

"In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with men,

And told the secrets of the world unknown."

Rapt in these sublime emotions, I walked on slowly, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the figure of a man standing upon one of the small points. As I approached nearer, I perceived that his arms were folded, and he seemed fixed in silent meditation. When I advanced, whether startled at being noticed, or wishing to indulge his grief in a more lonely situation, I was unable to determine; but he suddenly darted from the spot, and

evanished among the trees. My attention was now wholly carried off from the beauties of the surrounding scenery, and arrested upon this uncommon occurrence; the resplendent moon shone between the opening of the trees, and again I perceived this interesting figure: he was wrapt in a great coat, and his hat concealed part of his face: his step was hurried, and seemed to betray great anxiety of mind. I hesitated whether I should not address him, when he once more crossed the road, and was instantly hid from my view by the trees. Unarmed, however, and alone, I knew not but he might conceal some dangerous intention. I involuntarily quickened my pace; and scarcely had I reached the spot where the stranger disappeared, when a rough voice thus accosted me; "Ah! how d'ye do? When did you leave Edinburgh?"

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *London, 19th Oct. 1805.*

PASSING a few months since by Hackney old steeple and church-yard, I was struck with the appearance of a new building (as I imagined) at a little distance, East, from said stone steeple, and in the said old church-yard; when stepping aside out of the road to convince myself, I asked of two or three elderly inhabitants who were severally passing (of the poorer sort) if it was not a new erection; when I was informed that its *principal* part was a very old one, and which the parishioners could not pull down, and that if I would please to go to the opposite side I should find a gate, and by looking in might be convinced of the truth of their assertion, for at this slight survey I thought it a solid building. Accordingly on the inspection I found it a mausoleum of the knightly family of the Rowes, Lord Mayors of London two centuries and more since*, and that the fresh *exterior* it exhibited seemed owing to its having been canopied by the old church:—but on further inquiry, I understood that it had been lately built to preserve said family's burial-place and monument, which it

* By the list it appears that Sir Thomas Rowe was Lord Mayor of London in 1568; Sir William Rowe, Lord Mayor in 1592; Sir Henry Rowe, Lord Mayor in 1607.

encloses with arched walls, being a quadrangular tower, very substantial, of well jointed stone; when recollecting that part of the chancel, or east end of the old church, had remained after the demolition of the rest of its body. I was farther told, that this monument had stood therein, by the said chancel, of which, till then, I had been ignorant, although it had remained in that detached state ever since the body of the said old church had been pulled down from its tower steeple, which I think was soon after 1797, when (in that year) the new church, a little to the north east, was first occupied for divine service.

The gate, apparently of brass grating, is on the north side of this mausoleum, whose interior is enlightened by a glass lantern on the roof, and contains on the east, or left side, a table tomb, and on the south (fronting the gate) the figures of Sir Henry Rowe (in gilt armour,) and of his wife, or dame, in two compartments, each kneeling at an altar standing before them; one of which altars is charged with the helmet, the other with a book; and underneath, on the basement, are the figures of their children in a line, also kneeling, one of which has lost its head.

Between the figures of the parents and those of their children (being directly under the former,) is the inscription; when (on another opportunity) I took out my pencil and transcribed it; and as I find you have occasionally given place to quaint epitaphs, and believing it has not been noticed in any history, &c. of London and its environs, (at least it is not in that I have in my possession,) I send you a copy of it as follows; viz.

“ Heer Under Find Of Adam’s First Defection,
Rests In The Hope Of Happie Resurrection,
Sir Henry Rowe, Sonne Of Sir Tho^s Rowe,
And Of Dame Mary, His Dear Yoak
Fellowe;
Knight & Right Worthy (As His Father
Late)
Lord Maior of London, With His Virtu-
tuous Mate
Dame Susanne (His Twice Fifteen Yeers
& Seaven)
Their Issue Five (Surviving of Elea-
ven)

Fower Named Heer; In Theis Fower
Names Fore Past
The Fift Is Found, If Echo Sound The
Last;
Sad Orphans All, But Most Their Heire
(Most Debtor)
Who Built Them This, But In His
Heart A Better.”

From a line of inscription underneath, in Latin, and not fully legible from the gate, being in smaller letters, it appears that he died in 1612, in November.

There is in the same parish also, (I believe,) about equidistant from Hackney and Bethnal Green Churches, an old palace of the noted Bishop Bonner, yet in good repair, and well inhabited in tenements.—Likewise on the front of a stable (about a quarter of a mile distant, to the south west,) erected by the late Ebenezer Muffell, Esq., (a quondam Magistrate,) adjacent to his house situate at the north east corner of Bethnal Green, is preserved the exterior of Aldgate, London, which was pulled down near about half a century ago, and removed hither.

This house, and its extensive gardens, &c., were some time since occupied by Christopher Potter, Esq., Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdonshires, and M. P. for Colchester, and original Cheap Bread Baker and Retailer in many parts of the metropolis, previous to his going to reside abroad (in France).

Any remarks respecting the inscription on the tomb on the left of the interior of the mausoleum aforesaid, (which I have not had opportunity further to examine,) or of the families above mentioned, if now surviving, &c., will be gladly observed in your Magazine by,

SIR,

Your humble servant,
AMBULATOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL and LITERARY NOTICES
concerning the late Rev. Mr. JOHN
LOGAN, F.R.S. EDIN.

(Concluded from page 278.)

THE death of Mr. Logan was much lamented by his friends, to whom he was always warmly attached, and by whom he was sincerely beloved; the fury of his enemies seemed to have subsided, and they were willing to pay to his memory that respect which he looked

looked for in vain while he lived. He was now, however, secure from the attacks of malice, and the shafts of envy; and to him the praise or blame of mortals had become empty sounds.

By his will, he bequeathed the sum of six hundred pounds sterling, in small legacies, to his friends; and appointed Dr. Robertson and Dr. Grant his executors, to whom he entrusted his manuscripts. Accordingly, in 1790, a volume of his sermons was published, under the inspection of his friends, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, and Dr. Hardy. In the following year a second volume was published, in which several of the discourses are not finished, either from the manuscript being incomplete, or not legible. The fourth edition of both volumes was published in 1800. Besides the works of Mr. Logan, which we have mentioned in the course of our narrative, he left a variety of other papers, of which his executor, Dr. Robertson, gives the following account, in a letter to Dr. Anderson, dated Dalmeny, September 19, 1795:—

“Those in verse consist of *Electra*, a tragedy; *The Wedding Day*, a tragedy, being a translation into blank verse of *The Deserteur* of Mercier; *The Carthaginian Heroine*, a tragedy, but of which there is only the first act finished; and about half-a-dozen of short lyric poems. Those in prose consist of about eight numbers of an intended periodical paper, called *The Guardian*; the subject of one of the numbers is a capital essay on the genius and writings of Addison. Besides these, I have also in my possession Mr. Logan’s MS. *Lectures on the Roman History*. His *Lectures on Roman History* begin with *Romulus*, and come down to the fall of the empire, and the establishment of the feudal system. In the small volume of poems published under the title of ‘*Poems by Michael Bruce*,’ the following were composed by Logan: *Damon, Menalcas*, and *Melibeus*; *Pastoral Song*, to the tune of the “*Yellow hair’d Laddie*,” *Eclogue*, in the manner of *Osian*; *Ode to a Fountain*; two *Danish Odes*; *Chorus of ‘Anacreontic to a Wasp’*; the *Tale of Leina*, (278 lines,) in the poem of *Lochleven*; *Ode to Paolo*; *Ode to the Cuckoo**.” It is, indeed, matter of regret, that Dr. Robertson did not pub-

lish a complete edition of the works of Logan, including the MS. mentioned above, which, we are told by Dr. Anderson, he had meditated some time before his death. It would no doubt have been accompanied with a life of the ingenious but unfortunate author, by which we should have been made better acquainted with the dispositions and character of Logan, whom his friend and companion had better means of knowing than the distant biographer, who must collect his materials from the contradictory reports of tradition, from the censure of enemies, and the applause of friends.

Logan has left behind him imperishable monuments of his genius as a historian, a poet, and a preacher. In the remarks which we are now to suggest on his works, we shall confine ourselves to the order in which they were published. We did not think it proper to interrupt the train of our narrative with any particular criticism on his publications. His first production, it will be recollected, was “*Elements of the Philosophy of History*.” This was merely an outline of his lectures, and intended, as the advertisement on the title-page informs us, for those gentlemen who heard his prelections; although, however, it appears his scheme of lecturing had failed about the time of its publication. If we may be permitted to form an opinion of Mr. Logan’s lectures from this analysis, we would say, that they contained a happy application of moral and political science to the history of mankind; that they were distinguished by the philosophical accuracy of his investigations, the clearness of the arrangement of his historical materials, the elegance of his diction, and the beauty of his imagery. For although this small volume contains only general hints, and be merely an exhibition of the order in which the different facts were detailed, or subjects investigated; yet it is discernible throughout the whole, that it is the production of a mind accustomed to take a comprehensive and philosophical view of human affairs, and, from the observation of particular facts, capable of forming general principles. This book, which is now become remarkably scarce, may be useful for guiding such as are beginning the study of history, by pointing out to them the order of events; for suggesting subjects of important and interesting

* Dr. Anderson’s excellent edition of the *British Poets*, Vol. XI, p. 1030.

resting speculation; and even those who have been much conversant with historical compositions, will find it of advantage, for recalling to memory those facts which have occurred in the course of their reading. We have never seen his Discourse on the Manners and Government of Asia: the subject is curious and interesting, and, should we meet with the book, our readers may expect some observations upon it in a subsequent Number.

His *Poems* deserve a more minute criticism than the limits of this publication permit us to bestow. It is impossible to read them without discerning that he was animated with the true fire of genius; that with him poetry was not the frigid production of art, but the genuine offspring of a mind formed for relishing the beauties of nature, and guided by the inspiration of the Muses; that his imagery is not the meretricious trappings of the plagiarist, but the production of a mind warmed with poetic enthusiasm; that his numbers are not merely produced by the laws of criticism, but are the natural dictates of his Muse; and, in short, that he was fully qualified for "waking to ecstasy the living lyre." Of his *Ode to the Cuckoo* it is sufficient to say, that it is such an agreeable imitation of nature, and such a genuine representation of the sentiments that possess the mind, that the man who is not charmed with it may be assured he has no relish for nature, and is incapable of receiving pleasure from the labours of the poet. It was first published among the poems of Michael Bruce, and by Mr. John Birrell and Mr. David Pearson is ascribed to him; but, from the testimony of Dr. Robertson, quoted above, who was certainly as intimate with Logan as these gentlemen were with Bruce, from its having been seen in the handwriting of Logan, and published by him, we are inclined to believe it the production of our author. The two songs, "The Braes of Yarrow," and "The Day is departed," are each exquisite in its kind; the former for its plaintive sadness, and the latter for its just representation of the feelings of a sighing swain. His "Ode on the Death of a Young Lady" is extremely tender and affecting: it is filled with virtuous sentiments, and is remarkable for that querulous sadness so natural to the mind under the first impressions

of sorrow for a departed friend. Of his other odes it is enough to say, that if they do not rise to the utmost height of the Pindaric strain, they are free of that mysticism in which the odes of Gray are enveloped: they are light and agreeable, and stamped with the character of genius.

The sublimity of Ossian's Hymn to the Sun is by no means diminished, but rather increased, by Logan's version of it. He has not, like the greater number of translators and paraphrasts, dissipated the meaning and prevented the effect of the original, by a needless multiplicity of words, and a foolish redundancy of epithet: he seems to have caught the spirit of the ancient bard, and has reduced Ossian's splendid description of the ruler of day into mellifluous and beautiful verse. "The Lovers," and "A Tale," are masterpieces of their kind. The sentiments of the lovers are natural and tender; the diffidence, irresolution, and timidity of Harriet, are finely contrasted with the manly intrepidity, the generous sympathy, and the unshaken constancy of Henry. The "Tale" is conducted with the greatest propriety, and every incident wears the semblance of probability: the language of the different persons is nicely adapted to their different characters: the sudden change in the fortune of Arthur, and his many sufferings, excite every feeling of painful sensibility: the affectionate concern of Emily for her father's happiness is finely described in her address to him, and the promises she makes of filial attachment; and, on the other hand, the anxiety of the aged parent for his beloved daughter, who "was new to sorrow and to care," excites our sympathy and esteem: the gratitude of Arthur's servant is delightful, and makes the tear of rapture to tremble in the eye: the piece closes most agreeably, with the interview between Emily and her beloved Edward, who, after returning from foreign climes, and having long sought for the maid he loved, at last meets with the venerable Arthur and his virtuous daughter in the "lonely hut" to which they had retired "to cover hapless age." His hymns at the end of the volume are truly devotional, and seem to be the effusion of a mind which felt the power of religious truth. The greater number of them have, very properly, been adopted

adopted into the psalmody of our National Church. Logan's mind seems to have been peculiarly attuned to devotional and solemn themes; and accordingly, his hymns are admirably adapted for exciting those feelings in his readers.

Runnede, the only tragedy which Logan published, is founded on the occurrences which took place at that memorable spot, when Magna Charta was obtained, in the reign of King John. As this play is but little known, we shall lay before our readers a short sketch of it.

The Norman and Saxon Barons being assembled, sacrifice their mutual enmities to the common cause of freedom. They are informed, that the Dauphin of France, whom they had courted to their aid, intended to ruin them. The Archbishop of Canterbury proposes to unite more closely the interests of the revolted Barons, by the marriage of Arden, a Saxon Lord, to the daughter of Albemarle, a Norman; but the lady being betrothed to Elvine, a Norman Chief, just returned from the holy wars, an obstacle to the wished-for union occurs. This, however, is removed, in the father's apprehension, by the intelligence, that the lover had joined the Dauphin's army; but the lady remains unshaken in her attachment. In the midst of importunities to comply with the wishes of her father and the other Barons, she writes a letter to Elvine, in the Dauphin's camp; but having omitted to address it, the Dauphin's Ambassador, to whom she entrusted it, super-scribed it to his master, in order to produce a division between Albemarle and Arden, the latter of whom he supposed would be disgusted at the lady's behaviour. The letter is intercepted; the lady condemned to die for her conduct; and Elvine, as her champion, saves her from the block, by killing Arden in single combat. The fidelity of Elvine to his country is discovered, and he is chosen the leader of the rebel host. The conferences with King John are then exhibited. He consents to grant the rebels the exercise of their rights, in consideration of their pledging themselves to resist the French invader. Elvine, mean time, is thrown into despair, by the discovery, that the letter written by Elvina was addressed to the Dauphin; and, under the in-

fluence of this passion, he plunges into the hostile ranks; where, however, he discovers, from the treacherous Ambassador, the truth with regard to the letter. Elvine returns successful and safe from the fight. The piece closes with joy, and the confirmation of liberty by Magna Charta.

It evidently has many blemishes; and is not certainly of the highest order of dramatic writing. But, although it has a double plot, although the characters are thread-bare, and although it be apparently without a catastrophe in which all our better passions are interested, it is unquestionably an admirable performance. There is a majesty and fire in the verse truly delightful; and the train of the incidents being natural, does not materially confuse the progress of the fable. It breathes that ardent and elevated glow of passion which eminently shone in the character of Logan. The picture of public spirit struggling with private attachments, is most exquisitely painted in the character of Albemarle; while the language of substantial patriotism blazes in every line.

“ He is a traitor to his native land,
A traitor to mankind, who in a cause,
That down the course of time will fire
the world,

Rides not upon the lightning of the sky,
To save his country.”

* * * * *

“ Tho' Britain's genius slumber in the
calm,

He rears his front in the congenial storm.
The voice of freedom's not a still small
voice;

'Tis in the fire, the thunder, and the
storm,

The goddess Liberty delights to dwell.
If rightly I foresee Britannia's fate,
The hour of peril is the Halcyon hour,
The shock of parties brings her best re-
pose,

Like her wild waves, when working in a
storm,

That foam, and roar, and mingle earth
and heav'n,

Yet guard the island which they seem to
shake.”

As his *Sermons* were not prepared by himself, and probably not intended for the public, they want those embellishments and that finished accuracy which a man of genius, full

of the hopes of transmitting his name with honour to posterity, never fails to bestow upon his compositions. This circumstance, however, is not without its advantages. Those sermons which are carefully prepared for publication; in which the author employs all his powers in pruning every exuberance, and retrenching every superfluity; in scrutinizing every figure, and suppressing every unnecessary epithet; in smoothing every expression, and adjusting the cadence of every period; though they may please the eye and gratify the ear of the fastidious critic, are not to be regarded as specimens of the author's ordinary addresses to his congregation, but of his abilities as a writer. The discourses of Logan, on the contrary, are examples of his ordinary preaching; for they come into our hands almost in the very same form in which they were delivered to his audience; and if we consider them in this view, we shall have the greatest reason to admire his genius. The subjects are well chosen. Removed, on the one hand, from the puzzling subtleties of controversial divinity, and, on the other, from the dry discussions of abstract morality, they treat of doctrines which are of the last importance, and of duties which are of eternal obligation. To describe the operation of human passion, and to exhibit interesting views of human life; to enforce the obligation of virtue, and to show the influence of religion on moral conduct; to delineate the devout feelings of the pious heart, and to recommend love to God, and affection to our Redeemer, are the themes on which Logan delights to dwell. His sermons are characterised by a spirit of rational and elevated devotion, by a vein of splendid imagery, by a warm and impassioned eloquence, by a simplicity and elegance of diction, which render them unrivalled specimens of pulpit oratory. It appears, however, he did not scruple to borrow occasionally from others. Besides the passages in the 4th and 11th sermons of Vol. Ist, which Dr. A. mentions as borrowed from Dr. Seed, there is another in the Sermon on Retirement, taken *verbatim* from Blair's discourse on that subject. This circumstance, in the case of Logan, ar-

gues no intellectual imbecility, since his own is always equal, if not superior, to what he borrows; it only shows, that the most ardent genius will at times be indolent, and that the most fertile imagination has its barren seasons.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I HAVE taken the liberty to address you on a subject not wholly uninteresting to the lovers of antiquity.

In a field near the Workhouse, Islington, are the remains of an ancient camp, or fortification, evidently Roman, consisting of a breast-work, which may be traced to a considerable distance, a square detached piece of ground surrounded with a moat, probably the Prætorium, or tent of the Roman General, with several others on a smaller scale. The superficial manner in which it has hitherto been treated, leave us very much in the dark with respect to its history. Its formation has been ascribed to Suetonius Paulinus, prior to his engagement with Boadicea, which is all the information I have been able to collect upon the subject. Its situation and contiguity to Battle-bridge, allowed, I believe, to have been the place of engagement, give a great degree of probability to the above account. From the extensive circulation of your Magazine, some of your readers may be able either to furnish us with a more particular account, or point out a more copious, and at the same time a more authentic, source of information.

The venerable remains of antiquity, from the stupendous masses of Egyptian industry to the more beautiful monuments of Roman greatness, (though shrunk into the small compass of a coin or medal,) will never cease to be admired, so long as there shall remain persons of genuine taste in the world. For this reason, I will not apologize for the trouble I have given you, convinced that you will be as anxious to obtain the information alluded to, as,

SIR,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

AN INHABITANT.

Islington, 12th Oct. 1805.

*The TALES of the TWELVE SOOBAAHS
of INDOSTAN.**(Continued from page 272.)*

I RETIRED to my home, continued the merchant Baizeed, reflecting all the way that I went upon the mysteries of Providence, and upon the interference of the good Genius in rendering the jewel of Daoud of no use to him.

The old man did not speak a syllable all the way we went; but upon our arrival at the gate of my house took his leave, promising to see me again the next day. I recounted to Afeecha all the events of the evening, particularly the circumstance of the magic pebble's failing of its effects. She was as well pleased as myself at the disappointment of the wicked Daoud; and we went to rest, not without entertaining hopes of some good fortune arriving to us when the little old man should make his appearance the next morning.

The next day, after Afeecha had prepared breakfast, and just as we had sat down to eat it in comfort, the little old man arrived; but what I thought very extraordinary, he brought with him two men of ill countenances, and he himself seemed to be very much displeased. I rose to salute him as usual, when he answered me abruptly, and told the men, who were *Cootwals*, to do their duty; when presently they began to take an inventory of my goods, which they told me were ordered by the *Cazy*, or Judge, to be seized for the benefit of the old man, to pay him the value of the pebble. Afeecha wept bitterly at this news, and so did my two children. The old man was, however, very composed during this scene of distress, and would not answer any question that I put to him.

While the men were employed in taking the inventory of the few goods I had, one of them used rather harshly the least of my children, named *Moonje*, or the Star of Beauty, the favourite of my wife Afeecha, for standing in his way; at which she cried very much; which occasioned the circumstance of a man of rank, who was at the time passing in a *PALKEE*, stopping at the door. I heard him give orders to the *Kahars*, or bearers, and I presently saw descend a young man, sumptuously arrayed in a *Takowchye*, in the

Indian form, tying with strings on the left side, and in the making of which is expended three quarters of a miskal of silk. He advanced with a graceful step within the threshold, and in a mild, but dignified tone demanded the reason of the cries which he had heard. My wife Afeecha answered his inquiries; and told him, in as few words as possible, the circumstance of my having been prevailed upon to buy the pebble, the extraordinary behaviour of the old man, and the cruelty of the *Cootwals*. The stranger, who all this while had seated himself upon a sofa, listened with much complacency, and seemed offended at the old man's having proceeded so severely without any notice. The old wretch, however, preserved the same unconcern as before, until the stranger inquired what was the value at which he rated the pebble. The old man answered, fifty gold mohurs. I was very much surprised to see the young man draw from his side a long silken purse, out of which he told the exact sum: on which the old merchant saluted him very respectfully, and went away, followed by the two *Cootwals*. Neither my wife Afeecha nor myself lost any time in returning thanks to the generous stranger for his kindness; of which he begged we would say nothing. However, my poor wife showed every expression of gratitude in her power, nor could any thing prevent her from speaking of the generosity of our benefactor.

The stranger seemed very much delighted with the two children, particularly with little *Moonje*, or the Star of Beauty; besides which he staid to make a great many inquiries into my situation; and during the time we were talking, I observed him beckon one of the *Cheelabs*, to whom he gave some directions that I could not immediately understand; but it was not long before the man returned, and placed upon the sofa before me a large bag of gold mohurs. The stranger then took his leave, saying, that he could not bear to see a young man so distressed; and concluded by desiring that I would do him the favour to use that sum for the present, and that he would see me again the next day.

I could scarcely restrain my transport until the stranger was out of hearing; and

and then both Afeecha and myself wept for joy at having met with such a generous and unexpected friend.

We waited anxiously the next morning for the hour of the stranger's visit, but he did not come at the promised time. At length, when we had given up all hopes of him that day, he arrived, preceded by a slave bearing the *Chowry* * before him. He was more sumptuously dressed than the day before; and indeed both Afeecha and myself had laid out best part of the gold mohurs to appear to some advantage before him, nor could any thing be more lovely than the figure of my dear Afeecha, who now looked happy and cheerful.

The stranger, as soon as he was seated, addressed himself to me particularly. "Baizeed," said he, "you must now forget your sorrows. I am SHAHEBEDDEN, the son of MULIH SHAH, and one of the Emeers of Molwah. My palace is on the borders of the Kistna river, which flows from the hair of Mahadeo. I shall need a Mushreef, and I appoint you to that lucrative office: you shall have the entire disposal of my wealth, and power over the Zemeendars of Kandahar and Zabulistan. Even now must you take possession of the apartments allotted to yourself and family in the palace of Shahebedden.

I prostrated myself before the Emeer at this unexpected offer, as did poor Afeecha and the children; but Shahebedden made us rise, and desired that we would prepare to follow his train in the *Palkees* allotted to us; which were, next to his own, the most beautiful that I had ever seen. As soon as we were ready, the Emeer ordered them to be brought to the door; and as soon as he had got into his, Afeecha and myself ascended ours, followed by numerous slaves belonging to the train.

We were presently conveyed to the palace of Shahebedden, the most sumptuous of any I ever remember to have seen: it consisted of nine parts; the first, for elephants, camels, and horses; the second, for artillery and military stores, where were also quarters for the guards and other attendants; the third, for porters and watchmen; the

fourth, for the several artificers; the fifth, the kitchens; the sixth, the Emeer's public apartments; the seventh, for the transactions of private business; the eighth, for the women; and the ninth, an apartment filled with the most odoriferous plants and flowers, the *Nagehsir* that flowers in seven years, the *Sirgkundi*, the *Dupabrga* that blows always at noon, and is of a dark red, the *Chempelab* nosegay, the *Dbonwontar*, and the beautiful *Kunglay* with five petals.

Upon our arrival we were led to the baths, which were clear fountains of the purest water, covered by the *Numgeerah* awnings of many colours, and enclosed by *Kenauts*, or partitions of linen cloth. Within were the sweet smelling flowers of the *Dehtoorah*, and sofas of the most exquisite workmanship, and the floors were covered with flowered carpeting. Here also were kept the choice perfumes of the *Chuwah*, the jasmín oil, the rose water, the sandal wood, the lignum aloes, and the *Ozuptench*, or odoriferous wash for the hands, composed of lemon blossoms, musk, and civet.

I regaled myself in this cool and refreshing place until a slave arrived from Shahebedden. The attendant threw a rich *Puckely robe* over my shoulders, and I was led to the presence of the Emeer. "Baizeed," said he, (putting the keys of office into my hands), "see the virtues of patience, hope, and perseverance; from a state of difficulty and distress, thou art at once raised to ease and affluence. Shahebedden, the favourite of fortune, is thy friend; his coffers are open to thy wants, his power is at thy wish; all that you will have to do will be to see that justice may be done to Shahebedden by his numerous attendants. As for the gentle Afeecha, she shall be placed where the horrors of distress shall never more assail her; and the lovely children of Baizeed shall share the munificence of Shahebedden."

The hours now passed in an uninterrupted scene of pleasure and tranquillity. My children grew beautiful as the guardian spirits of the *Jehats*, or nine quarters of the world; and Afeecha and myself rose only in the morning to pass the hours in peace and repose until the refreshing coolness of the evening invited us to walk
in

* The *Chowry* is a fan made of the tail of the mountain ewe, used for driving away flies.

in the gardens of Shahebedden. The Emeer frequently visited our apartments, cared for the children, and was, as ever, kind and courteous.

Human felicity is seldom, however, of long duration. In a few months after we had resided in the palace of Shahebedden, the health of my dear Afeecha seemed upon the decline; her usual spirits failed her, and she became lost in thought and melancholy. I frequently desired to know the cause; but she only answered me, with sighs and tears, that she was not well in health.

And now, O Prince Yeldjurd! do I come to that part of my story which has occasioned me to present myself before thy throne. This morning I ordered my *Palkee* to be prepared, with an intention of going to the town of Punjberareh to make some purchases, and left my wife Afeecha at home. The bearers of the *Palkee* by some accident passed through the street wherein resided the wicked Daoud. I looked at the house as we passed by, but it was empty; and in this short space of time the garden had become over-run with weeds, and was a perfect wilderness. We had not proceeded much farther before I saw the unhappy Daoud digging in the front of a house, under the direction of a man who was beating him unmercifully. I found, upon inquiry, that Daoud was the slave of the ZEMEENDAR who owned the house; that having been his debtor to a considerable amount, he was obliged to work out the debt; and that the Zemeendar held his lands of the Emeer Shahebedden.

As my *Palkee* approached, I observed that the cries of Daoud were more piercing, to attract the notice of the passers. I alighted; and Daoud, as soon as he discovered who I was, fell upon his knees; and then I saw that the Zemeendar was one of the guests of Daoud when he would have displayed the wonders of the magic pebble. I interfered between the wrath of his master; and holding up the seal of Shahebedden, trembling in his turn, he consented to forgive him. I did not wait to accept any thanks from the wicked Daoud; but this adventure delayed me a considerable time beyond the hour I promised to return to the palace.

At my return home, instead of go-

ing into the house, I took it into my head to walk first round the garden, as it was about the time Afeecha usually sought the shade of the cedar tree. I had not proceeded far before I heard the voice of a female; and approaching nearer, heard distinctly that it was my wife Afeecha. She mentioned my name, and her fears that I should discover her: but what was my astonishment when I heard also the voice of a man, and that it was the language of Shahebedden. I listened very attentively, and heard him say distinctly, "Beautiful Afeecha! the divine rose of the morning! the brightest star of the region of Mehatul! consent only to my wishes, and all that belongs to this palace is thine; all its coffers of gold shall be opened, and the jewels of Shahebedden shall enrich the love of his bosom: nor shall his favour be wanting to thy husband; he shall have a post of honour near the person of the Emperor, and the riches of Indottan shall belong to Baizeed."

