

European Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1805.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of the ARCHDUKE CHARLES OF AUSTRIA.
And, 2. A VIEW of STRATFORD BOW CHURCH, MIDDLESEX.]

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AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES ASPERNE,

(Successor to Mr. SEWELL,)

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VOL. XLVIII, DEC. 1805.

G g g

J. M. L.'s wish will be attended to.

Our Cricklade Correspondent, *M. P.*, in our next.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans		COUNTIES upon the COAST.										
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans						
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	Essex	64	0	32	6	29	2	32	0	41	6
											Kent	64	0	34	0	32	6	37	0	42	6
											Suffex	67	8	00	0	33	8	39	3	41	0
											Suffolk	60	5	35	0	29	5	26	8	33	0
											Cambrid.	58	2	34	10	27	10	20	8	34	10
											Norfolk	58	2	35	0	27	2	25	8	32	3
											Lincoln	65	1	38	11	33	7	25	4	44	5
											York	63	1	44	11	34	6	26	2	44	8
											Durham	68	9	00	0	37	2	25	2	00	0
											Northum.	61	6	48	0	36	4	27	11	42	0
											Cumberl.	78	6	56	8	40	9	26	3	00	0
											Westmor	79	2	62	8	38	8	28	10	00	0
											Lancash.	76	1	00	0	48	7	29	5	50	8
											Cheshire	72	9	00	0	47	0	25	4	00	0
											Gloucest.	83	5	00	0	40	11	33	5	52	0
											Somerfet.	88	1	00	0	41	2	27	7	44	0
											Monmouth	100	7	00	0	45	8	00	0	00	0
											Devon	91	11	00	0	41	3	26	2	52	0
											Cornwall	89	11	00	0	41	4	27	9	00	0
											Dorset	73	1	00	0	36	4	38	0	00	0
											Hants	68	2	00	0	32	4	32	1	00	0
											WALES										
											N. Wales	79	4	00	0	38	8	20	6	00	0
											S. Wales	101	10	00	0	44	0	20	0	00	0

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL.

Mathematical Instrument. Maker to his Majesty.

At Nine o'Clock A. M.

1805.					1805.				
	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.		Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Observ.
Nov. 28	30.01	40	SE	Fair	Dec. 13	29.64	26	NNW	Fair
29	29.55	42	SW	Rain	14	29.60	28	W	Ditto
30	29.20	43	SW	Ditto	15	29.76	33	NE	Ditto
Dec. 1	29.12	42	SW	Ditto	16	30.03	29	E	Ditto
2	29.62	39	N	Fair	17	30.40	25	N	Ditto
3	29.96	38	W	Ditto	18	30.33	35	W	Ditto
4	30.00	46	W	Ditto	19	30.10	38	SW	Ditto
5	30.13	45	W	Ditto	20	29.59	37	WSW	Rain
6	30.20	45	W	Ditto	21	29.20	50	SSW	Ditto
7	29.90	50	SW	Rain	22	28.80	48	SW	Fair
8	29.51	46	SW	Fair	23	29.17	44	SW	Ditto
9	29.33	47	S	Rain	24	29.50	41	S	Ditto
10	29.12	40	W	Fair	25	29.10	37	W	Ditto
11	29.43	30	N	Ditto	26	28.90	42	SW	Rain
12	29.23	36	N	Snow	27	29.60	36	N	Fair

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

ARCHDUKE CHARLES OF AUSTRIA.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

WE have the satisfaction of presenting to our readers, in our publication of this month, a Portrait of the celebrated Archduke CHARLES, of Austria. His Royal Highness was born 5th Sept. 1771, being the third son of Peter Leopold, the late, and brother of Francis the II^d, the present Emperor of Germany. It cannot be expected that our limits would enable us, even if we were in possession of all the circumstances, to enter into the detail of a life devoted to the best services of his country for a series of years, and even now actively engaged in effecting the deliverance of Europe; it will be for the pen of the historian to describe his career of glory, the magnificence of his exploits, and the inexhaustible resources of his great mind under trying and difficult emergencies. Leaving, therefore, the task of holding up this celebrated General to the admiration of posterity, as the uniform friend of freedom, and the enemy to usurped and lawless power, we shall close this very imperfect sketch with an anecdote, which, though short, is well calculated to exhibit his Royal Highness in a very interesting point of view:—General Marceau, a French Officer of eminent talents, having been mortally wounded as he was reconnoitring an Austrian detachment, after their passage of the Sieg during the campaign of 1796, the Archduke sent his own surgeon to his assistance; but this proving ineffectual, on the death of Marceau, his Royal Highness ordered his own troops to join those of the enemy in doing him military honours. Actions such as these tend to soften the rugged front of war, and can only arise from the sentiments which a liberal education impresses upon a mind naturally noble and humane.

AREKA.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

AS the following observations on a vegetable plant of China may not be uninteresting to some classes of your readers, I beg leave to solicit its inser-

tion in your valuable and justly esteemed Miscellany.

THE AREKA, or SURRAPI OF CHINA, is used among the Chinese by wrapping it in the leaf of the Betel or Paung-leaf, a shrub similar to the woodbine or ivy of England, which encircles itself round the Areka tree, a species of Palm that generally attains the height of 30 or 40 feet, perfectly straight, of the circumference of a full grown poplar, with protuberant rings on the bark at equal distances, possessing no branches but at the head, where it spreads itself, and to them is suspended the fruit or nut of the Areka, erroneously termed Beetle-nut, enveloped in an outward coating of numerous filaments, consisting, in size, about an English walnut, but more conical. This husk is not unlike, in its structure, to the rind of a cocoa nut, but more soft and pliable. I imagine it is either in quantity insufficient, or there is a succedaneum in the bark of other trees which are more profitable in converting it into paper, which the Chinese wrought from almost every species of cortical vegetable. The properties of the Areka are unparalleled, as an extreme beautifier and eminent preserver of the teeth: its strong astringency gives them strength, and is unexceptionably the finest antiscorbutic known. I have seen many Europeans that have had the most indifferent teeth, and who were frequently troubled with that tantalizing affliction the tooth-ach, by a short residence in India, where they have constantly accustomed themselves to its use, have permanently been relieved, and the appearance of their teeth improved wonderfully; even the most offensive breath has been overcome, as it possesses one of the most incomparable odours I have met with either in China, the Moluccas, or whole peninsula of Indostan. I may perhaps be considered too sanguine or partial in my praise of this vegetable; yet I feel confident no one who is acquainted with it will correct my statement any ways unfavourable to the description I have given. It is to be regretted this has not long since been a principal article of importation. So highly and so

justly as this is esteemed in China, yet in Europe it is in fact scarcely known. It may, perhaps, be considered in this country extraordinary, since its virtues are so great, when I mention it is, notwithstanding, neither cultivated among agriculturists or private gentlemen. In India it is the promiscuous inhabitant of every wood or jungle, and, like many of our most valuable herbs, grows spontaneously in the fields, unheeded or disregarded but by the herbalist or botanist. The saliva that is produced by chewing this nut, is of the most beautiful red the eye can either witness or the imagination conceive; and were there a possibility of extracting the dye, its richness would be unexampled, and displace those that are now held in the highest consideration; but the colour of this nut is only imparted in its green state; when it becomes hardened, it neither will disclose this valuable property to aqueous, spirituous, or oily menstrua; and no means which I have as yet been made acquainted with are capable of success. I have heard of its being infused, after levigation, in spirits, and acting as a great corroborant of the stomach, and facilitating digestion. As a styptic medicine it may not be inferior to the best Peruvian bark. It is perfectly tasteless, otherwise than the aromatic effluvia which arises after it is chewed. From the circumstance of the Betel growing round the Areka tree, we may attribute the cause of the leaf of this vine being wrapped and chewed together with the Areka nut, as if nature vindicated the propriety of blending them, in order, as it is perfectly known, to correct the predominant bitterness of the Betel by the aromatic flavour of the Areka: the anodyne qualities of the former render it a peculiar favourite of the natives; its intoxicating nature procures alleviation to the poor distressed Indian, softens the acuteness of poignant reflection, and delights the imagination with every Utopia of bliss: no wonder, then, that these inoffensive associates of human society should seek a softener of their cares, which nature has so judiciously and humanely allotted them, in the recluses of their country; she has every where provided an asylum for the afflicted, a solace to the oppressed, and the means of comforting and exhilarating human nature under the severest trials. The Areka-nut is most frequent in the provinces of Siam, Molucca, Cambodia, and Cochin

China; it is more prolific along the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, and flourishes in the neighbouring isles of Sumatra, Pulo, Penany, &c.

The East India Company purchase the ammonian, a measure of 20,000 arekas, or about 260 pounds weight, for about 2,000 fettus, equal to 9s. 6d. English, although individuals pay equivalent to three pence a pound. The Betel is cultivated in most parts of India, and not dissimilar to the growth of hops, the leaf approaching the laurel, and the blossom the pear, it forms a pretty appearance; and the leaf, with the Areka, and Chunam, a lime produced from calcined shells, furnishes one of the greatest luxuries in the whole Eastern empire. It is ranked among the accomplishments; is every where presented as the first offering of friendship, and denoted in every station as the emblem of the highest respect. The soil most adapted for the culture of the Betel is a rich loam or heavy clay, and, like the manchineal of Barbadoes, skirts the coasts of the ocean. It may not be, perhaps, irrelevant at this place to take notice of a circumstance of the Manchineal, not less singular than the Betel, attaching itself to the Areka, and forming to each other an equilibrium that corrects the too potent qualities contained in them separately, that might otherwise defeat the end for which they were designed. In every place where the growth of the Manchineal exists, it is accompanied by a protective plant that affords a juice which searches the progress of the poison, and secures the unfortunate person from becoming its victim. In like manner the rattle-snake root is a safe antidote against the bite of that reptile. The value of the nut, when it has been to be purchased in this country, is from 3s. 6d. to 5s. a pound, and when properly levigated, produces not more than from three to four ounces: the manner of distinguishing their goodness is, being free from holes, or any appearance where grubs have inserted themselves; pale colour, and, when broke, clear, and thickly marbled with red, purple, or dark veins. They will run, in number, from seventy to eighty in the pound avoirdupoise. For a more detailed account I refer my readers to the *Encyclopædia*, Raynal's *Indies*, Fenning, Pomet, Grose, &c. If my suggestion, in recommending it as a commodity worthy of enlarged importation, be accepted

in the opinion of any India adventurer, I shall feel satisfied in having been the promoter of an article, which, from my experience of its qualities, entitles it to every attention of the philosophical and commercial branches of society; and it will procure to me the greatest pleasure, should it prove beneficial in any other manner than that which I have stated. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES CRANFURD HUTCHINSON.
Seymour-street, Dec. 9, 1805.

WILL of LORD NELSON.

Abstract of the last Will and Testament, and Codicils thereto annexed, of Lord Viscount Nelson, as proved in the Commons by his Executors, Earl Nelson and William Haslewood, on Monday, the 23d inst.

Horatio Viscount Nelson, of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and Duke of Bronté, in the kingdom of Farther Sicily.

First—In the event that he shall die in England, he desires to be buried in the parish church of Burnham Thorpe, unless his Majesty shall signify it to be his pleasure that he shall be buried elsewhere.

Gives the sum of 100l. to the Poor of the several parishes of Burnham Thorpe, Sutton, and Morton, in the county of Norfolk; viz. one-third part to each parish: the same to be divided at the discretion of the Curates or Ministers.

Gives to Emma, Lady Hamilton, widow of the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K. B., his diamond star, as a token of his friendship; also the silver cup which he presented to him.

Gives to his brother, the Rev. Wm. Nelson, D. D. (Earl Nelson), the gold box presented to him by the City of London; also his gold sword, presented to him by the Captains who fought with him at the Nile.

Gives to his sister, Catherine Matcham, the sword presented to him by the City of London.

Gives to his sister, Susannah Bolton, the silver cup presented to him by the Turkey Company.

Gives to A. Davison, of St. James's-square, Esq. his Turkish gun and cannon.

Gives to his worthy friend Captain Hardy, all his telescopes and sea-glasses, and 100l.

Gives to each of his Executors 100l.

Gives to his brother, and William Haslewood, Esq. of Craven-street, Strand, all the residue of his goods, chattels, and personal estate (except the household goods, &c. which shall be in his house at Merton, at his decease, and also except his diamond sword and jewels, and any other articles which he should, by any codicil to his will, otherwise dispose of), to hold to them and their executors and administrators, upon the trusts following, namely:—Upon trust, that his said trustees and executors shall, as soon as may be, after his death, convert into money such personal estate as does not consist of money, and lay out and invest the same in the purchase of 3 per Cent Consols; and also the money which shall belong to him at his death, so that the dividends and interest may produce the clear yearly sum of 1,000l., of which they shall stand possessed, upon trust, that, during the life of Frances Herbert, Viscountess Nelson, his wife, his said trustees do, and shall, fully authorise and empower the said Viscountess Nelson, his wife, and her assigns, to receive the dividends, when the same shall become due, in addition to all other provisions made by him at any time heretofore for her, and in addition to the sum of 4,000l. lately given her, which sums to be taken in lieu and satisfaction of all power, and right and title of dower, of her the said Viscountess Nelson. And in case the annual income to be produced from the Bank Annuities, to be purchased with the residue of his personal estate, shall be insufficient to answer and pay the sum of 1,000l. a year, then the deficiency to be made up to his wife, out of his barony, town, and lands, in Farther Sicily; so that his said wife may be entitled to receive a clear income of 1,000l.; and after the decease of his said wife, to divide the said 1,000l. unto the said William Nelson, Susannah Bolton, and Catherine Matcham.

CODICIL.

I, Horatio Viscount Nelson of the Nile, of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and Duke of Bronté, in the Kingdom of Farther Sicily, having, to my last Will and Testament, which bears date on or about the 10th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1803, made and published a Codicil, bearing date the 13th day of the same month, do make

and publish a further Codicil to the same last Will and Testament in manner following:—That is to say, I give and bequeath to Miss Horatia Nelson Thompson (who was baptised on the 13th day of May last, in the parish of St. Mary-la-bonne, in the county of Middlesex, by Benjamin Lawrence, Curate, and John Willock, Assistant-Clerk, and who I acknowledge as my adopted daughter), the sum of 4,000*l.* sterling money of Great Britain, to be paid at the expiration of six months after my decease, or sooner if possible; and I leave my dearest friend Emma, Lady Hamilton, sole guardian of the said Horatia Nelson Thompson, until she shall have arrived at the age of eighteen years, and the interest of the said 4,000*l.* to be paid to Lady Hamilton, for her education and maintenance. This request of guardianship I earnestly make of Lady Hamilton, knowing that she will educate my adopted child in the paths of religion and virtue, and give her those accomplishments which so much adorn herself, and I hope make her a fit wife for my dear Nephew, Horatio Nelson, who I wish to marry her, if he prove worthy, in Lady Hamilton's estimation, of such a treasure, as I am sure she will be. Farther, I direct that the legacies by this my Codicil, as well as those by my last Will and Testament, given and bequeathed, shall be paid and discharged, from and out of my personal estate only, and shall not be charged or chargeable upon my real estates in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Farther Sicily, or any or either of them, or any part thereof. In all other respects, I ratify and confirm my said last Will and Testament and former Codicil. In witness whereof, I, the said Horatio Viscount Nelson and Duke of Bronte, have to this Codicil, all in my own hand-writing, and contained in one sheet of paper, set my hand and seal this sixth day of September, in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three.

(Signed) NELSON and BRONTE.

Signed, sealed, and published by the Right Hon. Horatio Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte, as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament, in the presence of

GEORGE MURRAY, First Captain of the Victory.

JOHN SCOTT, Secretary.

Lord Nelson, in his will, has directed, that if it shall please his Sovereign to grant a continuance of his pension of one thousand pounds *per annum* to Lady Nelson, that the direction in his will to raise a sum of money to be vested in the Funds to pay her Ladyship an annuity of one thousand pounds *per annum*, shall be made void.

A Codicil, in his own writing, directs, that one hundred pounds *per annum* be paid to the widow of his brother Maurice.

The last Codicil annexed to his Lordship's will, is dated in September last, and gives to Lady Hamilton all the hay on his estate at Merton.

His Lordship has given full power to his Trustees, to dispose or exchange the whole of his Italian estates.

ESSAYS, HISTORICAL, LITERARY, and MORAL.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile
dulce

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
HOR.