I had scarcely power to resist the desire of instant vengeance that I felt in my breast at the vile entreaties of Shahebedden: but what was my anguish when I heard her I had ever considered the most kind and faithful of women make answer, "Ah, Shahebedden! why will you try to seduce me from my home by promises almost too lavish for any female to resist? Yes! you would overcome the virtue of Afeecha. Yet, O Shahebedden! forbear for the present: Baizeed is on his return, and we may be discovered: meet me, however, in the apartment of the palace next the grove of jessamins, near the southern branch of the river, this evening: I will be there." I was at this instant about to plunge my scymitar in the breast of my perfidious wife; but promising myself a richer glut of vengeance, I turned away hastily, and replacing myself in the *Palkee*, made my attendants bear me to your presence. And now, O Prince Yeldjurd! the friend of virtue, and the lover of justice, see that these wretches may be made an example of thy wrath and enmity to lust and vice. I demand it from thy hands. Baizeed could have borne that *all men should be his enemies*; but that his wife, the mother of his children, the mother of Mehindu and of the angel Moonje, should be false, that he cannot bear.

Baizeed had no sooner concluded, than the Prince Yefdjurdd addressed the Court: "Sages and Bramins! The justness of the Hindoo laws will not reffer the cause of the oppressed to the sentence of the Dewan, lest his complaint might possibly be against the Dewan itself; nor should those who apply for justice be afflicted with delay and expectation. The stranger Baizeed suffers, and it appears that I have unconsciously been instrumental to those sufferings: he must have amends, and from the hand of Yefdjurdd himself. But, O Baizeed! first proceed with prudence: we should not easily see offences; and against those we have once thought good, the strongest proofs of guilt should be required before the hand of vengeance strikes. "Come," cried Prince Yefdjurdd, taking the hand of Baizeed, who was overwhelmed in tears, "all men are not thy enemies; Yefdjurdd will himself accompany thee; nor can all the wealth and power of Shahebedden prevail against the just."

A shout of joy pervaded every corner of the Dewan at this determination of the Prince Yefdjurdd; who, dressing himself in the disguise usually worn by him when he went abroad for the purposes of justice, set out with Baizeed to the palace of Shahebedden.

It was near the hour of the appointment made by Afeecha to meet the Emeer; and Baizeed contrived to pass unnoticed into the apartment next to the one chosen by his wife, and into which they could see by means of a lattice for air near the roof. Baizeed discovered that Afeecha was alone, and that she appeared to be employed in some incantation. She held in her hand a shining white stone, which dropped water as she exposed it to the beams of the moon; after which she prostrated herself on the ground, and uttered the following words: "Oh Brahma! the fountain of the celestial fire! the soul of the onyx! and the majesty of the rainbow! look on thy servant Afeecha, send to her speedily her beloved Baizeed, that he may guard her from danger, and appease her fears. Ah! why has the form of Afeecha produced this sad mischief to her husband? Ruin, or perhaps death, will await him if the cruel Shahebedden shall be disappointed of his prey. Worse than the tiger of Malwah will be his fury, and more

stupendous than the elephant of Agra his wrath. Yet, O mighty Brahma! thy power is the greatest."

Baizeed was so delighted at these sweet words of the tender Afeecha, that he would have immediately gone to her apartment, had he not been withheld by the Prince Yefdjurdd, who desired to see the sequel of the adventure. They had, however, only waited a few minutes, when Shahebedden, arrayed in a most superb dress, appeared at the door of Afeecha's apartment. She received him trembling, and with fear and dread; but Shahebedden did not notice the anguish of Afeecha: he flew immediately to embrace her; and in the same moment the Prince Yefdjurdd and Baizeed stood before him. For an instant only was Shahebedden confounded: he presently resumed his consequence, and demanded, in a loud voice, the cause of the intrusion. "Slave!" cried he to Baizeed, "do you not know, that in a word I can cause my guards to put thee to death for breaking into the presence of the Emeer? thy fate is decided. Now, even now, the work is done!" Afeecha screamed with terror as the Emeer stamped on the floor. In an instant the guard appeared. "Destroy those two wretches," cried the enraged Shahebedden, "who have dared obtrude themselves into the apartments of the Haram!" At these words, four blacks, who were the executioners, prepared their scimitars. "Now," cried the perfidious Shahebedden, "tremble at my power!"

"And now," cried the Prince Yefdjurdd, throwing aside his disguise, "tyrant! tremble in thy turn!" (The seal of the empire was in the hands of Yefdjurdd;) the guards fell on their faces, and the astonished Emeer stood dismayed. "Thy life I spare," cried the Prince to the fallen Shahebedden; "but the riches thou wouldst have bestowed on the faithful Afeecha as the price of her chastity and honour, shall be hers, to adorn those virtues. This palace, and all its riches, belong to the injured Baizeed. Hadst thou been miserable enough to have succeeded, a severer punishment would have been ordained thee in the justice of the Prince.

The abased Shahebedden did not make any reply; but submitting to the sentence of Yefdjurdd, abandoned the palace and province of Cashmeer.

"See, Baizeed," cried the Prince, "the dangers and miseries of jealousy. Thy prudence has preserved to thee a tender and faithful wife; embrace and trust her for ever." Baizeed wept in the arms of Afeecha, and their children soon joined them, to make up with their smiles the sufferings they had endured.

"Now," said the Prince Yefdijurdd, "only one thing more remains; and that is, that we may seek out to-night, in the suburbs of the town, for the cruel old man who prevailed upon you to purchase the magic pebble." Baizeed bowed his head, and consented to accompany the Prince in his disguise, and they rambled about the streets of Punjberareh for some hours. At length they observed a glimmering light, which proceeded from a lamp in a small hut; and upon looking through the door, they discovered the old merchant they were in search of, sitting and counting some of the small shells called *Couries* in his hand. Baizeed entered the room without ceremony, and, in a few words, reproached him for his cruelty towards him. "Prithee," cried the little old man mildly, "sit down: I have now time to speak to thee." The Prince, who was desirous to hear what he could say in his defence, accepted this invitation; and the old man continued: "Baizeed! prepare to hear the mysteries of Providence, and to be satisfied with all that has befallen thee. Do not reproach me, nor interrupt me, until that I have done." Baizeed bowed his head. "Son of man!" cried the old merchant, "the mighty Brahma is well pleased when he observes in his children an ingenuous heart and a generous disposition; but dangerous even is the love of one's fellow-creatures, and fatal sometimes the virtues of man. Yes! Baizeed was tried with the magic pebble, and he squandered away its blessings: ruin and disgrace were close to Baizeed. The wicked Daoud, whose imagination was at work with some new device, was made the instrument of punishing thy weakness: but he also was to be shown that vice never prospers; the pebble lost its power in his hands. Thy circumstances, Baizeed, were now those of want and wretchedness: it was time to deliver thee. I appeared before thee with looks of severity and anger: thy goods were put into my hands: thy wife Afeecha

uttered dismal cries at my barbarity, and those cries attracted the notice of the proud and voluptuous Shahebedden, who was to be punished for his wickedness while he was made to relieve, even from his evil designs, the unhappy Baizeed: to do this, he was to be smitten with the loveliness of thy wife. Riches were now given to Baizeed, with the blessing of good experience; but more was to be done to make him happy. He was yet to know the value of the tender Afeecha; he was to be jealous; he was to make his complaint in the Dewan of his Prince; he was to hear the sweet sounds of truth and affection from the lips of the suspected; he was to detect the wicked Shahebedden; he was to inherit his wealth; but he was, above all, to know, that the man who puts his trust in God has nothing to fear, even though ALL THE WORLD WERE HIS ENEMIES."

As the old man spoke, the Prince attentively observed the motion of his lips, and the voice of his divine instruction. In astonishment and awe he prostrated himself before him, and only looked up to witness the celestial rays that surrounded his head. His garment was changed into a vest of the purest white; the room was filled with the sacred flame.

It was the good genii KEHRUB. "Blessed," said he, "are the just, and powerful are the virtuous." In an instant all was silent. The Prince and Baizeed became entranced; the most delightful music played softly in their ears: they awoke; but not a vestige of the house remained. In the plains of Peristan were the Prince Yefdijurdd and Baizeed.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS upon seeing the WORLD.

By JOSEPH MOSER, Esq.

PART IV.

Conclusion.

IT must have occurred to many, it has frequently to ourselves, that, with respect to "those that adorn the orb of higher life," their mode of seeing the world has generally changed with the vicissitudes of the times. Formerly, we mean as long ago as the days of Henry the VIIIth, we learn that a proclamation was placed on the Palace Gate,

"For

“ For the reformation of our travell’d gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk,
and tailors.”

The condition of this proclamation, as we take it, was, that our hopeful youths who were so fond of exhibiting their *knowledge* of the world,

“ Must either leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in
France,
With all the honourable points of ignorance

Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works,
Short bollier’d breeches, and those types
of travel;”

or be transported to that land whose fashions they so much admired. Such was the penalty that this capricious Monarch imposed upon follies which he had, a short time before, both by his example and influence, encouraged!

Yet, although an attempt was thus made to check that laudable desire of seeing the world which, in a greater or less degree, burns in every bosom, still, like many other attempts to controul the youthful passions, it only rendered those against whom it was levelled more ardent to *peep abroad*; and for their gratification engendered that character so well known, and in some instances so amusing, the *ideal traveller*.

In the reign of Elizabeth, a sect seems to have arisen, who might, if they had been given to *boasting*, have taken their date from the beginning of the fourteenth century, and have claimed Sir John Mandeville for their founder: these were, the *lying travellers*; one of whom, termed by Ben Jonson the *house fly*, from his propensity to *sipping*, was as sure to be found in every tavern in his time, as in ours in Scotland, in Leipzig, or indeed in Paternoster-row.

After the deaths of the admirable Crichton, the accomplished Sidney, and the wonderful Lord Herbert of Cherbury; those Gentlemen, who knew it would have been rather a service of danger to follow their examples, began, in words, though not in deeds, to imitate their characters. The fencing-schools in Italy, and the battles in Flanders, furnished them with terms and subjects; so that, like Captain Rhadil, they were enabled to *feed* the gallants of the times with extraordi-

nary adventures, in return for the extraordinary *entertainment* which they derived from them. How long the hopeful progeny of our metropolis were contented thus to obtain knowledge at *second hand*, is uncertain. We know that they listened to these *story-tellers* through the reign of the first James, and part of that of the unfortunate Charles. Perhaps, during that season when falsehood and hypocrisy triumphed, (the Interregnum), they assumed other characters, mounted to *higher places* in their meetings, and put their mode of *taying the thing that is not* into other shapes, to the infinite delight of his *Majesty’s Masters*. But, be this as it may, we know, that in the time of Dryden parents were in the habit of sending their sons to see the world, for he thus reproves them:—

“ What learn our youth abroad, but to refine

The homely vices of their native land?

Give me an honest homely spun country clown

Of our own growth; his dulness is but plain,

But theirs embroider’d: they are sent out fools,

And come back fops.”

However, this practice still continued down to the days of Pope, whose noble pupil, we find, had

—————“ saunter’d Europe round,
And gather’d ev’ry vice on Christian ground.”

From the age of Pope this sauntering propensity continued, until our noble youths were scared from the Continent by the horrors of the French Revolution.

Having thus happily traced the progress of *story telling*, and travelling, from the *Reformation* downward, we must, as a small addition, observe, that it formerly entered into the plan of what was then termed a *liberal*, i. e. an expensive education; that is, an education with an eye to the *Great Seal*, the Premiership, or, at least, the legislation of the country, that a well grounded knowledge of the stage, (which, according to Shakspeare, is that of “All the World”), as far as regarded dramatic criticism, which was then a *manual art*, and in which the exercise of the arms was more concerned than that of the head; a *natural*, though perhaps, correctly speaking, not a horticultural notion of the GARDEN; and a thorough

rough insight into that doctrine which elicited the discriminative powers of Dr. Bentley, and the mathematical calculations of de Moivre, whose treatise *de Mensura Sortis* is said to contain instruction equally adapted to the speculation of a legislator and the practice of a minister; and which, with a spice of the *Sortes Hylsiana*, or the arts of *shuffling* and *cutting*; together with a little arithmetical touch respecting the application of *rules to weight, distance-post time*, (to say nothing of eternity), were necessary. To these accomplishments, the still farther addition of that gymnastic propensity (so happily revived), that sets the *lowest* human beings in the creation to *beat*, perhaps to *murder*, each other for the amusement of the *highest*, rendered the system complete.

Employing our retrospective faculties in the contemplation of this plan with the admiration it deserved, we were engaged a considerable time, with the most sedulous industry, in finding a hero of the *old school*, who had entered *into life* with a sufficient stock of that kind of knowledge which prompted, and enabled him to undertake the *Grand Tour* with credit to himself and advantage to his country, and at last were fortunate enough to discover, in a short memoir of the *late* Lord Whirligig, an example suited to our purpose.

The Earl of Whirligig was, by the demise of his father, *obliged*, early in life, to act from the almost unrestrained impulse of his own heart; in consequence of which, aided by the friendship and example of Mr. Flexible, (his tutor,) he *launched* out, adorned with all those elegant requisites and advantages to which we have alluded. In short, he wanted nothing to complete his *British* character but a little of what is termed *finishing*; or to display it, but that high kind of *polish* which, like the brilliancy of *case-hardened steel*, is only to be acquired by *collision*; or, in other words, by *buffing* through the world. This, we know, used in most cases to be deemed necessary to *rub off the rust*, frequently gathered by the cohesion of a few *saline* particles, in a passage through school and college; though now, such is the happy change of the times, that we have, thank Heaven! should any of those *adverse, finishers* and *polishers* at home.

With Mr. Flexible his Lordship, therefore, prepared for this important expedition; "for," said the former

to the weeping Countess, "it is impossible, my Lady, for your illustrious son to be thoroughly accomplished until he has seen the world: for you will observe, that the Romans were in the habit of sending their Patrician youth to learn the *arts* and the language of Greece. Now the strength of his Lordship's head has rendered him fit to belong to the *Andria*, or any other tavern party, or the *Syssitia*, and dine with the Senate of *five hundred*. He knows already more *Dithyrambs* than * * * *."

"Bless me, Sir!" said the Countess, "your *Latin* is all Greek to me; but be it what it may, I do not intend that he shall take so long a journey as you seem to contemplate. Greece, indeed!"

"Nor do I mean it," said Flexible: "Your Ladyship is perfectly right. I delivered myself figuratively, or analogically, or rather in the mode that the Athenians used to term * * *."

"Never mind the Athenians. Your pupil, as Chettersfield says, has done with academic groves, and must now sacrifice to the Graces."

"He has, my Lady, already done that pretty liberally: however, to complete his studies, graces are to be found in every city on the Continent, from Antwerp to Rome, from the effusions of Rubens to those of Raphael."

"Rome must be the utmost limit of your journey. No Neapolitan excursions; no water parties on the Adriatic; no Venetian" * * * *

"Certainly not! Your Ladyship judges perfectly right, and determines according to the most accurate ideas of consequentiality. The concatenation of causes and effects: I say, the deduction which too frequently hangs like a leaden weight to the golden chain of causes" * * *

"Hold, Mr. Flexible!" cried the Countess; "reserve this elegant and profound language for my son: under your auspices he will *flourish* in the Senate."

"I perfectly agree with your Ladyship: under my auspices he must *flourish* every where: therefore we will make our first *désh* at Paris, which your Ladyship knows was anciently called *Luclia*."

"Indeed, Sir, I know nothing of the matter. The chaise is at the door. I must have a few words with my son; and then, the sooner you go, the sooner I hope you will return."

"His Lordship's bills?"

"My banker has orders to honour."

"His Lordship," continued Flexible, "has already learned to *draw*: this Continental tour will, I hope, render him quite perfect. *Drawing at sight*, my Lady, * * Hey-day! What, has the Countess left the room without hearing my *pecoration*?—Well! if she would take a trip with us to acquire a little taste and politeness, it would do her no harm. She is a fine woman—I wish she would suffer me to lead her to Paris; though, as the saying is, I would much rather lead her to the altar."

To trace the noble pupil and learned tutor through the progress of a tour so often taken with the same desire of improvement, founded upon a desire of seeing the world, would here be useless. Where the road like that to the French metropolis has been well beaten, the wheels of life, like the wheels of a carriage, must roll smoothly.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men;"

and it seemed by our adventurers to have been taken at the flood, until the tutor, like the road they had travelled, got *well beaten* for quoting Tully and Seneca respecting the *Tali* and *Tassera* at a hazard-table.

Taking Florence in the course of his journey, our noble youth, to his other accomplishments, of course added *virtu*. Whether the animated beauties had been kind or cruel, it is here impossible, and indeed unnecessary, to state. Touched by the *Caduces* of fashion, which obliterated other pursuits, his Lordship, like Pygmalion, here became an ardent admirer of the sculptured charms of the inanimate Venus. This passion seized him in the gallery of the palace of the Medici. He instantly took the resolution to figure as a connoisseur; though these were generally very different *figures* from his Lordship: therefore no resolution could have been more favourable to his morals. In his antiquarian researches, by far the most innocent of his pursuits, he acquired a *purer* taste than he had exhibited in his modern disquisitions. He also, in consequence of his liberality, acquired a large collection of *new made* specimens of the ancient arts. This collection, which increased with almost every step that he took on classic ground, his tour through the manufactories at Rome extended. In those days, we had not

acquired sufficient taste to admire the elegant distortions of the Egyptian school. Excepting a few *mummies* now and then exhibited as curiosities, and sometimes *taken* as *medicines*, the warehouses on the Continent furnished no *better* subjects than the effusions of Greek and Roman artists. From these our noble virtuosi was obliged to complete his collection of statues, busts, vases, medals, seals, &c. The Italian brokers favoured him with *original* pictures, which, if they had not manufactured, they must have *stolen*. To these he added largely as he passed the *smoke-houses* in Flanders, and the *scum-bling-shops* in Amsterdam.

Placed in a noble mansion in — square, the whole town admired the museum of the Earl of Whirligig nearly as much as they did the taste and erudition of Mr. Flexible, who dedicated to the Peer a descriptive catalogue, in the notes to which he fully explained the immense acquisitions made to the knowledge of the country by his Lordship; and thence deduced, that he had seen the world to some purpose.

Respecting this collection we remember to have heard Figleaf, the sculptor, describe a scene at which he was present; with which, as it in one point of view shows *the use* of seeing the world, we shall conclude these speculations. Figleaf, we must observe, was a gentleman whom the *delicacy* of his Lordship induced him to employ to adorn some of his figures with just as much *drapery* as, we believe, our lovely countrywomen will, in time, think necessary.

While the artist was one day thus laudably engaged with the GLADIATOR; and Flexible sat by him puzzling his brains with attempts to conjecture what sort of a *head* would best suit the Torso, whether that of an Emperor, a Minister, a General, a Judge, or an Alderman; the arrival of a gentleman and his family, in a very elegant carriage, was announced, who requested to be admitted to see the Museum.

"By all means!" said Flexible.

"His name, Sir," continued the servant, "is 'Squire Puncheon: his footman told me he is a great distiller at Bristol."

"I will wait," said Flexible, "upon Mr. Puncheon directly. I suppose he is a *rectifier* as well; therefore he must be

be a person of *taste*. I wish his Lordship was in town. Probably he has seen my book."

Figleaf proceeded with the Gladiator, till, in a few minutes, he was induced to listen to the voice of a person ascending the staircase, who said, "Hercules do you call him? I suppose they had no *barbers* in his country. As we came by St. Dunstan's Church, I stopped the carriage to see the figures strike. I bid Bell and Joanna take notice of them: they are of the same family, and just, for all the world, like this; only they hold up their clubs, and he is leaning upon his: a lazy dog! What's this?"

"The famous groupe of the Laocoon, found under the ruins of the palace of Titus."

"What! Titus Oates, that was tried for perjury?" said the first voice. "I'll tell you a story about him. There was a Roman Catholic Chapel in Bristol said to be haunted with spirits; there's more *spirits* in it now, for it's my *still-house*: but no matter: this Titus"***

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed a female voice, "where are you *running*, Mr. Puncheon? What has this story to do with the Laocoon found under the palace of Titus?"

"Just so!" said the first voice: "the Doctor lived in *Whitehall*! that's part of my story"***

"Mercy on me!" said the female voice again, "how could you think of such nonsense? The sculptors of this admirable groupe, Agelander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, are mentioned by Pliny."

"You are perfectly right, Madam: this Laocoon"***

"Laocoon, or *Lacoon*!" exclaimed the first voice; "was not that the name of the outlandish man who, with his family, played tricks with live *serpents* at our Town Hall?"

"Heavens! Mr. Puncheon!" said the female voice, "don't affect more ignorance than you really possess! Who has not heard of Priam, Hecuba, and the man that run a javelin into the wooden horse?"

"Rowel a wooden horse!" said Puncheon.

"You seem, Madam," returned the voice of Flexible, "to be perfectly acquainted with the story, and I shall take great pleasure in showing his Lordship's collection to a lady of your taste and erudition."

"Deliver me!" cried Puncheon, as he ascended the stairs, "what has your woman done with her clothes?"

"That," said Flexible, "is the Grecian Venus, the most beautiful female form of any of the antique statues."

"How happy," returned the Lady, "must the family of the Medici have been, to have possessed such a rarity as the original statue! How were they to be envied!"

"Not by this gentleman, however," replied Flexible, as they entered the Saloon.

Figleaf now laid down his chisel, and made his bow to them as they advanced. The party, he found, consisted of four: Mr. Puncheon, a corpulent man of fifty, dressed in a bushy wig and broad gold-laced waistcoat. His lady, adorned with every advantage that a well studied morning-dress could afford, seemed *rather more* than forty. This worthy couple were followed by two young ladies in dark blue riding habits, with black hats and feathers. Although there was, in the blooming complexions, and the redundancy of auburn hair which shaded the cheeks and fell in ringlets over the foreheads and shoulders of these lovely girls, something that denoted the un-studied graces of the country; yet in their address and manners they displayed an ease and elegance, the concomitants of an acquaintance with polished society.

Figleaf observed that their eyes glanced toward each other, and their colour rose, as they advanced into the Saloon, particularly when their father exclaimed, "Bless me, Mr. Flexible! his Lordship has, as you said, a large family, though certainly not a very expensive one. These images eat nothing; and I observe that their clothes don't cost him much; for although that fellow" (pointing to the Gladiator) "is very like Mendoza in the face, much such a made man too, still I must inform you, that the Jew always *spars* in black silk breeches. Perhaps you think that those would be too expensive. May be so! but surely a little bit of nankeen!"

"Heavens!" cried the Lady, "dress an antique figure in nankeen! monstrous! This is exactly as they wrestled or fought at the public games amongst the Romans. I have read, too, that their bodies were smeared with oil, Z z that

that they might not be able to hold each other with any advantage."

"Ha, ha, ha!" returned Puncheon; "that's the very reason why they used to *soap* the pigs' tails at our country revels."

"Shocking! horrid! What a Goth!" exclaimed his Lady.

"I think, Sir," said Flexible, taking up the conversation, "that your Lady has paid you a high and classic compliment; for it was the Goths that abolished these kinds of combats, after they had been the fashion for many centuries."

As Figleaf had observed that, during this colloquy, the young ladies seemed uneasy in their situation, he advanced toward them, saying, "Probably the library, where his Lordship has a large collection of prints, drawings, and curiosities, may afford you more amusement."

This diversion in their favour they seemed to consider as an escape, and gladly followed him into the next room, where, after making such observations on the books and drawings as indicated cultivated minds, they proceeded to the cabinet of medals. Here, while the sculptor was explaining to them the series of the Greek cities, they were joined by their father, mother, and Flexible; the former saying, "No, Sir, you shall never persuade me that that figure is intended for Bacchus. Sure I know that he is not half fat enough. Five of my shops in Bristol have Bacchuses over their door: there he is always represented riding upon his tun."

"I know nothing, my good Sir! of the Bristol Bacchus," replied Flexible. "The cup and Thyrsis, with a wreath or garland of vine-leaves, were always his ancient symbols."

"It is losing time to talk to him about the ancients," said the Lady; "for he knows no more about them than one of the tigers of Bacchus, or our coach-horses."

"Then," returned Flexible, "I fear that a collection that can scarcely boast of any thing modern, has few charms in the eyes of this gentleman."

"On the contrary," added Puncheon, "for all what my wife says about the tigers, which I don't indeed understand, as there's no wild beasts here but a *dog* without a tail, and a queer dog he is, I have been very much amused at seeing so many *old*

Grecians, of all sorts and sizes: and then the *virgins*, as you call them, some without clothes, and others dressed, just for all the world, excepting straw bonnets, like those we see from the Pump-room windows at Bath."

"Your observation most judiciously applies," said Flexible, "to the Vestal, Cleopatra, or rather Ariadne, and many others; for several of the ancient sculptors, as Mr. Figleaf will explain to you, copied from wet drapery, in order the more correctly to display the limbs. But now I will show you his Lordship's books"——

"O Lord! I never mind any books but those in my own counting-house. Mrs. Puncheon, Bell, and Joanna, are always wasting their time poring over a parcel of nonsense. They've run me to a fine expense in fitting up a library at my villa near Clifton."

"Where," said the eldest Lady, "we should be happy to see Mr. Flexible and that Gentleman."

"Aye, that we should!" added Puncheon. "You have entertained me with a view of the works of art; I'll treat you with a prospect of the works of nature, and such a prospect, from my bow window."

"Though I am not unacquainted with the romantic beauties of the spot to which you allude," said Flexible, "I never desire to see a more lovely prospect than this now before me."

"Well! well! You may see both if you'll take a trip to Bristol. Do: and I'll show you my Bacchuses riding upon their tuns, and my warehouses and works, and finish my story of Titus Oates into the bargain. We came to London to show my girls the world. No doubt but they, like ourselves, will return fully satisfied. And although his Lordship and you, who have been abroad in foreign parts, have seen a great deal more than we have, I'll tell you what, Mr. Flexible, if he only went to people his country with these heathen images, it is my opinion he might have been better employed at home."

"Had the small part of the collection that you have seen," returned Flexible, "included all the advantages that the nation has derived from his Lordship's tour, I might, perhaps, have been of your opinion; but, under my guidance, he has extended his researches much further, and now pos-
sesses

selfes more *virtu* than any man in England."

"Oh!" exclaimed Puncheon, "if he possesses so much *virtue*, he has seen the world to some purpose; and I hope the first vacancy he will be placed in a situation whence he can dispense a part of it; for though I don't mean to talk politics till I get you to Bristol, there is, between ourselves, a great occasion for that kind of determined conduct—that * * and so good morning, Mr. Flexible."

The JESTER.

No. VIII.

"Nec certa recurrit imago."

"Neither end nor object."

It may not be altogether inconsistent with my title of the Jester, or totally irrelevant to the character of this paper, to say a few words on the subject of trifling; and which may not, after all, prove so trifling a subject as many severe critics might at first be led to imagine.

Trifling is an article of considerable consumption in the world, particularly among the gay part of it. It is plentifully supplied from the stores of folly in the kingdom, though a great deal of it may possibly be imported from France and other countries.

Trifling is to the mind what a trinket is to that useful ornament denominated a watch; it is a trap to please the ear, as the other gew-gaw does the eye; it accompanies the seal of sense, but makes no impression.

Perhaps if the matter were fairly investigated, trifling would, in most of the circumstances of common life, be found a dangerous, and sometimes fatal, indulgence. In its practice it does not establish any thing, it cannot appreciate any thing; it has, in conformity with our motto, neither end nor object.

There is, however, a gaiety of tone and manner which at first sight resembles that levity which leads to trifling, but which is, in fact, very different, as its ebullitions proceed from innocence of heart or good nature, can do no harm, and are merely the sportive images of fancy that embellish and adorn the majestic column of reason in the human mind, as the leaves of

the acanthus are a light and airy ornament to the Corinthian pillar, and may be in perfect agreement with the *Pulchrum et honestum* of human life.

What appears to us at first to be mere trifling may also be the ingenuity of quick sense promptly to abate fear, diminish the size of danger, dry up the tear of sorrow, divert care, or teach us to bear with mishap or disappointment.

The truth is, that there is not any thing more different than the trifling of the good and of the bad man: the one has for its object to make happy, or to divert; the other has, at best, no end nor object, and being chiefly ebullitions from a lying or a romancing mind, produce only mischief.

I have heard it said, that inconsequential lies are not bad in themselves. What lies, however, can we seriously venture to denominate *inconsequential*? The Parthian arrow shot at random is still an arrow, must fall somewhere, and may fix itself in the breast of the innocent. What is called an *inconsequential* lie must pervert some one fact, and may, from that circumstance alone, have a consequence, and a serious one, even though not intended.

There is, besides the above, a still more inexcusable sort of trifling; it is that which plays with the characters, and even sometimes with the lives, of our fellow-creatures, from a carelessness of consequences, and a love of wicked pastime, resembling that of the boys throwing stones at the frogs in the fable:

"Though 'tis play to you, 'tis death to us."

It appears that this vice of trifling is the offspring of an ill-organized or ill-educated mind, or of an unsettled, volatile, and restless disposition, unsteady as the dog vane, which veers with every puff and eddy of wind, and incapable even of bestowing a character upon the man who is afflicted with so bad a disorder of intellect.

The first endeavour of parents should therefore be, to lay a foundation of the solid materials of reason and religion in infant minds; and the next, to show them the perplexities and disappointments attending an unsteadiness or inconstancy of pursuit. The promising hope of success in a profession, of advancement, or of riches, are done away

by the futile breath of the changeling; trifling in the greatest concerns, he leaves the path to wealth or fame, to hunt a butterfly. The greatest blessings, therefore, that experience can bestow upon a young man, is, first, to open to his capacity and inclination a proper pursuit; and next, to teach him the value of consistency in that pursuit, without which talent will be useless, and learning of no avail; nor without it will he ever reach the goal his ambition would attain, or even get so far as to be out of the grasp of poverty, which generally, after the wanderer has forsaken the advantages he might have had in life, keeps by him to taunt at his folly and want of foresight, all the rest of his days.

“Hast thou propos’d thyself no certain end,

To which each action of thy life may tend?”

But, lest the Jester should be considered too serious, I will endeavour to display a few of the follies of trifling in matters of less consequence than those which affect the greater circumstances of life. And first, for the numerous articles called *trifling* by the inconsiderate: A debt of ten thousand pounds—a *trifling* matter; or, as it is now more fashionably expressed, *a milk score*. Being worth a trifle in the City—from fifty to one hundred thousand pounds.

There are also three sorts of trifling in vogue. Trifling with the ladies—agreeable enough: Trifling with a man who wants his dinner—unlucky enough as to time: Trifling with a man who wants money—a prospect of a spunging house. And yet it is astonishing, taking into consideration the fondness all ranks have for consequence, that they should think so many things of little consequence, of trifling consequence, or of no consequence, when most are of some consequence, and many of great consequence. The fact is, that they think the latter, only they mismatch the articles strangely. It is of great consequence to pay a play debt, of little consequence to attend to a poor tradesman; of great consequence to wait upon a lord, and of trifling consequence to break an appointment with a poor gentleman; of vast consequence to get a loan, and of little consequence how it may be paid at the promised time.

To illustrate all this, I will give my readers the character of my friend Hannibal Glitter, perhaps one of the most accomplished triflers in the world. Hannibal Glitter was the only child of a ready old-fashioned English gentleman, who resided in a village only a few miles from town, and who was married to one of those country gentlewomen who still continue to carry a bunch of large keys at their side in the forenoon, who know how to pickle and preserve, and to make mince-pies and pound-cake at Christmas. Old Mr. Glitter’s hobby was reading history; and he was never to happy as when he was perusing in his elbow-chair the Fall of the Roman Empire; which volume constantly was laid in one of the seats of a parlour-window. Mr. Glitter was between forty and fifty years of age when our hero was born; and looking forward to the spirit, steadiness, and perseverance, of his own character in his son, nothing would satisfy him but that he should be christened Hannibal; which was consented to on the part of Mrs. Glitter, provided that their first girl might be named Boadicea. Hannibal was, therefore, our hero’s denomination. In vain, however, as the child grew up, did his fond parents look for the form and character of that hero: Hanni, for so his nurse would call him, in spite of the remonstrances of the old gentleman, only promised to be of the middle size, and his features had none of the fierceness and dignity of a Cæsar or of an Heliogabalus. The father, however, fondly hoped, and the mother fondly looked, for mind in the face of little Hanni. At length, Hanni was sent to a school where the classics were taught in great purity: and now, at every vacation, were Mr. Glitter’s expectations renewed; he looked for some extraordinary instance of capacity breaking forth, like the elocution of the maiden speech of the accomplished Lord Littleton, or the genius of a young Roscius. And one day after dinner, when seated round the fire with a small party of friends, Mr. Glitter called upon his son to speak a speech out of some one of the tragedies which they performed at school. Hanni hesitated; but being hard pressed, to the astonishment of all present, gave them the entertainment of Punch with infinite humour; “Tootee, Tootee, Toot-oo,” was ejaculated with the most happy climax;

max; and the servants at the sideboard could not resist from bursts of laughter. Not so Mr. Glitter; his spectacles, which had been put on to read a passage from Plutarch's Lives, fell from his nose into the hearth: in stooping for his glasses, his wig followed, with a celerity that seemed to promise the entire desolation of the furniture of his head. As soon as he could snatch them up, Mr. Glitter, with the wig and spectacles in the same hand, turned round, and, with a contortion of features that kept his mouth wide open, stared wildly at little Hannibal. In vain did he make an effort to speak; nor could any thing stop little Hanni, who had received the applause of the company, and who went on with his "Tootee too" in spite of the grim looks of papa, which the child mistook for approbation. At length, "Get out of the room, Sir!" in a surly tone, put an end to the performance of Punch, and promised a serious beating to that excellent comic actor.

Mr. Glitter the next day sent for the master of the school, and, with great dignity, remonstrated with him upon the want of classical purity in the education of his son. "Sir," returned Mr. Syntax, "it is no fault of mine; it is the boy's humour; and not all the correction that I could give him would ever make him serious. If his playfellows beat him soundly, he only laughs all the time; and if I talk of flogging him, he only performs Punch."—"Punch! Yes!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "he can do that with a vengeance!"

Now the fact was, that little Glitter, though extremely volatile, did not want for wit and cunning; and therefore, seeing his father's turn of mind, and by the help of a few instructions from the mother, in future managed to perform his pantomimes, by way of interlude, with the servants in the kitchen, and to put on a long face in the presence of father. And thus did little Hanni learn the art of deception from the unreasonableness of his parents, in trying to make him what nature never intended.

Poor Hannibal got through pretty well; though at times his humour burst forth, and was visible to all the company at his father's table, but the old gentleman itself, as it was always managed by what performers call by-play.

When Mr. Glitter, junior, came to a proper age, his father, desirous that he should one day become as great a General as his predecessor of Carthage, bought him an ensigncy in the line, and made him a present of the Greek and Roman Histories, with a paper put in the first of them, of the famous defence of the pass of *Thermopylae* by Leonidas, King of Sparta. The young gentleman received them with a steady graceful bow, and was very glad to get off to his regiment.

In about a twelvemonth afterwards, the old gentleman thought it time to make some inquiry into the conduct of his son; and he was extremely happy to learn that he was very much beloved in the Officers' mess. It is true that he had not yet been mentioned with more than the usual complacency by General H——, the Colonel of the regiment, who was known to Mr. Glitter. But he was yet very young, and had had no opportunity to distinguish himself. However, he heard with great satisfaction from the Serjeant that Hanni could do the manual exercise as well as the flugel man; and indeed at length he got promoted, and was attached to a volunteer corps, as Captain and Adjutant. But here poor Hanni was more under his father's eye; and while Mr. Glitter, junior, was dining one day with the Officers in one room at a tavern, Mr. Glitter, senior, thought proper to take his mutton-chop in the next. It was not, however, until after dinner that the sensible tympanum of his ear was struck with any thing remarkable; and then, heavens! what was his agony, when he heard his son Hannibal, the son of Mars, not only playing Punch, to the infinite amusement of his friends, but singing the lowest comic songs, and entertaining them between the acts with jests and puns and with the excellent stratagem he had used for obtaining the last remittance from the old gentleman, by having sent him a copy of Dundas's *Echelon* Movements. Mr. Glitter had by this time found a hole which had been bored formerly for the purpose of hanging up a bird-cage. Through this aperture he had not only an opportunity of seeing the company, but all the grimaces and distortions of his son's face, with the inimitable action of his hands. However, he had the good sense not to disturb the revellers, but very wisely considered that

that his boy might nevertheless be a very good officer on the parade or in the field, and that all work and no play would not do; though he could not find it in his heart to *remit* any part of his censure respecting the remittance so unfairly obtained from him.

However, it happened unfortunately for the character of our young Hannibal, that a few days after he got into a much more serious scrape, and was nigh being tried by a court martial for un-officerlike conduct. The fact was, that he had to march his company of volunteers somewhere into the vicinity of Chiswell-street: when he gave the command, "To the right about face!" the volunteers, who were little better than recruits, most of them seemed unluckily to comprehend the matter each in a different way, and therefore turned all manner of ways, to be sure of being right. Captain Glitter, who was naturally impatient, had the folly to trifle upon this very serious occasion, and called out, with a Stentorian voice, "Turn round to Barbican!" The experiment answered; the whole front was changed in an instant, and in another instant no vestige of bungling remained. However, the Captain had the folly to relate the story to Lieutenant-Colonel Verjuice, who not relishing the joke, looked very sour, and demanded a court martial; which would have been carried into effect but for old Mr. Glitter's interest with the General of the district.

It may be easily imagined that the old gentleman felt considerable uneasiness at this unhappy developement of his son's military character: however, he still hoped that, as he advanced in years and rank, he would become more and more steady. Vain, however, are the hopes of man, for an adverse circumstance awaited him that he had not even dreamed of. The regiment his son belonged to, who had now resumed his situation in the line, was ordered to embark for the Continent: but what was the rage and anguish of old Mr. Glitter, when one day he found by the Gazette, and other authentic information, that his son Hannibal had just sold his commission. There was not any thing could pacify or appease. "Coward! Scoundrel!" were the epithets of the honest and indignant Englishman. "I'll disinherite him! I'll never see him again!" Yet, as it happened Hannibal

was no coward; Hannibal had been all the summer in a spunging-house; he had been written-to repeatedly to join; and at length finding the remittances from his father run taper, owing to his enormous drafts, and seeing no chance of getting his liberty, or keeping his commission any longer, he got leave from the Commander in Chief to sell: and poor Hannibal, whose ears had for four months been dinned with briefs for Counsel, motions in Court, and Court fees, made the gallant resolution to enter himself at Lincoln's-inn, and practise the profitable profession of the law. Mr. Glitter hunted out his son, and found him just released from a lock-up house, in a dusty half furnished set of chambers up three pair of stairs in the Temple. He found him too, reading; and he eagerly snatched up the book, in hopes to find that, at any rate, Polybius and Military Tactics were changed for Espinasse's *Nisi Prius* or Horseman's Conveyancing. Alas! the book was Bysche's *Art of Poetry*. In one instant the volume was thrown into the fire, and in the next Mr. Glitter made his exit in a rage, with such convulsive agitation and strength, that in two seconds more he was seated in the hackney-coach waiting for him at Temple-bar. The next day Mr. Glitter set off for the country, where he shut himself up for twelve months without seeing a single visitor, and withdrew all assistance from his recreant son.

Hannibal, although he had not that steady character and fortitude for which his predecessor was famed, yet possessed that happy composure which is the attendant of good humour: he could easily submit to events, and assimilate himself to circumstances; every thing was to him of trifling consequence. This had been pretty well exemplified by the circumstance of one of his creditors, the tailor, having written him a long and severe epistle upon his promises of payment, begging to know if he could not come to a composition with his tradespeople. In a few days after Mr. Pantaloon got sight of him, and began by asking him if he had received his letter. "Why yes, my dear Pantaloon! and I find that you want a composition," (going at the same time very coolly to the drawer.) "There, then, take that" (pulling out a parcel); "'tis the green baize in which

which you brought home the last coat." It may be easily imagined that Hannibal Glitter did not find much difficulty in sorting his behaviour with his circumstances. In less than a month Hanni forsook the law, and joined a strolling company. Here his talents for comedy were displayed to advantage. He performed under a feigned name; and the next scheme of the Manager happened to be to go to Norwich. Here Hannibal made his *début* in Dicky Gossip, but was interrupted in the middle of his performance by the same look from a face in the boxes which had originally obstructed his talents in Punch. It was his father, who was on a visit shooting in that part of the country, by way of amusing his mind. Mr. Glitter rushed behind the scenes, paid the Manager a sum to cancel the engagement, paid his son's debts, and bought him another commission in the army, when he very wisely left him to become a soldier his own way. The event proved the good sense of the toleration; for Hanni was soon after sent abroad, and with his usual levity opposed the charge of the enemy, broke their ranks, carried a post, and brought off a pair of colours. The sorrow of the old gentleman, on hearing this news, was turned to joy, though it was somewhat diminished by the humorous way in which Hanni described his killing a grenadier who had put his musket to his face. However, the general good character and fair report of his son's bravery satisfied Mr. Glitter's mind very much; and he began very properly to think that gaiety, and even trifling itself, proceeding from a good heart, are no serious causes for dislike or crimination. His son, though full of folly, wit, whim, and humour, was nevertheless gallant and brave; and though he might never vie with the fortitude of his famed predecessor, yet would be an ornament to the army as long as he dared to meet point to point the enemies of his country with the courage of the Carthaginian Captain.

The Jester presents his respects to Lady Peddgree, and begs to assure her, that although he is not often invited to the fashionable bread and butter balls, or hot suppers, of persons of rank, yet he trusts he has too much politeness to offend, by any casual remarks of his

pen, what is called the fashionable world. He is highly sensible of their value to society by their generous love of expence, of French wines, dresses, and decorations, and for the great good they do to the poor, by spending and losing larger sums than they might possibly be able to spare in the ordinary old-fashioned way of charitable contribution.

The Jester will do himself the honour to answer Lady Peddgree more fully at some future opportunity.

Nov. 10, 1805.

G. B.

MEMOIR of PETER AUGUSTIN CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS.

PETER AUGUSTIN CARON DE BEAUMARCHAIS was born at Paris on the 24th of January, 1732; and, like Roufseau, he was the son of a clock-maker. His father, being eminent in his line, inspired his son with a taste for his art; and the latter materially improved the mechanism of watches. His discovery, however, being contested by a distinguished watch-maker, who claimed it as his own, the difference was referred to the Academy of Sciences, which gave a decree in favour of the young Beaumarchais. Music at this time became his favourite pursuit. He could play on several instruments, but he performed on the harp and guitar in a superior style. The sisters of Louis the XVth being desirous of hearing him, admitted him to their concerts, and at length into their parties. The marked credit which he enjoyed with the Princesses of France, the disproportion between his birth and his present consideration, his natural pride, which his good fortune had increased, and a levity in his carriage and manners, which in some cases bordered on indiscretion, raised up against him a host of secret enemies. A Nobleman, observing him one day in a splendid dress as he was passing along the gallery of Versailles, desirous of mortifying him, approached and thus accosted him: "I meet you most *à-propos*; my watch is out of order; do me the favour to look at it." Beaumarchais, thus reminded of his former condition, observed to him, that he had always a very clumsy hand. The great man insinuating, he takes the watch, and lets

lets it drop, saying, "I told you what would be the consequence, but you would have it so."

The countenance of the Court occasioned the connexion between Beaumarchais and the rich Duverney; it was thus that he discovered his talent for business, and that he availed himself of it in order to advance his fortune. Three law-suits occupied his life from this period: the one with the residuary legatee of Duverney, for a moderate legacy which he claimed; another with the Counsellor Goefman; and the third was the Kornman suit. He finished by gaining each of them. They all arose more from hatred than from any interest which the parties had in litigating them, and they attracted the attention of all France. At the commencement of the war between Great Britain and her colonies, Beaumarchais very much increased his wealth by supplying the latter with all sorts of warlike stores. He still farther improved his fortune by contributing to the *Caisse d'Escompte*, to the fire-engine-establishment of the brothers Perier, and to other useful public undertakings. All this time he was supplying the theatre with dramatic productions; to which, in spite of their numerous faults, the talent which was conspicuous in them, and the strong interest which they excited, ensured a degree of success which no other writer enjoyed. The revolution arrived, and Beaumarchais was appointed a member of the first provisional government of Paris. Soon afterward his life was threatened, and he was successively seen flying to Holland and England, by turns proscribed and absolved, accused and justified, by the agents of revolutionary power; next returning to France in order to be lodged in the Abbaye, liberated from prison, and again taking to flight. Having finally re-established himself in his native country, he died by the bursting of a blood-vessel in the year 1799. At the time, though his career had been so laborious and so stormy, his health appeared to be excellent, and his frame betrayed none of the symptoms of age. He was master of all the resources of genius and of character; his firmness arose from reflection; his patience was unwearied; and he possessed in an eminent degree the art of persuasion. His physiognomy and his elocution were

equally lively, and they were animated by eyes full of fire; he had as much expression in the emphasis and the look as of finesse in the smile; and he was distinguished above all by a species of assurance with which a confidence in his own powers inspired him. With the great he displayed a particular manner, which was full of address without being servile; and with whom his reputation for talents stood him in great stead. He had the air of appearing to think that they could not be of a different opinion from him without being wanting in understanding, which he never intimated, more particularly to those who were most deficient; he expressed himself, when conversing with persons of this description, with as much confidence as fascination; and he profited at once by their self-love and mediocrity, by rendering the one the instrument by which he secured the other. Sabathier, speaking of his memorials against the Messieurs Goefman, &c. observes, that nothing can be more original, or better written. Reasoning is in them every where seasoned with the most refined pleasantry: the fourth memorial, above all, indicates a writer who is acquainted with all the sources of persuasion, and who, by his address, is capable of turning against themselves the weapons of his adversaries. Had Beaumarchais produced only this memorial, he would have deserved a place among the few literati who, to the merit of writing with perspicuity and correctness, unite the faculty of keeping up the attention of the reader by a varied and pointed style. In these memorials, the author rises to the height of making his own cause that of his readers; they are of a kind and cast of which there existed no model. Their form, which is as sprightly as it is unusual, exhibits at once a legal argument, a satire, a drama, a comedy, and a gallery of pictures. He makes the reader indignant, and sets him to laugh, be angry and merry, at his pleasure. Nothing can be clearer, more ingenious, and more diversified, than his reasoning. His logical oratory is that of Demosthenes.

The Marriage of Figaro, which has been naturalized in this country, was acted, we are told, one or two nights in every week during the first two years subsequent to its appearance; it produced 25,000*l.* to the theatre, and
4000*l.*

pool. to the author. In his memoirs to Leconte de Versailles, or *My Six Epochs*, Paris, 1793, Beaumarchais relates, with as much interest as force, the various dangers which he had the good fortune to escape in the course of the revolution; while his riches, his talents, his celebrity, and his influence, pointed him out as one of its victims. It is then observed of him, that, born in a private station, and without ever having quitted it, he attained a very large fortune without having once enjoyed any place; that he was engaged in large commercial speculations, without ever appearing any other at Paris than a man of the world; that he enjoyed at the theatre a success which has no parallel, while his pieces rank not as the first even of the second order; that he obtained high celebrity by law proceedings, which, in the case of any other person, would have remained as obscure as they were ridiculous; and that he procured the reputation of distinguished talents by writings which are the soonest forgotten, namely, legal memoirs and statements.

BRIEF ACCOUNT of the WILLIAM COAL PIT, near WHITEHAVEN.

THE rapidity with which the immense work at the new winning, called William Pit, the property of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Lowther, has been carried forward, is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of mining. The communication-drift to this pit, which is situated close by the sea-side, at Brantfy, near Whitehaven, from James Pit, near St. James's Church, in Whingill Colliery, is expected to be formed in the course of this month. There will then be not only a complete ventilation of pure atmospheric air, but the men and horses employed below will be enabled to walk into William Pit from the surface.

The rotative machine, for drawing coals, (which possesses the power of forty-two horses, and is capable of drawing twice the quantity of any hitherto erected at Whitehaven), will be completed in a few weeks. This machine, as well as an extensive

pumping engine, is to be put in excellent stone-buildings. The extent of wall, which has been made under the surface, in order to gain a sufficient foundation to build upon, is inconceivable.

The large coal-yard, for dropping the coals out of the basket, will, when finished, contain about 12,000 Whitehaven waggons of coals, or 22,000 Irish tons! The waggon-road, from thence to the harbour, is nearly eight hundred yards in length, and of sufficient breadth to admit the waggons to pass each other. It is raised, generally, fourteen feet from the surface, with excellent stone walls, and a number of handsome arches under it, for the convenience of the different ship-builders whose timber-yards adjoin it. Every thing appertaining to this branch of the numerous improvements in the works, (and, indeed, in all the others,) is done in the most substantial manner, with materials of the very best kind. The masons' work, in particular, if it do not surpass, will certainly rival the finest productions of that kind.

A large frame, lately erected on the top of the pit, consisting of four strong pieces of timber, sixty-two feet in height, is calculated to answer a variety of purposes; viz. four large wheels, or pulleys, are fixed upon it, to receive ropes for two different rotative machines: three pulleys, for hanging over the centre of the three divisions of the pit, so contrived, that a rope from a watch-gin may be changed from one division to another; also pulleys for a capstern-rope, for changing the buckets, spear-rods, &c. for two different pumping engines, &c.

This framing is of a pyramidal shape, upwards of eighty feet high; and the top of it, which is square, is very neatly ornamented, having four silver pheasants at the four corners; the four cardinal points of the compass, elevated from the centre; a large globe; and, above all, a figure of Mercury, seven feet and a half in height, which, turning upon a pivot, moves with the wind, and, of course, acts as a vane.

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR NOVEMBER 1805.

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

Military Memoirs, relating to Campaigns, Battles, and Stratagems of War, Ancient and Modern: Extracted from the best Authorities; with occasional Remarks. By William Thomson, LL.D., Author of the Continuation of Principal Watson's History of Philip II and Philip III of Spain; Translator of Cunningham's MS. History of Great Britain in Latin, from the Time of Cromwell to the Accession of George I, &c. &c. The Second Edition, revised and enlarged by James Glenie, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and formerly an Officer in His Majesty's Corps of Engineers; Author of the History of Gunnery; Inventor of the Universal Comparison, and antecedental Calculus; Author of a Short Essay on the Modes of Defence best adapted to the Situation and Circumstances of this Island against Invasion; and of Observations on the Duke of Richmond's extensive Plans of Fortification. Recommended, by Desire of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, to the Volunteer Corps and Military Schools. 8vo. pp. 642. 1805.

THE prefs groans under books of military tactics, drills, and manual exercises; and the world is doubtless fatiated with them. But this is not a book on any of these subjects, but on the art of war in general; comprising all that human genius or invention can contrive, in various situations, and all that human courage can execute. All the tactician's rules have often, and particularly in our own times, been baffled by superior genius. The most general maxim to be drawn from the military history of all times and places is, that success, ultimate success in a series of campaigns, and for the most part even in one campaign, has depended less on numbers, and even veteran discipline, than on the genius of the Chief Commander.—Having thus obviated a prejudice that might be naturally entertained against this work, from a mistake relative to the design,

we shall unfold the design in the author's own words.

“ Books relating to the conduct, and treatises on the Art of War, are not in every hand; nor, if they were, has every one leisure to read them. The details of memorable battles, ancient and modern, on which the fate of nations has depended, are less generally known than they ought to be; and would be read, particularly at a crisis like the present, with pleasure and advantage by military men of all ranks and descriptions, were it not for the difficulty and expence of gratifying their inclination. The descriptions given of such battles, in books of general history, are commonly too concise to be either entertaining, or, in a military point of view, useful: and few readers have an opportunity of consulting the cotemporary historians by whom the details are related. But, by a judicious selection, accounts of the most celebrated battles, (at present to be found only by turning over numerous volumes of history, in many languages,) may be brought together and contained in one volume, of a moderate size; yet so minutely described as to serve the principal purpose of illustrating the maxims of war; and that with more pleasure, force, and effect, than if they were exhibited in a didactic form.

“ However the instrumentality has varied, the great operations of war, springing from genius and sound sense, have continued in all times and places the same. Though the manner of engaging, since the introduction of gunpowder, be, in some respects, different, seasons, grounds, forage, surprises, ambushes, retreats, and, in a word, the grand outlines, and almost the whole theory of war, remain unaltered. Similar emergencies suggest similar measures: the same circumstances dictate the same expedients. Nor is the difference between the weapons of ancient and modern warfare so great as may, perhaps, be sometimes imagined. The

The ancients had their missile weapons as well as we; darts, slings, bows and arrows, balistæ, and catapultæ. Vineæ, rams, and moveable towers, were scarcely less formidable to walled towns than battering cannon; and chariots, armed with projecting scythes, as little to be opposed, though they might be eluded, as field-artillery.

“ For this reason, I have made a compilation of Military Anecdotes, ancient as well as modern. The ancient Greek writers are but very imperfectly understood, in the general translations of their whole works; but least of all when they touch on the conduct of war, and the order and vicissitudes of battles. In the present compilation, recourse has been had to the original of Polybius, Xenophon, Arrianus, and other Greek authors. And, with the assistance not only of Vegetius and Ælianus, but that of military gentlemen who have added the study of the theory to an acquaintance with actual scenes of war, translations have been made out, which may, it is hoped, be intelligible. The whole of these anecdotes, extracted from the best authorities, serve to illustrate and to impress on the mind a lively and practical conviction of the most important truths; how often enthusiasm and numbers have prevailed over disciplined valour, and all the tactician's art; and, on the other hand, how often a high and impetuous spirit, by deranging the plan of the General, and exposing the troops to be attacked in flank, have involved the whole in defeat and disaster; on what minute accidents the fate of battles often turns; the effects of surprise; the power of novelty; the protection of courage; the fatal influence and contagion of fear. But, amidst the ever-shifting scene of a great battle, accidents are controlled by the presence of mind and the invention of a consummate Commander; who, in the resources of his own mind, fraught with various ideas and stratagems of war, finds means to repair sudden reverses of fortune, and even to improve unforeseen accidents into victory.

“ These are among the principal conclusions or results that remain uppermost in the mind on a general review of battles. But there is another deduction to be made from military history, of still greater importance than any of these. There is not any one

maxim in war of such essential consequence to a General, or other Commanding Officer, as to know the character of mankind in general, and particularly the character of his enemy; how human nature will be affected in given circumstances; and what more particularly is likely to be the conduct, in those circumstances, of individual nations. JULIUS CÆSAR, in his campaigns against the Gauls, Germans, and Britons, was careful, in the first place, to inquire not only into the nature of the country, and the military force and resources of the nations against whom he was to advance, but into their government, and, above all, their *character*. The Gauls he found to possess an advantageous stature, a high spirit, and an impetuous bravery; but they were very changeable in their designs, sudden in their resolutions, unsteady, without perseverance, without patience, and, on the whole, more fitted for making than for sustaining and repelling an attack.

“ A constant regard to this circumstance, in the character of the Gauls, appears, through the whole of his conduct towards that people, political and military. It was his constant aim to elude, or to secure himself against their attacks, and how and when, instead of receiving, to give the charge. The moral nature of the Gauls was equally understood by a Carthaginian Commander, (Hannibal), scarcely, if at all, inferior to Cæsar.

“ That the military character of the French is such as has been above described, is well known to the most intelligent Frenchmen, and particularly was not very long ago observed in conversation, without reserve, by Augereau, and other French Generals of distinction. ‘ French troops,’ they observed, ‘ were the best in Europe for *attack*, and the *worst* for *defence*. That there was no enterprise, however hazardous, that they would not readily attempt as assailants, returning again and again to the charge, if repulsed;—and yet that nothing could induce them to remain firm, like Austrian and British soldiers, when attacked.’ That this is the declared opinion of Augereau, and other French Generals, is a fact ascertained beyond a doubt. Though it be in exact conformity with all that has been remarked, in all times, of the natives of France, it is not, I apprehend, so generally attended to

as it deserves to be. It is a *secret worth knowing* to all our Generals. If this alone should be duly impressed on the mind by these anecdotes, as I doubt not but it will be, they will not have been published in vain.

"This brief illustration of the impetuosity, but impatience, of the French, and of the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of that prominent circumstance in their national character, is given here as an example of the use to be made of military anecdotes, and the views by which the compiler of these has been guided in his selections.