THE Essays that will appear in this Magazine, under the above title, will be the occasional contributions of a Literary Society that has been lately established in the neighbourhood of London. They will consist of dissertations on such literary subjects as the authors may consider as best adapted for the display of their knowledge, and most proper for the exertion of those abilities which they fear will too frequently need the indulgence of criticism. They hope to compensate for any defects in style and manner, by a strict omission of all levity and licentiousness, and a constant and uniform attention to whatever is serious, rational, and important. The severity of criticism will, however, be mitigated, and its candour excited, when informed that these are but juvenile attempts: they are the effusions of leisure hours;—of that time which is not necessarily occupied by the avocations of more serious employments. Though these Essays may not possess the appearance of originality, they will be entirely free from all dishonest plagiarism; and where the authors are conscious of being indebted to others for their ideas or expressions, they will be candidly acknowledged. Besides their original compositions, it is intended to include brief criticisms and

and characters of modern works that are distinguished for any intrinsic excellence either in promoting the cause of learning or of virtue. At the same time, any writings will be noticed that may appear calculated to dissolve the cement which binds Society, to vitiate the manners or corrupt the heart, with their feeble though no less sincere reprehension. Should these attempts meet with the approbation of the good and the candid, the authors will feel themselves sufficiently gratified and recompensed, and consider their endeavours to combine the useful with the agreeable as not altogether unsuccessful.

* * No. I. ESSAY ON HISTORY in our next.

I CORINTH. xi. 10.

Διὰ τοῦτο ὀφείλει ἡ γυνὴ ἐξουσίαν ἔχειν ἐπὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς, διὰ τοὺς ἁγίους.

THE obscurity of this passage has given occasion to very different explanations of it. 'Εξουσίαν has been explained by velamen, a *veil*. The thing signified, we have been told by some, is used for the sign. Others have had recourse to emendatory criticism. But, says a learned commentator on the passage, "what the word *ἐξουσίαν* signifies here, will be best conjectured, not by hearkening to *critical emendations*, but by looking on the *Hebrew* word, which signifies a *woman's hood or veil*; and whose *theme* signifies *dominion and power*." This mode of exposition, which refers the reader on all occasions to Hebrew roots and idioms, has been held in high estimation. The supposition of an *Hebraism* has served for a solution of every possible difficulty. There certainly are passages, that cannot be so satisfactorily explained, as by having recourse to this expedient. When Greek words, or words in Greek characters, are employed to express Jewish rites and ceremonies, a reference to the Hebrew source has its place and propriety. But the propriety of this practice does not extend beyond a certain limit. It does not reach to passages, wholly conversant with *Greek* customs. It is very improbable that the apostle, writing to his converts at Corinth, should introduce a term,

which, if by *ἐξουσίαν* be meant a veil, must have been totally unintelligible to them. For the persons, to whom this epistle was written, were principally Gentiles; unprepared to annex to this well known word that unknown sense, which is here assigned it. The word is used in its obvious meaning in three other passages of this epistle.

When it is possible to explain an author by himself, the attempt is laudable. The labour is but little, and that little is not without its reward. The word *ἐξουσία* is applied by the apostle to persons as well as to things. But in every application of it his meaning is the same, and the thing intended to be expressed is *power*.

From the conjectural remarks on this verse, as they are collected by Bowyer, it appears, that *ἐξουσίαν* is almost the only word, on which the energies of criticism have been exerted. Most other words seem to have escaped observation. They have incurred no censure, as they have excited no suspicion. Yet are the injuries, which ancient books, written or printed, are destined to sustain, of the widest extent. Time commits his ravages on every page and line, and the errors of transcription are his too faithful attendants. Words of every sort, indeclinable particles, as well as words that are declined, are subject from these causes to mutilation and change. But nothing, it seems, is here materially wrong except *ἐξουσίαν*. No intimation is given, that error has insinuated itself into any of the indeclinable words, or that the depredations of time have at all impaired them. Are prepositions exempt from the common fatality? are they incapable of depravation? Hear an able judge of these matters. "Sæpe in Codd. *παρὰ* et *περὶ*, *πρὸ* et *πρός*, *καὶ* et *γάρ*, &c. permutata fuere; quod frequenter peperit errores." *Villois*. The slightest alteration among words of this description has sometimes changed the syntax and the sense. Much, we are told, has been done, and to the best effect, "unâ literulâ amotâ."

NELSON'S BRAVE SEA FIGHT OFF TRAFALGAR, 21st OCTOBER, 1805.

BRITISH SHIPS—Twenty-seven.

COMBINED FLEET—Thirty-three:—15 Spanish, 18 French.

Ships.	VAN. Commanders.	Killed.					Wounded.				Of 15 gallant Spanish Ships.		6 totally wrecked or destroyed.	
		Guns.	Off- cers.	Petty Off- cers.	Seamen and Marines.	Total killed.	Off- cers.	Petty Off- cers.	Seamen and Marines.	Total wound- ed.				
Victory	{ Vice-Adm. Lord Nelson Rear-Adm. Murray Capt. Hardy }	100	4	3	50	57	4	3	68	75	3 saved, probably may serve again.		3 added to the British Navy.	
Temeraire	— Harvey	98	3	1	43	47	3	2	51	56	3 saved, reckoned useless.		15; as follows; viz.	
Neptune	— Freemantle	98			10	10		1	33	34	Guns.			
Conqueror	— Pellew	74	2		1	3	2		7	9	San Leandro	74	Got to Cadiz dismasted.	} Saved Six.
Leviathan	— Bayntun	74			4	4		1	21	22	Prince of Asturias	112	Ditto ditto	
	— Wm. Brown, ab- sent, fought by Lieut. Palford }	74			2	2			9	9	San Juste	74	Ditto with only fore-mast.	
Ajax											Montanez	74	Safe.	} Lost Six.
Orion	— Codrington	74			1	1		2	21	23	Argonauta	80	On Shore. Query if ever got off.	
Agamemnon	— Sir E. Berry	64			2	2			7	7	Santa Anna	112	Ditto, after having been taken.	
Minotaur	— Mansfield	74			3	3	1	1	20	22	Monarca	74	Wrecked off St. Lucar.	} Three.
Spartiate (F.)	— Sir F. Laforey	74			3	3	1	2	17	20	San Francisco d'Asis	74	Ditto, near St. Rota.	
Britannia	{ Rear-Ad. Lord Northesk Capt. Bullen }	100	1		9	10	1	1	45	47	Neptuno	84	Ditto, between Rota and Catalonia.	
Africa	— Digby	64			18	18	2	5	37	44	Santissima Trinidad	140	Sunk by the Prince, Neptune, and others.	} Taken 5.
											San Augustin	74	Burnt by the Leviathan.	
											El Rayo	100	Wrecked near St. Lucar.	
											St. Juan Nepomuceno	74	Adds to the British Navy at Gibraltar.	} Saved Five.
											San Ildefonso	74	Ditto ditto	
											La Bahama	74	Ditto ditto	
Royal Sovereign	{ Vice-Adm. Collingwood Capt. Rotheram }	100	3	2	43	48	3	5	86	94	FRENCH.—18,			
Belleisle	— Hargood	74	2	1	30	33	3	3	87	93	Le Pluton	74	To Cadiz, in a sinking state.	} Lost Eight.
Mars	— Geo. Duff, (killed)	74	1	3	25	29	4	5	60	69	Le Neptune	84	Ditto, safe.	
Tonnant (F.)	— Tyler	80		1	25	26	2	2	46	50	L'Algesiras	74	Ditto, dismasted, after being taken.	
Bellerophon	— Cooke, (killed)	74	2	1	24	27	2	4	110	116	L'Heros	74	Do. low, mast standing, Rossie's flag flying	} Taken 5.
Achille (F.)	— R. King	74		1	13	13	4	4	51	59	L'Argonaute	74	Ditto, safe.	
Polyphemus	— Redmill	74			2	2			4	4	Le Foucux	74	Wrecked off Trafalgar. All perished.	
Colossus	— Morris	74	1		39	40		9	146	155	Le Redoubtable	74	Sunk.	} Lost Eight.
Revenge	— Moorsom	74		2	26	28	4		47	51	Le Bucentaure	80	Wrecked on the Porques.	
Swiftsure	— Rutherford	74			9	9		1	7	8	Le Berwick	74	Ditto, off St. Lucar.	
Defence	— G. Hope	74			7	7			29	29	L'Indomptable	84	Ditto, off Rota. All perished.	} Taken 5.
Thunderer	{ Lechmere, fought by Lt. Stockham }	74			4	4		2	10	12	L'Intrepide	74	Burnt by the Britannia.	
Defiance	— Durham	74	2	1	14	17	1	4	43	53	L'Aigle	74	Wrecked near Rota.	
Prince	— Grindall	98									L'Achille	74	Burnt in the action.	} Taken 5.
Dreadnought	— Conn	98			7	7	1	2	23	26	Le Swif sure	74	Taken, and got safe to Gibraltar.	
											Le Mont Blanc	74	All prizes to Rear-Ad. Strachan, and safe home in port.	
											Le Duguay Trouin	74		} Taken 5.
											Le Formidable	80		
											Le Scipion	74		

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

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL VIEW
OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

WITH NOTES, &c.

PART II.

Chapter VII.

IN opening this, the second period of our history, it will be proper to observe that, from the event of the battle of Hastings, a new era seems to have commenced. Its influence, generally felt through the country, was more particular in its operations upon the metropolis: and these we are now to consider.

London, which we have already stated to have possessed a comparative degree of opulence, appears upon every occasion to have been the *grand magnet* that had, from the earliest times, attracted the attention, and latterly the cupidity, of her invaders; from whatsoever nation they successively issued, was still doomed to experience all those evils which a change of masters is sure to create, and all those internal and domestic vicissitudes, which the forced adoption of new customs, manners, and very frequently of new principles, is sure to occasion.

The morals of the Anglo-Saxons seem to have improved but little through the long course of their domination, even down to the time of the Norman Conquest.

At this period we find them, as in the former, libidinous to excess; attached to their ancient customs*, both with

respect to their domestic arrangements and their dress; possessing but faint

this propensity, as far as its operations regard nations that we term *savage*, two reasons may be assigned: they paint, in the first instance, to make them look more fierce and terrific to their enemies; this only respects the males: and in the second, to supply the want of that kind of luxury appendant to a splendid paraphernalia, by ornamenting the skin in a variety of ways, and, under the guidance of taste and genius, with a variety of figures and other devices; this includes both sexes. This practice has been prevalent in all ages, and in all nations in their primitive state; combined in many with the idea of religious rites and observances, in others with those of military, patriarchal, professional, and classical distinction.

Painting and engraving upon the human skin having then been a propensity and practice general and inherent, it is little to be wondered, that as society became refined, this passion should still prevail, because refinement is only a modification, not an extinction of the passions. Therefore we now find, that among polished nations, we mean such as *conceal* their forms, or rather all parts of their skin except their faces, which is not exactly the case with the majority of females in this country, all the ingenuity which was formerly lavished to paint and adorn the *skin*, is more properly, and, as it regards commerce, advantageously, employed to invent, to form, and to arrange the drapery. Yet still this custom of heightening their native charms, by judiciously blending red and white, or, in more poetical language, "the lily and the rose," prevails among the softer sex, with respect to the parts exposed.

Painting their faces, and staining their elbows, fingers, and teeth, the latter green or black, as fashion may require, is still deemed as absolutely necessary as dress, (perhaps more so,) in many parts of the Asiatic and African worlds. Indeed we might extend the latitude of our observations to the four quarters of the globe. In fact, without entering into a deeper examination of the modern stimulations to this propensity, it appears to be as prevalent *now* as it was in the earliest ages; and as it is demonstratively inherent to the human system, it certainly can be no object of wonder; it is, indeed, too universal to appear *strange*.

ideas

* Among these, it has been stated that our Saxon ancestors most pertinaciously adhered to the practice of *painting their skin*. "The truth of this cannot be questioned, because it is prohibited by the 19th canon of a Council held in the presence of the King of Northumberland, in the year 787." (*Spelman's Concil. Hist.* p. 299.) "This," saith our author, "will seem strange to many people."

Understanding "many people" to mean many that read and reflect, why it should seem strange to those we are at a loss to conjecture. From the earliest periods of time, there has been inherent to the human system a propensity (which, if we were disposed theologically to dissect the mind, we should term *wicked*;) to *alter* and to *improve* the face and person. For

ideas of rational liberty, or rather fraught with the notion that slavery was not, in itself, an evil. Wavering in their principles, and dissolute in their practice, they were only to be fixed to any point by the necessities of the times, or by the still stronger impulse of their superstitious observances.

It does not appear that the Normans, who, flushed with conquest over their refractory countrymen, followed the standard of William to England, in the hour of their exhilaration, upon the easy attainment of all the power, and consequently all the treasure, of the kingdom, were the best calculated to correct the manners of the people, and to repress those enormities which the unsettled state of the times had engendered, and the laxity of government had tolerated into establishments. Yet the Conqueror, who saw objects in a different point of view, very speedily resolved, that coercion, in the present state of things, was absolutely necessary; and therefore determining to commence a reign of terror by some striking example, which should at the same time impress an idea of his power to *infect* upon the mind of the metropolis, had not far to seek.

Southwark, in this instance, afforded to him at once both an object and an opportunity. The Borough, as by way of pre-eminence and distinction it has been long termed, was, even at this time, a suburb which, from its advantageous communication with the city, by the means of London-bridge, had attained a considerable degree of importance.

The church of St. Mary *Over Rey* had been founded more than a century antecedent to the Conquest*; and at that period the priory of Religious Sisters, the first we believe of these establishments near London, was in a very flourishing condition. It has been already stated, that, in many instances, monastic establishments formed a central point, and that houses generally

rose around them. Markets were consequently holden, courts sometimes erected, and fairs always granted.

This was the situation of Southwark at the time that it attracted the attention of the Conqueror; who, considering it as the *right arm* of London, determined to destroy it. In pursuance of this resolution, he ordered its buildings to be reduced to ashes; and as he had, in common with all men who are governed by the impulse of a vicious and nefarious ambition, more apprehensions from his new subjects, as he gave them the more reason to detest him; and as of all his subjects he both hated and feared the citizens of the metropolis the most, though there was nothing in their conduct that warranted this jealousy, he by this measure cut off their principal supply of provisions, determined, as it is said, to *starve* them into obedience.

No military plan could have been more exactly adapted to the situation and feelings of the people whom he had to oppose; within the city we find that all was confusion and dismay.

The Magistrates, in this instance, seem to have forgotten that the road through Southwark was not the *only way* by which the necessities of life might arrive at the city. They seem to have forgotten that the east, west, and north avenues, and even the Thames, were in a certain degree open*. Indeed they seem to have forgotten, in favour of an usurper, their duty and allegiance to the Saxon dynasty; for they not only sent the keys of their gates to William, but went to him in their corporate capacity, and made him

* When William sailed from Normandy, he is said to have been accompanied by a fleet of three thousand vessels, containing sixty thousand men. These were certainly vessels hastily formed and collected, evidently intended merely as *transports*, and of a small size indeed, as they carried, upon an average, but twenty men each. It is probable that these vessels, after they had landed their cargoes, returned, and were employed in trading betwixt the old and new territories of this Monarch, and perhaps occasionally *creeping* along the adjacent coasts of France and Flanders. At any rate, we have reason to believe that, as *ships of war*, the London Navy were superior,

* By a maiden of the name of Mary, from the profits of a ferry over the Thames. Of this holy virgin the legend states, that she used to attend herself to row the passengers over. This ferry must have been astonishingly productive, and Mary extremely frugal, if she did *half* what the Monks have given her credit for.

an offer of the Crown ; which he, after properly hesitating, at length accepted *.

We are now to view the metropolis as, with respect to many of its laws, customs, and indeed buildings, completely changed.

The Saxon era had been, generally speaking, the age of monasteries. The Norman was the age of castles ; the same passion most probably produced both these predilections. Their superstitious fears had induced the former Monarchs to found and to endow establishments, which were, in process of time, discovered to be a most oppressive and intolerable grievance to their subjects ; and their political alarms had, in the like manner, urged the latter to erect fortresses, which, while the Norman race existed, curtailed the people of the last shreds and vestiges of even that *contracted* liberty which they had before enjoyed.

Of these, the prominent symptoms of political fear, the Tower of London, which is stated to have been erected by William the Conqueror upon the site of an ancient castle built by Julius Cæsar, is the principal.