"It may well occasion a smile to see a man who acknowledges himself to be the writer of the History of Europe for ten years in Doddsley's Annual Register continued, so often quoting that publication among 'the best authorities.' But let it be recollected, that the 'authorities' from which his statements of military affairs are there given, are distinctly pointed out where those authorities have been published. The private authorities from which he drew not a little of his information were equally respectable, and would have done credit to the Work, had he been at liberty to state them. A like observation might with truth be made with respect to the private information which the editor has received from different quarters in the work now submitted to the public.

"As to Mr. Cunningham's History of Great Britain, comprehending all the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, it has been allowed, by military men of the first reputation, that in his description of sieges and battles he is one of the best-informed, accurate, and intelligible of modern historians; which is in some measure to be accounted for from the circumstances of his life, the history of which is prefixed to the translation.

There is no one who so much as attempts the narration of military transactions that is not obliged to acquire, if possible, some notion of the art of war; or, at least, the general principles by which its great movements are directed, and of the results to be expected from different passions, habits, and modes of conduct, as well as a habit of attention, in descriptions of battles, to the principal circumstances that led to defeat or victory."

It might, indeed, have been expected,

after these explanations, that no prejudice would have been entertained against this collection, on the score that it was not made by one of the military profession. "I was in hopes," says our author, compiler, translator, or whatever he may be called, in an advertisement prefixed to this second edition, "that I had obviated this objection in the preface, by wholly disclaiming, in this work, all pretension to originality, and acknowledging, even in my compilations and translations, the assistance of professional gentlemen, who had added the study of the theory to an acquaintance with the actual scenes of war. I have had assistance of this kind from different quarters; but my great guide and assistant was General Miranda, a man of learning, genius, experience, and reputation." He acknowledges his obligations to "another military gentleman and man of letters, inferior to General Miranda in rank, not in accomplishments, and whose rank at this moment would have been nearly as high * if his merit had been less: from whom, also, I have received the most valuable assistance, both in correcting and enlarging these memoirs. His letter too, prefixed to this edition, has received the highest approbation and applause from all the military gentlemen, and these were not a few, to whom I showed it before publication. From Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Taylor I have been able to draw, notwithstanding his reluctant modesty, valuable hints of the best sources of information respecting the military transactions of our times. And I have also to make my acknowledgments to that gentleman, as well as to Major-General Matthews, Brigadier-General Lawson, of the Artillery, and Colonel John Burnett, for their kind efforts to bring the Memoirs into notice and circulation."

Mr. Glenie, who it appears was a College acquaintance and friend of Dr. Thomson's, besides some corrections relating to the battles of Cannæ and Zama, of not a little importance, has added the battles of Clusius, Treb-

* Alluding to the necessity Captain Glenie was under of quitting the Corps of Engineers, in consequence of his printed dispute and attack on the Duke of Richmond, then Master-General of the Ordnance.

bia, and Thrasymene; and to the modern, and we may say recent, battles, that of Novi, and the siege and capture of Coni; with remarks on the whole of these additional military transactions. But it is to the letter from Mr. Glenie to the Editor, consisting of nearly two printed sheets, that the present edition is most indebted. In this letter, Mr. Glenie decidedly approves the reasons given by Dr. T. for publishing the Memoirs, and what the Doctor considers as the most general and important maxims resulting from a close and attentive perusal of military history, ancient and modern; and confirms the reasoning of the editor by new remarks of his own. As a specimen of Mr. Glenie's admirable letter, we extract the following: "As this country has been threatened with an invasion from France since the commencement of the present war, you very properly, and indeed naturally, in your preface to the Memoirs, endeavour to impress the minds of his Majesty's subjects with the remembrance of a prominent and leading feature in the character of their enemies, which has marked and distinguished them at all times, as far back as any authentic records concerning them extend; which is this, that they are much better calculated for attack than defence. You justly observe, that Julius Cæsar, in all his battles or engagements with the Gauls, never lost sight of this singular circumstance in their character. His own experience had taught him, that in the beginning of an action they were more than men, and towards the close of it less than women. He must have been well acquainted with the fact from the history of his country. For even so early as about one hundred and sixty years after they had defeated the Romans, and their allies, in a set engagement, and pursuing them for three days' continuance, made themselves masters of all the city of Rome, the capitol alone excepted, the Romans, adverted to this circumstance, put in practice a very judicious contrivance to resist the first shock of the Insubrians, (who, with some other tribes, allured by the beauty and fertility of the lands of the Tyrrhenians, had taken possession of them and the adjoining country round the Po), in a great and important battle they fought with them at the river Clusius, which chiefly contributed to bring to a final

determination the long contests and struggles between them and the Gauls in Italy, as it obliged the Insabrians to sue for peace, and to offer their submission on any conditions. As the Romans were much inferior to their enemies in numbers, they thought, at first, of taking the assistance of the Gallic troops that were in their own camp in the action. But, considering that the Gauls in general were notorious for fraud and perfidy, and that they were then engaged in a contest with people of the same nation with these very troops, they forced them to cross the river, and broke down all the bridges that had been thrown over it, to prevent their going near the field of battle, and to show their own soldiers, at the same time, the necessity of fighting bravely to the last, as there were no hopes of safety for them but in victory. The Romans, in all their former conflicts with the Gauls, had observed, that, in their first attacks, they always discovered a very formidable degree of fierceness and impetuosity; and, considering the inferiority of their own numbers, they, therefore, on that occasion, had recourse to a very sensible expedient; which was suggested by the Tribunes, who instructed both the whole army, and every soldier in particular, in the proper mode of putting it in practice. They took the pikes from the triarii, in the last line of their army, and distributed them among the cohorts of the first line, ordering them to begin the battle with these, and afterwards to make use of their swords, which, like the broad swords of the Highlanders, being only calculated for making a falling stroke, and that too at a certain distance, were rendered useless by the very first stroke they furiously made upon the pikes. The Romans then rushing forwards with their strong, short, sharp-pointed swords, they were fit both for cutting and stabbing, but particularly for the latter, and, pressing close upon them, put it out of their power to attempt a second stroke. Being able, even at the closest quarters, to push their swords against the breasts and faces of their enemies, and to give wound after wound successively, and without intermission, they destroyed, upon the spot, the greatest part of all that numerous army, which amounted to fifty thousand men. Cæsar, who was an admirable scholar, and a man of the most profound and correct reflection on what

what he had either read, was informed of, or had seen, must have been well acquainted, before he entered Gaul, with this striking and distinguishing feature in the character of its inhabitants, and was, no doubt, well prepared for turning it to his own account and advantage. An Officer, indeed, like Cæsar, could never be brought, in the course of military operations, into a situation altogether new. For, however novel it might appear to most people, he would soon discover some circumstances attending it, which, either by similarity or contrast, would bring to his recollection something he had read of, been informed of, had seen, or had reflected on, before; and, from this similitude, or dissimilitude, he would immediately draw resources and expedients for extricating himself from difficulties which most men would deem insurmountable. And hence are manifest the advantages, particularly in military affairs, of well directed studies, correct information, and judicious reflection.

"From the battle of Clusius, the success of which was chiefly owing to the prudent foresight of the Tribunes, the following inferences may very fairly be deduced:—

"First, That a judicious change of arms, in certain circumstances and situations, will frequently draw victory to the side of those who have recourse to the expedient.

"Secondly, That the use of different sorts of arms, even by the same body of troops, in the progress of an action, will frequently be attended with success.

"Thirdly, That the fiercest impetuosity in the beginning of a combat may frequently be rendered useless and ineffectual, and turned to the advantage of those who judiciously resist it, even by very simple contrivances.

"Lastly, That a slavish attachment, in all situations, to the arms people have been accustomed to, may not only occasion frequently the loss of battles, but sometimes also the overthrow of nations. Had the Gauls been armed after the manner of the Romans, they could not possibly have failed of success. Armed, indeed, as they were, their great superiority of numbers, and the impetuosity of their attack, would probably have secured to them the victory, but for the wise contrivance of the Tribunes, which not only

rendered their impetuosity ineffectual, but also saved the Romans themselves from the disgrace and ruin to which they were exposed by the injudicious arrangement of them by their Consul Flaminius, who drew them up with their rear close on the bank of the river, without leaving space for the cohorts, in the progress of the action, to retreat on, if necessary; a practice which the Romans made much use of in all their engagements. I am inclined to think, that even now, a body of men armed with moderately-sized shields and weapons, resembling the Roman sword, would occasion a dreadful carnage among musketry when thrown into confusion or disorder by a brisk and determined charge of cavalry; by a repulse, or unsuccessful assault; by artillery; by broken or uneven ground, in moving over which, with any celerity or expedition, it is impossible for their ranks to remain in straight lines, or even nearly so; in many situations in the dark; or in weather in which fire-arms cannot be advantageously made use of. When troops are placed behind works, or when ditches, abatis, and other obstacles, are in the way to prevent their enemies from approaching them before, they are often, or frequently, exposed to their fire, it must certainly be allowed, that the fire-arms enjoy great and decided advantages over any others. But there are various situations, in which I am convinced other arms might be used with great success and effect."

Of the present collection Mr. Glenie says, "Although I have, without reserve, pointed out certain errors, or inadvertencies, in the descriptions you have given of some celebrated battles, I should be very much wanting in candour were I to deny, that your Military Memoirs appear to me to be in general correct. The selection itself is unquestionably a judicious one, without being prolix: and as I know that you have been assisted in it by several persons of military information, for whose military talents I have the highest respect and esteem, it bids fair, in my opinion, for BECOMING MORE USEFUL THAN IF IT WERE A COMPILATION BY ANY ONE MILITARY MAN, wedded to a particular system. Most of the remarks, too, accompanying the descriptions, strike me as sensible, useful, and instructive. Young men intended for

for the army might derive much benefit from an attentive perusal of these Memoirs."

It may be objected by some, that this book is calculated rather for General Officers, who are likely to have the command of armies, than for the army in general. But let it be recollected, first, that the youngest Officer may expect to arrive at very high station in the course of his life. In the second, Officers of the lower ranks, Captains, Lieutenants, and sometimes Ensigns, and even Non-Commissioned Officers, are at times entrusted with the command of posts and parties; when an acquaintance with the theory, resources, and stratagems of war, may avail as much as in war on a larger scale. Of the truth of this we have a proof and example in the judicious, masterly, and prompt contrivance and conduct of the very gentleman who has revised, enlarged, and given his testimony to both the design and execution of this collection. In the revolutionary war of North America, Fort Stanwix, in Canada, occupied by a numerous garrison of Americans, was besieged by the English, under the command of Colonel St. Leger. The Colonel, with the greater part of the forces, decamped suddenly in the night, leaving only a handful of men under Lieutenant Glenie, of the Engineers, who had constantly remonstrated with the Colonel against abandoning the siege, being persuaded that they could not long stand out. Mr. Glenie, recollecting the achievements of the Earl of Peterborough in Spain, from the feint of having a greater force than he possessed, and other successful feints of this kind, concealed the Colonel's retreat, and made a show, or, as it is called in military language, a *demonstration* of having the same number of troops as ever. The operations against the fort being continued as usual for some time, he found means of carrying off in safety the small number of troops under his charge, with two or three pieces of cannon. See the dispatches from the Commander in Chief in Canada, Sir GUY CARLETON, in the New Annual Register, 1780. Farther still, on this head, it may be sometimes of advantage that even the common soldiers shall be acquainted with rules or maxims for the conduct of military operations. In the battle of Pharsalia, there was between the two armies of

Pompey and Cæsar "just about as much space as was necessary for the rapid onset of both: but Pompey (who was posted on a hill) had given orders to his troops not to move from their first position, but to wait the attack of Cæsar's men, who he naturally imagined would, by a longer and more arduous course than was usual, be thrown into some disorder. He judged, that the first attack of Cæsar's troops, after a long and rapid course up the hill, might be weakened, that their order might be deranged, which would give him an opportunity of falling on them with advantage; and that the javelins thrown by Cæsar's army might inflict less severe wounds on his troops when standing still, than if they were rushing rapidly, as it were, to meet them. As soon as Cæsar's men heard the signal, they rushed forward: but observing that the enemy did not advance, those veterans, accustomed to similar operations, of THEIR OWN ACCORD halted, about midway, for a short time, and, renewing their course, discharged their *pila*, or javelins, and instantly drew their swords."—MILIT. MEM. pp. 182—3.

After the testimonies that have been produced in favour of this collection, that of Literary Reviewers may not seem to be of much consequence. It appears, however, to us to be a well-designed and seasonable publication, and not deficient either in judgment, diligence, or truth and candour. There are very few, we presume, who peruse it attentively, who will not be of opinion, that the high personage by whose authority it is recommended to the Volunteer Corps and Military Schools, is abundantly justified in bestowing on it so signal a mark of his approbation and countenance.

Annals of Commerce, Manufactures, Fisheries, and Navigation; with Brief Notices of the Arts and Sciences connected with them. Containing the Commercial Transactions of the British Empire and other Countries, from the earliest Account to the Meeting of the Union Parliament in January, 1801, &c. &c. By David Macpherson. Four Volumes, 4to. 1805.

(Continued from page 286.)

The next observations of our author extend to Navigation and Shipbuilding: he seems to think, as we have observed

served, the Romans but indifferent sailors, and the Greeks not much better.

It will be remarked by the readers of this work, (though of its general excellence we can give but a very faint idea,) that in this early part of it especially the author has been, from the nature of his subject, obliged to blend the features of local commerce with those of more universal history. This he has, with a considerable degree of art, and an infinite portion of labour, effected. However, these subjects, by their reflection of images, in a very eminent degree assist and elucidate each other.

From nautical observations, he proceeds to the history of Rome, as far as respects her literature and the arts and sciences. This naturally leads him to advert to those countries which were connected with her; which indeed comprehend all that were then discovered. If we are astonished at the extent, and at the same time the minuteness, of this disquisition, we must suffer our faculties to be absorbed in admiration of the author's perception and perseverance, for to follow him within any reasonable compass is absolutely impossible. In fact, he has in these Volumes drawn together whatsoever related to, or in the smallest degree bore upon, those subjects which he has so amply detailed in their titles. Of this the reader will at once comprehend the advantage.

The commerce of Britain is, as we have observed, traced from its source: connected with the Roman history, it is brought down to the retreat of those people, and the subject is pursued to the landing of Hengist.

The invasion of Italy by Attila then calls our attention to the Continent: the attack of the Carthaginians, the fall of Rome, and her faint resuscitation under Theodoric, the King of the Ostrogoths, conclude the fifth century.

From this period, after glancing at the commerce, the dress, &c. of the Anglo-Saxons, the author proceeds to the attempt of Justinian to rescue the Western Empire; also to the triumph of Belisarius, and the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Ravenna.

Among the various articles of commerce, silk has again particularly attracted our author's attention.

His other observations embrace struc-

tures upon the military and ecclesiastical architecture of the Saxons; the progress of the Arabian or Saracen arms; the loss of Jerusalem, A.D. 660; and the entire destruction of the ancient city of Carthage; which bring the history to the close of the seventh century.

Pursuing the Saracenic history through their victories, to their defeat by Charles Martel, A.D. 732, Mr. M. comes at length to their commerce; whence he takes the same circuit through that of the Continent, and of this Island, that we have before had occasion to expatiate upon.

From Mr. Anderson he has quoted a passage respecting the first notice of the British fishery as an object of commerce, A.D. 836; of which he seems to doubt the stability. Yet surely, if we consider the demand for this species of provision (which could then be only caught on the Coast of Britain,) that arose even from the religious system, the introduction of it wants little confirmation; it is indeed almost self-evident.

The first introduction of the sugarcane by the Saracens, and the law of Venice respecting the slave trade, A.D. 878, are curious notices. A most important one is that on the rise of the British Navy under Alfred, A.D. 897, who is very justly denominated its father.

In this part of the work the series of Saxon history, continued through the reign of Athelstan, does not seem to commemorate any great improvement in commerce. We find, that in the reign of Edgar a law was enacted, A.D. 975, respecting the uniformity of money, and the use of the Winchester measure through the kingdom. We also learn from unquestionable authority, that the herring fishery on the Coast of Norway was very productive.

This, the tenth century, has a melancholy termination. While the Danes were invading the coast of Britain, the metropolis suffered by a conflagration. "To complete the general calamity of England, it was harassed by civil dissensions, and afflicted with contagious disorders, which destroyed both men and beasts, the necessary consequence of famine and unwholesome food."

In the transactions of the eleventh century, Mr. M. has pursued the same plan that we have, in the observations

we have made, already adverted to; though we are pleased to see that the transactions of this kingdom occupy a more considerable space the further we proceed in the work.

The internal trade of England at this period, A.D. 1066, "must," he says, "have been on a very diminutive scale, when the presence of two or more witnesses, of the Chief Magistrate, the Priest or Lord of the Manor, were necessary to give validity to a bargain of more than twenty pennies.

"The foreign trade, it appears, was chiefly carried on by strangers, and was therefore a passive trade for England." Yet we scarcely know how to reconcile this with the praise bestowed by foreigners on the gold and silver works of the English male and female artists. If we consider the mechanical operations dependent upon those arts, the variety of tools and preparations necessary to bring them to any degree of perfection, it seems to place the manufactures of this country upon a much higher scale than Mr. M. is inclined to allow to the commerce. Yet still they appear to us to be so connected, that it is next to impossible to sever them.

The quotations from the *Doomsday Book* are judiciously selected to illustrate the local state of the country. The *short* charter of William the Conqueror is an admirable specimen of that kind of writing, which we lament to see has made such *immense improvement* in the course of nine centuries.

From the frantic zeal of Peter the Hermit, Mr. M. deduces many advantages, of which we are nearly as insensible as we were of those attendant upon the expedition of Alexander; though we have not space to argue the matter with him. That the Crusades were important epochs in the history of the world no one ever doubted; that each exhibited a different character is equally certain; but that their general effect was the melioration of the condition of mankind we deny. The good (if any) that accrued from them might, nay must, have been effected by other means; while the evil that they dispersed and entailed was certainly *their own*.

The discovery of the *Pandects* of Justinian at Amalfi, A.D. 1116; also the transfer of the silk manufacture of Greece to Sicily; are noticed. The Saracens, it appears, had long been

acquainted with its operations; by whose means they were laid open to the ingenuity of the Western Nations.

London, it is stated, about the middle of the twelfth century, had acquired considerable importance with respect to commercial opulence. Mr. M. also notices many other cities, York, Bristol, Gloucester, &c., that had arisen in the same proportion.

This century, which, with respect to these kingdoms, includes matter of very material consequence, as in its course the energies of commerce began to operate, although it was disgraced by one proof of its opulence, the horrible massacre of the Jews, was concluded in a way that drained the people of some of their wealth, to pay the ransom of Richard the 1st, or rather the exactions that accompanied even the accession of King John.

At this time the first notice of the polarity of the magnet is supposed to appear in the poetical works of Hagues de Bercy; which leads the author to commemorate that important commercial event, the invention of the compass. A.D. 1216, we also find the conveyance of water by pipes mentioned as a *new* discovery, made by Simon, a Monk, of Waverly in Surry.

Mr. M. notices what may be termed the historical rise of the herring fishery; for although there is little doubt but that a considerable trade was carried on in these articles from a much earlier period than the twelfth century, we do not find that they had before been considered as *revenue*.

"In the Emperor Frederick's letter to the King of England, A.D. 1238, he thus characterises the western kingdoms. Germany raging and ardent for battle; France the mother and nurse of brave armies; bold and warlike Spain; the fertile England, strong in her soldiers, and guarded by her fleets; naval Denmark; blood-thirsty Ireland; lively Wales; Scotland abounding with lakes; frozen Norway, &c."—*M. Paris*, p. 560.

The idea that Matthew of Westminster gives us of the commerce of England preceding this period, 1265, is, although perhaps in some respects romantic, curious; yet we find that the amount of the dues collected in the City from the eve of Easter to Michaelmas 1268, is only 36*l.* 1*ss.* 4*d.*; which, even allowing for the difference of money,

ney, shows that domestic traffic, a tolerable criterion with respect to foreign, was still very contracted.

Though the thirteenth century was disgraced by the persecution of the Jews, and by the frequency of the crimes of perjury and robbery, and suffered much from ecclesiastical oppression; though Europe in general was laid under contribution, and this country in particular was, by foreign Priests, drained of sums of money more than equal to its whole revenue; yet we see with pleasure that commerce continued in a gradual state of improvement, and that proportionate opulence closely followed. The investigation of the causes that led to this effect Mr. M. pursues with his usual accuracy through every channel, and through every country; but, as has been observed, is much more diffuse with respect to our own as his materials increafe.

The Hanseatic association, from which such important consequences to traffic ensued, arose about the middle of this century. Roger Bacon, whose name unfolds a philosophical volume, existed near the close of it. The matter which is comprised within its annals is equally curious and consequential, and will be contemplated with considerable avidity and interest, as, in its different circumstances, will be discerned the principles and root from which many events and systems emanated.

The fourteenth century introduces more particularly a subject of the utmost commercial importance, notices of which from the earliest ages pervade the work. This is, a statistical inquiry into the rise, progress, species, circulation, diminution, &c. of that universal medium MONEY. This, which may be termed the political index, or rather the political menstruum, as every thing *in those times* resolved into it, means *here* the coin itself. Among financial or fiscal refinements, we shall, in the sequel, have occasion to contemplate its representative PAPER.

In 1302 we find by a trait of femality the flourishing state of the manufactures of Flanders. On a progress through the country, the splendour of the dress of the ladies of Bruges gave great offence to the Queen of Philip the Fair, who peevishly exclaimed, "I thought that I was only Queen here, but I see there are many hundred more!" This ill-judged speech occasioned a tumult,

in which, it is stated, 1500 people perished. *King Peter*, the Deacon of the Weavers, with twenty-five other respectable persons, were imprisoned upon this occasion by the Prætor, but released by the populace.

To such a height had the luxury of the table arisen in England, that it was restrained by the statute 10 Edward III.

1337, We are informed that the revenue of the Church amounted to 2000 marks per day, or, reckoning 365 days, to the enormous sum of 730,000 marks a year; being twelve times more than the produce of the national revenue in the reign of Henry the III.

Though suffering under the unprincipled exactions of the Monarch, yet his splendid naval victory, the only one gained by a King of England in person since the time of Alfred, induced the people to grant the supplies with greater cheerfulness than they had hitherto done. The idea of obtaining the kingdom of France was also, for some time, a pleasing delusion; though, perhaps fortunately for this nation, at last it melted into air.

The commercial progress of the maritime towns is, we think, accurately deduced from the account of the vessels employed in the siege of Calais.

Mr. M. has given a full and accurate account of the statute of the Staple, (27 Edward III.); which establishes the staple for wool, hides, wool-fells, and lead, in Westminster, and other cities in England, Wales, and Ireland. This, we agree with him, is a very curious document, and deserves to be studied, not only as being at the time an improved code of commerce, but as being an excellent system of verbal arrangement, which might even *now* serve as a pattern for this kind of writing, because it unites *perspicuity* with *brevity*.

A.D. 1377, the whole of the people in England and Wales appear, from the records of a Capitation Tax, to have amounted to no greater number than 2,500,000; but then it must be remembered, that from this account all who evaded or were not liable to the tax are excluded.

This century, in the course of which we have frequently exulted in the progress and advancement of manufactures and commerce, in the military prowess, the conquests, or in the opulence of the people of England, had indeed a most melancholy termination; for

for it concluded with the murder of Richard the IIId, and the usurpation of Henry, Duke of Lancaster; circumstances that entailed innumerable misfortunes upon the kingdom, depopulated her cities, depressed her commerce and manufactures, and introduced a long continued scene of bloodshed and desolation, *till lately*, unparalleled in the history of *civilized* Europe.

The author, at the beginning of this the fifteenth century, exhibits a curious document, namely, "a bill of exchange, dated 28th April 1404;" differing so little from those of the present day, that it convinces us that this is a species of literature which, from its original invention, it was impossible to *improve*.

In 1407 the bank of Genoa commenced its operations, and the Dutch began to lay the foundation of that commercial importance which we have in our own times contemplated at its height, and in its declension.

A.D. 1410, the share which the English had obtained of the active commerce of Europe aroused the jealousy of the great mercantile communities; which produced insults, and we hope retaliation.

1428, That the manufactures had made some progress in this century appears by comparing the articles now shipped without paying custom with a similar list in 1303.

1430. This year the King, (Henry the VIth,) or rather his Council, borrowed 50,000*l.* for the expenses of a coronation in France.

The middle of this century is rendered peculiarly remarkable, by the discovery of the art of printing; to which our author, on an extended scale, most judiciously applies Pliny's observations with respect to paper, that it confers immortality on the works of man.

This volume concludes in the year 1492, with observations on the extension of the commerce of Venice, by the depression of that of her rival Genoa on the establishment of the Turkish Empire in Europe.

"The wealth of Europe, and along with it the taste for the spices, jewels, pearls, and other rich productions of the East, continued to increase. Those articles of luxury were almost entirely supplied by the Venetians, whose vessels visited every port

of the Mediterranean and every coast of Europe, and whose maritime commerce was greater than that of all the rest of Europe taken together. In Venice, the rich manufactures of silk, cloth of gold and silver, vessels of gold and silver and glass, were carried to the highest degree of perfection. The Venetian Navy was sufficiently powerful to repress the piracies of the Turkish and Barbary corsairs. The government was beneficent; the people were numerous, opulent, and happy. Such was the commercial splendour now enjoyed by Venice, from which she was soon to decline without a possibility of recovery, in consequence of events which no errors in commercial policy produced, and no human prudence could possibly avert."

The second Volume of this interesting Work, which is by Mr. Macpherson stated to contain the commercial transactions of the British kingdoms, and other countries, from the years 1492 to 1707, originally written by the late Mr. Anderlon, commences with the commemoration of an event the most important of any that had occurred since the Deluge; for although we have, in tracing Mr. M. through the former part, observed many revolutions, mercantile as well as political, they all emanated from, and operated upon, systems that were in frequent transition, and countries that were known from the earliest periods of time.

The discovery of a NEW WORLD was an event reserved to distinguish the close of the fifteenth century. It was a circumstance calculated to adorn with the most resplendent brilliancy the declining sun of an era that had at its dawn, and in its meridian, diffused the brightest and broadest gleams over the human mind, and caused the dormant faculties, which through a long series of ages, emphatically termed *dark*, had been absorbed in unmeaning pomp, or concentrated in useless heroism, and thrunk into seclusion, to expand, and to display itself in literature and the arts, in the energies of commercial adventure, and the ardour of scientific disquisition.

With the first voyage of the Genoese navigator, Christopher Colon, (commonly called Columbus,) the author opens this Volume. A series of events so well known as those that attended

this daring spirit, through his hazardous expedition, it is unnecessary to detail: but although he seems to think, that in consequence of the introduction of the magnetic needle, it is probable that America could not have been much longer concealed from the Europeans, this is so exceedingly hypothetical, that in answer we might ask, how, with all the advantages of nautical experience, accumulated in a long series of years, it has happened that Otaheite, the Society Islands, and many other places, which during the reign of his present Majesty have so much extended the colonies of this country, were not sooner discovered? Surely there is no end to conjectures of this nature.

Of more importance was the resolution of Henry the VIIIth, who, struck with the brilliancy of those acquisitions, in an instant was enabled to appreciate the immense advantages likely to accrue to Spain from them: he therefore, with that sagacity that was so distinguished a trait in his character, endeavoured to counterbalance the ideal importance that he had contemplated, by authorizing the Cabots to sail upon a voyage of discovery, which it had been stated gave to the English the prior right to the Continent of North America, though they certainly could exhibit a much more honourable title to the greater part of it; namely, that of purchase from the aboriginal proprietors.

The voyage of Vasco da Gama, 1497, is next noticed; which, with that of Americus Vesputius, seem, for this period, to complete a series of adventures, that, while they afford the most ample field for the speculation of the politician and the historian, and for the contemplation of the philosopher, were of the utmost commercial importance to Europe in general, and to this country in particular.

A.D. 1501, Emanuel, King of Portugal, flinched, but not satiated, with success, sent out three ships to India. Of this voyage the discovery of the Island of St. Helena was the most striking circumstance.

The reader has already seen that the arrangement of the former Volume condensed the events of stated periods into the form of annals; an arrangement which, of course, pervades the whole work. Of this system, we repeat, we can only, in consequence of

our limits, catch here and there a prominent feature; as, for instance:—1502, Upon the site of the Chapel of the Virgin Mary and the *White Rose* Tavern, “Henry the VIIth caused his Chapel at Westminster to be built, at the expence of 14,000l.”

Though the author properly remarks that the wars of this period do not come within the plan of his work, he as properly observes upon the *famous* (disgraceful) league of Cambray, which, it will be remembered, had for its object the annihilation of the republic of Venice, at that time the centre of commerce, the residence of the arts, the elegancies and luxuries of life.

A.D. 1599, “Amiral James Columbus, the son of the great Christopher, settled and planted the Island of Jamaica.”

1519, The expedition of Ferdinand Magellan, (which, though the Commander of it lost his life in a skirmish with the Indians, failed round the Globe,) is noticed as its importance deserves. The ships that returned (one of the five that went out was taken by the Portuguese, and another, being leaky, abandoned,) are said to have arrived at Seville in September 1552: this must be corrected to the 8th of September, 1521.

A.D. 1522, the French commenced the manufacture of silk, being supplied with workmen from Milan, while in possession of that Duchy. In this they made a rapid progress, especially at Lyons, and other parts of the South of France.

The rise of the silk manufactures in England, besides the advantage obtained by it in foreign commerce, was the means of keeping immense sums of money in this kingdom, which had formerly been employed to purchase this species of foreign luxury.

The author, in the course of this Volume, while he pays particular attention to commerce, also frequently notices a subject collaterally allied to it, and certainly the consequence of that opulence which is its concomitant; this is, the increase of the metropolis. In this disquisition he, generally speaking, derives his information from the surest sources, namely, the statutes made, or proclamations issued, at different periods, either to extend or to restrict the suburbs of London, or to improve and regulate its interior. This inquiry is curious, but its results

sults impossible to be quoted within the compass of this Work.

A.D. 1540, the state of the shipping in the port of London was at this time but low, compared with its present. If we may credit *Wheeler's Treatise of Commerce*, (4to, 1601,) he expressly asserts, that about sixty years before he wrote there were not above four ships (besides those of the Navy Royal,) that were above 120 tons each within the River Thames.

The list of decayed cities is curious, as is also the quotation from the statute of the 33d of Henry the VIIIth, for building upon waste ground in the cities and towns in England, as we learn from these documents the *real* state of the country, and are, in a more especial manner, enabled to appreciate the advantages which we possess. These, as a cordial to the human system, seem to have diffused life, spirit, and activity, from the metropolis, which may be termed the *heart*, to the very extremities of the Island.

A.D. 1544, Wapping was at this time a marsh. It has lately become a *Lake*.

1550, In an acquittance for the delivery of the artillery and ammunition at Boulogne, there is, probably, the earliest mention of iron bullets (boullez de fer).—*Fœdera*, Vol. XV.

1553. This year was rendered remarkable by the sailing of the expedition under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, who, with three ships, attempted the discovery of the North East passage. Two of these, after penetrating to as far as 72 degrees of North latitude, were compelled to run into an obscure harbour in Russian Lapland, called Arcana Reca, where the crews, seventy-six in number, were frozen to death. Chancellor, more fortunate, fell in with the other ship in the bay of St. Nicholas, where, though disappointed of the object of their voyage, the discovery of the channel of a trade by sea to Russia, and of the track to the whale fishery at Spitzbergen, rendered it eminently useful to this country.

Commerce beginning to increase considerably in the reign of Queen Mary, Surveyors of the Roads were appointed. (2 & 3 P. & M. c. 8.)

From the Bishop of Chiapa's relation it appears, that in the early times of the Emperor Charles the Vth, "the Spaniards had butchered upwards of forty

millions of the native Indians of America."

1560. A general view of the commerce of Antwerp, now in the zenith of its prosperity, is given, on the authority of Guiccardin; from which it appears to have been then what London now is, the staple or emporium of the world. The Dutch, who were, near a century after, by that accurate judge of mankind, Sir William Temple, distinguished for their frugality, were then just rising into that elevated sphere of commercial importance from which they have lately fallen.

1567. The Netherlanders who had flown from the cruelty of the Duke of Alva, taught the English to make bayes, sayes, and slight stuffs, as their predecessors had about two hundred years antecedent introduced the woollen manufactory.

1577. The supposed gold ore which Frobisher brought home in this and former voyages proved to be only *glittering sand*.

1580. Coaches are said to have been introduced into England, by Fitz-Allen, Earl of Arundel.

1582. In this year the reformation of the Calendar by Pope Gregory took place.

1585. The ruin of the city of Antwerp, besieged and taken by the Duke of Parma, gave the finishing blow to the commerce of the Spanish Netherlands.

1586. Thomas Cavendish now commenced the second English circumnavigation of the earth at his own expense.

1588. The author notices that important event, the attempt to invade England by the Spanish armada, and its destruction.

About the year 1590, the telescope was invented, which has brought the science of astronomy to a perfection unattainable by the ancients.

In the year 1596, the strong port of Cadiz was attacked, and the ships in the harbour destroyed.

The advancement of commerce, and all the useful arts and manufactures, in this century, had not, as formerly, been by slow degrees, but, owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, particularly with respect to this country, rapid almost beyond calculation. These the author has most accurately detailed; and Mr. M., where he has observed any aberration from
received

received principles, or any matters that required explanation, has elucidated by judicious notes; though these, we must state, such was the accuracy and attention of the late Mr. Anderson, are comparatively few.

The dawn of the seventeenth century forms a most important epoch in the history of commerce, as it commenced with the rise of the East India Company. The Queen, whose sagacity induced her to be equally attentive to every circumstance, whether political or mercantile, having observed the advantages that were, in the first instance, made by the Turkey trade; and, secondly, by the Dutch East India Company, even in the single article pepper, which, by a combination or interested coincidence during the Spanish war, they had raised from four to eight shillings per pound, on the 31st of December, 1600, granted a charter to George Earl of Cumberland, and two hundred and fifteen Knights, Aldermen, and Merchants, to be a body politic and corporate, by the name of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies. How this establishment, which through various vicissitudes existed under the same appellation until the year 1708, when it was absorbed in its union with the present East India Company, has since that union flourished, it is unnecessary to state; because its influence, its power, and imperial domination, are known to and felt by the far greater part of the world.

A.D. 1601 This year was passed the famous statute (43 E. c. 12,) which has been termed the *Magna Charta* of the poor. The author is of opinion, that paupers might be supported at much less expense than by the present method. So are we: but he, or rather his editor, does not seem to be quite so well aware of the difficulties attendant upon even advantageous innovation as we from experience are.

Mr. A. has, in the course of this reign, made very free with the different proclamations of the Queen respecting the great increase of the buildings in the suburbs of London, and appears to have believed that Elizabeth carried her sagacity too far, inasmuch as she seems to have had the unaccountable humour of foreseeing dangers that never will nor can happen, and that the idea of the head becoming too large for the body had

no foundation but in popular mistake and misapprehension.

With respect to the immense extension of the metropolis, we wonder that it escaped the penetration of the editor, (who, by not correcting, has adopted the ideas of his author,) that the fears of the Queen, in this respect, (for which reasons are given,) rested upon the firm basis of good sense and sound policy; and also that they have been, in many instances, prophetic. He must have known, from many ancient, and some modern examples, that a metropolis may as easily be *overbuilt* as a nation may be *overtraded*: he must also know, that the enormous rise of all the necessities of life, in consequence of an immense accession of inhabitants to one particular spot, though it may increase the value of land, will also increase the price of labour, and consequently enhance the price of manufactures. A kind of fictitious, or temporary, splendour may operate and display itself in the fantastic variety of luxury, and the more solid emanations of architectural elegance and extension, while, concomitant to war, the trade of the world flows to the shores of Britain; but we need not intimate, that on the return of peace the tide of traffic *must*, in some degree, recede, nor hint at the probability of commercial counteraction.

The death of Elizabeth, and the union of the two Crowns of England and Scotland, which happened in 1603, were events which had a considerable effect upon the commerce, as well as the politics of the country. The pacific disposition of the new Monarch, which induced him to put an end to a contention that had, on the part of England, been as eminently successful as it had been disadvantageous to Spain, was useful in extending the commerce of the country. The plantation of colonies in America, and the (temporary) abolition of monopolies at home, were the most striking events of the early part of this reign.

1605. Coaches at this time began to be pretty general among the Nobility; but hackney and stage coaches to and from the country were still unknown.

A.D. 1609. This year is remarkable for the foundation of the most famous Bank of Amsterdam; an establishment "which, as well in contemplation of its never-violated credit, of its immense treasure, and its extensive usefulness

fulness in commerce, may be justly ranked the first in Europe."

It appears from an essay written this year, by Sir Robert Cotton, probably for the private inspection of King James, in which the author proposed the coinage of 120,000*l.* in copper halfpence and farthings, that the retailers of victuals and small wares were then in the constant practice of using their *own tokens*, more especially in London. "For," says he, "in and about London there are above *three thousand persons* that, one with another, cast yearly 5*l.* a-piece in *lead*en tokens, whereof the tenth remaineth to them at the year's end; and when they renew their store, it amounteth to above 15,000*l.*; and all the rest of the realm cannot be less than the City in proportion. Hereby," he observes, "1st, those retailers made as much by their own tokens as is now proposed by the King to make by the copper coin, which, he had before observed, were already in use in all the monarchies of christendom."

"This scheme soon after put an end in a great measure to those private *lead*en tokens, and introduced the legal copper coins as at present *."

1619. About this time the weaving of tapestry was first introduced by Sir Francis Crane; for the encouragement whereof King James gave 2000*l.* for the building a house at Mortlake. Francis Cleene was the first designer.

"King James died 27th March, 1625. His lofty ideas of prerogative are displayed in numerous proclamations and injunctions, commanding and prohibiting such things as in later times would not be submitted to under any other authority than that of Parliament. His getting his Attorney General, Sir John Davis, to write and dedicate to him a treatise in favour of his prerogative in levying the tonnage and poundage duty, by his sole authority, encouraged

* We have, in our own days, seen "*the King's press* most terribly abused," and millions of *metal tokens*, of little more value than these *lead*en ones, in general circulation. Three well timed tracts on the copper coin in this Magazine for March, April, and May, 1798, was, we hope, instrumental in sending tons of them to the melting-pot; whence they issued in a more useful and less objectionable form.

his son and successor to levy ship-money in the same manner, which proved his ruin."

The editor, in our opinions, should have said that ship-money was rather the *pretence* for the ruin of the King, for the scheme lay much deeper than Mr. A. seems to have imagined. Had not a shilling been even attempted to have been raised in this manner, still, such was the prevalence of a *certain party* in those unfortunate times, that the amiable Charles would in all probability have been *murdered*!

1621. Hackney-coaches first began to ply about the streets of London. Their stations were at their inns; their number only twenty. In ten years time they had increased so much that the King thought proper to restrain them by order of Council.

In this year we have the first authentic record of copper coins being used in England by royal authority.

In analysing the deplorable events of the reign of Charles, the author, as might have been expected, seems to have understood the commercial better than the political transactions of the times. The pecuniary difficulties of the Monarch we wonder the editor did not suggest in a note were, no more than the war, of his own seeking. If the King, "improvidently for himself and his successors, though, perhaps, not inauspiciously for the liberties of the people, divested himself of a most royal estate and revenue in lands," it was his misfortune, not his fault: though what the self-privations of the Monarch had to do with the *liberties* of the people, (a subject upon which it is easy to write, though difficult to explain,) we are at a loss to conjecture. With respect to that ill-advised measure, the raising the nominal value of the coin, the author, or rather Sir Robert Cotton, whom he quotes, treads upon sure ground, as he does in his notices of *patents*; which although in some cases laudable, and absolutely necessary, grants, as a security to, and a reward for, ingenuity, have in *all ages* been so much abused as to call forth the satyric powers of many writers, among whom Swift takes the lead.

Among the most notable of the projects of those times, there were—

A device to plough land without either horses or oxen.

To multiply and make salt-petre in an open field of only four acres of

of ground, sufficient to serve all our dominions.

To make any sort of mills go on standing waters, without the help of wind, weight, or horse.

To make boats, *ships*, and barges, to go against a strong wind and tide.

1632. "A patent was given to a physician pretending to have, by long study, and at great expense, found out the following six whimsical secrets, viz.

"(1) An instrument which may be called the *wind-mate*, very profitable when common winds fail, for the more speedy passage of vessels becalmed on seas or rivers.

"(2) The fish-call, or looking-glass" (glais to look) "for fishes in the sea; very useful for fishermen to call *all kinds of fish to their nets, sears, or hooks.

"(3) A water-bowe, for the more speedy preserving houses on land, and ships at sea, from fire.

"(4) A building mould, or stone press, very requisite for building churches, or great houses, by which stone windows, door cases, chimney pieces, &c. are made more speedily, without hewing, cutting, sawing, or engraving," &c.

"(5) A moveable hydraulic, or chamber weather-call, like a cabinet, which being placed in a room, or by a bed-side, causeth *sweet sleep* to those who, either by hot fevers or otherwise, cannot take rest," &c.

"(6) The corrected crane," &c. &c.

1640. "Notwithstanding the popular clamour at this time against the arbitrary proceedings of King Charles, and the frequent complaints of the decay of commerce, yet it is plain that our commerce was constantly increasing throughout all that time."

This clamour is now well known to have been the effect of party, unprincipled in its progress, and dreadful in its vengeance. "Roberts, in his *Treasure of Traffic*, says, that the customs of London were estimated at 500,000*l.* yearly: a vast increase since the days of Elizabeth.

The observations of the author on the Irish rebellion are, we conceive,

* Naturalists are agreed, that fish have no organs of hearing; so that, like Glendower's spirits, it is doubtful whether they *would have come*.

injudicious, as we think the King had other and better motives than those which his *loyal* Parliament suggested, and that party principles which the lapse of a century and half had, we hoped, buried in oblivion, should not have been revived in a commercial history.

The first Act of Navigation was passed in the year 1650, by the *Rump* Parliament. It was nine years afterwards confirmed: of which confirmation, and of its operation, we have (1660) a most copious and accurate account. This statute, we agree with the author, has been one great mean of increasing our commerce, and consequently our naval power, and, by a parity of reasoning, enlivening our manufacturing, agricultural, and every other system either directly or collaterally dependent upon them.

The revenue of England at the Restoration is supposed to have been *quintuple* what it was at the Reformation. Yet according to the report of Dr. Charles d'Avenant, Inspector General of the Customs, it appears, that

"Our imports in the year	£.
1662 amounted to	4,016,019
"Our exports to	2,022,812

"So that the balance against us was no less than	1,993,207
--	-----------

1666, September 2, happened that most dreadful conflagration termed the Fire of London, which is supposed to have occasioned a loss, in merchandize, treasure, plate, furniture, &c. amounting to ten millions. In a note to one of the pages recording this calamity, the editor makes some judicious remarks upon the height to which our streets are raised (in consequence of adventitious accumulations) above the original surface of Roman London.

1668. "The general balance of trade for this year was most grievously to our loss; viz.

"Imported into England from all the world	£.	s.	d.
"Exported	4,196,139	17	0
	2,063,274	19	0

"The imports exceed the exports the sum of	2,132,864	18	0
--	-----------	----	---

Of that ruinous measure the shutting of

of the Exchequer, January 1671-2, we need not say any thing, though the author has most properly said a great deal. We are glad, however, to learn that the *representatives* of the sufferers did not ultimately lose so much as has been generally imagined; though the measure itself gave a blow to commerce that, had the people possessed less energy, must have proved its annihilation.

1681. It is a curious circumstance, that tin-plates, *i. e.* iron plates tinned, were, by Andrew Yarranton, asserted to have been made in England by his means, and that he learned the art in Bohemia; (though tinning upon copper was surely known here long before.) "When he returned home, he set proper persons to work, who made better ones than any he had seen abroad, the metal being better, and the plates more pliable. But a patent being obtained by some great man at Court for the sole making of them, that manufacture was dropped by his employers, who had with so much charge made the discovery."

This useful art, it appears, remained many years dormant; inasmuch that the project is one of the list termed *Bubbles* in the year 1720. How it has since been taken up, improved, and to what extent it is carried, we could, had we room, accurately detail. It may be sufficient to state, that the list of the different articles of this fabric manufactured in London, where indeed it has been carried to the greatest perfection, exceeds *four hundred*, and it is almost daily increasing: so that it has not only become of the greatest domestic convenience, but also of considerable commercial importance.

1685. At this period our manufactures received a most important accession and improvement, in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantz; the effects of which the author ably details, but in which it is unnecessary to follow him. Hence he proceeds to the operation of the Revolution on the commercial and manufacturing interests, upon which the wise measures taken at that period had a very considerable and most important influence. Indeed they served to counteract the opposition of the landed interest, and to preserve that equilibrium that fixed the liberties of the people on that permanent basis whereon they now rest.

A.D. 1694. "This year is memorable for the erection of the present most useful and laudable Corporation of the BANK OF ENGLAND, which has not only proved extremely beneficial to commerce, but has also, on many emergencies, been a great support of the public credit of the Nation."—These lines introduce a curious and circumstantial history of this immense establishment. It will be supposed, that in consequence of its original plan, in that age of schemers, which the reign of William and Mary appears to have been, many speculations of the same nature were formed. This was actually the case. A LAND BANK was attempted to be erected by Dr. Hugh Chamberlain, senior, (an eminent man-midwife,) the object of which was, to lend money at a low interest on the security of landed property. Several other schemes of the like, and some of a very different nature, were in embryo. However, all of them tended to increase the difficulties which Mr. William Paterson, the projector of the Bank of England, had to struggle with, in the infancy of that establishment.

1699. It appears that the exports had increased since 1662, 4,765,334l.

1702. In this year a most prudent and seasonable step was put to a considerable contention, by the coalition of the Old and New East India Companies, who seem to have united upon terms advantageous to both.

This volume concludes with "the most important, wise, and happy, incorporating Union of the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland, which took place the first day of May, 1707."

With respect to this happy event, in the political, commercial, and, more than all, patriotic importance of which we fully agree with the author, he makes several remarks, which, as they naturally arise from the subject of his contemplation, are unquestionably apposite. Many advantages had accrued from this junction before the decease of Mr. A., but they have increased more than threefold since that period. The additional security derived to this Island from the conversion of so hostile a neighbour, and so intrepid a foe, as Scotland once was, into a sincere and serviceable friend; the accession of courage, strength, and talents, which both countries have derived from this measure; induces us, most heartily to join

join in the hypothesis with which he concludes this subject. "If" (says he) "this union had been effected five hundred years sooner, how much more populous, powerful, and rich, would both parts of the Island have been at this time!"

If, upon the death of Alexander the III^d, and the Maid of Norway, (his grand-daughter,) the people on each side of the Tweed had, at the shrine of true patriotism, sacrificed all partial prejudices and local distinctions; if, in the hour of invasion, they had united "their kindred arms,"

"And if they *must* have war, wag'd distant war;"

it would certainly, in the prevention of kindred bloodshed and domestic devastation, have, as the author observes, been attended with the most beneficial consequences to both countries.

Were we here to close our observations upon a volume which rests in its general principles, and particular deductions, upon the firm basis of facts, with the indulgence of a visionary idea, (which perhaps the reader will allow us to do,) we should urge our belief, that had this desirable coalition been five centuries accelerated, the conquests of Great Britain would have been co-extensive with her commerce.

(*To be continued.*)

The Prior Claim: A Comedy, in Five Acts.
By Henry James Pye and S. Arnold,
Esqrs.

There is nothing more common among critics, when professionally called upon to discuss the merits of a new comedy, than for them to assume a whimsical kind of importance, and, recollecting *what has been*, to bring the modern, or moderns, into a court of their own constituting, and try him, her, or them, by a jury of *ancients*.

This, upon every principle of equity and justice, we conceive to be wrong, because the culprits are forced to plead before a tribunal which is nearly as obsolete as the Trithing, the Hundred Court, the Star Chamber, or the trial by combat or ordeal. Every man in this country has a right to be tried before *his Peers*. This constitutional rule, which secures the person of an author in common with those of all his Majesty's subjects, should also be extended to his better parts, his works; and when they take their critical trial,

the evidence of their merits or demerits should certainly rest upon a comparison with those of the same nature, and of the same period.

Every one who has paid even the slightest attention to this subject, must have observed, that within these last twenty years the fluctuations of the public mind have been in few instances more apparent than in those which have produced such obvious revolutions in *dramatic taste*.

Without stopping to inquire, whether these changes have been for the *better* or the *worse*, we shall only observe, that their general consequence has been the production of a *new species of comic writing*; which as it has repeatedly received the *stamp* of public approbation, we have not temerity sufficient to call in question the correctness of the *impression*.

The indulgences that this branch of the drama, which we hardly know how with propriety to class, has repeatedly experienced from *fascinated* audiences, has, we have no doubt, induced many authors, who are capable of furnishing a sacrifice to *Thalia* in the *ancient* stile, to write under, or *underwrite*, their own ideas, in order to *insure* that success to their pieces, from the caprice of fashion, which at other periods they could have more easily obtained from the stability of judgment.

Under these impressions we perused the Comedy which has elicited those observations. With the genius and talents of one of the authors of *The Prior Claim* we have long been acquainted; his works we have long admired. The literary efforts of the other gentleman we know have met with great and deserved success; and we think this play is likely to increase the reputation of both. As a dramatic composition, it certainly ranks much higher than many modern *Comedies*.

The characters, generally speaking, are so well drawn, that we feel an interest which induces us to wish that their "hour upon the stage" was longer. The sentiments are unaffectedly elevated; the language elegant and characteristic; and the arrangement of the whole sufficiently correct to satisfy the most rigid *Aristotelian*.

The story the reader will find detailed in our Theatrical Journal, in this Magazine. The plot, at once simple and interesting, has been worked upon

upon with considerable art and concomitant success, and in its developement exhibits scenes calculated to excite the virtuous passions, and stimulate the finer feelings of the human bosom. In fact, as we have more generally observed upon others, the principal scenes of this piece are rather appeals to the sensibility than to the risibility of the audience: though from this observation we must except the characters of O'Shatter and Lounger. The indigenous humour of the first is calculated to excite the smile of approbation; while the latter, which is admirably drawn, (as it was admirably performed,) is equally well calculated to make us, as Shakspeare says, pleased and angry; so that while we laugh at we could beat him.

Allan McGregor seems the favourite of Mr. Pye. He must be the favourite of every one.

On the whole, for our limits will not allow us to be more diffuse, we have received much pleasure from this Comedy; though we must risk one more observation; which is, that we think the effect of the conclusion would have been rendered more pleasing if Raymond had recognized in Mortimer "that generous fellow who bravely scaled the fort, and bore him off in the face of a superior enemy." His gratitude might then have risen superior to his love. In truth, we object that the effect of the last scene is too closely copied from the German makers. By this we only mean the scenic effect; for the false taste, false feelings, and false sentiments of that school, are in this piece no where to be found. It is totally dissimilar also in another respect; for its *morality* is as pure as Collier himself could have wished, and which we are proud to say gives to these scenes a character truly English.

A concise History of the present State of the Commerce of Great Britain. Translated from the German of Charles Reinhard, LL.D. With Notes and considerable Additions relating to the principal British Manufactures. By J. Savage. 8vo. pp. 74. 1805.

"It is presumed," says the translator of this well-timed tract, "that no apology can be necessary for laying before a British public the opinions and observations of an ingenious and learned foreigner on the present state of our country, its commerce, and its re-

sources. In a political point of view, this may justly be considered as one of the most interesting subjects to the commercial world that has appeared for some time past. It exhibited to the people of the Continent, where it was lately published, a picture not less splendid than true of the greatness, prosperity, and power, of the British nation; and completely exposed the absurd delusion under which the Germans in particular laboured respecting the success of the invasion of Great Britain by the French, and the preponderance of the power of France."

War in Disguise; or, The Frauds of the Neutral Flags. 8vo. pp. 215. 1805.

The subject of this pamphlet is truly important, and demands the attention of Government in a peculiar manner. The author appears to be a perfect master of the argument, and has produced a number of facts to prove the frauds of neutral Powers, and the injuries in consequence sustained by Great Britain. Vigilance and attention seem to be imperiously called for.

Observations on indecent Sea-bathing, as practised at different Watering-places on the Coasts of this Kingdom. 8vo. pp. 12.

This is a republication of an interesting letter which originally appeared in the SUN newspaper. "A persuasion that, independently of its main object, it is well calculated to revive feelings which are highly conducive to the happiness of social life, has induced the republication of it in its present form, by one who is strongly impressed with the justness and importance of the sentiments which it contains, and who from his own personal observation is able to bear testimony to the growing extent of that most indecent practice, the nature and mischievous tendency of which it so particularly illustrates."

Fables, ancient and modern. Adapted for the Use of Children from Three to Eight Years of Age. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 1805.

These fables are well adapted to the period of life of those for whose use they are intended. They inculcate humanity and good morals, are neatly written, and are ornamented with plates better executed than are usually to be found in works of the like nature.

The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, &c. &c. By John Britton. Part II. 4to.

In a former Number (p. 217) we reviewed the First Part of this elegant and scientific Work. From what we then said we see no reason now to depart; and have only to add, that Mr. Britton appears sedulous to deserve that encouragement from the public to which we recommended him.

This SECOND PART is appropriated to a History of King's College Chapel, Cambridge; which Walpole calls a structure that alone would be sufficient to ennoble any age. It comprizes seven

PLATES, which are at least equal in execution, if they be not rather superior on the whole, to those given in the former Part. But, in concluding our necessarily brief notice of this continuation of a Work to which we wish well, Mr. Britton must not be offended if we doubt the policy of giving so many as seven engravings to any one edifice, however ancient or curious. We may not, perhaps, be so good judges on this head as himself; but *variety* is pleasing, we believe, even to the mere antiquary; and Mr. B.'s book evidently aims at a more extended circle of patronage.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 29.

AT Drury-lane Theatre was presented, for the first time, a new Comedy, called "A PRIOR CLAIM," the avowed production of HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. (Poet-Laureate), and Mr. S. J. ARNOLD; the principal characters being thus represented:—

Henry Mortimer	Mr. ELLISTON.
Sir William Freeman	Mr. DOWTON.
Young Freeman	Mr. DE CAMP.
Narcissus Lounger, } Esq.	Mr. PALMER.
Colonel Raymond	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Patrick O'Shatter	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Robin Ploughshare	Mr. COLLINS.
Allan McGregor	Mr. DORMER.
Maria Freeman	Miss DUNCAN.
Miss McDonald } (incognito as Emily Anderson)	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.
Fanny O'Shatter	Miss DE CAMP.

Maria, the daughter of Sir William Freeman, is betrothed in early life to Colonel Raymond. This engagement, sanctioned by the approbation of her father, is founded on esteem for his character, her heart being very little concerned in her acquiescence, but on his part on the most firm and rooted affection. Colonel Raymond departs for India, and is returned in the list of those who lost their lives in the storming of Seringapatam. In a year or two after this event he forms a sincere and cordial attachment with Henry Mortimer, a man equally deserving esteem, and equally receiving her father's sanc-

tion, and whose disposition and manners produce an ardent affection in Maria's heart. The piece opens at the expiration of four years after Colonel Raymond's supposed death, with the nuptial morning of this young couple, and with preparations for their wedding. In the second act, Colonel Raymond and Patrick O'Shatter, his Irish servant, make their sudden appearance in the village; and it is then discovered that they had lain in confinement in the enemy's country, and had effected their escape by the gallantry of a Naval Officer. Shocked with the intelligence he receives of the intended marriage, he flies to the house of his old friend Sir William; and in the third act, an explanation takes place between them. The fourth opens with the parties assembled before the church, and the Colonel enters with Sir William, at the moment they are about to approach the altar. The ceremony is, of course, delayed. Colonel Raymond insists on the fulfilment of his contract; and his "Prior Claim" is admitted by the father of Maria. Sir William, however, refuses to exert any authority over his daughter, beyond that of prohibiting her union with another; and she, equally bound by the point of honour, decidedly refusing her hand where her heart cannot be bestowed, unequivocally promises never to give her hand, if such is Raymond's will, to another. Raymond, unwilling to relinquish "the long-cherished treasure of his soul," fixes her to this promise, and doubting the strength

Strength of her resolution, and, in such a cause, the forbearance of Henry Mortimer, determines to have them carefully observed. In the sequel he obtains information of an intended meeting between the lovers; and with the intention of surprising them, perhaps, in some plan detrimental to his hopes, is witness to a parting scene, in which their conduct and sentiments are so highly honourable, that, in the impulse of manly generosity, he advances at the moment of their last farewell, and joins their hands for ever. During the progress of this business, it appears, that Young Freeman, having formed an attachment to Emily, a dependant of his sister, had some time before made her a dishonourable offer; but impressed by the dignity of her reproof, at length avows his wish to make her his wife. This offer she equally rejects, from the most honourable sentiments of pride, announcing herself his equal in birth, though not in fortune, and acknowledging, that could he have been his without laying herself open to the imputation of sinister views on his family, he would not have met rejection. The arrival of auld Allan McGregor, an honest Scotchman, announces her to Young Freeman as the heiress of a "gude independent fortune;" and he, from a motive of equally honourable pride, now declines a renewal of his offer, lest it should be suspected that he had been apprised of her accession to fortune previous to the late offer of his hand. In the end, she demands the reason of his silence, and frankly offers her person and her fortune, if he deems them worthy of acceptance.—The under-plot consists of Patrick O'Shatter's discovering his wife in the village, beset by Lounger, Robin, and several other lovers; and, alarmed for her fidelity, endeavouring to surprise her. She, however, recognises his brogue immediately, and recriminates dexterously on his suspicion. Lounger, a London beau, buxles through the whole, making love to every body, and succeeding with nobody, and retires at last to "breathe again the atmosphere of St. James's," ridiculed by all parties, and heartily sick of his country excursion.