If we mean to take a survey of the Norman's Tower, we must only consider the square, and as it is termed *white*, building in the centre, and banish from our minds all ideas of the numerous other erections which crowd and encumber the enclosure within the ditch †, and which, however admirably they may be calculated *for civil*, would certainly impede military operations. We must consider the original fabric as standing in the midst of a wide and large area, surrounded by walls much lower, and water much broader, than at present, and constructed of materials which were supposed to have rendered it impregnable against arrows, the artillery of those ages ‡.

* This circumstance, decisive of the fate of the whole kingdom, shews in a strong light the political importance of the metropolis, and is a full refutation of the assertion, " that London was not at this period superior, in the municipal scale, to many other cities."

† None of these buildings within the walls of the Tower appear in the view of that fortress in the plan of London in the reign of Elizabeth.

‡ It is a curious circumstance, that this fortress, which is said to have been

On the bank of the Thames, more westerly, stood Baynard's Castle, the site of

erected with stone imported from Caen, in Normandy, and upon the plan of the Norman castles ; a plan that very generally prevailed in England, had for its architect a Prelate, namely, Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who was the principal supervisor and surveyor of the works ; and who, it is recorded, during the time that he was thus laudably employed, lodged in the house of Eadmere, a Burgess of London.

This edifice, it appears, was originally constructed in a manner which was calculated to defy the tooth of time, the concussions of war, and all the fury of contending elements ; for Fitz Stephen says, " The city of London hath in the East a very great and most strong palatine tower, whose turrets and walls do rise from a very strong and deep foundation, the mortar thereof being tempered with the blood of beasts."

Where the spiritual architect procured blood *of any kind* sufficient to temper the mortar used in the erection of such a building, we are yet to learn. Of its inefficacy, compared with water, for the purpose mentioned, we are fully convinced. But like the hero, who (saith the poet)

" Hurl'd dreadful fire and vinegar in-fus'd,

Whose acid force the nerves of flint un-locks'd,

Made Nature *start* to see him root up rocks,

And open all his adamantine locks * ;"

these are things calculated to excite our admiration at the expense of our judgment. However, the strength of the Tower of London was, in the reign of William Rufus, put to the test, and failed in the experiment ; for it is recorded, that in the year 1096 a violent tempest arose, which in its progress unroofed Bow and some other churches, and overthrew about six hundred houses in London ; at the same time a large part of the Tower was beaten down and damaged, so that it was obliged to be repaired by the Monarch, who added a castle to it on the south side next the Thames, for which he was censured by Henry of Huntingdon, who says, that he " chal-

* Lee's Sophonisba.

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lenged

of which is now Paul's Wharf, timber-yards, &c.; adjacent to which, in ancient times, there was a very remarkable old mansion, called Huntingdon House, probably from its having been the residence of the family of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon*. Baynard Castle was originally founded by William Baynard, a Norman Baron †, who came to England with William the Conqueror, who built it for the ostensible reason of defending the city; which, it will be observed, was in no danger of being attacked, therefore it was, in reality, intended to overawe its inhabitants.

Pursuing the history of this castle, we find, that in the year 1213 there arose in it one of the causes of that memorable contention betwixt King John and his Barons, from which, after many vicissitudes, they derived "the charter of their freedom."

It has been the general characteristic of contentions of this nature, that they have emanated from ambition: but this, in one instance, had love for its basis. Robert Fitzwater, or Fitzwalter, one of the most potent of the descendants of those Lords who followed the standard of William the Conqueror to England, was Chafellian and Banner-bearer to the City of London ‡; offices that

lenged the investiture of the prelates, filled and shaved the people with tribute, especially to spend about the Tower of London, and the great hall at Westminster, of which he was the founder."

* The influence of this family, particularly of one of its unfortunate representatives, in the city of London, has been so frequently the historical and poetical theme, that it is unnecessary to observe further upon it.

† This Nobleman, who died in the reign of William Rufus, was succeeded by Geoffrey Baynard, and after him by William Baynard, who in the year 1111, by forfeiture for *felony*, lost his barony of Little Dunmow, and also the honour of Baynard Castle.

‡ The ancient banner of the city of London had on a red field the figure of St. Paul, whose hands, face, and sword, were embroidered in silver, and his drapery in gold. This banner was always delivered to the Standard-bearer at the commencement of a war, by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Clergy, who met him at the West door of the Cathedral of St.

had long been annexed to the honour of Castle Baynard. The latter, which was hereditary in his family, was a post of considerable importance in times of peace; in war, it was of still greater. This Nobleman had a daughter so extremely beautiful, that she obtained, in a metropolis as famous for the charms as Fitz Stephen says it was for the chastity of its females, the appellation of *Matilda the Fair*. It so happened, that King John (a Monarch who was as amorous in his complexion as unprincipled in his disposition,) saw Matilda, and became desperately in love with her. He used every mean which power, almost unlimited, afforded him to make her sensible of his passion: but the young lady, aware that it was of a nature that she could not listen to with honour, rejected his addresses with disdain.

In circumstances of this nature, difficulties add fuel to the flame. The King, finding that he could not prevail with the daughter, urged his suit to the father.

The Baron, who inherited all the pride and all the spirit of his Norman ancestors, having, with other peers, before been disgusted with the profligate and oppressive conduct of the Monarch, wanted not this stimulative to vengeance. Struck with the indignity offered, he threw off all reserve, and expressed his keen sensations in terms such as the insult had elicited. The Prince, astonished at his boldness, vowed revenge; and Fitzwalter, who well knew how punctual he was in the performance of vows of this nature, instantly prepared to shield his family from its effects. His first care was to convey his lovely daughter to a place of apparent safety. He then summoned his adherents, and joined the troops of the discontented Barons, to whom he stated this new cause of complaint against the Monarch; which excited in their bosoms emotions nearly equal to his own.

Paul, and with the banner gave him a horse richly caparisoned, of the value of 20*l.*, and 20*l.* in money; the Mayor saying, "We give to you, as Banneus of fee in the city, the banner of this city, to bear and to govern to the honour and profit of the city and our power." This ceremony was probably derived from the Saxons.

The termination of this story is so tragical, that we wish it was not so well authenticated. The Barons, though in possession of the metropolis by the means of the father of Matilda, suffered a temporary repulse.

The King, during the short time that he triumphed, banished Robert Fitzwalter. He is also said to have discovered the retreat of the fair Matilda, though it was most probably a *sanctuary*, and to have forcibly attempted her virtue; but that meeting with a still stronger opposition from the young lady than before, he retired indignant, and wreaked his vengeance upon the castle of her father, which, with his other houses, he caused to be demolished.

Matilda, it is said, was poisoned.

If this was so, how the father could even apparently forgive the Monarch, whom he must have more than suspected, we are at a loss to conceive. They met some time after at a tournament in France, where the latter, after admiring the almost incredible acts of valour in a stranger, exclaimed, "He were a King indeed that had such a Knight!"

The friends of Robert hearing this exclamation, (as had probably been preconcerted), kneeled, and cried, "O King! he is your own Knight! he is Robert Fitzwalter."

This circumstance restored him to the royal favour; his banishment was annulled; and he had leave given him to repair Baynard and his other castles; though we find him afterwards among the Barons "clad in arms" presenting Magna Charta to the Monarch, whose conduct had rendered it necessary; therefore it is probable, that the keen remembrance of the death of Matilda was only blunted in the mind of Fitzwalter by the transactions of *Runny Mead* *.

* Although *private* reasons might operate on the mind of Robert Fitzwalter, and induce him to take up arms against his Monarch, it is certain, that they could not influence the other Barons; therefore the observation of Louis the Dauphin seems perfectly applicable to them. This Prince, when the former applied to him to have the custody of Hertford Castle, a right inherent to his family, very properly said, "That Englishmen were not worthy to have such places in keeping, because they betrayed their own

This castle, which was consumed by fire in 1428, and rebuilt by Humphrey the good Duke of Gloucester, was also in another respect historically interesting; for having been the place wherein a scene of hypocrisy was once exhibited by another Duke of Gloucester, who may with propriety be termed *the bad*, which Shakspeare has commemorated and immortalized; we mean, that wherein Buckingham and the Mayor and Citizens urge the Duke to accept the Crown *.

West

Lord," &c.; which shows, that although the French Prince loved the treason, he hated the traitors.

* The whole plan of this interview, as displayed Richard III, Act 3, Scene 7, of Johnson's Shakspeare, had been already so ably, we might almost say dramatized, by our historians, that the bard had little more to do than to fill up a few chasms in the outline, and a little to heighten the colouring: these objects he has attained with his usual fidelity and success. We have often considered this transaction as almost to *stand alone* in the wide field of hypocrisy, at least to exhibit a *master-piece* in the art of dissimulation. We know, that from Cæsar to Cromwell crowns have been offered and rejected. Why? because the persons to whom they were offered, however they might have *dared* to place themselves in such situations, had not the courage to adorn their brows with the ornament for which they had long *panted*. We also know, that some persons, as in this instance of Richard, and in one quite *modern*, have had *crowns* offered to them which they have *not* rejected; but we do not know of any, even modern, instances wherein a more regular series of hypocrisy was exhibited than this to which we have alluded. The people, astonished at a concatenation of enormities which were, *till lately*, unparalleled, were first attacked by Dr. Shaw †, from the pulpit at Paul's Cross, and also by Friar Penker ‡, from that of St. Mary Spital; places which were, on more occasions than this, filled by

† Dr. John Shaw was brother to Sir Edmund Shaw, Mayor of London. Shaw by this sermon lost his reputation, and soon after his life, for he never durst come abroad for very shame of the world.

‡ Friar Penker, a most famous preacher, was Provincial of the Augustines.

popular

West from Baynard's Castle, on the bank of the Thames, and near the spot which is now occupied by the access to the bridge at Black Friars, stood the tower of Mount Fiquet, or Mount Fitchet; a building which was also erected in the time of William the Conqueror, by one of his followers who had obtained the appellation of Le Sire Montfitchet. The purpose for which these castles were built has been already stated. In the reign of King John it was inhabited by Richard Montfitchet, one of the refractory Barons, who was banished to France with his neighbour Robert Fitzwalter. At the same time, the King caused his castle to be demolished; which seems in those ages to have been a kind of punishment annexed to rebellion. Upon the site of this august mansion, and with the best and choicest of its stones and materials, Robert Kilwarby, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year 1276, began to build the house of the Friars Preachers, afterwards termed the Black Friars *, and also the church of St. Anne, to which the monastery was an appendage.

In taking a mental view of this district, we find it by much the most conspicuous part of the city of London. We have already seen, that it abounded with a royal tower and magnificent cas-

popular preachers, for political purposes. They were then convened at the Guildhall, and harangued by the Duke of Buckingham, who, unabashed at the coldness with which his rhetoric was received, reurged them through the medium of the Recorder; and then taking advantage of a partial and faint acclamation by his own domestics, thanked them for what they *had not* done. This laid the scene for that affectation of piety which Shakspeare has so ably portrayed, and which, to the abhorrence that we have for the wickedness of Richard, forces us to add that contempt that hypocrisy is sure to create.

* This Order, the most famous of the four Mendicant for the rhetoric of its sodality, had a house, or rather a college, in *Old borne*, wherein the brotherhood had resided for about the space of forty-five years previous to this their *translation*. In this house the ancient Kings of this land had their records and charter kept, as well as in the Tower and other castles.

tles *, even in the first period of the Norman dynasty: to these, soon after the restoration of the Saxon line, were added the monastery to which we have just adverted; an establishment which not only became, from the influence that the talents of its fraternity gave them over the minds of the people, of the utmost spiritual importance; but, from its having been the scene whereon transactions occurred which probably involved the fate of empires, of the greatest political consequence. It was, indeed, the place wherein Monarchs have lodged, Parliaments have sat; and, what renders it still more important, wherein, upon one occasion, proceedings occurred which engendered in the bosom of the most capricious

* To recur for a moment to Baynard's Castle; it is necessary to state, that there is, in a view of London antecedent to the fire 1666, (which it is supposed involved this building in the general ruin), and which is engraved by Thomas Bowles, a view of the castle. It is represented as a large square building, standing in a wide area, and surrounded by walls. A circular tower, with a bell or cupola roof, which at once bounded and defended the access by the south west corner. This tower had two windows; two projections connected with it had a double range of four windows each; then, in the castellated stile, we meet a hexagon tower, somewhat higher than the roof of the former. The front of this building had three ranges of two windows each; probably the back had the same. Thence to the eastern end ensued a range of five projections, each containing a doublerow of five windows. At the eastern corner stood another hexagon tower. The tops of interior, or west and northern towers, appear above the roof. In nearly the centre of the exterior of this mansion there stood a large water gate, the form of which was a pointed arch: this, by the means of a bridge and stairs, led to the Thames, on whose bank it was situated. The reader will see that this building was irregular, or rather that it was a *compages* of buildings erected at different periods, and in different stiles of architecture. Could we have viewed its interior, we should probably have discerned in its different modes of domestic arrangement the operation of the times upon the habits of its different possessors.

of our Sovereigns sentiments that were attended with the most beneficial effects to this kingdom.

There had been, as has already been observed in a former part of this work, another tower near this monastery; its site was the spot whereon Bridewell now stands. This had, in the time of the Conqueror, been destroyed, and the stones, &c. applied to the rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral; but it appears from many circumstances, that William was no friend to the demolition, or annihilation, of this kind of fabrics; therefore it is probable that he was the founder of another mansion of this species, erected upon its site, termed the King's House, near St. Bride's, wherein many of our succeeding Monarchs resided, and where the courts of judicature, as appears from ancient records, were held.

The Tower Royal, in the parish of St. Michael de Pater noster, was another castle of about the same date as the former. It was afterwards the residence of King Stephen. In times less remote, for reasons sufficiently obvious, it obtained the appellation of the *Queen's Wardrobe*.

We have in this district of the metropolis seen a cluster of towers, connected in some degree by a wall that ranged along the bank of the river, and the interstices filled up by several churches of Saxon construction, and many houses of the Nobility; of which we have already mentioned some, and we shall in due courtesallude to others*. These, as they had all gardens, the sites of which may, in many instances, be still traced by the names of streets and lanes built upon them, must have had a very singular and truly picturesque effect, from the intermixture of trees, towers, and mansions, varied by steeples rising above the rest in a kind of rude magnificence, (for such was the character of the architecture of the time,) while the terrene line of the view was broken by thatched cottages and wooden buildings of a peculiar construction, with their stories overhanging each other; a species of architecture, if it may be so termed, which

had been adopted by the Normans, and of which the cities of Caen and Rouen had exhibited instances, and had had occasion to deplore their defects, or rather their effects, in producing a most foul and pestilential stagnation of vapours, and all the consequences of contaminated air, long before the expedition of William*.

To take a parting glance at metropolitan castles erected by the Conqueror, we must observe, that several others situated upon the walls might be added; but as they obtained no higher dignity in the scale of fortresses than the appellation of watch towers, wherein a few men were stationed, who, however strictly they might be disciplined in his, in future ages became of as little real utility as those which at present do their *nocturnal duty in watch-houses* when they ought to do it somewhere else, we shall pass by them, in order for a moment to consider one that was deemed of more importance. This was the tower called the Barbican, situated in Red Cross-street, which was of immense height, and was used as a watch-tower, or principal station, of the guard for the northern district of the metropolis, and also for a *beacon*; as, from

* Of houses built in this, which architects who had turned their attention to the subject, have formerly designated to us as the domestic stile of the Normans, the metropolis still exhibits many vestiges; and many more which have existed in our time, although they are now swept away, have been described and delineated in this Magazine and other publications. The great property of these buildings (for convenience was out of the question) was *stability*; and although we certainly do not suppose that any of those fabrics lately destroyed were quite so old as the Conqueror; yet that many of them were, and, of those standing, now are, of very high antiquity, there is not the smallest shadow of doubt. Their construction was such, that, with a small repair, they were calculated to continue for ages, indeed as long as the main timbers would endure; and of the solidity of these, in certain situations, we have had many instances, particularly in the *very* old house the corner of Clement's-lane and the Butcher-row, some of the timber of which (oak) was with age dyed as black as jet, and was of almost impenetrable hardness and solidity.

* The following, as belonging to the Norman period, it may not be improper to mention here; viz. Worcester House, Ormond Place, and Ringed Hall, the mansions of the Earls of Cornwall.

the

the circumstances of its elevated site, and lofty turrets, it might be seen, even in the day, from the counties of Kent and Surry, and from every other situation, east, west, north, and south. When fired in the night, its effect must have been tremendously beautiful *.

Having now briefly described some, and adverted to others, of those fabrics that rose as prominent instances of Norman jealousy and Norman fear, which seem to have been the predominant passions of the whole race, we must further observe, that, with respect to the Conqueror, a very striking instance of their operation occurred even previous to his coronation †; for although

* There were other beacons on the towers of St. Paul's, Westminster-abbey, and, we think, other churches. By day all these edifices had posts for the displaying of signals, which, before telegraphs were *revived* after a lapse of almost two thousand years, were absolutely necessary, in the turbulent times, and under the vicissitudes to which the city was subjected, to keep up the chain of communication with the country, and with the different parts of London and Westminster †.

† This ceremony (it is singular enough that William should have chosen such a season,) was performed on *Christmas Day*, 1066, in London; but it appears that the King was fond of uniting solemnities with festivals; for the year ensuing, when Matilda his Queen came to England, he deferred her coronation until Whit-sunday, 1068, when the ceremony, conducted with much greater pomp and splendour than his own, was performed by Alfred, Archbishop of York. It is an idea that will force itself into the human mind when contemplating the character of an *usurper*, how accurately the narrow selfish passions of fear and jealousy are to be traced in this composition, and how generally the comparative system of these propensities run, like parallel lines, through the whole race of men of this description, as are instanced

the Londoners had so generously offered him the crown, and, generally speaking, had so cordially adopted him, still was his suspicion of their loyalty so great, or rather still was his surprise so excessive, that, with their means of defence, they did not make a greater resistance, that he could not believe that they were *in earnest*, nor would he proceed to the solemnity until he had ordered a fortress to be built in great haste, near the centre of the city *, which he garrisoned with Normans, in order that he might have a place of retreat, had a retreat, such as his fears suggested to him, been necessary.

To return once more to the river side. Betwixt London-bridge and the church of St. Anne, Black Friars,

in two particular circumstances, the only two that we shall upon this occasion quote. Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, ought, as the metropolitan of England, to have placed the crown upon the head of William; this Prince too wished it, but he did not *dare* to order it. Why? because Stigand was considered as an intruder into that See in the room of Robert, who was never canonically deprived: he thought, therefore, this irregularity would not only affect his title, but make an unfavourable impression upon the minds of the people; he therefore chose the Archbishop of York. The influence of the Pope in this instance he considered as every thing. In the other, which is recent, the prelacy was in such a state of degradation, that the Usurper resolved to have the *Pope* himself. So would William, if he could have had that Pontiff as much at his disposal: but in both these instances, though more than seven centuries have elapsed between them, we see the worst passions have the same operation upon the human mind under the same circumstances, and lead men, whose actions showed that they had thrown off all restraint, tacitly to acknowledge the influence of a power of which actively they denied the existence.

* This was probably the old Norman castle in Bucklersbury, (afterwards called Sunes Tower,) which it is upon record was first one of the castles, then one of the palaces, of the Kings of England; and, lastly, the exchequer of Edward the III^d. This fortress was only just made habitable against the coronation; after this ceremony, William retired to Berking until it was finished.

‡ For a very curious and entertaining digression, by Polybius, on the signals made *by fire*, (in which, though the medium is different, as telescopes were not in use in his time, the whole system of telegraphs is recognized,) see near the conclusion of lib. 10; or Rollin's *Ancient Hist.* Vol. VIII, p. 95, 12mo.

which,

which, as it seems, from the assemblage of towers, palaces, monasteries, and mansions, to have been, in these times, the principal and polite part of the metropolis; so, from abounding in all the conveniences of life, it necessarily appears to have been the most populous. With respect to food, it is stated by Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry the III., but glanced retrospectively to customs and things *long* established, that in this place, "betwixt the wine in ships, and the wine to be sold in taverns, is a common cookery, or Cook's-row, where daily, for the season of the year, men might have meat, roast, sod, or fried; fish, flesh, fowls, fit for the rich and poor."

This cookery, or Cook's-row, ranged along Upper Thames-street, betwixt which and the river was situated the Vintry, whose front was a long continued wharf, whereon the merchants of Bourdeaux used to crane their wines. This unquestionably attracted the taverners, *i. e.* those that sold wines by retail; for the merchants were obliged to dispose of their cargoes within forty days after they landed them*.

That these taverns stood in different directions, may still be gathered, with tolerable accuracy, from the *ancient* names of the lanes erected on their sites.

One of them, we find, had for its sign the Emperor's Head. What Emperor we are yet to learn.

Another contained, in the representation of three birds, a graphic pun; for the original tavern took its name from

* The inconvenience of this obligation was found to be so great, (and indeed it must have been obvious,) that the wine-merchants petitioned the King, Edward the III., to take off the restriction. This the Monarch, thinking their petition reasonable and well founded, did, by a writ directed to the Mayor and Sheriffs. In consequence, they had leave to excavate vaults, and to erect warehouses. These, by their extension and size, annihilated the Cookery, or Cook's-row, turning, it was said, "meat into drink;" which, had the jolly Monk Fitzstephen lived, he would have said ought to have been *united*. It will be observed, that these merchants were *foreigners*: but we believe our ancient civic historians only mean by this, *not free* of the city.

the three machines, termed *Cranes*, which stood on the wharf at the bottom of the lane, and to which it is most probable this house was an appendage.

The long range of taverns alluded to by Fitzstephen, in the vicinity of Cook's-row, gave the name to a lane, which, from the circumstance of their being painted on the outside with various devices, was called Painted Tavern-lane for ages after the extension of commerce in this part of the metropolis had caused their dilapidation, and had transplanted the seeds of inebriety, which had here taken root, to every part of the city and its suburbs; so that our author, had he written later, might have extended his lamentation respecting the plagues of London, which, he says, are "immoderate qualifying and accidents by fire;" though he does not hint, that, probably, *in his time*, the latter might have arisen from the former*.

The TALES of the TWELVE SOOBABS of INDOSTAN.

(Continued from page 349.)

THE Sages of the Dewan had scarcely met the next day at the Dowlet Khanah, and had begun to proceed to business, before the assembly were

* Fitzstephen further saith, that "this Cook's-row is very necessary to the city; and according to Plato and Gorgias, next to physicians is the office of *cooks*, as part of the city." Though it seems to require some temerity to combat such great authorities as are here adduced, a correction may surely be tolerated. This arrangement is evidently wrong. That the physician should succeed the cook, and the cook go before the physician, are positions that no one person, or no one *body*, whether acting in a corporate capacity, or depending upon the individual *exertions* of its *members*, can or will deny. If the latter philosophers could have proved, that it was *not* the cooks that in this Island, as Shakspeare says, "make the diseases, he would deserve another golden statue; and if the former could establish it as a fact, that they are *such* as physicians can always cure, we know not what he would deserve.

interrupted

interrupted by the desire which they all had to listen to some sweet sounds of music which were heard in the outer court-yard, and which seemed produced by more than common skill in the performer. It was CHANDA, the musician. He held in his hand an instrument of three strings, called the Junter. Chanda was attired in a white robe, and bore on his head the *Ballee Chumpakullee*, or small golden rose, with the *Gooloband* necklace, consisting of seven strings, with the *Mowrbhenwa* ear-ring in the shape of a peacock. Chanda having ceased to play, came forward, and presented himself at the foot of the throne of Prince Yesdijurdd, whom he thus addressed: "O Prince! the friend of the unhappy, and the consolation of the wretched! the star of hope to the forlorn, and the refuge of the oppressed! deign to listen to my story: above all other wonderful and strange histories is that of the wandering musician Chanda.

The Prince Yesdijurdd was so pleased with the manners of the stranger, that he desired him to proceed, and at the same time assured him of the patient hearing of the Dewan. "But first tell me," cried he, "against whom is thy complaint?"—"It is," returned the stranger, "against myself. I am come, O Prince! to demand justice on the vilest of wretches, and who is underserving of life. But to make you acquainted with my wretched story, I will begin from the time of my infancy.

The Adventures of CHANDA, the Musician.

The longest time back which I am able to remember is, that of my being with an old herdman, named PATTÀ, who attended his cows and sheep on the borders of the Ganges, near the mountains of Khyzirabad. I always understood that the herdman was my father, but he was rather severe with me for small faults, and when at the age of sixteen, I had frequent occasion to repine at my lot. However, as there happened to be an old Hindoo who lived within a small distance from the mountain who took particular notice of me, I used to pass very much of my time with him. BARAH BANY, for that was the Hindoo's name, was besides a soothsayer, and acquainted with the art of drawing nativities, and the *Gaiy-beyeh*, or the knowledge of past and future events. Barah Bany took occa-

sion one day to tell me, that it was written in the Book of Providence that I should meet with many extraordinary adventures in this life, and that I should do a great deal of mischief to the sons of men, and which I should not be able to avoid doing, unless that I attended with great exactness to the five precepts of the *Khutderfun*, which he had written upon a fig leaf. They were:

Presume not on thine own strength.

Desire not to be acquainted with the mysteries of the wicked, nor trust thyself with the followers of the evil *Devutab*.

If in the power of the wicked, desire the aid of the good Genii, and wait the time with patience.

Never give way to despair, however bad thy crimes may appear to thee.

The crimson dye may be washed out in the pure water of the Ganges.

These sentences made such an impression upon my mind, that I never forgot them afterwards, but have had great reason to grieve that I had not paid them the attention that they deserved.

One day, soon after that I had received these lessons from the sage Barah Bany, I happened to let some of the sheep which I had in charge stray from their boundaries, for which I was severely checked by the old herdman; which I took so to heart, that I wandered a great way from home along the borders of the river Ganges, with a design at the time never to return again. At length, being excessively fatigued, I laid myself down beneath the crag of a rock that hung over the stream, and fell fast asleep. Upon my awaking, I observed that nothing could be more still and beautiful than the water, to which my attention was now entirely engaged, until another object attracted my notice: it was a little boat, the bark entirely of a sapphire colour, that looked of uncommon brightness in the rays of the sun. No person was in this boat but a lady of the most extraordinary beauty; it glided down the stream without the use of oars, by the assistance of two small sails, which appeared made of silver paper. It was natural to conjecture, that so beautiful a female by herself, sailing down the river was one of the Genii who sometimes choose to visit the abodes of the children of men,

men. She wore a light dress folded carelessly across her bosom, and a crown of silver upon her head, ornamented with the *Seishpool* of gold, resembling the marigold flower. I was surveying the uncommon appearance of the lady in the boat with great attention, when I observed her steer for the shore, close to the spot where I was reposing myself on the grass; which when she came near, she threw over the side a small silver anchor; and putting on an ivory step, she descended with the most graceful attitude to the land. I was still engaged in observing this beautiful female, when I felt a vast shock beneath me, and found the rock upon which I was seated considerably agitated, and presently I beheld lying upon its belly a monster of an hideous form, entirely black, and which was crouching down to the ground; its body seemed many fathoms in length; its head, which was of the most uncommon size, was covered with an iron pot that appeared red hot; and smoke issued from his nostrils: in short, I trembled very much at the sight of this frightful monster, and concealed myself as well as I could to watch what might follow. At length I observed that the lady carried an instrument of music in her hand, about an ell in length, with half a gourd at each end, and three strings of brass, and that she sought the rising of a bank near the spot where I lay to sit down; which she did, and began to play upon the instrument; but the melody was so sweet, that I was ravished with the sounds, and almost out of my senses with rapture. Presently, however, she ceased; and laying it down for a moment, I observed the horrid monster stretch out his hand, which extended a great length, and seize hold of the instrument; which he had no sooner secured, than, with the other, he prevented the lady from leaving the spot. "Accursed DHEEROH," cried he, "favoured of the Dewtah, who delights to succour man, and who disturbs with thy harmony the Genii of the Rock, how often have I hoped to find thee without that powerful talisman which could alone secure thee from my vengeance: see now the effects of my hatred to thy race. With these words he seized hold of the good Genii round the waist; and fluttering his long black wings, ascended with her into the air, and when almost out of sight, let her fall on the sharp-pointed rock on which

I lay. In an instant the lovely form of the beautiful Dheeroh was disfigured, and scarce any appearance of it left. I concealed myself from the sight. The monster had left the instrument of music on the ground as he ascended, and I had ventured from my hiding-place to examine it. It was of the most curious structure. But I had reason to repent my temerity; for the monster had discovered me, and in an instant he alighted close to me. But what was my astonishment when I beheld him stand motionless, his large glaring eyes fixed upon me, without attempting to move, and that at length he bent his knee before me. "Son of the Earth," cried he, "behold in me the Genius *Narkee*, one of the race of evil spirits who inflict torments upon earth, and the servant of the mighty KARUSS, the Genius of the Rock, the most powerful of the evil Dewtahs, who possesses the talisman *Kammebyayceto*, or the power of accomplishing whatever one may desire, on the earth, in the air, and at the bottom of the ocean. Give to me that instrument which thou hast taken into thine hands, and of which thou dost not know the use, and I will make thee richer than the Sultan FEROOZ, who possessed the treasures of *Iran* and *Turan*." I hesitated at these words; and being but very young, should have consented, if I had not recollected what he had said to the good Genius Dheeroh, and fancied that the instrument must have some great and uncommon virtues, and that perhaps it would keep me from all harm. Happy it would have been for me if I had had courage to resist! However, the hideous monster, finding himself foiled, began to threaten, that if I did not give him the talisman he would dash me to pieces, as he had done the good Genius. I was so terrified at his looks, that in my fright I happened to touch the strings of the instrument, when it sent forth a variety of delightful sounds that vibrated in the air for some minutes; when I was astonished to see the monster fall upon his face before me, uttering the following prayer: "O Son of the Earth! the possessor of the sweet-sounding JENTER, the music of the Genii of the fixed stars, of the blue sky, and of the winds, the talisman of the ARMA, or soul of the universe, that gives delight and peace, and softens the hardships of the race of Adam, do not

punish me with the voice of the angels and of guardian spirits of the four *Jebats*, or quarters of the world. Say what thou wilt, and we will obey thee. The hidden riches of the rock of MEHINDER are thine; and all that can delight the heart of mortals shall be given to the possessor of the talisman of the Princes of the good Dewtah." I confess that my curiosity was such, that seeing the iron gates beneath the rock, I demanded that he should show me those treasures, and the hidden mysteries of the place; which he consented to do; and at his command the doors opened on their hinges with a dreadful crash. The entrance was of black marble, which seemed stained with human blood. I was so terrified that I would gladly have stepped back; but the gates had closed after us, and I had no notion of striking the strings of the *Junter*. At length, lighted only by one lamp, we ascended a flight of black steps, which led to a long passage, at the end of which was another flight, that led to an apartment illuminated by ten thousand lamps, and large candles of camphor, and by torches held by innumerable of the lesser order of the evil spirits of the Dewtah. Here I beheld seated on a black ebony throne the powerful Genius Karufs, who rules over the wills of the children of men whenever they forsake for an instant, the protection of the good Genii. Karufs was of a monstrous stature, with three eyes in his forehead, and with one thousand hands: he had also an iron cap upon his head that seemed red hot entirely through. "Mighty Karufs! the torment of the good Dewtah, and the scourge of the children of men!" cried my conductor, "submit thyself to the cow-herd Chanda, who is possessed of the virtues of the magic *Junter*, which is the music of the fixed stars, and of the air, and of the water: bend thyself to this mighty talisman, and worship it. At these words Karufs clapped his thousand hands together, descended from his throne, and prostrated himself at my feet; and next required that I should seat myself upon it, and ordered the lower order of Genii, who were without number, to obey my commands. I was so elated at my good fortune, to be raised from a simple cow-herd to the throne of the Genii, that I scarcely knew what I was about. But as I was considering upon the wonders that I had witnessed, I