Having already given an opinion of the literary merits of this Comedy, in our Review department (p. 328), we have only to add, that it was well acted

and much applauded, and has been many times repeated with equal success.

Mr. De Camp spoke the Prologue, which turned on the prevailing rage for novelty; the Epilogue, as spoken by Miss Duncan, we subjoin:—

Thank Heav'n! my face at liberty,
again [train:
My tongue can amble, in a nimbler
I love the laugh, and so indeed do you;
Tho' now and then you love the serious
too. [tray.
As Prologues ne'er th' ensuing scenes be-
But only ask your mercy for the Play;
So useless sure for Epilogue to show
Those incidents you all already know:
More useless still your mercy to implore,
Judgment once pass'd, and execution
o'er.

From your decision no appeal we claim;
Your censure, candid; but your plaudits,
fame.

We hail the hour propitious, that recalls
Once more your welcome presence to these
walls;

From rural sports and theatres, again
To grace the ample seats of Drury-lane.
Donkies now mourn, their envied triumph
o'er, [more;

By Beauty's precious burthen prei'd no
Unless some fashionable nymph will show
How well they tittup-it, in Rotten-row.
No longer cites the briny breeze enjoy,
In crowded cabin of a Margate hoy;
No longer now, on Kent's deserted shore,
They listen to the thunder's distant roar
From batt'ries pour'd; while safe in port
retire

Invasion's Navies, from Britannia's fire;
Save, when by glory urg'd, the daring
host, [coast.

Tremendous—skulks along the sheltering
That Farce is damn'd—at Harlequin's
command, [land;

As shift our varying scenes from land to
Now here, now there—So Gallic squa-
drons shine; [the Rhine.

Hey, Presto! Boulogne now, and now
Having, like sheep, within one penfold
fenc'd ye, [gainst ye:

To-night two authors set their wits a-
Tho' too much brains, they say, one
head may fetter, [are better:

Yet all men own, two heads, than one,
Yon critic, in bob-wig, so round and
small, [brains at all!

Cries, Humph! two heads *may* have no
For tho' the simile my nature shocks,
One head like mine is better than two
blocks.

I fear,

I fear, one fault our title has—you'll
say,

It really seems connected with our play—
Yet different minds it differently will
strike;

All lay a *prior claim* to what they like.

Mis in her teens, and Mis in years well
sped,

All, all assert the *prior claim* to wed.

Shouts the old soldier, mine *the claim*,
'tis plain, [again.

To meet the foe, and drive him back
Avast! cries Jack, our *prior claim* shall

stand, [land.

To thrash the lubbers ere they reach the
Huzza! then roars the mob, we'll all ad-
vance [France.

Our *prior claim* to quell the pride of

In one compacted body will we stand,

Zeal in each heart, and arms in ev'ry
hand,

'To crush th' Usurper on our native land.]

[Going, returns.

But soft—a word, before I haste away,

About our Authors, and this evening's
Play: [true,

They know your lib'ral voice, to justice
And leave their cause to candour and to

you. [taste to hit;

Should you approve, they're proud your
Should you condemn, they mourn it, and

submit.

Nov. 1. Mademoiselle PARISOT (from the Opera House,) made her *début* at Drury-lane, after an absence of some years, in a new Ballet called "TERPSICHOIRE'S RETURN," and composed by Mr. d'Egville, for the express purpose of introducing Mademoiselle as *Terpsichore*. The name will give our readers an idea of the nature of the Ballet. Eight of the Muses are discovered in a state of grief and melancholy, at the absence of Terpsichore. Presently she returns, and all is joy. A little playful addition is made to this by the introduction of Pan, who falls in love with the Muse of Dancing, and is tricked by her. It was (as we have said) an occasional trifle, and much applauded.

2. *The Siege of Belgrade* introduced at the above Theatre Mr. BRAHAM and Signora STOKACE (from Covent Garden), who were, of course, well received.

Mr. MILLER, whose name is known as an Oratorio bass singer, made his first dramatic appearance as *Anselm*. He displayed science; but his powers seemed to us to be too weak for so large a Theatre. Perhaps the *embarras* of a first appearance as an actor might also

lessen the effect of his voice. He was, however, kindly received.

6. The GLORIOUS VICTORY and UNFORTUNATE DEATH OF THE CONQUERING NELSON, announced by an Extraordinary Gazette this evening, of course did not pass unnoticed at the Theatres.

At Drury-lane, after "God Save the King," and "Rule Britannia," had been sung, the following beautiful lines, by Mr. Cumberland, were delivered with great feeling by Mr. Wroughton:—

"Is there a man who this great Tri-
umph hears, [gle tears?

And with his transport does not min-
For while Britannia's flag victorious flies,

Who can repress his grief when NELSON
dies? [fires,

Stretch'd on his deck amid surrounding
There, Phoenix-like, the gallant Chief
expires.

Cover'd with trophies let his ashes rest,
His memory lives in ev'ry British breast;

His dirge our groans, his monument
our praise,

And whilst each tongue this grateful
tribute pays,

His soul ascends to Heav'n in Glory's
brightest blaze!"

At Covent Garden, after the Play, the Orchestra performed a *melange* of the most popular nautical airs. On the curtain rising, a group of Naval Officers and sailors were discovered supporting the flag of Great Britain, with the prostate ensigns of France and Spain at their feet, and in the act of returning thanks to Heaven for the victory with which our arms had been blessed. In the back ground the English Fleet appeared, forming a most pleasing *coup-d'œil*; and on each side of the stage Naval Pillars, bearing the Names and Portraits of our victorious Commanders. The Portrait of Lord Nelson descended in a cloud, and was received with enthusiasm.—Messrs. Taylor and Hill then sung *Rule Britannia*, with the following additional stanza:—

"Again the loud-ton'd trump of Fame
Proclaims, Britannia rules the main;

While Sorrow whispers NELSON's name,
And mourns the gallant victor slain.

Rule, brave Britons, brave Britons rule
the main,

Avenge the god-like Hero slain."

This last verse was unanimously en-
cored.

The

The stage being then darkened, the Orchestra very solemnly performed *The Dead March in Saul*.

In the Comedy of *She Would and She Would Not*, a few points were rapturously applied by the audience to the recent intelligence. In the last act, when Mr. Munden, as *Don Manuel*, says,

"That ever I should live to see this day, THIS MOST TRIUMPHANT DAY, this day of all days in my life;"

the audience caught the idea, and the house was in an uproar. The same applause ensued, when he said,

"WE MUST ALL DIE,—WHEN WE HAVE DONE OUR BEST; we are forced TO BUY ONE COMFORT WITH THE LOSS OF ANOTHER."

7. *Venice Preserved* was performed at Covent Garden; in which Mr. Kemble, relinquishing *Jaffier* to his brother Charles, sustained with fine effect the character of *Pierre*; which is so pre-eminently suited to his best powers, that we have often wondered that he had not adopted it in preference to the whining and uxorious *Jaffier*. Charles Kemble acquitted himself with great credit; and Mrs. Siddons, perhaps, never exceeded in pathos or spirit her performance of this evening in *Belvidera*.

After the Tragedy, an Interlude, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, and entitled "NELSON'S GLORY," was for the first time represented.

This was a hasty production, being got up in honour of the glorious victory which had been announced only the day before. It cannot, therefore, be an object for criticism, but showed the zeal of the Managers in consulting and consoling the public feeling, and answered the object it had in view. After a well-selected overture, containing triumphant and plaintive airs, by turns, the scene discovers a village ale-house, with the parish-club assembled before it, among whom the Farrier, Blacksmith, Barber, &c. are seated, as described by Goldsmith—

"There village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round."

One of the farmers has a newspaper in his hands, and is supposed to have been just reading the first account of

the glorious victory. Hill, in the dress of a sharp-shooter, sings an Effusion to the memory of our departed Champion, to the Anacreontic tune; in which occurred the following pretty idea:—

"And the soft tear of gratitude often shall flow,
'Till moisten'd at length to a laurel it grow."

The Village Schoolmaster then arrives, with a second edition of the battle. This character is well supported by Mr. Fawcett. The *Farmer* exclaims, "We have given them a *threshing*!" the *Blacksmith* replies, "If the news be not *forged*," and the *Barber* rejoins, "We have done it to a *shaving*."—Fawcett then sings the following song in ridicule of the *Great Nation*:—

TUNE—"Tight little Island."

Of our Island we've sung, 'till the welkin
has rung, [tion;

With no small cause for congratulation;
Now in jingling verse, I'll attempt to rehearse

A little about the Great Nation.

O! its a very great Nation,
Inspiring with such trepidation,
Our Island they scorn, and all folks who
are born

Independent of such a great Nation.

Their King they destroy'd, and all Europe annoy'd

About freedom and equalization;
Yet the farce was scarce done, when behold they all run

To the show of a new Coronation.

It's as true as I hope approbation,
They're so fond of each new variation, [they'll find next

That I'm really perplex'd to think what
To humbug a new generation.

Little BONEY declares, and he stamps
and he stares, [tion,

And he wishes it told the whole Nation
That he wants some more ships to take
West India trips,

And get commerce and colonization.

But I think it will give him vexation,

When he first receives information,
That his fleets, when combin'd, ran,
leaving behind

Twenty ships for the English Nation.

[When the news afterwards came of Sir R. Strachan having captured *four* sail of the line, and sent them home, the following verse was introduced here:—

But

But if this makes him fret, we've a little
 more yet,
 Just arriv'd from the Rochfort station;
 To ships ta'en before we have added *four*
 more, [tion.
 Which will cause his complete bothera-
 O BONEY; what trump'd-up narra-
 tion
 Will cover this mortification?
 Pray say, that your ships are taking short
 trips
 To England, to learn navigation.]

Now as to invasion, there's little occa-
 sion
 For us to indulge speculation;
 Unless we send over, and fetch 'em to
 Dover,
 We never shall meet the Great Nation.
 Then while here we've true civiliza-
 tion, [tion,
 And laws which apply to each sta-
 We'll stand by our King, heart and hand,
 and still sing, [tion,
 Little England against the Great Na-

The next scene is a view of the sea, and the fleets engaged; and, after a new song by Mr. Incedon, to the tune of *The Storm*, the last scene presents a British Admiral, surrounded by sailors, standing on the French flag, and the English colours flying over them. The piece concluded with the apotheosis of Lord Nelson, displaying the dying Hero, supported by Britannia, with Fame blowing her trumpet in honour of his glorious achievements. The portrait is suspended from a cloud, with an inscription—HORATIO NELSON, OB. OCTOBER 21, 1805. "Rule Britannia" was then played by the full band, and sung by Mr. Incedon, with the additional verse; every person in the house standing uncovered. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and the little piece went off with *eclat*.

9. *The Siege of Belgrade* was repeated at Drury-lane; but previous to the Opera, an apology was made by Mr. Burymore for the absence of Miss De Camp; and her place was supplied by Mrs. Matthews, who sung the songs with great sweetness and taste. But though Miss De Camp was ill and absent, it did not shield that meritorious actress from the shafts of an unmanly writer, who said, in a Paper of the next day, that this Lady (*who was absent*) was, in the part of *Katharine*,

"sometimes animated," but on the whole "*puerile and trifling*." On this abuse of language and of honesty we shall only remark, that it appeared in the same Sunday Paper as had before given what Mr. Elliston posted as "*Premature Criticism* *." The name of *Critic* cannot be allowed to one so wholly devoid of candour, truth, and common sense. A man of honourable feelings goes to the Theatre, and on returning gives his fair and unbiassed sentiments to the Public. This man—if indeed he deserve the name—goes to strip a defenceless woman, on the bed of sickness, of her fair repute, and calls that a criticism which in fact is a robbery. We know nothing of Miss De Camp but as an actress; the feelings of humanity, however, call for censure on so wanton and cruel an abuse of the chair of criticism.

11. A new Melo-dramatic Piece was produced at Drury-lane, to commemorate "THE VICTORY AND DEATH OF LORD NELSON."—It consisted of but one scene, with a view of shipping at a distance; over the stage is an inscription, illuminated with rays of glory, containing the ever-memorable words of our departed Hero—"England expects that every man will do his duty,"—which a suspended figure of Fame appears communicating to the Fleet in perspective. Elliston and Braham, as Naval Officers, describe to their surrounding countrymen the late glorious victory; the first by recitation, and the last by singing, in which Mr. Braham gave considerable effect to a funeral dirge to the memory of the immortal Nelson. Mrs. Powell, with great emphasis and propriety, delivered an Eulogium upon our departed Champion; in which he introduced his exertion in the cause of freedom, by way of contrast to Buonaparté's tyranny and despotism. The Piece concluded with a half-length of Lord Nelson, rising from the Ocean, and "*Rule Britannia*," sung by Messrs. Braham, Dignum, and Gibbons.

This little piece was written by Mr. CUMBERLAND. It is worthy of his pen, and was several nights repeated with great applause.

* See p. 302.

14. A new Comedy, called "THE DELINQUENT; or, *Seeing Company*," was performed at Covent Garden. It is from the pen of Mr. Reynolds, and the characters are thus represented:—

The Delinquent	
(Sir Arthur Courcy)	Mr. KEMBLE.
Sir Edward Specious	Mr. BRUNTON.
Major Tornado	Mr. MUNDEN.
Old Doric	Mr. FAWCETT.
Young Doric	Mr. LEWIS.
Dorville	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Tradelove	Mr. ATKINS.
Old Nicholas	Mr. LISTON.
Tom Tackle	Mr. EMERY.
Olivia	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Miss Stoic	Mrs. DIBDIN.
Mrs. Aubrey	Mrs. GIBBS.

FABLE.

Sir Edward Specious appears, in the course of his travels, to have met with the person who gives the title to the play in a poor Italian inn, in a state of extreme penury. Upon an interview, he discovers him to be the man who has wronged and betrayed his father. Sir Edward forgives the injuries he was bound to avenge, and offers the Delinquent his protection, and to bring him with him to England, on condition of his binding himself to execute whatever he shall command. The Delinquent, anxious to behold a treasure dear to his heart, devotes himself to the design of his patron. Sir Edward has been caught by the charms of Olivia, a young lady at the school of Mrs. Aubrey; but not entertaining an honourable passion for her, he is thwarted in all his designs upon her by the vigilance of her governess. He then forms the project of procuring Mrs. Aubrey to be arrested, in hopes, by these means, of depriving her of the power to protect Olivia, who, he expects, will fall into his snares. Disappointed in this scheme through the interposition of Young Doric, he commands the Delinquent to bear her on board his yacht; who at first hesitates; but Sir Edward telling him that he shall sail to Northumberland, the very county where he expects to find the lost treasure that he seeks, and to gain which he has revisited England at all hazards, he consents. In the fourth act, when on the point of forcing Olivia on board the yacht, the Delinquent finds she is his own daughter, the

very treasure that he sought. Uncertain how he shall dispose of her, he is persuaded by Major Tornado to deliver Olivia to the care of Mrs. Aubrey, who proves to be the wife of the Delinquent, whom he thought dead, and who, having reduced him to disgrace and beggary, turns governess to her daughter, on purpose to teach her to avoid those errors which she has herself fallen a victim to. They are consequently reconciled; and by the penitence of Sir Edward, and the benevolence of Major Tornado, the Delinquent is restored to freedom and prosperity, and Olivia is united to Young Doric.

The under-plot, in which all the comic humour of the piece consists, turns upon the quarrels and reconciliations of the two Dorics, architects and partners.

Like all Mr. Reynolds's compositions, this play has pleasantry and interest; though we do not think it ranks with his most successful efforts. The plot, though there are some things in it not strictly probable, affords room for considerable diversity both of incident and character; and the author has not neglected to improve this advantage. The characters, though not highly finished, are yet supported with a sufficient degree of spirit and vigour to keep up the interest. On the Performers in general too much praise cannot be bestowed. Mrs. H. Johnston, after a severe illness, and after an absence of two years from this Theatre, made her first appearance for the season. Her entrance was greeted with warm applause. She performed *Olivia* admirably. The playfulness of youth, the sincerity of innocence, and the genuine emotions of a pure heart and unadulterated sensibility, were in succession finely portrayed. The scenes wherein she discovers her father in the Delinquent, and her mother in her governess, were among the most interesting and affecting, and called down repeated applause. Mrs. Gibbs acquitted herself very well; and Mrs. Dibdin was no bad representative of the misanthropic *Miss Stoic*. Mr. Kemble performed *Sir Arthur Courcy* with his usual discrimination and excellence, so far as the part afforded room for the display of his talents. Mr. Brunton gave all the interest possible to *Sir Edward Specious*, a licentious Baronet, who

who seeks popularity, but secretly prosecutes his criminal purposes. Lewis was all gaiety and whim, in the dashing Architect from Piccadilly. Munden was perfectly at home in the *Major*; a character composed of good nature, precipitate warmth, and eccentric oddity. The character which Fawcett has is far beneath his powers; but the little he has to do is performed with his wonted ability. Enery's Tom Tackle (who is supposed to be half seaman and half jockey) was highly amusing in the first act; but the character fell off towards the end.

The house was remarkably crowded; and the Comedy given out for repetition with bursts of applause.

*** The part of *The Delinquent* was originally assigned to Mr. Cooke, who, however, after attending two or three rehearsals, absented himself altogether from the Theatre. Mr. Kemble, in this dilemma, studied the part at a short notice, and left the audience nothing to regret in the change. There can be no harm, however, in reminding Mr. Cooke (who has so repeatedly experienced the indulgence of the public to his aberrations) of the saying of Dr. Johnson, that "Negligence long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

18. At Drury-lane, a new Farce, from the pen of Mr. ALLINGHAM, was produced under the title of "THE WEATHERCOCK," the principal characters of which were as follow:—

Old Whim	Mr. CHERRY.
Triftram Whim	Mr. BANNISTER.
Briefwit	Mr. MATTHEWS.
Sneer	Mr. PURSER.
Arietta	Miss DE CAMP.
Ready	Mrs. SCOTT.

Triftram, a young man of unsettled disposition, has fluttered and wavered through almost every pursuit in life: he has been a Fiddler and a Philosopher; nay, he has even attempted to enact *Diogenes* in a tub, which he told his father the cooper ought not to be paid for, because "the contents

had run out." At this juncture the Farce begins. The Weathercock, Triftram, promises no more to veer about, but to be steady to one point, and that point is the *Law*. He will be a *Barriſter*, and has purchased "twelve feet ſquare of books to make him a *ſolid Lawyer*." After a few ſpecimens of legal oratory, in which Mr. Banniſter gave admirably the manner of ſome of our *unſledged Barriſters*, he diſlikes the appearance of his wig in the glaſs, next wavers between an *Aſtor* and a *Phyſician*, but at length fixes upon the *Army*; and, while charging the enemy at the head of his regiment, demolishes his books, cuts off poor *Cicero's* head in *buſto*, and, entering his father's garden, hacks and hews down the flowers unmercifully, until, ſeized with a new whim, he is ſmitten with the quiet of horticultural purſuits, and turns *Gardener*; and is then converted into a *Quaker*. This *veering* animal is at length fixed by the very lady whom his father deſigned as the reward of his ſteadineſs. She, changing her ſhapes to catch this *Proteus*, has three times captivated him, as a *Savoyard*, as a *Quaker*, and in her own perſon. Triftram promiſes reform; and the *Bedlamite*, inſtead of wearing a ſtrait waitcoat, is committed to the correction of matrimony.

Mr. Banniſter performed *Triftram* with uncommon animation and verſatility. Miſs De Camp had to aſſume three characters, in each of which ſhe was applauded. She introduced two ſongs, the compoſition of Mr. M. P. King. The accompaniments to the laſt are very ſtriking, and the introduction of the triangle had a pretty effect. *Briefwit*, a lawyer, who deals in monosyllables, was performed by Mr. Matthews; but this imitation of *Orator Mum* had little effect.

This laughable *extravaganza* was much applauded, and at its concluſion given out for a ſecond representation without oppoſition. The audience ſeemed to be of opinion, that if they were but made to laugh, it did not ſignify by what groſs improbabilities the effect was produced.

POETRY.

ALLUREMENT and INSTRUCTION AN ODE.

WHILE youth's gay ſeaſon ſweetly ſmiles,
Vice breathes her fascinating wiles,

To blight the opening flower;
"Fond man," ſhe cries, "behold life's
morn,
Thy days on rapid wings are borne,
Then ſnatch the fleeting hour.

"Fair

"Fair Pleasure's balmy joys I sing,
While ev'ry songster of the spring
Alike resounds her praise.
Hark! Nature's universal voice
Calls to the young—the gay—Rejoice!
While listening to her lays.

"What! wer't thou born a fool to pine,
Far from the joys of love or wine,
Or aught that cheers the soul?
True wisdom seeks nor care nor gloom;
But marks the opening flowerets bloom,
And quaffs the luscious bowl."

Lur'd by the syren's fatal song,
The sons of Mirth, a giddy throng!
Confess her mighty powers;
In spring pursue her ev'ry form,
All heedless of the wintry storm,
That black, but distant, hours.

Not so the man by virtue led,
From the still mansions of the dead
An awful voice he hears;
"How low the sons of pleasure lie!
Fast, fast, their fleeting moments fly—
A few revolving years!"

Amaz'd, he seeks the narrow path,
And leaves the sons of vice beneath,
To pluck Perdition's flowers;
Firm and unmov'd in wisdom strong,
He hears rejoic'd her cheering song,
Amidst her happy bowers.

"How radiant life's gay moments shine,
When youth, and health, and strength,
combine

To bless each happy day!
When Wisdom's brighter blaze is near,
Dim and obscur'd shall youth appear:
Nor health nor strength are gay.

"The man on Wisdom's chariot borne
With joy shall greet th'enlivening morn,
With gladness greet the eve.
Relig'd at last he yields his breath,
And calmly meets a peaceful death—
An honourable grave!"

Ca—let—n, Oct. 1805. W. H. M.

BUONAPARTE and the INVASION.

Whatever may be thought of the following Verses about Buonaparté, in respect of poetical merit or demerit, as they are, on the whole, faithful to the truth of history, and exhibit a just, though ludicrous, review of the invading galconrades of that Imperial Uptart, now that they have drawn to a close, or have at least been interrupted, we have given them a place in the present Number of our Publication. The author entitles them,

A SONG

TO THE TUNE OF A WELL-KNOWN
SCOTCH BALLAD,

*Maggy Pirkens on the shore,
She has written on her door, &c. &c.*

I.

BUONAPARTE on the shore,
Make haste, Mounfeers! let's o'er,
let's o'er,
And thrash John Bull until he roar,
When he is thrash'd by such men.
In England buz about like bees;
Take what ye want; do what ye please;
'Tis better than to cross the Maes,
And plunder even Dutchmen.

II.

France was in motion like a fair;
Mounfeer ran here, Mounfeer ran there;
Nothing was heard but Angletterre!
Conquest! plunder! glory!
Droves of bullocks and of hogs
Are better than our soups and frogs:
Fall on, fall on, braave hungry togs,
Take what be set before ye.

III.

Frenchmen were not made to moid,
In English shops and English soil,
Behold an end of all our toil,
Now vee may say *satis*.
Mechanics smalt'd their usefess tools;
Monks threw away their greasy cowl;
And land was sold to silly folks,
For land was offer'd gratis.

IV.

Myriads hatten'd to the coast;
The shores were cover'd with the host;
They swore they smelt the English roast:
The wind blew fresh from Dover.
Hammers were heard in ev'ry port;
Boats sprung up from Brest to Dort;
The time seem'd long, tho' it was short—
When shall we get over?

V.

Ah! pauvre Jean! be not afraid:
Vorkee for us in your own med:
Ze ox's foot, and ox's head,
You taite in grande perfection.
Vait on de beast, vorkee de grain,
And vee no biow out your brain,
But fraternize with you, like men
Be under our protection.

VI.

And vee no trouble your religion,
Dat be for you sustenance—Eh, John?
By Gar, in dat if you choote vee join,
Vee go to mosque at Cairo.
Parbleu! give me your pretty lady,
De park, de field, and reino ready,
Take de vhole future world——
D d d 2

* * * * *

VII.

Thunder roll'd, and fire-balls flew;
Turrets crash'd, and trumpets blew;
Sacré Diable! vat me do?

Be dis ze day of *Jugements*?
Louder wax'd the varied roar,
Open flew the tavern * door;
By G—, Mounseers, now clear your
score,

For ye must change your *logements*.

VIII.

This was detresse! But not so evil;
It was but man's, and not the devil:
The English were not quite uncivil:
So Mounseer was comforted.

Snug within an English ark,
Where he durst neither bite nor bark,
Mounseer had leisure now to heark-
En to what was reported.

IX.

Britain was one cheval de frise †:
The British Navies scour'd the seas,
And sometimes captur'd, *par surprise*,
War-boats of all sizes.

They taker'd them with iron chains,
They dragg'd them into caves and dens,
And taunting said, Now English-mens,
Why you no catch your prizes?

X.

Bony grinn'd, and pinch'd his wife,
Damn'd his brothers, drew his knife,
Stole the Bourbons, took their life,
And menac'd all around him.
His couriers to the Princes ran,
Who says I'm not a ——— Great Man?
Most of them said, You're Charlemagne!
But others, God confound him!

* Where Mounseers were chatting.

† All classes and descriptions of men flew to arms; and the military spirit was the most ardent in the most distinguished ranks. The Royal Family took the lead, and appeared the first in public virtue as in station. The nobility, gentry, and communities of different kinds, caught the flame. It blaz'd forth in ev'ry corner of the empire. The Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Fife, with sentiments becoming the lustre of their families and extent of their fortunes, raised and accoutered whole regiments at their own expence.

XI.

Your Holiness get up and trot,
And bring your keys, and bring your
pot;

Appoint me, or I'll cut your throat:

I must have jus Divinum.

The Pope came to his palace gate:

Bony made haste on him to wait:

They kiss'd, and hugg'd, so wond'rous
great

The love that was between 'em.

XII.

The man was crown'd, and Frenchmen
swore,

As they had often done before,

Obedience to the ruling power,

And glad were they, and hearty.

Now Buonaparté on the shore,

O! mad John Bull! give o'er! give o'er!

Know that I am the Emperour

Napoleon Buonaparté.

But John replied, 'Tis all a farce,

Consul, Emp'ror, Cæsar, Mars,

Napper Bony kifs my —,

And laught——

And laught——

A TRIBUTE

*Of unfeigned Respect to the Memory of the
gallant and much lamented*

NELSON.

HEARD ye that shout! those wild ac-
claims of joy! [employ?]

That all the loud-mouth'd multitude

Heard ye that grand and full-ton'd mar-
tial strain? [plain,

See'st thou yon' army spread across the
Where the loud *feu de joie* like thunder
swells, [bells?—

Whilst in yon' steeple ring the merry

Britain with victory is blest again,

Cruel'd are the vaunted fleets of France
and Spain! [space,

The pow'r that was to sweep all Ocean's
Has ended its career in dire disgrace;

Superior force was theirs, but theirs in
vain, [plain!

The Fleets of Britain rule the watery
Splendid achievement! ah! how dearly
bought!! [thought!