observed a beautiful white conch shell near me, lying upon a mat, from which I heard uttered distinctly the following words: "Happy Chanda! the favourite of the good Dewtah, of Indree, of Jum, and of Jyfan, order that I may be set free from the imprisonment of this shell, wherein I have been confined for seven hundred years. I am one of the Genii of the river Narbudda, and suffer this misfortune for having disobeyed the commands of the good Dewtah, which put me into the power of the wicked Genii Karufs and Nankee. Touch but the magic *Junter*, and immediately this shell will open, and I shall be free." I was preparing to answer this complaint, by striking the strings of the talisman, when a horrid shriek was heard in all corners of the palace. I was struck with such dismay that my cowardly heart occasioned me to let the instrument drop from my hands. I heard loud bursts of laughter proceed from all parts of the cavern at this accident; and before I could recover myself sufficiently to know what I was about, I had the misery to see the wicked Karufs seize hold of the talisman with one of his thousand hands. In vain I attempted to ask it again: they only scoffed at and ridiculed me; and two of the Genii hurled me down from the throne. I fell upon the steps; and they were just about to strike me with their scourges, when Karufs ordered them to desist. "Do not let us trouble ourselves," cried he, "to execute just now our vengeance upon this foolish wretch, who has dared to pry into the mysteries of the evil Dewtah: for the present, plunge him into the deepest cave of the rock Mehinder, until we may hold a council what we shall do with him. At these words the two Genii dragged me down some steps into a wet cavern, where there was no light whatever, but from a single lamp that had a green flame, and emitted a noisome vapour. Two scorpions were crawling along the walls, and a serpent lay coiled up in the middle of the chamber, and which extended itself at my approach, and began to hiss. It was now, as I thought, that I should recollect the precepts of the old Hindoo; but despair seized hold of my mind; yet neither the scorpions nor the serpent had hurt me: and, on the contrary, I observed that a circle of liquid fire was drawn round, without which they could by no means pass, and which

which was doubtless the celestial fire of the shining onyx *Sagoré Kerant*. I had lain but a short time in this place, when one of my conductors came to me, and desired me to follow him. I was led to the foot of the throne of Karus. "Son of Man!" cried he, "the Genius Karus desires to forgive thy rashness, and will even restore to thee the magic *Junter* with three strings, provided that thou mayest consent from this time to travel among men, and to obey the evil Dewtah. Do this, and the punishment which was intended thee shall be no more thought of; and the riches of the rock Mehinder shall not be wanting to Chanda. I confess that at this time I thought, as I had done before, on the precepts of the Hindoo; but I had not strength or courage to refuse the offers of Karus. Yet though I consented to be wicked, I thought that when I could once again get possession of the magic *Junter*, that I could make the Genii subservient to me, and deliver myself from their power. Alas! how vain is the hope that arises only out of evil, and how dangerous is it to trust to it to produce good. I bowed my head to the mighty Karus, who descended and put into my hand what I took to be the talisman of Atma. "Go!" cried he, "and travel among the children of men in the habit of a musician. Whatsoever riches thou desirest shalt be at thy will. Yet remember one caution, which is, that if ever thy base mind should incline thee to do good to MAN, that instant some one of the evil Dewtah, who will be ever about thee, and who are as innumerable as the atoms of the world, will plunge thee into the deepest part of the rock Mehinder next the ocean." I was so much frightened at this discourse, that I did not answer a word, but bowing my head, descended the steps, until I found myself near the gates, which opened at my approach.

As soon as I found myself in the open air, and at liberty, I was going to strike the strings of the magic *Junter*, that I might subdue the evil Dewtah; but some apprehensions which I could not account for, prevented me. I passed on; and seeing a beautiful *Baril* of gold plumage upon a fig-tree, I was resolved to try the effect of the celestial melody. I touched carelessly the strings of the *Junter*, and the sweetest sounds I ever heard were immediately produced. As I expected, the bird

fluttered, and came to my feet; but what was my astonishment, when, stooping to take it up, I found nothing but a putrid carcase. As I could in no wise account for this wonder, I pursued my way, with a resolution of trying the effect of my talisman at the next village.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHICAL and LITERARY NOTICES
concerning the late Dr. JAMES BEATTIE,
PROFESSOR of MORAL PHILOSOPHY
and LOGIC in the MARESCAL COL-
LEGE of NEW ABERDEEN.

MR. JAMES BEATTIE was born in the year 1735. His father was a small farmer in the county of Kincardine, in the north of Scotland; one of that class of men who, from the peculiar circumstances of their local situation in renting a few acres of land, are rather declined to be comfortable than rich, and whose ambition is gratified, if, from the produce of their soil, they are able to rear a family in an humble but reputable condition.

It is matter of regret, that so few particulars can be known concerning the infancy and childhood of such as are destined, in future life, to become distinguished by their genius and intellectual attainments. When a child is born, no person can perceive whether he shall be a wise man or a fool. He is reared up as a common undistinguished individual of the species, whether he possess or possess not from nature that peculiar aptitude and fitness of temperament which constitute genius. After a few years, he begins to show to what class he belongs: if to the former, the latent energies of his nature begin to work, the hidden germs of talent are gradually untold, the blossoms flourish in primeval beauty, and, under auspicious circumstances, the future fruit may be expected. From this period, in the progress of genius, more or less attention is generally directed to observe its peculiarities, and mark its future development.

Those symptoms, which have been mentioned as characteristic of talent, are only the *effects* of numerous combinations of causes, which, under the influence of the original temperament, have produced them. These combinations of causes, however, have altogether

ther escaped notice, and have no otherwise been known to exist, but by the effects they are perceived to have produced. These are observed and admired, without reflecting upon the manner in which they have come to exist, without having accurately marked those physical, moral, and local circumstances, which have, in conjunction, occasioned their display. But there is the greatest probability, that upon these circumstances, *in early infancy*, modified by the natural organization, genius and talent of every kind depend: Therefore, no precise knowledge of its origin, its growth, and natural history, can be acquired, without the most assiduous and continued attention to those various and intermingled circumstances,—from the moment of human existence, until their effects begin to be displayed.

These remarks are, perhaps, more applicable to those who have distinguished themselves in the fine arts, than to any other class of literary men, and in particular to poets.

We have no means of becoming acquainted with the dispositions and incidents which marked the childhood of Beattie; but were they all enumerated, and were it possible that we could behold him in every scene from the cradle to the school, it might then be possible, perhaps, to catch the circumstance which first strongly impressed his youthful fancy with devotion to the Muses, and to ascertain the lucky period from which he was destined to be a poet.

Anecdotes of children are always agreeable; but those little stories which describe the character of children who possess the rudiments of genius, would be still more interesting. Few of these are ever known. But when the science of mind shall be more closely studied, when mankind in general shall be convinced that it is necessary, in this study, to attend to the transactions of the nursery, as well as those of the field; to watch the operations of growing intellect, as well as those of its maturer vigour; we may then expect a gratification and enlargement of curious knowledge, which at present can only be predicted.

It is probable that Beattie, in delineating the character of Edwin, in the *Minstrel*, drew it from his own, in early youth. This character is more

or less common to every boy of poetical genius; and we may therefore suppose, that the childhood of our young poet would be often spent in solitary contemplation, and in ruminating among those objects of grandeur and rural beauty which formed the delight of the young *Minstrel*.

“ But why should I his childish feats display ?

Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;

Nor ear’d to mingle in the clamorous fray

Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,

Or roam’d at large the lonely mountain’s head ;

Or, where the maze of some bewilder’d stream

To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,

There would he wander wild, till Phœbus’ beam,

Shot from the western cliff, releas’d the weary team.

“ Lo ! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves

Beneath the precipice, o’erhung with pine ;

And sees, on high, amidst th’ encircling groves,

From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine ;

While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,

And echo swells the chorus to the skies : Would Edwin this majestic scene resign

For aught the huntsman’s puny craft supplies ?

Ah ! no ; he better knows great Nature’s charms to prize.

“ And oft he trac’d the uplands, to survey,

When o’er the sky advanc’d the kindling dawn,

The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,

And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn ;

Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,

Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;

And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,

And villager abroad at early toil,—

But lo ! the sun appears ! and heav’n, earth, ocean, smile.

“ And

" And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to
 climb,
 When all in mist the world below was
 lost.
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand
 sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert
 coast,
 And view th' enormous waste of va-
 pour tost
 In billows, length'ning to th' horizon
 round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains
 now embos'd,
 And hear the voice of mirth and song
 rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the
 hoar profound.
 " In truth, he was a strange and way-
 ward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful
 scene ;
 In darkness, and in storm, he found de-
 light ;
 Nor less, than when on ocean-wave
 serene
 The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling
 scene.
 Even sad vicissitude amos'd his soul,
 And if a sigh would sometimes inter-
 vene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wist'd not to
 control."

After young Beattie had finished his
 education at the country school, he was
 sent to the College of New Aberdeen.
 His father, it is probable, was induced
 to bestow upon his son an university
 education, from some hopes of patron-
 age from the Earl of Errol. The abili-
 ties of the young grammarian might
 likewise induce his father to hope,
 that, by the possession of learning, his
 son might be enabled to procure a live-
 lihood, either as a schoolmaster or a
 clergyman, without that degree of bod-
 ily labour which he himself had un-
 dergone.

In the interval of the College sessions,
 we find young Beattie employed in
 teaching a school at Alloa, in Clack-
 mananshire ; an occupation common to
 almost every literary character in Scot-
 land, who has risen from the lower
 ranks of life. In this situation, and in
 others similar to it, he increased his
 acquaintance with the principles of
 grammar, and acquired that accurate
 classical knowledge for which he was
 afterwards so eminently distinguished.

His predilection for the Muses was
 likely to be enhanced from this re-
 sidence. There is no talent more aid-
 ed by local situation than poetical fan-
 cy ; and the beautiful windings of the
 river Forth, with the amenity of its
 contiguous fields, would not fail to
 deepen impressions which had formerly
 taken place, to recall and strengthen
 associations which other scenes had cre-
 ated, and to awaken all the delicate sen-
 sibilities of the heart on which poetry
 is founded.

Mr. Beattie afterwards taught a school
 in his native county of Kincardine ;
 and some time after, he became assistant
 to the master of the grammar-school of
 Aberdeen. In this situation, an inti-
 macy commenced betwixt the assistant
 and the daughter of the schoolmaster,
 which soon ripened into a mutual affec-
 tion, and in the end occasioned their
 marriage.

Certain incidents, and in particular
 the important event of marriage, have
 often no little influence in modifying
 the views, and determining the sub-
 sequent conduct, of a person through
 life. Immediately after Mr. Beattie's
 marriage, it is probable that his inten-
 tion was to continue the profession of
 teaching, to endeavour to succeed his
 father-in-law in the grammar-school
 of Aberdeen, and to devote the rest
 of his life to this laborious occupa-
 tion. But a more brilliant literary
 character awaited him, and he was des-
 tined, though still to continue a teach-
 er, yet to instruct in a more dignified
 sphere.

Notwithstanding the severe duties
 which must be daily performed by a
 schoolmaster, and the tendency which
 going daily through the same irksome
 task must have in freezing the flow of
 the imagination, Mr. Beattie continued
 to be still smitten with the love of
 song ; poetry was the darling pursuit
 of his heart, and it insinuated deeper
 and deeper into his affections.

He now thought of committing some
 of his productions to the world ; and
 in 1765 he published a volume of ori-
 ginal poems and translations. In 1765
 appeared another poem of his, entitled
 " The Judgment of Paris." He was
 then about twenty-five years of age ;
 his poetical talent was not yet fully
 concocted ; and though these speci-
 mens possessed a considerable degree
 of poetical merit, and were well re-
 ceived, yet the author has since repent-

ed of appearing as a poet so early before the public, and has omitted the greater number of them in a late edition of his poems.

Mr. B. had now acquired some poetical reputation. He was known to be possessed of learning: his studious disposition continually urged him to acquire more: he was entitled to be raised above the drudgery of teaching children; and, through the influence of the Earl of Errol, he was elected a Professor in that College where he himself had been a student.

The contrast betwixt the schoolmaster at Alloa and the Professor in the University of Aberdeen, was sufficiently striking. Mr. Beattie no doubt felt it in its full force; and he resolved to act in a manner worthy of his dignified situation. Poetry had probably engrossed a great number of his leisure hours previous to this period, but studies more immediately necessary now claimed his whole attention. He determined not to be an inactive member of the honourable body to which he belonged, but to prove, by his diligent application, and his philosophical exertions, that he was worthy of the seat to which he had been elevated.

An active and penetrating mind will at all times discover excellent subjects on which to exercise its powers; but this was a period fruitful in investigation, and especially of those objects which more peculiarly belonged to Mr. Beattie's sphere of study in the University. The philosophy of mind was the fashionable pursuit, and had been treated by several eminent authors, and, in particular, by Mr. Hume. The opinions of this writer, and his conclusions on the subjects of his research, were characterised by a boldness which had seldom been equalled in any country, and never in Scotland. But though Hume's reasonings led to the most boundless scepticism, and were so opposite to the sober spirit of thinking previously cherished in Scotland; yet such were the acuteness of his powers, and the ingenuity of his logical inductions, that he had become the leader of a new school, and formed the opinions of many who had formerly belonged to a more temperate philosophy. The abettors of the old systems were alarmed at his conclusions; they grieved to see such dangerous notions acquire so extensive an influence; they were anxious for what appeared to them to be the

cause of truth and sound philosophy, and directed all their powers to confute the reasonings and to overturn the positions, of this mighty opponent.

Dr. Reid had already begun the attack, in 1764, in his excellent "Inquiry into the Human Mind;" and Mr. Beattie published his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism," in the year 1770.

It has sometimes been alledged, that the motive which induced Mr. B. to oppose the writings of Hume was not of the purest nature,—that he was excited by personal chagrin, and a desire to revenge some insult he had received from Hume. Whether or not this was the case, it is not our business to inquire. The motives which a writer may have for his publication are not of so much concern to the public as the merits of his work; whether it contains an able treatment of its subject, and accomplishes what was purposed.

The popularity which the *Essay on Truth* obtained for its author was very extensive. It was eagerly perused by all who were fond of pneumatological studies, and received the warmest approbation of those who shuddered at the view of the *Ideal Philosophy*. Its fame was equally extensive in England. The Common-Sense philosophers rejoiced at having this defence of their system; the most unbounded praises were lavished upon the Professor of the North; and it was even suggested by some eminent in power, to have him converted from the Church of Scotland, and to present him with a dignified benefice in the English Church.

The impolicy of this proposition was, however, soon recognised. It was observed, that the writings of a Clergyman in defence of religion were more liable to be viewed as an interested defence of the opinions of his order, than the unprejudiced productions of a layman; and that Beattie could more essentially serve the cause of truth, and with better grace, as a Professor of Moral Philosophy in Scotland, than as a Bishop in the Church of England. As a compensation for past, and an inducement for future exertions, he was, therefore, presented with an annuity of 200l.; and "it was understood, that thus pensioned, he should lie on the watch, and confute every sceptical and profane opinion that should, after all
that

that he had written, dare to start up in the world *."

Perhaps the most pleasing advantage which Beattie derived from the publication of his work was, its being the occasion of his obtaining the acquaintance and friendship of many learned and eminent characters in England. The acquisition of a circle of learned friends is the most valuable and soothing reward of literary toil, because the correspondence and conversation which result from such connexions are equally productive of further instruction and the most refined pleasure. The author of the Essay on Truth was now entitled to the attention of the literary world; he was to be considered as adding one more to the literati of his country, and as a distinguished member of the republic of letters. Among his brethren at home, he was highly respected; and whenever he went to London, his company was courted by persons of illustrious rank,—by all who were celebrated for literature, or venerable in the Church.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, at this time, presided over the literature of England. The acquaintance of Beattie with him took place in the year 1771, through the following introductory letter of Mr. Boswell, and continued with mutual kindness till Dr. Johnson's death:—

"To Dr. JOHNSON.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The bearer of this, Mr. Beattie, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, is desirous of being introduced to your acquaintance. His genius, and learning, and labours, in the service of virtue and religion, render him very worthy of it; and as he has a high esteem of your character, I hope you will give him a favourable reception.

"I am, &c.

"JAMES BOSWELL."

Though Mr. Beattie had obtained greater fame as a philosopher than perhaps the merits of his work deserved, in this year (1771) appeared another production, of a very different kind, and on which his reputation will be founded with a greater degree of stability and permanence than upon all his other works. This was, "Book I of

the Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius." The second book followed in 1774.