Despair sits brooding on each harrowing
Each breast where Feeling spreads her
richest store, [more!!

Must heave a sigh, that NELSON is no

Hero of Britain! Friend of all mankind!

Accept the off'ring of a humble mind:

To thy departed shade, the pompous line
Can yield no joy in realms of bliss divine;

Still shall my plaintive pen with truth
proclaim, [name!

Thine the most honour'd, most lamented
No

No heart so hard, no callous breast so
 steel'd, [yield.
 But for thy fate a soften'd sigh must
 When at Aboukir thy great genius
 shone,
 You gave the victory to God alone,
 Claim'd no superior skill in that grand
 hour, [pow'r;
 But gave to Heav'n the glory, and the
 Thine a true Hero's life! thy bosom
 calm,
 Always relied on sweet Religion's balm:
 Mildly you shone when peaceful mo-
 ments came,
 But in the war you rose a mighty flame;
 Yet when a vict'ry bade the conflict
 cease,
 You taught the arts of pity and of peace.
 Thy watchful zeal, to Britain ever
 true,
 With active energy bade you pursue;
 You sought to meet, by ev'ry cautious
 plan,
 The foes of England, and the foes of man!
 Thus when you late your eager sails un-
 fold'd, [world,
 And follow'd them o'er half the watery
 A nation's wishes hung upon your name,
 Trusting with confidence thy well earn'd
 fame: [pow'r,
 By chance long favour'd, they escap'd thy
 Whilst you impatient fought the dreadful
 hour, [lant crew,
 The hour when vengeance arms each gal-
 Still to their country, and to NELSON,
 true. [bears away!
 At length it came! Britannia's pow'r
 The vanquish'd enemy accurs the day;
 And whilst the roar of cannon fills the
 air,
 Fly in dismay, or yield in dire despair!
 Oh! might the Muse than this record
 no more, [plore!
 Nor have the name of Nelson to de-
 Sad task to mourn, with not-unwept-o'er
 pen, [men!
 That first and best of heroes, and of
 Yet will wild fancy seek the couch of
 death, [breath;
 There stoop to catch the hero's parting
 Then soft repeat, in Sorrow's sadden'd
 ear, [mourning near:—
 His last faint words, while friends stood
 "Oh! my dear comrades! sharers of
 my toil, [smile:
 Accept your lov'd Commander's latest
 My life affords but pleasure, whilst I
 prove
 Service essential to the King I love.
 Lament me not! my joy is now com-
 plete! [fleet:
 I see despair has seiz'd yon' recreant

Thus to expire, is bliss unhop'd-for
 here; [tear!
 Victory gilds my death! then shed no
 My duty I have done, I could no more!
 Hear then my pray'r, blest God! whom I
 adore!
 Thy mercy robs ev'n death of its alarms,
 Receive this fleeting spirit to thy arms:
 Pardon my faults, and think I am but
 man; [scan:
 With the meek eye of peace my errors
 Still to my country ev'ry blessing deal;
 Still teach Britannia's sons their truest
 weal: [throne;
 Guard their lov'd Monarch on his patriot
 Long let him live, and make each joy his
 own! [quick release!
 Oh! grant my pray'r! oh! give me
 Father receive my soul! I die in peace!"
 Clement's-inn. J. M. L.

STANZAS

TO MR. DAVID CAREY*.

By the Author of "*The Peasant's Fate*."

SWEET Poet! wherefore didst thou sing
 Thy "native vale with wild thyme
 spread,"

And to my aching memory bring
 The murmuring stream, the waving
 shade?

Friend of the lyre! lo! soothing kind,
 Thou sing'st thy walks on mountains
 wild, [twin'd
 Where wood-flow'r wreaths the Muses
 For thee, their long-lost wand'ring
 child.

I ne'er shall see that land of song,
 Where Ossian swept the flaming string,
 Where Ramsay, Beattie, Burns, among
 Their barks and BRAES first learnt to
 sing.

In vain for humbler scenes I sigh,
 But to ONE RUSTIC POET † known,
 Whose notes of rudest minstrelsy
 Were heard by simple swains alone.

Perchance, should wandering Faery dream
 Of rambles on Parnassian ground,
 The vocal groves, the haunted stream,
 The bowers with blushing woodbine
 crown'd.

Carts, coaches, engines, bawling cries,
 Screams, squabbles, and the din of arms,
 Scare the dear vision from my eyes,
 The Muse and all her nameless charms.

* Author of the "*Pleasures of Na-
 ture*," the "*Reign of Fancy*," &c.

† Mr. R. Bloomfield.

My Helicon, a kennel, flows—

CORNHILL is my Parnassus fair—
The bow'rs of Leadenhall my nose
Regale, and scent the ambient air.

Here fetter'd to the sordid wheel
Of *Commerce*, lo! I plod along,
While Dullness' leaden wing I feel
Deprets the ardour of my song.
London, Oct. 13th.

STANZAS.

GLITT'RING drops of pearly dew,
Tribute to the midnight hour,
Tears from silent ev'ning due,
Welcome to my woodbine bower.

Emblem of my Emma's grief,
Seeking on her breast thy tomb,
Sparkling on each summer leaf,
Glittering 'midst the midnight gloom.

Graceful guest of ev'ry thorn,
Silent beauty of each stem,
Offspring of the infant morn,
Brilliant, bloom-refreshing gem;

Hither! on my cottage vine,
On its clust'ring beauties crowd,
On each silver tendril shine,
Substitute for summer cloud.

Come, each drooping lily cheer,
Little life-recalling power,
Trembling tributary tear,
Welcome to my woodbine bower.
Kingsland.

J. N.

EPITAPH ON MARIA NARES *.

How sad the scene, where sure decline,
tho' slow, [of wo!
Youth's days of promise turns to days
When hidden malady consumes the frame,
And life hangs quiv'ring like a dubious
flame:

How then is ev'ry anxious effort tried!
How oft is hope renew'd! how oft denied!
At length arrives th' inexorable hour:
But think not Death can long retain his
pow'r. [strife;

Here ends the pain, the sorrow, and the
And from this point he gives eternal life.

* See Obituary for this month.

THE FALLING LEAF.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Touch'd by Winter's icy hand,
While the faded flowers around us,
Show vegetation's at a stand.
Does not this a lesson teach us,
That, like the leaf, we soon must fall?
That when our summer season's over,
We must obey stern winter's call?
28th Oct. 1805.

J. H.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

I LOVE thee, Winter, in thy shortest
days, [winds blow;
When clouds arise and bleak north-east
Or when upon the mountains, white with
snow,
The languid sun reflects his feeble rays,
And from the distant south his beams dis-
plays;
Or when the horizon he sinks below,
And western skies with deep reflection
glow, [sues blaze.
While on the cheerful hearths the bright
No;—not the verdure of returning spring,
Nor all the music of the vocal grove,
Can joys to me, compar'd with winter,
bring;
For winter's joys domestic most I love,
Her shorten'd days, when in the social
ring [powers improve.
Souls mix with souls, and minds their

TO T. W., ESQ., ON HIS RECOVERY FROM AN ILLNESS.

As when returning spring revives the
year, [pear,
And opening blossoms on the boughs ap-
Their fragrance we exhale, their tints ad-
mire, [spire!
But promis'd *fruits* the ardent *hope* in-
So thy returning health our hearts elate
With grateful rapture, at the lengthen'd
date.
Of sacred *friendship*, *piety*, and *truth*,
So *early* chosen, and *mature*, in *youth*.
With *new* delight these *virtues* we survey,
And hail their *lustre* in each future day!
LAURA.

ANECDOTES OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

A LETTER of Lord Nelson's, dated the 2d October, has been incor- rectly stated in the Papers. Nothing would more forcibly conduce to raise the deceased Hero still higher, if it

were possible, in the estimation of his countrymen, than the publication of all his letters through the whole course of his memorable and glorious life. And we trust, that when the proper time

time shall come, they will be given to the world as an incitement and example to the brave. In the mean time, from the documents in our hands, we feel it a sacred duty to the memory of Lord Nelson not to suffer any misstatement of his conduct to go forth.

Lord Nelson joined the fleet the 28th September, but at so late an hour in the evening that he did not make a communication till the next morning. He wrote a letter to one of his most intimate friends on the 1st of October, in which there is the following passage:—

“I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the Commander of the Fleet, but also to every individual in it; and when I came to explain to them my plan of attack, it was like an electric shock—some shed tears—all approved. It was new—it was singular—it was simple—and from Admirals downwards it was repeated—it must succeed if ever they will allow us to get at them. You are, my Lord, surrounded by friends, whom you inspire with confidence.”

Such was the reception the gallant Admiral met with from his companions in arms!—The Noble Lord was soon convinced that the enemy would come out; and though by detaching Admiral Louis to Gibraltar and Tetuan for supplies, a circumstance that was indispensable, he reduced his force to twenty-three ships of the line, and the enemy, he knew, had at least thirty-three or thirty-four in Cadiz, he determined to give them battle.

On the 6th October he wrote a letter, in which he said—“I have not the smallest doubt that the enemy are determined to put to sea, and our battle must soon be fought, although they will be so very superior in numbers to my present force; yet I must do my best, and have no fears but that I shall spoil their voyage; but my wish is to do much more, and therefore hope that the Admiralty have been active in sending me ships, for it is only numbers which can annihilate. A decisive stroke on their fleet would make half a peace. If I can do that, I shall as soon as possible ask to come home and get my rest, at least for the winter*. If no

other inducement was wanting for my exertion, this would be sufficient; for what greater reward could the country bestow than to let me come to you, my friends, and to dear, dear Merton—and to come to you a Victor would be victory thrice gained.”—

October 7th.—“Since writing yesterday, I am more and more assured that the Combined Fleets will put to sea.—*Happy will they be who are present—and disappointed will those be who are absent!*”

The Noble Lord, in a subsequent letter of the 13th, spoke with increased confidence of victory, in consequence of the addition that had been made to his force. And the enemy seem to have been aware that day by day the activity of Lord Barham was serving to augment his fleet. It was not, as has been supposed, on account of any scarcity of provisions in Cadiz that the Combined Fleet came out. It is ascertained that they were plentifully supplied, but they had positive orders to put to sea, and, no doubt, their destination was important.

Some particulars of the Noble Lord's will, and several paragraphs, have appeared in different Papers, which tend

unprecedented exertion which he made for the preservation of the West Indies, when, by the failure of Sir Robert Calder, he was again called upon to take the important command off Cadiz. He had said that these had been the happiest days of his life, and he had in that short time greatly recovered from his fatigue. He did not, however, hesitate a moment. His health was not fully re-established when he joined the fleet; for the very day after he assumed the command, he was seized with a violent spasm, which lasted for several hours. His own account of it, in a letter to an intimate friend, is as follows:—

“I have had, about four o'clock this morning, (Oct. 1,) one of my dreadful spasms, which has almost enervated me. It is very odd: I was hardly ever better than yesterday; I slept uncommonly well, but was awake with this disorder. My opinion of its effect some day has never altered—however, it is entirely gone off. The good people of England will not believe that rest of body and mind is necessary for me; perhaps this spasm may not come again these six months. I had been writing seven hours yesterday—Perhaps that had some hand in bringing it on.”

* The Noble Admiral's desire of a little rest was the natural consequence of his impaired health. He had remained at Merton but about three weeks after the

to mislead the Public. The Noble Lord's obligations to Sir William and Lady Hamilton were of a nature that drew from him at all times the most lively acknowledgments. They made an indelible impression on his heart. He has often declared, that he could not have fought the battle of the Nile but for their uncommon influence and exertions in a way which cannot now be mentioned—but which, he said, ought never to be forgotten either by him or by the country. It is a mistake that he was the proprietor of Merton Abbey. His place lies without the walls, but it was his favourite wish to have purchased, and restored it to its natural beauty. He had never been covetous of riches. His diamonds have been stated to be of

great value. These things generally fall short of the estimate; and we are sure, that all those who admire the valour of Lord Nelson, will lament to hear, that before he went out to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet, he was obliged to dispose of such of his jewels as were not of a nature to be left to his family, as trophies to illustrate the titles conferred on him by his King, and the Sovereigns in alliance with his country. He disposed of snuff-boxes, and other articles, to Messrs. Rundell and Bridges; but the chief presents (including the rich chelernk and sword of the Grand Signior) he has left to the Noble Earl, his brother, to descend with the title.

WE have been favoured with the following Resolutions, of the Committee of West India Merchants, which were passed and communicated to Lord Nelson during his last short stay in London, together with his Lordship's answer.

Extracts from the Minutes of Meetings of the West India Merchants.

August 23d, 1805.

“ Sir RICHARD NEAVE, Bart. in the Chair.

“ Resolved,

“ That the prompt determination of Lord Nelson to quit the Mediterranean in search of the French fleet, his sagacity in judging of and ascertaining their course, his bold and unwearied pursuit of the Combined French and Spanish Squadrons to the West Indies and back again to Europe, have been very instrumental to the safety of the West India Islands in general, and well deserve the grateful acknowledgments of every individual connected with those Colonies.

“ Resolved,

“ That a Deputation from the Committee of Merchants of London trading to the West Indies, be appointed to wait upon Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, to express their sentiments, and to offer him their unfeigned thanks.”

“ October 18th, 1805.

“ BEESTON LONG, Esq. in the Chair.

“ The Chairman reported that the Deputation appointed at the Meeting

of the 23d of August last, had waited upon Lord Nelson with the Resolutions of that Meeting, and that the following letter had since been received from Lord Nelson by Sir Richard Neave.

“ London August 28th, 1805.

“ Sir,

“ I beg leave to express to you and the Committee of West India Merchants the great satisfaction which I feel in their approbation of my conduct. It was, I conceived, perfectly clear that the Combined Squadrons were gone to the West Indies, and therefore it became my duty to follow them.

“ But I assure you, from the state of defence in which our large Islands are placed, with the number of regular troops, numerous well-disciplined and zealous militia, I was confident not any troops which their Combined Squadron could carry, would make any impression upon any of our large Islands before a very superior force would arrive for their relief.

“ I have the honour to remain,

“ Sir, and Gentlemen,

“ With the highest respect,

“ Your most obliged,

“ And obedient servant,

“ NELSON & BRONTE.”

*“ Sir Richard Neave, Bart.
and the Committee of West
India Merchants.”*

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, OCT. 15.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 15.

Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant Robert Tomlinson, Commander of his Majesty's Gun-brig the Dexterous, to W. Marsden, Esq., dated in Gibraltar Bay, the 12th September, 1805.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, for their Lordships' information, that, cruising pursuant to orders from Sir William Bolton, Bart., on the 11th instant, about one A.M., the Rock of Gibraltar bearing about N.N.W. two leagues, I fell in with and captured the gun-boat No. 4, Lieutenant Nicholas Magorga, Commander, carrying one long twenty-four pounder, one carronade, and thirty-four men: we likewise took seven merchant vessels of the convoy, which are all arrived safe in this roadstead; they were from Malaga, bound to Algeziras. It is with great pleasure that I have to report to their Lordships the zeal and activity with which every Officer and man did his duty on this occasion; and when their Lordships are informed that these vessels were taken in the face of eight of the enemy's armed vessels who had charge of the convoy, and who carried near 300 men, I most humbly hope my conduct will meet their Lordships' approbation.—I remain, with the greatest respect,

R. TOMLINSON, Lieut. and Com.

SATURDAY, NOV. 2.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 2.

A letter from Admiral Cornwallis encloses the following:—

Iris, at Sea, Oct. 28, 1805.

SIR,

I have the honour to acquaint you, that, at day-break on the 15th instant, being off les Roches Bonnes, two sail were discovered steering towards Bourdeaux. It was soon ascertained that one was a schooner armed vessel, the other a merchant ship, her prize. Though it blew strong on the shore, I was fortunate enough to cut off the ship. She proved to be the Magdalen, of Greenock, which had separated from the Leeward Island convoy, and had been nearly a month in possession of

the enemy. On the same night a ship opened her fire upon me, and did not surrender until she had received several broadsides. She proved to be the San Pedro Spanish corvette privateer, mounting sixteen guns, eight of which are 18-pounders, the rest Spanish 6-pounders, with 150 men on board when she sailed, part of whom were distributed in five vessels she had captured. I am sorry to add that we had one man killed, and the enemy two killed and four wounded. The Senior Lieutenant, Mr. Ivie, and the rest of the Officers and ship's company, conducted themselves on this occasion much to my satisfaction.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) T. LAVIE.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 6.

Dispatches, of which the following are Copies, were received at the Admiralty this day, at one o'clock, a. m. from Vice-Admiral Collingwood, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels off Cadiz.

Euryalus, off Cape Trafalgar,

SIR, Oct. 22, 1805.

The ever to be lamented death of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, who, in the late conflict with the enemy, fell in the hour of victory, leaves to me the duty of informing my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 19th inst. it was communicated to the Commander in Chief from the ships watching the motions of the enemy in Cadiz, that the Combined Fleet had put to sea. As they sailed with light winds westerly, his Lordship concluded their destination was the Mediterranean, and immediately made all sail for the Streights' entrance, with the British Squadron, consisting of twenty-seven ships, three of them sixty-four's, where his Lordship was informed by Capt. Blackwood, (whose vigilance in watching, and giving notice of the enemy's movements, has been highly meritorious), that they had not yet passed the Streights.

On Monday the 21st inst. at day-light, when Cape Trafalgar bore E. by S. about seven leagues, the enemy was discovered six or seven miles to the eastward,

ward, the wind about west, and very light: the Commander in Chief immediately made the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns, as they are formed in order of sailing; a mode of attack his Lordship had previously directed, to avoid the inconvenience and delay in forming a line of battle in the usual manner. The enemy's line consisted of thirty-three ships (of which eighteen were French, and fifteen Spanish), commanded in chief by Admiral Villeneuve: the Spaniards, under the direction of Gravina, wore with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness; but as the mode of attack was unusual, so the structure of their line was new;—it formed a crescent convexing to leeward; so that in leading down to their centre, I had both their van and rear abast the beam. Before the fire opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and a-stern, forming a kind of double line; and appeared, when on their beam, to leave a very little interval between them; and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was in the Bucentaure in the centre, and the Prince of Asturias bore Gravina's flag in the rear: but the French and Spanish ships were mixed without any apparent regard to order of national squadron.

As the mode of our attack had been previously determined on, and communicated to the Flag Officers and Captains, few signals were necessary, and none were made, except to direct close order as the lines bore down. The Commander in Chief in the Victory led the weather column, and the Royal Sovereign, which bore my flag, the lee. The action began at twelve o'clock, by the leading ships of the columns breaking through the enemy's line, the Commander in Chief about the tenth ship from the van, the Second in Command about the twelfth from the rear, leaving the van of the enemy unoccupied; the succeeding ships breaking through, in all parts, astern of their leaders, and engaging the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. The conflict was severe; the enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers, but the attack on them was irresistible, and it pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to grant his Majesty's arms a

complete and glorious victory. About three p. m. many of the enemy's ships having struck their colours, their line gave way; Admiral Gravina, with ten ships joining their frigates to leeward, stood towards Cadiz. The five headmost ships in their van tacked, and standing to the southward, to windward of the British line, were engaged, and the sternmost of them taken: the others went off, leaving to his Majesty's squadron nineteen ships of the line, (of which two are first rates, the *Santissima Trinidad*, and the *Santa Anna*), with three flag officers, viz. Admiral Villeneuve, the Commander in Chief; Don Ignatio Maria d'Aliva, Vice-Admiral; and the Spanish Rear-Admiral Don Baltazar Hidalgo Cisneros.

After such a victory, it may appear unnecessary to enter into encomiums on the particular parts taken by the several Commanders; the conclusion says more on the subject than I have language to express; the spirit which animated all was the same; when all exert themselves zealously in their country's service, all deserve that their high merits should stand recorded; and never was high merit more conspicuous than in the battle I have described.

The *Achille* (a French seventy-four), after having surrendered, by some mismanagement of the Frenchmen, took fire and blew up; 200 of her men were saved by the tenders. A circumstance occurred during the action, which so strongly marks the invincible spirit of British seamen, when engaging the enemies of their country, that I cannot resist the pleasure I have in making it known to their Lordships. The *Temeraire* was boarded by accident, or design, by a French ship on one side, and a Spaniard on the other; the contest was vigorous; but in the end, the combined ensigns were torn from the poop, and the British hoisted in their places.

Such a battle could not be fought without sustaining a great loss of men. I have not only to lament, in common with the British Navy, and the British Nation, in the fall of the Commander in Chief, the loss of a Hero, whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years' intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which

which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell, does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought. His Lordship received a musket-ball in his left breast, about the middle of the action, and sent an officer to me immediately with his last farewell; and soon after expired.—I have also to lament the loss of those excellent officers Captains Duff of the Mars, and Cooke of the Bellerophon; I have yet heard of none others.

I fear the numbers that have fallen will be found very great when the returns come to me; but it having blown a gale of wind ever since the action, I have not yet had it in my power to collect any reports from the ships.—The Royal Sovereign having lost her masts, except the tottering foremast, I called the Euryalus to me, while the action continued, which ship lying within hail, made my signals; a service Captain Blackwood performed with great attention. After the action, I shifted my flag to her, that I might more easily communicate my orders to and collect the ships, and towed the Royal Sovereign out to seaward. The whole fleet were now in a very perilous situation; many dismasted; all shattered, in thirteen fathom water off the shoals of Trafalgar; and when I made the signal to prepare to anchor, few of the ships had an anchor to let go, their cables being shot; but the same good Providence which aided us through such a day, preserved us in the night, by the wind shifting a few points, and drifting the ships off the land, except four of the captured dismasted ships, which are now at anchor off Trafalgar, and I hope will ride safe until those gales are over.

“Having thus detailed the proceedings of the fleet on this occasion, I beg to congratulate their Lordships on a victory which, I hope, will add a ray to the glory of his Majesty's Crown, and be attended with public benefit to our country.—I am, &c.

C. COLLINGWOOD.”

The Order in which the Ships of the British Squadron attacked the Combined Fleets on the 21st of October, 1805.

VAN.	REAR.
Victory,	Royal Sovereign,
Temeraire,	Mars,

VAN.	REAR.
Neptune,	Belleisle,
Conqueror,	Tonnant,
Leviathan,	Bellerophon,
Ajax,	Colossus,
Orion,	Achille,
Agamemnon,	Polyphemus,
Minotaur,	Revenge,
Spartiate,	Swiftsure,
Britannia,	Defence,
Africa,	Thunderer,
Euryalus,	Defiance,
Sirius,	Prince,
Phoebe,	Dreadnought.
Naiad,	
Pickle schooner,	
Entreprenante cut.	

(Signed) C. COLLINGWOOD.

GENERAL ORDER.

“Euryalus, October 22, 1805.

“The ever to be lamented death of Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte, the Commander in Chief, who fell in the action of the 21st, in the arms of victory, covered with glory, whose memory will be ever dear to the British navy and the British nation, whose zeal for the honour of his King, and for the interests of his country, will be ever held up as a shining example for British seamen, leave to me a duty to return my thanks to the Right Honourable Rear-Admiral, the Captains, Officers, Seamen, and detachments of Royal Marines, serving on board his Majesty's Squadron, now under my command, for their conduct on that day: but where can I find language to express my sentiments of the valour and skill which were displayed by the Officers, the Seamen, and Marines, in the battle with the enemy, where every individual appeared an hero on whom the glory of his country depended. The attack was irresistible, and the issue of it adds to the page of Naval Annals a brilliant instance of what Britons can do, when their King and their Country need their service.—To the Right Honourable Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk, to the Captains, Officers, and Seamen, and to the Officers, Non-commissioned Officers, and Privates of the Royal Marines, I beg to give my sincere and hearty thanks for their highly meritorious conduct, both in the action, and in their zeal and activity in bringing the captured ships out from the perilous situation in which they were, after their surrender, among

the shoals of Trafalgar, in boisterous weather. And I desire that the respective Captains will be pleased to communicate to the Officers, Seamen, and Royal Marines, this public testimony of my high approbation of their conduct, and my thanks for it.

C. COLLINGWOOD."

To the Right Honourable Rear-Admiral the Earl of Northesk, and the respective Captains and Commanders.

GENERAL ORDER.

"The Almighty God, whose arm is strength, having of his great mercy been pleased to crown the exertions of his Majesty's fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies on the 21st of this month; and that all praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the Throne of Grace for the great benefit to our Country and to Mankind, I have thought proper that a day should be appointed of general humiliation before God, and thanksgiving for this his merciful goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of his divine mercy, and his constant aid to us, in defence of our Country's liberties and laws, without which, the utmost efforts of man are nought; and direct therefore, that be appointed for this holy purpose.

"Given on board the *Euryalus*, off Cape Trafalgar, Oct. 22, 1805.

C. COLLINGWOOD."

To the respective Captains and Commanders.

"N. B. The fleet having been dispersed by a gale of wind, no day has yet been able to be appointed for the above purpose."

Euryalus, off Cadix, Oct. 24, 1805.

"SIR,—In my letter of the 22d, I detailed to you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the proceedings of his Majesty's squadron on the day of the action, and that preceding it; since which, I have had a continued series of misfortunes, but they are of a kind that human prudence could not possibly provide against, or my skill prevent.

On the 22d, in the morning, a strong southerly wind blew, with squally weather, which however did not prevent the activity of the officers and seamen of such ships as were manageable from

getting hold of many of the prizes (13 or 14), and towing them off to the westward, where I ordered them to rendezvous round the Royal Sovereign, in tow by the Neptune; but on the 23d the gale increased, and the sea ran so high, that many of them broke the tow rope, and drifted far to leeward before they were got hold of again, and some of them taking advantage in the dark and boisterous night, got before the wind, and have perhaps drifted upon the shore and sunk: on the afternoon of that day the remnant of the Combined Fleet, 10 sail of ships, who had not been much engaged, stood up to leeward of my shattered and straggled charge, as if meaning to attack them, which obliged me to collect a force out of the least injured ships, and form to leeward for their defence: all this retarded the progress of the hulks, and the bad weather continuing, determined me to destroy all the leewardmost that could be cleared of the men, considering that keeping possession of the ships was a matter of little consequence compared with the chance of their falling again into the hands of the enemy; but even this was an arduous task in the high sea which was running. I hope, however, it has been accomplished to a considerable extent: I entrusted it to skilful officers, who would spare no pains to execute what was possible. The Captains of the Prince and Neptune cleared the Trinidad and sunk her. Captains Hope, Baynton, and Malcolm, who joined the fleet this moment from Gibraltar, had the charge of destroying four others. The Redoubtable sunk aftern of the Swiftsure while in tow. The Santa Anna, I have no doubt, is sunk, as her side was almost entirely beaten in; and such is the shattered condition of the whole of them, that unless the weather moderates, I doubt whether I shall be able to carry a ship of them into port. I hope their Lordships will approve of what I (having only in consideration the destruction of the enemy's fleet) have thought a measure of absolute necessity.

"I have taken Admiral Villeneuve into this ship; Vice-Admiral Don Aliva is dead. Whenever the temper of the weather will permit, and I can spare a frigate, (for there were only four in the action with the fleet, *Euryalus*, *Sirius*, *Phœbe*, and *Naiad*; the *Melpomene*

mene joined the 22d, and the Eurydice and Scout the 23d), I shall collect the other Flag Officers, and send them to England with their Flags, (if they do not go to the bottom), to be laid at his Majesty's feet.

"There were 4,000 troops embarked, under the command of General Contamin, who was taken with Admiral Villeneuve in the Bucentaure.—

I am, Sir, &c.

(Signed) C. COLLINGWOOD."

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 9.

Copy of a Letter from the late Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean, to W. Marsden, Esq., dated on board the Victory, off Cadiz, 13th Oct. 1805.

SIR,

I herewith transmit you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a letter from Captain Hoste, of the Eurydice, dated the 7th instant, together with the list of vessels captured, as therein mentioned. I am much pleased with Captains Hoste and Thomas, for their exertions in getting the Eurydice so expeditiously off the shoal; particularly so, as she is stated to have received no damage.

I am, &c.

NELSON & BRONTE.

Eurydice, Oct. 7, 1805,

My Lord, off Cape Umbria.