The subject of this delightful poem had, it is probable, occurred to Beattie at a period of life comparatively early. It is altogether in unison with the romantic emotions of the youthful heart: and from the moment when it first struck the fancy of the juvenile poet, it had been warmly cherished in secret, and gradually enlarged, as the poetical fancy dilated, and the intellectual resources of the author became more extensive. The elementary sentiments of the Minstrel had been conceived in the country, among rural delights, when the imagination was highly susceptible of those impressions which are never to be erased, and which modify all future associations. But the principal finishing was executed in 1768, and it was polished from time to time until its publication.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ACCOUNT of the CHURCH of STRATFORD BOW, MIDDLESEX.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THERE are few places in the vicinity of London which are more interesting, from the evident marks of antiquity that are displayed in and about them, than the village of Bow, or, as it is more correctly termed, Stratford Bow, in the county of Middlesex; the view of the Church of which forms a picturesque embellishment to this Magazine.

The village itself seems originally to have derived its importance, first, from an ancient ford near one of the Roman highways; and, secondly, from a bridge of one arch over the river Lea, built by Henry the 1st, probably at the instance of Matilda, his Queen, who, as it is stated, in attempting to pass the Ford, "got well washed in the stream." Indeed Leland says, that it was she that "caused two bridges to be builded in a place one mile distant from the Old Ford, now called the Bowe, because the bridge was arched like unto a bowe; a rare piece of work, for before that time the like had never been seen in England. The other was over the little brook, commonly called the Channelse Bridge. Moreover, she gave manors and a mill, commonly called Wig-

gen

* Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Vol. II.

gen Mill, to the Abbess of Barking, for the repairing of the bridges and highwaie."

This account of Leland differs in many particulars from one delivered upon oath at an inquisition taken before Robert de Retford and Henry Spigurnall, the King's Justices, in the year 1303. The Jurors (upon their oaths) declared, that at the time when Matilda, the good Queen of England, lived, the road from London to Essex was by a place called Old Ford, where there was no bridge, and during great inundations was so dangerous, that many passengers lost their lives; which coming to the good Queen's ears, she caused the road to be turned where it is now, namely, between the towns of Stratford and Weltham, and of her bounty caused the bridges and road to be made, except the bridge called Chanier's Bridge, which ought to be repaired by the Abbot of Stratford.

The parish-church of Stratford Bow, which we are now contemplating, dedicated to St. Mary, was built in the year 1311, in consequence of a license granted by Bishop Baldock (dated from Stepney) to the inhabitants of Stratford and Old Ford, to build a chapel (of ease), they being so far distant from the parish-church of Stepney, and the roads in winter impassable, by reason of the floods. The original structure, it will be observed, although tottering with decay, still remains; which is a curious circumstance, as it exhibits a correct specimen of the *second rate* ecclesiastical architecture of the period when it was erected. It consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles separated from the nave by octagonal pillars and pointed arches.

On the left side of the church from London, (as may be observed in the View), there is a very large old house, now appropriated to the purpose of a workhouse for the parish of Stratford Bow. Its exterior, as far as we have had occasion to observe it, exhibits marks of considerable antiquity; that is to say, from the window-frames, door-cases, &c., we believe it to be about the age of Henry the VIIIth, when it was probably either built or repaired.

Edmond Lord Sheffield, who distinguished himself in the sea-fight against the Spanish Armada, resided at Stratford Bow in 1613. Would it be carrying conjecture too far to suppose his residence was in this house, then the

best in the town? especially as the ornaments and arrangements of its interior seem to sanction the hypothesis.

Among many extracts from the parish-register, two that are very curious appear; and as they relate to persons equally celebrated in their different professions, we shall requote them.

"William Penkethman," (the Comedian), "batchelor, of St. Paul's, Covent garden, and Elizabeth Hill, *maiden*, of St. Paul, Shadwell, married Nov. 22, 1714."

"The Rev. John Henley," (the celebrated orator, who was indeed as much a comedian as his precursor,) "of St. Andrew, Holborn, and Mary Clifford, married Feb. 1st, 1725-6."

We cannot take leave of this village without observing, that it was once celebrated for the manufacture of china, which obtained the appellation of Bow china, though the works were on the other side of the river Lea. We have seen some specimens of this ware extremely beautiful; but the rise of the potteries, and the opposition of the Chelsea, Worcester, Salop, and Derby, porcelain manufactories, caused these works to stop.

In ancient times, Stratford was famous for a company of White and Brown Bakers, who used to send their bread in carts and on horses to the environs of the metropolis, and most *grievously* to undersell the Londoners. This was frequently complained of by them; but as the opposition thus created was, by the people in power, thought beneficial to the poor, it was never legally countermanded.

SKETCHES of a WALK to the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY and DUNLUCE CASTLE.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,

Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow;

Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad.

THOMSON.

THE mountain tops were just tinged with the first beams of Phœbus, when, accompanied by a friend, I set off from Coleraine, which is ten miles from Newtown; the towns are nearly on a level, but a range of mountains stretch between them, from which they are situated nearly at equal distances; the

the view from the west side of the mountains is over a rich and extensive valley, filled with orchards, bleach-greens, woods, villas, the town of Newtown-Limavady, and an extensive view of Lough Foyle; while the east side presents you with the view of a poor bare country, unadorned by woods or orchards; but this is more than recompensed by some sublime views of the Deucalionian sea, part of the county Antrim, and, in clear weather, some of the Scottish western islands.

Coleraine stands on such low ground, that we were immediately at it before we observed any appearance of it, traversed a poor solitary street of mean houses, running north and south, but, on turning the fourth corner, we were struck with admiration and amazement: before us lay a beautiful street, through which ran the river Bann, over which is a handsome wooden bridge; the market-house, bridge, vessels at the quay, and populousness of this street, altogether form a beautiful prospect.

From Coleraine to Spital-hill, (quarter of a mile,) the view is beautiful; the fields presenting all the different shades of colour, from the rich yellow to the vivid green; here transient glimpses of the Bann, the groves of Jackson Hall, and views of Mr. Blackard's and Mr. Curtis's, form a landscape worthy of the poet's pen or painter's pencil. From this to Cloy-finn, about two miles from Coleraine, the appearance of the country is poor. Cloy-finn consists of a few scattered neat houses, with pretty extensive plantings, on irregular ground, on which the eye of the traveller settles with rapture, after having been so long disgusted with the cheerless country he had passed. About three miles from Coleraine passed Bardeville, the seat of ——— M^cNaghten, Esq. A little farther on, saw the house of the late Dr. Cameron, author of the "Messiah;" it is a neat little white house, and indicates the owner to have possessed a portion of that humility which so well become the ministers of the "lowly Jesus." Saw, about a mile from the road, the remains of Ballylack Castle, formerly belonging to one of the M^cQuillan family; it is still pretty large. What mournful pleasing ideas does the view of such places raise in our minds!

"Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged day? thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield."

OSSIAN.

From this to Bush Mills the country is more diversified, and consequently more pleasing. Bush Mills, a small village, (six miles from Coleraine,) seated on the east side of the river Bush, consisting chiefly of one street, running parallel with it: it is not devoid of beauty, and contains some good houses, whose white appearance gives the place a lively air: in the town and precincts are a chapel, ruined church, and two meeting-houses.

May charity induce them benevolently "to tolerate all religions, not as regarding them with equal indifference, but as permitting that which God permits."

About a mile from Bush mills, passed the house of ——— Wray, Esq.; it is an addition of modern to ancient building. From this we beheld a most enchanting prospect; the day was sultry, and a light vapour hovered o'er the "great deep;" at times, the sun broke the interposing clouds, and darted his rays on the sails of a few vessels, and again he was obscured, and they were immersed in mist; it strongly resembled the illusive appearances of evening, when

"Waving woods, and villages, and streams,
Are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld."

THOMSON.

About a mile further, we descended from the road, and followed a small and dangerous path, along the sides and base of those lofty hills, which there bound the fury of the waves; their appearance in some places is terrific, and threaten immediate destruction to the traveller. The causeway runs, like a large mole or quay, from the foot of those hills into the sea, having a gradual declension; it is upwards of 700 feet in length, and composed of pillars, from three to eight sides, each pillar composed of a number of joints of different lengths, the convex end of one joint always meeting a concave socket in the next; and its general appearance much resembling a solid honey-comb.

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comb.

comb. It is (in my opinion) the minute regularity, the resemblance it has to the most finished works of man, which is the object of admiration; yet people are in general disappointed: they had formed ideas of something grand, something they could not tell what, but they are much disappointed by so humble an appearance. It is only the man of information and reflection who can see the beauty of it; he admires it as one of the most curious of the works of Nature; and, from the works of Nature, by an easy train of reasoning, he ascends to Nature's God, and is lost in wonder, admiration, and praise!

Returned to and slept in Bush-mills; arose in the morning with renovated spirits, and, while breakfasting, my companion remarked how exquisite was Goldsmith's well-known picture of the village ale-house,—

“The white-wash'd wall, the nicely
fanded floor,
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind
the door.”

Left Bush-mills, and took the road to the shore; and, after walking about a mile, came to Port Ballintre, which is an opening of the land, a few hundred yards in length, and of a semi-circular form; the road led us to the centre of the port, and never was I conscious of the sense of sight conveying such an assemblage of ideas to the mind as I here felt. Before us lay the sea, in all its majesty; not a breath of wind agitated its surface, or disturbed the serenity of its appearance; no vapour hindered our sight from wandering over the wide expanse; one solitary vessel, scarce seen “where the round æther mixes with the wave,” broke the wild grandeur of the scene, recalled our astonished thoughts, which had “nearly staggered with the immensity of our conceptions.” The objects immediately around us were fascinating; on the east side was the quay, houses, vessels, &c., and on the west, Seaport Castle, a small modern, elegant building, cas'd with freestone of the finest quality; the door, windows, &c., adorned with all the beauties of architecture; round the top of the house is a terrace, with railing, urns, pillars, &c., of freestone. On the hill, 2 or 300 yards east of the port, there is a striking memento of the “days of

other years;” it was an encampment, formed by two circular embankments, about twelve feet high, and as far from each other, each embankment containing a small one in its centre of equal strength; the eastern is 230 yards in circumference, and the western 390.

About a mile from Port Ballintre saw the ruins of Dunluce Castle. In viewing those relics of the works of man, how are we struck with the shortness of all sublunary things! here, in those walls, which formerly resounded to the harp and the viol, the owl and the raven hath taken up their abode; and those floors, on which the sons and daughters of men had mingled in the sprightly dance, are now covered with brambles and nettles!

“I have seen the walls of Balcutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle thock, there, its lonely head; the moos whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the window, the rank grails of the wall waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moira, silence is in the house of her father. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! They have but fallen before us: for, one day, we must fall.”

OSSIAN.

Dunluce Castle is built on an isolated rock, which is 400 feet long, 60 broad, and from 200 to 240 feet high; it was joined to the hill opposite by a bridge 18 feet long, which was built over the narrowest and lowest part of the chasm; a rugged wall, about eighteen inches broad, is all that remains of it, and is the only means of approaching the castle: the walls rise perpendicularly on all sides of the rock, and are great part of them entire. From the bridge, a range of offices, or barracks, or perhaps both, 270 feet in length, form two spacious courts, bounded by a high wall: here, where the soldiers rushed out to meet the enemy, where the horse “swallowed the ground with fierceness and rage,” is now a heap of ruins, and only affords shelter to the rat and the weazel.

The castle rock is perforated by the waves, which have formed under it a noble cavern, the whole length of the rock, from 20 to 30 feet broad, and upwards of 60 feet high. Here the magnificent arch, the sea dashing into
it

it with tremendous noise, and the unbounded view of the ocean, filled us with fear, admiration, and praise!

The original lord of this castle, and its territories, was an Irish Chief, called McQuillan, but who thoughtlessly suffered the Scottish clan of McDonalds, (who, by an intermarriage, had got footing in Ireland,) to grow in strength, until they beat him out of all his possessions.

Newtown-Limavady.

SCHOOLS.

*Tanto conspectius in se,
Crimen habet quanto majus qui peccat,
habetur.*

IT has long been my intention (which I at present fulfil) to send you some remarks, in your office of inspector-general, upon the state of our public schools at present. Many are the evils which, through length of time, or perhaps I may say carelessness, have crept into our most celebrated seminaries of learning and science, some of which are indeed of the first magnitude, as they influence not only the present, but future conduct of a boy's life. Of these, the principal ones that I shall mention are the system of *fagging*, and that of *telling*:—the first of these is certainly rather calculated to form tyrants and slaves than gentlemen and scholars; but the lesser boys reap no small advantages from being defended by their masters, who, like the Roman Patroni, take their part upon all occasions, whether right or wrong. This evil may proceed from the *carelessness* of the master; but there is another of far greater magnitude, which can only proceed from their *encouragement*; I mean, informing secretly of what passes among their school-fellows. This may appear at first a slight and trivial error; but its effects are by no means trivial. It is the duty of the master to inculcate a noble and manly spirit into his boys, but this is encouraging a cowardly, and I may add a villainous, disposition. I remember, when I was at school, the master has often told me to give him just an *intimation* of what was going forward; but the detestation I felt for such conduct has always deterred me. If any thing is told, let it be done in an open and manly way, not as if you were afraid the walls might hear you, and report your secret information to the

person you are accusing. If, Mr. Editor, you think these observations are entitled to any regard, or likely to serve any beneficial purpose, the insertion or acknowledgment of them will particularly oblige

Your constant reader,
SCHOLASTICUS.

ACCOUNT of the BATTLE of TRAFALGAR: In a LETTER from JACK HANDSPECK, on board the TEMERAIRE, to his LANDLORD, BOB SPUNYARN, at the COMMON HARD, PORTSMOUTH.

To Mr. Bob Spun yarn, at the Sign of the Jolly Boat Boys, Public House, Common Hard, Portsmouth.

Temerary, Dec. 2, 1805.

OLD SHIPMATE,

I WRITE these presents, because as how I know that you and Sal will like to hear fun'at of the great fight that we've had, off Trafalgar, as they call it; and a noble affair it was to be sure. If our brave Commander hadn't fallen, we sho'd have liked it better; but so it pleased the HIGH ADMIRAL OF ALL, and so you know we sho'd'n't complain: but had it been my mesmate honest Bob Binnacle, or even Sal, I could not have grieved more. LORD NELSON was a brave Officer, and a seaman's friend, and never gave a lubber the best birth, nor made a Quarter-Master of a hand who was only fit to pick oakum or sweep the decks. If it had been the Purser, or the Captain's Clerk, or the Surgeon's Mate, though for my part I like them all well enough, it wo'd'n't have matter'd the strapping of a topsail-sheet block: but the gallant NELSON to broach to, to start about, to be let go by the run; By the mizen-mast!! I would have given my allowance of grog for six months to come, and have had nothing but banyan days, to have saved his precious life. However, clap the jigger-tackle on your spirits, honest Bob; for our Chaplain says, that the brave NELSON is not dead, but that he liveth; and he must know more about it than we do. Well! fair weather, light breezes, and a smooth sea to him, wherever he may be stationed.

But to tell you all about the action. So you see, on Monday, the 21st of last month, Cape Trafalgar bearing E. and by S., we discovered the Frenchmen and Dons two or three leagues away to the Eastward, and our Commander

in Chief made the signal at his main-head. So away we bore up, going in two columns, at the rate of about six knots an hour through the water; and then we made what they call an *edge-along* movement; though for my part, not knowing naval *tipticks*, I can't say that I altogether understand what they mean by it: but it was all right, as our gallant NELSON planned it before hand; though some of your land-lubbers say that he had it from one CLERK, which I don't believe a word of, as I am sure our Captain's Clerk, who is no bad scholar, co'dn't have hit upon such a puzzle for the Frenchmen for all the salt junk in the TEMERARY. However, they may say what they will about moves, I know that it was the devil of a *move* for the enemy, that's all. To be sure, I don't know much about your *revolutions*, as they call them; but I'll be bold to say, that I can hand, reef, and steer, and heave the lead, with Mr. CLERK, or any of his acquaintance; yaye, and knot and splice too.

Well, there were the Frenchmen and the Dons, and so we clear'd ship for action. Up all hammocks, and down with the chests. I was assisting to secure the yards, when, as the devil would have it, I jamm'd two of the fingers of my left fin all to smash in the main tackle fall: but that was nothing, you know: so I run down to the cockpit to ax the Doctor's Mate to have the kindness to clear away: and he brought out a fine cushion, and ever so many rattle-traps; but I soon call'd out avast to that. "Come, Doctor," said I, "there's no time for OTTAMIZING: you're not going to be a dog-warch about it." So I rummaged for my own knife that I kept for cutting away the top-gallant haulyards in a squall, and away went the ticklers. But tell Sal not to grieve, for I let Mr. SPLINTER put on some of his fother, which looked for all the world like chopp'd rope-yarns mixed up with grease and oakum, to stop the leaks, because you know I wou'dn't appear uncivil to any man. So no more of that: I was upon deck again in a jiffy. So you see all hands were now at quarters; and I can tell you that there wasn't much occasion to lay down the hatches, for an English seamen never skulks below when there's danger upon deck; and that's the reason that I don't like the name of our ship *Timerary*, because it sounds so like

Timerous. But our Captain's Clerk says, that the name is French, and that it means rash or fool-hardy; and rash enough they were to be sure, to have any thing to do with us.

Well: so now we bore down, you see, in close order, hauled up the courses, and got the bull-dogs ready. I was Captain of one of the guns on the main-deck. So, you see, I kept cracking my jokes as we cast off the muzzle-lashings, to show that I was just in humour for the fun. So now, having broke the enemy's line, and being muzzle to muzzle, we set to. "Bouce away, my boys!" says I: "handle your crows; and d—e but we'll crow over the enemy! Point well; take time, and bear a hand!"—"Now my little Temeraries!" called out our Second Lieutenant. It would have done your heart good to have heard him: and then the Admiral's signal, ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY. "Well; and if England expects it," said I, "the's in the right of it, for we will do it; and so here goes: OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER!" So, you see, when the order was given to fire, d—e but I put the lighted match which I held all ready in my hand, to the Gunner's daughter's ear, and d—e but she spoke to the Frenchmen as loud as she could. So now, you see, we got at it in earnest. Fire away Flannagan—Bow wow—More cartridges and plenty of shot—Batter the hulls, and splinter the decks—Zounds! what a spattering: load, fire, sponge, and load and fire again, till the Dons have a belly-full. But what do you think of our being boarded to starboard and larboard by a Don and a Frenchman. Shiver me! What a bustle! What a clatter! The devil to pay, and no pitch hot! Zounds! how we laid about us, 'till we drove them out of our decks into their own, or into the sea, for we stood to no repairs: and then we pull'd down their *rags*, and hoisted the BRITISH COLOURS. So now, you see, the fight was all over, and, of course, we had got the *Victory*: nineteen sail of the line, my boy. I don't remember the names of all the ships that we fought with; but I know there was one called MOUNT BLANK, commanded by Captain FILLAGREE, since taken by Sir Richard Strachan; and one of their Admirals was called Admiral Do-no-more.

Now

Now then, old Bob, I'll tell you a bit of my mind about the Frenchmen and Dons. To do them justice, they fought bravely enough: but, Lord love you, now! what's that? they're no seamen, lad! they hardly know the fore-sheet from the maintop-bowline! and as for working a ship, they know no more about it than I do of playing a guitar: their best seamen are little better than our waiters: they are fit for nothing but to handle a broom or a swab, to help to wash decks of a morning, and to clean out the hen-coops. As for this Mr. BONEYPARTY, you have no occasion to be dishearten'd, lad, about him, while we can beat him at sea. I wish that he'd once trust himself upon salt water; we'd blow the grampus with him, I warrant. Thof I shou'dn't like him to be present when we're serving out the grog, and on a fresh beef day; if once he got the *tormenters* in his hand, the devil of any body would be able to get a piece of grub out of the copper but himself. Zounds! if he was Jack of the bread-room! D——e but he'd keep all the soft Tommy, and put the rest of the world upon short allowance. He's a lubber that isn't even fit to be a *lob-lolly* boy, because he would give so much *opium* to the sick that he would kill them outright, in spite of the Doctor. He has no more humanity than a capstern bar, and his bowels are as hard as the pump gear. And what now, Bob, is that ambition of his after all, but a bad rigg'd vessel that wants ballast, carries her masts too taunt, is too crank, and for all the world like an Indiamen laden with cotton upon deck? and then she carries so much sail, and is in constant danger of oversetting; and that will happen some day or other, if he don't get the vessel into better *trim*. To be sure she has gone along before the wind for some time at the rate of sixteen knots an hour; but she'll broach to some day or other, or be brought by the lee, that you may take my word for, or else she'll get in among the rocks after she has *made* some land that her Commander don't know. Once among the breakers, she'll have so much headway that she'll soon carry away her false keel, and untenant her stern-post; and then away goes the frame to pieces all at once.

Now having told you all about the fight, I'll thank you to call of Mates

Kinchi, the Jew, in High-street, and tell him to get a pair of large silver buckles, two pair of white cotton stockings, two red Bandanna handkerchiefs, a gold watch and chain, and a riding-habit for Sal, against I come home; and I'll ax the Purser to sell him a side of the ship for his rattle-traps when we are paid off. Tell Sal, that being wounded I shall have something from the PATRIOTICK Society, as they call it, that does so much good, and cheers up the tars of Old England, when they lose a leg or an arm in the service of their country, and takes care of their wives after they are dead.

I have sent you a copy of a song on the occasion of the loss of our brave Commander, Lord Nelson, written by our Captain's Clerk, who you must know is a bit of a poet, and a great favourite, I assure you, in the ward-room, because he can palaver and give them some of your *white-lined chamber* talk. So, having no more to say than to give my love to Sal, I am yours until death,

JACK HANDSPECK.

The Copy of Verses sent herewith, as sung by Mr. ENTRY, the Captain's Clerk.

I.

SAM SPRITSAIL was a seaman true,

As ever lov'd his girl or bowl;

No landman's tricks Sam Spritsail knew,

Nor never skulk'd thro' lubber's hole.

II.

Sam Spritsail now would oft the land

From top-gallant-mast head descry;

And with an HELMSMAN's skillful hand

Could steer through a musquitoe's eye.

III.

And now, close off Trafalgar Bay,

The Gallic squadrons heave in sight;

ENGLAND EXPECTS! and we obey:

No British seaman shuns the fight.

IV.

But ah! though ENGLAND gains the day,

The loss of ENGLAND we deplore,

Since victory bears the news away,

The GALLANT NELSON is no more.

V.

A Quarter-Master, now at night

As Sam stands by the hour glass,

He tells the story of the fight,

While the minutes cheerlets pass.

VI.

Yet let not fearful terrors spread,

The foe we yet shall dare to meet;

For though our GALLANT NELSON's
dead.

His SPIRIT lives throughout the Fleet.

G B.

MEMOIR

MEMOIR of JOHN FRANCIS DE LA HARPE.

JOHN FRANCIS DE LA HARPE was born at Paris in 1739; his father was a Swiss, and a Captain of Artillery in the service of France. He had no fortune in prospect, and owed his education to the kindness of the Principal of the College d'Harcourt. The young la Harpe carried away the university prizes, and soon distinguished himself by his productions. At the age of twenty-five he gave to the stage his tragedy of Warwick, which met with great success; but his future essays in the same way did not answer the public expectations; with the exception of *Philoctetes*, translated from Sophocles. The absence of the female character is a singular trait in this tragedy; without love, the performance interests by its noble simplicity, and by bringing to our recollection the high state of the tragic art in Greece. Every year, besides his tragedies, this writer produced pieces of poetry, and prose essays, which were crowned with the prizes of the different academies. This honour was conferred on his eulogiums on Fenelon, Racine, Catinat, and Charles V. He had for a long time the charge of the literary part of the *Mercur*. Having shown himself a good poet and a good orator, he appeared with great *éclat* as a critic; he displayed a profound acquaintance with criticism, and a correct taste; of which his lectures at the Lyceum, or *Cours complet de Littérature*, furnish illustrious proofs. On this laborious work his fame is principally founded. Authors, it is true, are there sometimes treated with too much severity, but it every where discloses views favourable to the advancement of letters. Ordinarily in his literary judgments, we meet with that purity of stile to which he had reached, sound principles of taste, and a remarkable talent for discussion, as well as close and forcible reasoning; could he have commanded his passions when treating of his contemporaries, and had he adopted a stile less imperious and decisive, he might have filled with dignity the chair of Quintilian. His powers were considerable, but it was his misfortune greatly to over-rate them. When the revolution broke out, he cherished notions of reform, without carrying them to extremes: but when the reign of terror taught him that all was capable of being abused; when he saw the

ideas of liberty, equality, and justice, become rallying points for the factious; and when he had been confined in one of the prisons of the capital as a suspected person; he came out of it filled with indignation against tyranny, and inspired with zeal for that holy religion which it was attempted to overturn, by ridiculing its worship, and proscribing its Ministers. He had been the disciple and great admirer of Voltaire, who had rewarded with eulogiums his attachment to the party of the modern philosophers; he now declared himself their enemy, and attacked their principles in all his writings, from this period to his death. On the 18th Fructidor (4th Sept.) he was condemned to deportation: but he had the good fortune to conceal himself in a secure asylum, and to escape the proscription. He died in the winter of 1803, at the age of sixty-four. In his will these words occur: "I implore Divine Providence to answer the prayers which I have offered for the happiness of my country! May it long enjoy peace and tranquillity! May the holy maxims of the gospel be generally followed for the good of society!" M. de Fontanes, in a short and brilliant eulogium on him, says, "Letters and France have lost in la Harpe a poet, an orator, and an illustrious critic." He panegyricized the great men of the bright days of eloquence and poetry; while their spirit and their language are to be found in the writings of a disciple who had formed himself on their model. It was in their name that he attacked, to his last moment, false literary doctrines; and in this kind of combat his life was employed to secure the triumph of true principles. If this courageous devotion secured him fame, it did not insure him happiness. I cannot dissemble that the frankness of his character, and the impartial rigour of his censures, too often alienated benevolence from his name and his labours; so that he acquired only esteem where others would have obtained enthusiastic attachment. He expired at an age when the thoughts have lost nothing of their vigour, and when his talents had been strengthened and increased by the extraordinary events of the last twelve years. It is known that he had become a proselyte to those useful and consolatory opinions, on which the social system reposes: these not only enriched his ideas and his style with

new beauties, but they mitigated the sufferings of his latter days. The God whom Fenelon and Racine adored, comforted on the bed of death the eloquent panegyrist of these great and pious men. The works of de la Harpe have been collected in six volumes, 8vo; but this edition is very incomplete, and renders it desirable that another should be given to the public.

ESSAY on the IMPORTANCE of EARLY REPENTANCE and a RELIGIOUS LIFE.

"O! that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

DEUT. Chap. xxii, Ver. 29.

ON reading over the European Magazine for January last, my attention was much excited by a posthumous production of the late learned and scientific Sir William Jones, entitled the "ANDROMETER;" being a progressive scale of human attainments and enjoyments in their several degrees, through the whole progress of a man's life; beginning at the age of one year, and ending at the Psalmist's estimate of threescore and ten; which period the author has there appropriated and set apart to be employed on that most solemn and important subject, a "Preparation for Eternity."

As it is well known that the ingenious author above mentioned was, independent of his great mental acquirements, a truly pious and evangelical Christian, without doubt (to use the words of the introduction to his performance) "he was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human existence to allow himself to rest the momentous concern of his eternal welfare on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life;" and most certainly intended that the "Preparation for eternity," which he has placed at the end of the scale of his Andrometer, was not to be deferred until the seventieth year, but rather to be considered as the object to which he was perpetually to look, during the whole course of his life, and which was, *exclusively*, to engross the attention of his latter years.

In contemplating the subject before me, I could not avoid being seriously affected at the important consideration of how many persons there are, (and it is to be feared even among the loudest

advocates for Christianity,) who strictly observe the Andrometer in its *literal* sense; who consume the vigour of their youth, and the strength of their maturer years, in the ardent pursuit of sublunary enjoyments, and in striving to attain, what can be at best but an imperfect and unsatisfactory *, knowledge relating to things earthly and unimportant; while the most solemn and important duty of preparing for eternity, thrust to the bottom of the scale, is reserved as an employment for the declining years of their mortal existence, or perhaps, what is worse, deferred till the approach of that awful hour, when they are laid languishing upon a bed of sickness, and encircled round with the cold arms of death.

To the thinking mind it becomes a matter of serious reflection, when it is considered what numbers are daily cut off from their families and friends, and every connexion in life that is near and dear to them, by the sudden and unexpected stroke of death. This alone were surely sufficient to impress mankind with a due sense of the importance, the necessity, of an early preparation to meet that awful event, which we know not how soon may be the lot of us all. The present moment we may call our own, but the next is at the disposal of that God, who, before it arrives, may summon us to appear before his awful tribunal, there to give an account of the actions of our lives, whether they be good, or whether they be evil.

It is greatly to be lamented, that in an age like the present, which boasts so much of its philosophy and refinement, the ideas and actions of men should be continually running counter to the dictates of reason and common sense; more particularly in the important instance now under consideration, where they so justly confirm the truth of that observation of the celebrated author of "The Grave,"

"On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long
livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce find leisure for."

* See Prior's Ode on Exodus, iii, 14, "I AM THAT I AM," &c.

The momentous truth contained in these lines, with the awful solemnity of the poet's succeeding reflection on a subject so big with importance, affords a most striking appeal to the conscience of every one in a state of unconcern or indifference with regard to the affairs of their immortal souls.

———fools that we are!

Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O, more than
fottilh,

For creatures of a day, in gamesome
mood,

To frolick on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we
know,

The very first swoln surge shall sweep us
in.

One of the objections most frequently urged by the unthinking against a serious profession of religion, is founded on an opinion very prevalent amongst young people, (and by no means unusual with those advanced in years,) viz. that to attend *regularly* the preaching of the gospel, to allot a portion of their time to the investigation of the sacred writings, or, in short, to show any kind of concern for their eternal welfare, is at once to cut themselves off from all the pleasures and enjoyments of life:—'Tis true, this will be the means of alienating their affections from the *sinful* pursuits of the world, from the refined iniquities and fashionable frivolities of life; but let such be assured, on the contrary, that every kind of rational enjoyment, that *harmless* pleasures and amusements of every description, can be by no person whatever so fully enjoyed as by the truly serious Christian, receiving (if I may be allowed the expression) a double zest, from a conscientious discharge of the solemn and important duties of religion, and an early preparation to meet the more substantial enjoyments of an eternal hereafter.

Mankind in general would entertain a far better idea of the importance of religious exercises, and employ much less of their time in attaining the wisdom, and following the pursuits of this world, would they but duly weigh and consider the important aphorism of that great Christian Philosopher, John Locke; viz. that "for a man to understand fully the business of his particular calling in the commonwealth, and of

his RELIGION, which is his calling as he is a man in the world, is usually enough to take up his whole time."

I do not here mean to speak in derogation of a laudable pursuit of the various branches of learning and science; on the contrary, so far from considering this as incompatible with a true profession of the Gospel, without doubt, a proper knowledge of them is in many respects auxiliary to the system, and frequently serves to illustrate and give us a fuller comprehension of the infinite power and wisdom of God, in the formation and government of his creatures. It may be added, that the greatest, the most celebrated, of our philosophers and men of learning have ever been the best affected to the cause of Christ and the observance of a pure and undefiled religion: in proof of this, we need only to select from a host of witnesses, the names of a Boyle, a Newton, and an Addison.

From the authorities here cited, it will appear, that the observations now advanced are by no means the effusions of religious bigotry, or enthusiastic zeal, but contain the sentiments and opinions of some of the greatest men of our nation, who being also lay characters, could (as the vulgar are too apt to imagine) have no interest in promoting the views of the Church by publishing their sentiments in matters of a religious tendency: moreover, I have always been of opinion, that the sentiments and observations of such men carry with them more weight, and are better received by the great bulk of mankind, than those promulgated from the pulpit. I shall, therefore, close these remarks with recommending to the serious perusal of every one who has the interest of his soul at heart, the following forcible and impressive extracts, from the pen of one of the most illustrious characters that this or any other nation has ever produced—the brave, the unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh*:—

"God is he, from whom to depart is to die, to whom to repair is to revive, and in whom to dwell is life for ever. Be not then of the number of those that begin not to live till they be ready to die, and then, after a foe's desert, come to crave of God a friend's entertainment.

"Some there be, that think to snatch

* See his Remains.

heaven in a moment, which the best can scarce attain unto in the maintenance of many years; and when they have glutted themselves with worldly delights, would jump from Dives's diet to Lazarus's crown, from the service of Satan to the solace of a saint. But be you well assured, that God is not so penurious of friends, as to hold himself and his kingdom saleable for the refuse and reversion of their lives who have sacrificed the principal thereof to his enemies and their own brutish lust, then only ceasing to offend when the ability of offending is taken from them.