I have the honour to inform you, that yesterday morning, Cape Umbria bearing N.E. by N. seven or eight miles, several sail were seen coming along shore from the eastward, apparently from St. Lucar; and on its falling calm, the boats of his Majesty's ships Eurydice and Ætna were dispatched for the purpose of intercepting them. On their closing the vessels, they were found to be under the convoy of a large Spanish armed Settee, mounting two long twenty-four pounders in the bow, two twelve-pound carronades, and two four-pound swivels, with a considerable number of men on board. A heavy fire was kept up from this vessel as the boats approached the convoy; notwithstanding which, they gallantly persevered, and succeeded in capturing four of them. Finding the Eurydice was closing fast with the armed vessel, they desisted, till, under fire of the ship, they might attack her with greater advantage; and from her appearing of

too great a force for the boats to attack without some vessel covering them, I was induced to run the Eurydice closer in than I otherwise should have done; and in the act of luffing up to let go my anchor, unfortunately took ground on a shoal about half a mile from the main land. Owing, however, to the very great assistance I received from Captain Thomas, of the Ætna Bomb, and, in a great measure, owing to the situation she was placed in, and his exertions afterwards, the Eurydice was soon afloat again. I find the armed vessel is a privateer, from Cadiz, bound to Moquer, to purchase wine for their fleet. She had been three days out when captured, called la Solidad, Captain Don Augustin Larodi. Great praise is due to Lieut. Green, first of the Eurydice, and the officers and men under him, for their exertions in getting off the privateer, and gallant manner in which they attacked the convoy before the Eurydice closed with them. I enclose your Lordship a list of vessels captured, &c. since the 3d inst., and remain, &c. &c.

WILLIAM HOSTE.

[The list consists of four Spanish and one French Settee.]

WHITEHALL, NOV. 9.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant to the Rev. Wm. Nelson, D.D., now Lord Nelson, brother and heir to the late Lord Viscount Nelson, who, after a series of transcendent and heroic services, fell gloriously on the 21st of October last, in the moment of brilliant and decisive victory, the dignity of a Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by the names, siles, and titles of VISCOUNT MERTON and EARL NELSON, of Trafalgar, and of Merton, in the county of Surry; the same to descend to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten; and in default thereof, to the heirs male successively of Susannah, wife of Thomas Bolton, Esq., and Catherine, wife of George Matcham, Esq., sisters of the late Lord Viscount Nelson.

His Majesty has also been pleased to grant the dignity of a Baron of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, to Cuthbert Collingwood, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the Blue Squadron of his Majesty's fleet, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, sile, and title of BARON COLLINGWOOD, of Caldburne and Hethpoole,

poole, in the county of Northumberland.

[This Gazette likewise contains a Proclamation for assembling Parliament on the 7th of January; also Proclamations for a General Thanksgiving, for the late glorious victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, in England, Ireland, and Scotland, on the 5th of December next.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, NOV. 11.

A letter, of which the following is a copy, was received at this Office last night from Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Sir Richard J. Strachan, Bart., Commander of his Majesty's ship the *Cæsar*.

SIR, *Cæsar*, Nov. 7.

The accompanying copy of a letter, addressed to the Hon. Admiral Cornwallis, I request you will be pleased to lay before the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, with my apology for the hasty manner in which it is written.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

Cæsar, *West of Rochefort*

SIR, 26 miles, Nov. 4, Wind S. E.

Being off Ferrol, working to the westward, with the wind westerly, on the evening of the 2d we observed a frigate in the N. W. making signals; made all sail to join her before night, and followed by the ships named in the margin*, we came up with her at eleven at night; and at the moment she joined us, we saw six large ships near us. Capt. Baker informed me he had been chased by the Rochefort Squadron, then close to leeward of us. We were delighted. I desired him to tell the Captains of the ships of the line astern to follow me, as I meant to engage them directly; and immediately bore away in the *Cæsar* for the purpose, making all the signals I could, to indicate our movements to our ships: the moon enabled us to see the enemy bear away in a line abreast, closely formed, but we lost sight of them when it set, and I was obliged to reduce our sails, the *Hero*, *Courageux*, and *Æolus* being the only ships we

could see. We continued steering to the E. N. E. all night, and in the morning observed the *Santa Margarita* near us; at nine we discovered the enemy of four sail of the line in the N. E. under all sail. We had also every thing set, and came up with them fast; in the evening we observed three sail astern; and the *Phoenix* spoke me at night. I found that active officer, Capt. Baker, had delivered my orders, and I sent him to assist the *Santa Margarita* in leading us up to the enemy. At day-light we were near them, and the *Santa Margarita* had began in a very gallant manner to fire upon their rear, and was soon joined by the *Phoenix*.—A little before noon, the French finding an action unavoidable, began to take in their small sails, and form in a line, bearing on the starboard tack; we did the same; and I communicated my intentions by hailing to the Captains, "that I should attack the centre and rear," and at noon began the battle: in a short time the van ship of the enemy tacked, which almost directly made the action close and general; the *Namur* joined soon after we tacked, which we did as soon as we could get the ships round, and I directed her, by signal, to engage the van; at half past three the action ceased, the enemy having fought to admiration, and not surrendering till their ships were unmanageable. I have returned thanks to the Captains of the ships of the line and the frigates, and they speak in high terms of approbation of their respective Officers and ships' companies. If any thing could add to the good opinion I had already formed of the Officers and crew of the *Cæsar*, it is their gallant conduct in this day's battle. The enemy have suffered much, but our ships not more than is to be expected on these occasions. You may judge of my surprise, Sir, when I found the ships we had taken were not the Rochefort Squadron, but from Cadiz.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

FIRST LINE.—STARBOARD TACK.

British Line.—*Cæsar*, of 80 guns; *Hero*, of 74; *Courageux*, of 74.

French Line.—*Duguay Trouin*, of 74 guns, Capt. Toufflet; *Formidable*, of 80, Rear-Admiral Dumanoir; *Mont Blanc*, of 74, Capt. Villegrey; *Scipion*, of 74, Capt. Barouger.

SECOND

* *Cæsar*, *Hero*, *Courageux*, and *Namur*.

Bellona, *Æolus*, *Santa Margarita*, far to leeward in the South East.

SECOND LINE.—(When the *Namur* joined.)—**LARBOARD TACK.**

British Line.—*Herc*, of 74 guns, Hon. Capt. Gardner, *Namur*, of 74, Capt. Halsted; *Cæsar*, of 80, Sir Richard J. Strachan; *Courageux*, of 74, Capt. Lee.

French Line.—*Duguay Trouin*; *Formidable*; *Mont Blanc*; *Scipion*.

N. B. The *Duguay Trouin* and *Scipion* totally disabled; the *Formidable* and *Mont Blanc* have their foremasts standing.

Our frigates—*Santa Margarita*, *Æolus*, *Phoenix*, and *Revolutionnaire*.

The *Revolutionnaire* joined at the time the *Namur* did, but, with the rest of our frigates, in consequence of the French tacking, were to leeward of the enemy.—I do not know what is become of the *Bellona*, or the other two sail we saw on the night of the 2d inst. The reports of damage, killed, and wounded, have not been all received. The enemy have suffered much.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BY the French details, it appears that the passage of the Danube was, in the first instance, forced by the enemy at Donawerth. The bridge was defended by an Austrian regiment, and some lives were lost in the slight action which there took place. On the 8th, the enemy having established themselves on the other side of the Danube, Prince Murat, at the head of a formidable body of cavalry, having set out to cut off the communication between Ulm and Augsburgh, was soon after joined by the division of Oudinot, and on his arrival at Wertingen, fell in with an Austrian division, consisting of twelve regiments of grenadiers, and four squadrons of horse, which had just arrived from the Tyrol. After an action of two hours, the Austrians were surrounded, completely defeated, and a great part of them taken prisoners, with the whole of their cannon, colours, baggage, &c.

In addition to the above affair of Wertingen, we have farther to announce events which it is impossible to mention but with the utmost regret. A French official bulletin of the Grand Army in Germany, dated Augsburgh, Oct. 11th, gives an account of a battle at Gunzburgh on the preceding day, in which the French were victorious. Gunzburgh was defended by Prince Ferdinand in person. The place was carried, after an obstinate resistance, and the Austrians made three successive attacks to recover it, but all in vain. The loss of the Austrians in this affair is stated at 2,500 killed, and 1,200 made prisoners. The loss of the French, in killed and wounded, is estimated at one tenth, or about 400.

Another Bulletin, also from Augsburgh, and dated the 12th, states, that

Marshal Soult defeated an Austrian regiment at Landsberg on the 11th, and took 120 prisoners, including one Lieut. Col. and two Captains. Soult next proceeded towards Memmingen, where he arrived early on the 12th.

These defeats, were they even as complete as the French represent them, we should have considered as nothing—as merely a conflict of posts; but, alas! they were followed by an occurrence much more fatal to the Allies; intelligence of which was brought by express, as follows:

PARIS, Oct. 22. The Austrian army, which had been hemmed in on every side, has been totally defeated. The garrison of ULM HAS CAPITULATED; 40,000 [in *English* 15,000] men have laid down their arms, and been made prisoners of war. Some corps that fled towards the Tyrol were vigorously pursued.—The consequences of such a victory are incalculable; all the passes of the Tyrol being in our possession, the army of the Archduke Charles is placed between the Grand Army and the army of General Massena. The routes to Vienna are open; and the Russian columns, which will certainly not alone oppose themselves to the victorious French army, have no other course to follow but to return as they came. The history of Europe for the last three centuries presents not any event to be compared with this, nor which could have such consequences.—(*Gazette de France*.)

The most serious of the conflicts took place on the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th ult. The corps under the command of the Archduke Ferdinand, (17,000 men), which effected its escape from Ulm on the 17th, retreated in two divisions, and having gained the left

left bank of the Danube, cut off, for a time, the communication with France.

On comparing the numerous documents from the French papers with the Austrian accounts, we find one striking circumstance omitted, and which is as follows:—General Mack on the 17th, perceiving that all supplies were cut off, entered into a capitulation with Buonaparté, which was signed the same day. It stipulated for the surrender of the place, with all the magazines and artillery, to the French army, and that the Austrian army should march out with all the honours of war;—the officers to be sent into Austria, and the subalterns and soldiers into France, until regularly exchanged. In a part of this agreement, however, was a conditional clause, that these stipulations were not to be carried into effect until the night of the 25th, and the Austrian army were to be at liberty, should the blockade be raised in the interval by a Russian or Austrian army, to march out and join their deliverers. Now what is most extraordinary, after these conditions were entered into, an additional set of articles were agreed to on the 19th, by which, in consequence of Marshal Berthier declaring *upon his honour* that the positions of the French were such as to render any assistance to Ulm impossible, it was stipulated that the Austrians should march out on the 20th, which they did. Thus this General Mack abandons an article of the first capitulation, which gave him till the 25th of October, to wait the chance of succours, and surrenders the whole of his immense force in the strong fortress of Ulm on the 20th. The retreat of the Archduke Ferdinand was a piece of excellent generalship.

We collect from the French papers, that Buonaparté ordered, as an insulting spectacle, the Austrian prisoners at Ulm to file by him on the 20th. He was surrounded by his guards, and by General Mack and eight Austrian Generals, and seven Lieutenant Generals. Upon this occasion, he told them that their Master was carrying on an unjust war; that he himself wanted nothing on the Continent; but that he wanted *ships, colonies, and commerce*. He stated the necessity of his *brother*, the Emperor of Germany, making peace, and hinted the possibility that the Dynasty of Lorraine might be approaching its termination. To this unseasonable

and insulting harangue, General Mack is reported to have answered, that the Emperor of Austria was compelled to war by Russia! an answer highly improbable.

Amongst other bombast of Buonaparté, we find in one of the Bulletins the following address:—"Soldiers, but for the army which is now in front of you, we should *this day have been in London; we should have avenged ourselves for six centuries of insults, and restored the freedom of the seas!*"

A proclamation of the Emperor of Germany, issued at Vienna on the 28th ult., immediately after the surrender of General Mack and his army was known. A composition of more true dignity and firmness, of more genuine patriotism, energy, and eloquence, we have never seen: it is in every respect worthy the Sovereign of such a nation as Austria.

He depicts the inordinate ambition of Buonaparté in the most impressive and peripatetic language. He ably contrasts his projects of conquest with his own moderation; and with his just recriminations is mixed a degree of severe but dignified satire. But the Sovereign of France, he says, "wholly absorbed in himself, and occupied only with the display of his own greatness and omnipotence, collected all his force—compelled Holland and the Elector of Baden to join him—whilst his secret ally, the Elector Palatine, *false to his sacred promise*, voluntarily delivered himself up to him; violated, in the most insulting manner, the neutrality of the King of Prussia at the very moment that he had given the most solemn promises to respect it; and, *by these violent proceedings, he succeeded in surrounding and cutting off a part of the troops which I had ordered to take a position on the Danube and the Iller, and finally in compelling them to surrender, after a brave resistance.*"

"A Proclamation no less furious than any to which the dreadful period of the French Revolution gave birth, was issued, in order to animate the French army to the highest pitch of courage.

"Let the intoxication of success, or the unhallowed and iniquitous spirit of revenge, actuate the foe: calm and firm I stand in the midst of twenty-five millions of people, who are dear to my heart and to my family," &c.

The Proclamation then proceeds, in a strain

a strain of the most interesting frankness and simplicity, to express the most confident hopes in the patriotism of the people, in the assistance of other Sovereigns, and finally in the return of peace.

A note was presented on the 14th ult. by Count Hardenberg to the French Minister at Berlin, on the subject of the violation of the territory of Anspach by the French troops, breathing the strongest indignation against the conduct of the French Government, and seeming to leave no chance of a compromise with Buonaparté. The King of Prussia says, the conduct of the French has cancelled all obligations prior to this time, and he is now at liberty to follow "No other duty than that of his own safety and the maxims of the general Law of Nations." He adds, however, that he will adhere to the principles by which he has hitherto been guided; and these are explained to be "a wish to see Europe participate

in the peace it is his object to maintain; to contribute by all the means in his power to re-establish it upon a solid basis; and to apply to this great work his active mediation and his unremitting endeavours."

Buonaparté arrived at Munich on the 24th ult.

The King of Sweden has arrived at Stralsund, accompanied by Baron Armfeldt; the English Ambassador, Mr. Pierrepont, it appears, met him there. An army, consisting of 25,000 Swedes, and 25,000 Russians, immediately prepared to march, and are to be under the immediate command of his Swedish Majesty in person, who has issued a spirited Proclamation on the occasion.

The American Papers announce the DEATH of his Imperial Majesty DES-SALINES, Emperor of Hayti, and King of St. Domingo. He is to be succeeded by his Imperial Highness Prince Christophe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

BARON JACOBI, the Prussian Ambassador at our Court, has instructed Mr. Freytag, the Prussian Consul, to warn all Masters of Ships belonging to Prussia against entering any of the ports of France, Spain, or Holland, lest they should thereby be brought into danger.

Nov. 4. Richard Patch, who stood committed to the Gaol of Newgate by Aaron Graham, esq. on suspicion of the wilful murder of Mr. Blight, was brought to the bar of the Old Bailey, and informed by the Clerk of the Arraignment, that his trial would take place at the next Assizes for the county of Surrey.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York has directed the following General Order to be issued:—

His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief has signified his command, that the inspection of the Volunteer Corps should be made with the most minute attention, and proper Returns by the General Officers commanding Brigades, in the following three Classes, viz.

1st. As being fit to act with Troops of the Line.

2^d. As advancing in Discipline.

3^d. As being deficient in Discipline.

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With a statement of the deficiencies, and whether the absent are with leave, from sickness, without leave, or are wanting to complete.

The modest dispatches of Lord Collingwood left little hope of saving any of the prizes taken on the 21st ult.; but three Spanish and one French ship of the Line have been recovered and carried to Gibraltar.

The statement of the Combined Fleets at Cadiz now stands thus—

Ships of the Line, captured and carried to Gibraltar

Destroyed in and about the scene of action, including those sunk, burnt, and blown up

Taken by Sir R. Strachan

Escaped into Cadiz in perfect state

Mere wreck

Total

33

The Lords of the Admiralty have paid the highest tribute in their power to the memory of Lord Nelson. Orders have been issued from the Board for laying down a first-rate man of war in one of the King's Yards, to be named *The Nelson*; he is intended to be one of the finest ships in the service.

F f f

MAR-

MARRIAGES.

LIEUT. Col. J. Willoughby Gordon,
92d regiment, to Miss Bennett.
D. W. Garrow, esq. to Miss C. Proby.

Lord Duncannon to Lady Maria Fane,
daughter of the Earl of Westmorland.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

OCTOBER 17.

MR. RALPH SULSHAW of Wright-
ington, Lancaster, upwards of forty
years head master of the grammar-school
in Bispham.

At Flushing, near Falmouth, Captain
Alexander Cuming, late commander of
the Castle Eden East Indiaman.

20. At Sudbury, Suffolk, T. Sutton,
esq. late of the engineers, Woolwich.

22. At Clifton, near Bristol, Mr. Sa-
muel Worrall.

Captain Musgrave Shawe, of the 88th
regiment.

Richard Holbrook, esq. of St. Pancras,
justice of peace for the county of Middle-
sex.

23. Rear-Admiral R. Palliser Cooper.

Mrs. Hull, wife of Mr. Hull, of Co-
vent Garden Theatre. Her maiden name
was Morrison, and she was some time the
heroine of the Bath theatre. In 1773 she
appeared in Mr. Hull's tragedy of Henry
the 11th, at Covent Garden; when not
experiencing general approbation, she re-
tired from the stage.

25. Sir James Malcolm, bart. late
lieutenant-governor of Sheerness.

At Monkton, in Tharlet, Henry Jessard,
esq.

Mr. John Saunders, merchant, of Lea-
denhall street.

At Bath, Mrs. Mercy Doddridge,
daughter of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge.

Henry Adams, esq. of Bucklershard, in
Hants, aged 92.

27. At Bath, Michael Jones, esq. in
his 81st year.

The Rev. Dr. William Dun, priest of
the Catholic Chapel, in Blackburn, aged
56. This reverend gentleman, apparently
in tolerable health, was going through the
duties of his office in the chapel, and im-
mediately after receiving the sacrament,
finding himself somewhat unwell, he stop-
ped a little time at the altar to bear it off;
but as he could not immediately recover,
he retired into the vestry, accompanied
by a gentleman, who observed his agita-
tion, and, on his being seated in a chair,
and being interrogated, just laid his hand
on his breast, and exclaimed, "O God
bless me! how ill I am!" and almost in-
stantaneously expired, without the least
struggle.

28. At Blackheath, Richard Hulfe,
esq.

The Rev. Daniel Dumaresq, D.D. pre-
bendary of Sarum and Wells, and rector
of Yeovilton, in the county of Somerset,
in his 95th year.

At Sherborne, in his 67th year, Esle
Hawker, esq. of Long Parish, in the
county of Hants.

30. At Clapton, Captain Bartholomew
Reek, in the West India trade.

31. At Kingsland, Dorsetshire, Mr.
Hood, father of Sir Samuel Hood, K.B.

Major John Allen Lloyd, of the Car-
diganshire militia.

Nov. 1. The Rev. Atkinson Hird,
curate of St. Nicholas, Newcastle.

2. At Newington, Mr. Thomas
Whitehead, of the East India House.

At Stroud, Kent, Thomas Huikes,
esq. alderman of the City of Rochester.

At Exeter, Mr. Serjeant, of Doctors
Commons.

3. John Greenway, of Dronfield, Der-
byshire, esq.

Lately at his seat at Walworth, in the
county of Derry, the Right Hon. John
Beresford; he was the second son of the
late Earl of Tyrone and Barons de
la Poer, and brother to the late Marquis
of Waterford. He was educated for the
bar, and called to it, but soon forsook it
for the brighter prospects which the Se-
nate held out to his view. His family
influence having, at an early period, pro-
cured him a seat in the House of Com-
mons, he applied himself with diligence
to the financial department, particularly
the customs, and was First Commissioner
of the Revenue for many years. In pri-
vate life no man was more beloved and
esteemed. His manners were pleasing,
and his address was elegant. He was a
kind master, a sincere friend, a good fa-
ther, and an excellent husband. At the
age of twenty-two, he married Anne
Constantia Ligondes, a French lady, of
the family of Ligondes, of Auvergne,
whose grand-father, the Count de Li-
gondes, a General in the French army
at the battle of Blenheim, was taken pri-
soner, and brought to England. Here
he married the Countess of Huntingdon,
an ancestor of the present Dowager Coun-
tess of Moira, mother of the Earl of
Moira.

Moira. The Countess having gone to France, took an opportunity to visit the Castle of Auvergne, and there found Mademoiselle Ligondes, her young and beautiful relative, preparing to enter a convent, as a noviciate, and destined to take the veil. Her Ladyship soon discovered, that the lot intended for her fair friend was not her own choice, but that of her father, in conformity with the custom which then prevailed among the nobility of France, to enrich the elder branches of the family, by obliging the younger to enter into religious orders. The Countess of Moira, anxious to rescue Mademoiselle Ligondes from her unpleasant situation, obtained permission for her young friend to accompany her to Ireland, where her Ladyship incurred the violent displeasure of the Roman Catholic Clergy, for robbing the Church of so fair a prize. Anathemas, denunciations, and interdictions, were thundered against her Ladyship, and her charge. It was even feared an attempt would be made to carry her off; and, for the better security, Mademoiselle Ligondes was placed under the care of Lady Betty Cobbe, who resided at her father-in-law's, the Archbishop of Dublin's palace. There Mr. Beresford, who was brother to Lady Betty Cobbe, had frequent opportunities of seeing this beautiful and persecuted young lady, and won her affections. Their marriage soon followed, and the cause of the Romish Church thus becoming hopeless, the fury of the Clergy gradually died away. By this amiable lady, who died in 1772, Mr. Beresford had four sons and five daughters. Marcus, his eldest son, was married to Lady Frances Leeson, daughter to the first Earl of Miltown, and died at the age of 33 years. He was a lawyer of high estimation, and had attained great practice at the Irish bar. His second son is George de la Poer, Bishop of Kilmore, and married to Frances daughter of Germaine Parker Bushe, esq. of Kilsane; third, John Claudius, married to Miss Menzies, and late member for the city of Dublin; and Charles Cobbe, in Holy Orders. His eldest daughter, Catherine, married the late Henry Theophilus Clements, brother to the late Earl of Leinster. Elizabeth died young. Henrietta Constantia married to the late Robert Uniacke, esq. and now to ——— Doyne, esq.; Jane married to George, eldest son of Sir Hugh Hill, bart. of Londonderry; and Amarinta, unmarried. In 1774

Mr. Beresford married Miss Barbara Montgomery, second daughter of Sir William Montgomery, bart. and sister to the Marchioness of Townshend, who died in 1788; by whom he had five daughters and three sons. Mr. Beresford died in his 67th year.

5. Godfrey Thornton, esq. aged 80 years.

6. William Wilson, esq. of Brunswick-square.

Lately, the Rev. Robert Wynter, rector of Penderrin, Breconshire, in his 34th year.

9. At Hackney, Richard Cleaver, esq. justice of peace for Middlesex, aged 87 years.

Major Boiford, of the Marines.

Jos. Shawe, in his 85th year, many years a magistrate and receiver-general for the county of Surrey.

Lately, at Gloucester, aged 53, William Pitt, esq. of Maimore, near that city.

10. At Newark, Henry Cooke, esq. aged 33.

At Alnwick Castle, Northumberland, in his 23d year, Mr. Luke Robert Elstob, secretary to the Duke of Northumberland.

12. At Oxford, the Rev. Rob. Holmes, rector of Staunton, Oxfordshire, prebendary of Hereford and Sarum, and dean of Winchester.

Lately, in Norfolk-street, Strand, Robert Alexander, esq.

13. Thomas Dicken, esq. of Wem, who served the office of high sheriff for Shropshire in 1799.

14. Miss Nares, the only daughter of John Nares, esq. one of the magistrates of the Public Office, Worship-street. This amiable young lady was about the age of eighteen. She had been near two years suffering under the gradual progress of a decline. She bore her illness, and latterly her pain, with the greatest fortitude and resignation; and while the contemplation of her unaffected piety and domestic virtues will long endear her memory to her friends and acquaintances, we trust that the consideration that they are now rewarded, will prove a source of consolation to her afflicted parents.

DEATH ABROAD.

At Bareges, in France, the Rev. John Crauford, rector of Elwaston, near Derby.

EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR NOVEMBER 1865.

Days	Bank Stock	3 per Ct. Reduc.	3 per Ct. Consols	4 per Ct. Consol.	Navy 5 per Ct.	New 5 per Ct.	Lon. 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. Tick.
26																		
28																		
29	191 $\frac{3}{4}$	58 $\frac{1}{8}$	59 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	75 $\frac{1}{8}$	89 $\frac{3}{4}$	98 $\frac{3}{8}$	16 $\frac{5}{8}$		4 $\frac{1}{2}$ pr.					188 $\frac{1}{2}$		par	1 pr	
30	191	58 $\frac{5}{16}$	59 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{3}{8}$	89 $\frac{5}{8}$	98 $\frac{5}{8}$	16 11-16		5							par	par	
31	191 $\frac{1}{4}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 a $\frac{3}{8}$	74 $\frac{3}{8}$	89 $\frac{7}{8}$	98 $\frac{7}{8}$	16 $\frac{1}{8}$		4 $\frac{3}{4}$					186 $\frac{1}{2}$			1 pr	
1																		
2		58 $\frac{3}{8}$	59 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	74 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{7}{8}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	16 11-16		4 $\frac{1}{2}$			86 $\frac{1}{2}$				1 pr	1 pr	
4																		
5																		
6	191	58 $\frac{5}{8}$	59 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$	74 $\frac{7}{8}$	90	98 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{5}{8}$		5 $\frac{1}{4}$		8 13-16					1	1 pr	
7	191 $\frac{1}{4}$	58 $\frac{5}{8}$	59 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$	75	90 $\frac{1}{8}$	98 $\frac{3}{8}$	16 11-16		5	57 $\frac{3}{4}$	8 $\frac{1}{8}$			187 $\frac{1}{4}$		1	1 pr	
8	191 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	59 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	76	90 $\frac{1}{8}$	98 $\frac{3}{8}$	16 11-16	2	5	57 $\frac{1}{4}$	8 $\frac{1}{8}$			188		1	1 pr	
9																		
11	191 $\frac{3}{4}$	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	59 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$	75	90 $\frac{3}{4}$		16 11-16		5							1	2 pr	
12	192	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	59 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{5}{8}$	75	90 $\frac{3}{4}$	98 $\frac{3}{4}$	16 $\frac{5}{8}$		4 $\frac{1}{2}$		8 $\frac{1}{8}$					1	2 pr	
13	193	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	59 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	75	91 $\frac{1}{2}$		16 $\frac{3}{4}$			57 $\frac{3}{4}$				188		1	3 pr	
14	192 $\frac{1}{4}$	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	59 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$	75 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{8}$	99	16 $\frac{1}{4}$		5		8 $\frac{7}{8}$			187 $\frac{1}{4}$			3 pr	
15	193 $\frac{1}{4}$	58 $\frac{7}{8}$	59 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$	75 $\frac{3}{8}$	91 $\frac{1}{8}$	99	16 $\frac{7}{8}$			57 $\frac{1}{8}$	8 13-16					1	2 pr	
16		59 $\frac{1}{4}$	60 a $\frac{1}{4}$	76	91 $\frac{1}{8}$		17	1 1-16	5 $\frac{1}{2}$		8 15-16						3 pr	
18		59 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	76 $\frac{1}{8}$	90 $\frac{1}{8}$	100 $\frac{1}{8}$	17		6	58 $\frac{1}{8}$				188 $\frac{1}{2}$			3 pr	
19	196 $\frac{1}{4}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 a $\frac{1}{4}$	76 $\frac{1}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$			1 $\frac{7}{8}$	6					188 $\frac{1}{4}$		1	3 pr	
20		59 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{7}{8}$ a 60	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$		17 1-16		6	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	9					1	2 pr	
21	195 $\frac{1}{4}$	59 $\frac{5}{8}$	60 $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{8}$		16 15-16							188 $\frac{1}{8}$		1		
22	195	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	17 1-16		6	53 $\frac{3}{8}$	8 15-16					1	1 pr	
23	195	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{8}$	99	17	2			8 $\frac{1}{8}$	88 $\frac{1}{4}$				1	1 pr	
25		59 $\frac{1}{2}$	60 a $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{4}$	91 $\frac{1}{8}$		17		6							1	1 pr	
26	195 $\frac{7}{8}$	59	60 a $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{1}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	16 15-16		6		8 15-16	88 $\frac{1}{8}$		189 $\frac{1}{4}$		1	1 pr	

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