"It is a preposterous kind of policy in any wise conceit to fight against God till our weapons be blunted, our forces consumed, our limbs impotent, and our best time spent, and then, when we fall for faintness, and have fought ourselves almost dead, to presume on his mercy.

"It is a strange piece of art, and a very exorbitant course, when the ship is found, the pilot well, the mariners strong, the gale favourable, and the sea calm, to lie idly at the road; and when the ship leaketh, the pilot sick, the mariners faint, the storms boisterous, and the sea a turmoil of outrageous surges, then to launch forth, hoist up sail, and set out for a long voyage into a far country.

"Yet such is the skill of these *evening repenters*, who, though in the soundness of their health, and perfect use of their reason, they cannot resolve to cut the cables, and weigh the anchor that withholds them from God. Nevertheless, they feed themselves with a strong persuasion, that when they are astonished, their wits distracted, the understanding dusk'd, and their bodies and souls wracked and tormented with the throbs and gripes of a mortal sickness; then, forsooth, they will begin to think of their weightiest matters, and become sudden saints, when they are scarce able to behave themselves like reasonable creatures.

"No, if neither the canon, civil, nor the common law, will allow, that man perished in judgment should make any testament of his temporal substance, how can he that is animated with inward garboils of an unsettled conscience, distrained with the wringing fits

of his dying flesh, maimed in all his ability, and circled in on every side with many and strange incumbrances, be thought of due discretion to dispose of his chiefest jewel, which is his soul, and to dispatch the sole manage of all eternity, and of the treasures of heaven, in so short a spurt?

"No! no! they that will loiter in seed time, and begin to sow when others reap; they that will riot out their health, and begin to cast their accounts when they are scarce able to speak; they that will slumber out the day, and enter their journey when the light doth fail them; let them blame their own folly, if they die in debt, be eternal beggars, and fall headlong into the lap of endless perdition."

Islington, Oct. 16, 1805.

J. N.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *Antigua, October 16th, 1805.*

ENCLOSED are some observations upon the State of the Barometer in this Island, during the hurricane which happened here upon the 3d and 4th of September, 1805. They may be relied upon as perfectly correct; and some of your readers may probably be pleased to observe the variations of the barometer in this part of the world, which differ so considerably from those observed in Northern climates.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

J. B.

Account of Weather, with the State of the Barometer at the Island Antigua, from One o'Clock P. M. of the 3d of September, 1805, to Six o'Clock A. M. of the 5th.

N.B. The mercury in the glass where these observations were made usually stands, in fair settled weather, at 29 inches and 90 hundredth parts of an inch; at which point it was when the observer left his house on Saturday the 1st. The observations commence at ten o'clock on the 3d, at which time he returned home. The account of the barometer is kept in inches and hundredth parts of an inch.

L 112

Sept.

	Wind.	Barometer.		Observations.
		Inches.	100th.	
Sept. 3d, 7 o'clock P.M.	N.	29	70	{ Frequent heavy squalls, with showers of rain during the evening.
9 ———	N.W.	29	50	
4th, 3 ——— A.M.	W.	29	22	{ Continued storm from a little after, or about nine o'clock, with almost constant heavy rain—the mercury fell gradually to this point, where it remained stationary till seven—soon after which it began to rise.
7 ———	—	29	22	
$\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 ———	—	29	25	{ Frequent and tremendous squalls, with sheets of rain. From about eight or nine o'clock the wind getting to the southward.
$\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 ———	S.W.	29	30	
2 o'clock P.M.	—	29	33	{ From about twelve, wind and rain more moderate—but still squally, with heavy showers.
4 ———	—	29	37	{ The weather more tempestuous, and the storm increasing—heard some distant thunder a little before four o'clock.
6 ———	—	29	40	{ Constant and dreadful storm, with torrents of rain for the last two hours.
7 ———	—	—	—	{ Wind as before, but less rain—wind getting more southerly.
$\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 ———	—	29	50	{ Wind and rain sensibly abated, but still the weather very tempestuous.
12 o'clock ———	—	29	60	{ Weather more moderate, but squally.
5th, 6 ——— A.M.	nearly S.	29	70	{ Weather unsettled, but the wind and rain very much abated.

About nine I left home, the glass remaining nearly as above; and it was some days before it got up to the usual point, viz. 29.90.

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

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

Remarks, Critical, Conjectural, and Explanatory, upon the Plays of Shakspeare; resulting from a Collation of the early Copies with that of Johnson and Steevens, edited by Isaac Reed, Esq.: together with some valuable Extracts from the MSS. of the late Right Hon. John

Lord Chedworth. Dedicated to R. B. Sheridan, Esq. By E. H. Seymour. 2 Vols. 8vo.

OF all the studies, or amusements, which have engaged the attention of the human mind, and employed the faculties of genius, (with the exception of

of those in which an author, scorning the limits of the contracted sphere of, *sometimes*, common sense, wanders in the flowery wilds of fancy, and raises a new creation around him,) the most fascinating and engaging are, perhaps, emendatory and conjectural criticism.

Our readers, who have, it is most probable, only considered critics as correctors of commas or colons, rectifiers of points, particles, and articles, and at most as collators of copies, will smile at our assertion. Yet we do not feel the smallest disposition to retract it; and if we did waver, the works of the Bard upon which so many men of the first eminence for their learning and talents, from Rowe down to Reed, have so largely expatiated, men whose names are identified with the literature of the country, would range on our side, and in the place of our argument bring with them what ought *always* to have been its end, namely *demonstration*.

Of all our early dramatic poets, it has appeared, from what we have already hinted, that Shakspeare has afforded to commentators a greater source of employment and amusement than any other. Why? The answer is ready, and probably true: because his text *was* the most corrupt, his fancy the most excursive, and, in many instances, his plays the least systematic of any. It is impossible, within our ordinary limits, to enter into a discussion of the questions that might branch from these prolific roots: indeed, the labours of his learned commentators have rendered it unnecessary; but, we conceive, with respect to the first, that Dr. Johnson has correctly characterized his style, where he states, that he deserves to be studied as one of the first refiners of our language: and we are convinced, from documents now before us, that his was infinitely more pure than the language of the first Ministers, the Nobility, and most learned men of his age; far purer than that exhibited in their familiar letters, in state papers, or even in the works of many of his cotemporary poets. In fact, the English language, however unsettled in the days of Elizabeth, must not be considered as corrupt, because we meet with many expressions in the works of our Bard that the learned do not perfectly understand; for we believe, that a number of words and phrases, which have puzzled the commentators, were local, professional, and many the pecu-

liar dialects of particular orders of persons; such as, under different idioms and modifications, exist at present, and of which the late Captain Grose took the pains to publish a dictionary.

The interpolations of the players, as they are believed to be, mult, we think, in many instances, have received the sanction of the authority of the Bard. They spake as he wrote, to the people in general. *Clinches* and *Quibbles*, the great precursors of *Puns*, were the oral and colloquial vices of his times: we meet with them in much graver writings than the plays of Shakspeare; therefore when we have seen so much learning levelled at those parts of his works, we have frequently thought it hardly fair to try him by a tribunal whose authority he did not acknowledge, and whose ordinances he did not understand.

With respect to the difficulty and delicacy of the task which he has undertaken, Mr. Seymour seems fully sensible; as he has thought it necessary to state, in an advertisement, "that he has sometimes, perhaps too rashly, overstepped the timid bounds which in the Introduction he had prescribed to himself, on the ground of conjectural restoration and rejection. This will appear most conspicuously, or perhaps most culpably, in *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Timon of Athens*. The attempt was experimental; and the author, like other adventurers too sanguine in their pursuits, must abide the consequence of his own temerity.

If this is not a sufficient apology for copious emendations, the pleasure which we have already suggested, an author sitting as a judge upon works of this nature, and causing, by his mental magic, all the plays and all the characters of our immortal Bard to pass *in review* before him, like the Royal Shades in *Macbeth*, the happiness of having the ideal creation of the first of our dramatic writers at his command, to dispose of them as he thinks proper, must supply the remainder, and complete his felicity.

Mr. S. begins his introduction by stating, "that after the labours of so many acute and judicious men as have, during almost a century past, successively applied their talents to *rectify* and explain the works of Shakspeare, it might reasonably be supposed that little room was left for further observation; that an authentic, or at least

an improved text, was firmly established; that all inaccuracies were repaired or noted; that the viciousness of interpolation, and the ignorance or idleness of transcribers and reciters, were no longer to be confounded with the effusions of the poet; and that every passage which had languished in the trammels of obscurity, was at length either redeemed to illustration, or abandoned finally to impervious darkness."

How our critic could be sanguine enough to expect this, if he had considered almost every commentator that has undertaken a revision of the works of this Bard as coming into the field with ideas, probably in a great degree dissimilar to those of his precursors, and with opinions formed upon judgment entirely his own, we are at a loss to conjecture. It would be wandering too wide from our mark to note the controversies that have occurred upon other subjects, or to state how the learned have on other occasions ranged themselves on opposite sides, and combated with a fury that could, perhaps, only be abated by the interference of some gigantic champion, who, like the corpulent man in Prior, has, by making the very crowd he took occasion to blame, attracted all their fury to himself.

That faults without even a comment have passed through every edition of Shakspeare's plays, no one will deny; but before we censure commentators for what they have *not done*, we ought to consider whether it was in their power, that is, we mean in their power to rectify them, and at the same time adhere to that fidelity which, probably, temporary and local allusions, exuberant genius, and prescriptive veneration, seemed to demand. The pruning-knife, on many occasions, may be an instrument of incalculable advantage; but it is certainly worth the consideration of a skilful gardener, whether, in too free a use, he may not, while he eradicates some of the *dead wood*, also lop many of the *living branches*.

Mr. S. has asserted, that interpolation does exist, and is frequent, in the works of our author. Upon this subject we have already hinted our opinion; to which we add, that we are ready to agree with him, that the true and the false lines are not very clearly distinguishable; but, however correct to the ear the prose in many parts of his writings may be, however tuneful some

parts of his versification, we are not to reject others as spurious because they are not altogether so harmonious: Shakspeare appears most commonly to have written from and to the impulse of the moment, from his own feelings, and to the passions and prejudices of his auditors; and no man who ever wrote hastily was always correct: therefore we can no more believe that because some of the stigmatized lines are irregular, and would, at this time, in some instances, be deemed ungrammatical, that they are interpolated, than we can those *slips of the pen* which are to be found in every other author from his age to the present.

That a man of learning and genius, who looks upon the works of one still greater, may, on many occasions, find room for amendment, by transposition, obliteration, and sometimes by addition, is sufficiently obvious; and that these pursuits constitute the pleasures of emendatory and conjectural criticism, no one will deny; but as they originate in a temporary triumph of our own understandings, and are derived from self approbation, we doubt whether they are always laudable; we are certain, when carried to too great an extent, they are not always useful.

This, we think, does not apply to Mr. S.: he seems, in these volumes, to have taken uncommon pains, and has in many, very many, instances been concomitantly successful in his endeavours to restore the purity, or rather to reclaim the aberrations, of his author. If he has on some occasions been too fastidious, on others too conjectural, it will be remembered that these are notes, not *insertions*, and that every one is at liberty to adopt or to reject his readings and corrections, and to displace them entirely in favour of his own, should he be so inclined. With respect to his opinion of these effusions, we think that we cannot do better than to give it the reader in his own words, especially as they convey to him what is necessary to be known, the names of several persons whose remarks add very considerably indeed to the value of these volumes.

"Nothing now remains, by way of preface, but to say a few words upon the notes that are presented in illustration. Of these, a few will be advanced with confidence, as the suggestions of some valued friends, eminently qualified for any work of criticism,

ticism, and intimately conversant with the genuine stile and spirit of our poet. The friends alluded to are, Mr. Capel Lofft, Mr. Ben. Strutt, of Colchester, and the late noble person" (Lord Chedworth) "whose name is inserted in the title-page."

"Concerning the others, the author of them will neither affect modesty nor display arrogance: they will, doubtless, in many instances be found weak, superfluous, and erroneous; but so are not a few of those to which are annexed names with whom it may be honourable to be associated even in miscarriage. Thus far, only, will he presume to emulate his critical predecessors in a desire to make the brightness of Shakspeare's genius still more conspicuous; and should it be found that he has effected this purpose in any material degree, his ambition will be gratified, and his industry rewarded."

We find at the conclusion of the notes upon the Introduction some judicious observations, and some to which those that we have already made will apply.

To follow our author through the wide extended range of the plays of Shakspeare, is what cannot be expected from us. As diffusion is one principle of the art of criticism, so is hypercriticism an improvement, we mean an extension of that art, which, ductile as gold, may, by the force of emendation, and the ingenuity of conjecture, be drawn to an almost imperceptible fineness, and to an infinite extent, at no greater hazard than occasionally breaking the thread, or, perhaps, more frequently *entangling the wire*.

It is now time to observe upon these notes, (which, like those of a sister science, are intended to reduce the discord of *bad performers* to *harmony*;) that all the references of the author apply immediately to the last copy of Johnson and Steevens's Shakspeare, edited by Mr. Reed. He consequently follows their arrangement, or rather one much more ancient, and begins with the Tempest; to which, and to the other plays of our Bard, Mr. S. has, by the reference alluded to, subjoined notes, more or less copious, as the necessity of the case seemed to warrant, or the ingenuity and ardour of himself and friends to superinduce.

Here the reader will observe, that if we were to remark upon these to any

extent, (and if we did not, our remarks would be of little use,) we must ourselves write a commentary upon this commentary; for although we allow that, in a careful perusal of these volumes, we have found many of the notes and observations both of the author and his friends, particularly of the noble Lord, ingenious, acute, interesting, and, in some instances, amusing, and many of the emendations so proper that we with they were authorized by some late discovered copy; also some of the conjectures such as fly, we think, directly to the mark; yet candour will not suffer us to disguise, that there are many of a description calculated to excite our critical temerity, and induce us to long to combat them, upon the presumption that we could do it with some success. But from this engagement we are precluded by two obstacles, want of time and space; which, like two good and sufficient sureties, interpose betwixt our inclination and our critical hostility, and bind us not only to *keep the peace*, but to be of *good behaviour*; of which we shall, in our concluding observation, give Mr. S. an instance.

Dr. Johnson has somewhere said, "that of all the various commentators upon Shakspeare, not one has left his author without improvement." This observation will strictly apply to this work; which, although the last, is not, in our apprehension, the least. The critic has certainly, in many instances, suggested very considerable improvement upon his principal; and all we are puzzled about is, morally speaking, the difficulty of adopting his numerous corrections and emendations, (conjectures would open upon a wide field indeed,) while we have in view the preservation of that fidelity to the author's *own* ideas, which ought to be the first care of commentators.

Having hinted how far these volumes may be useful, we must observe also, that they are certainly amusing. We have, in common with many, read, in our youth, the text of Shakspeare in the manner that Dr. Johnson advises; that is, independent of the notes. Struck with the glowing beauties which almost every page exhibited, we thought but little of deformity and error, till, upon cooler reflection and revision, we were convinced that such things did actually exist in the works of our immortal Bard. We then applied to
his

his Editors, and from them have received instruction, not only such as we were seeking, but also in many collateral branches which his pages had elicited. We therefore have become, in a great degree, partial to notes and observations upon his works, which have certainly created more accuracy and industry of research, unfolded more erudition, and displayed more ingenuity, than any other subjects or system in the literary world, and to which, upon the whole, we think that these volumes will make a valuable addition.

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 378.)

The third volume of this work (which, we must observe, becomes still more interesting the nearer we approach to the present times,) is, in its opening, a continuation of the commercial transactions of the British Empire, and of other countries, "from the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland to the end of the reign of George the Third, King of Great Britain, written by the late Mr. Anderson, and re-edited, with the retrenchment of superfluous matter, with additions, and with amendments, by Mr. Macpherson."

In the first page, the author recurs to an old statute, enacted in the reign of James the First, respecting the garbling spices. This, in a critique of this nature, may be thought a trifling circumstance to note; yet we consider it as important in another point of view, as it shows the accuracy and attention of the author to the most minute articles, and gives us an opportunity to observe, that, from such circumstances, a work of this species becomes, as a book of reference, pre-eminently useful.

The first event that strikes us as important in its consequences, is the Act of the 7th of Anne, for naturalizing foreign Protestants; of whom we find that 7000 were driven from their habitations in the Palatinate, &c. by the French, and nurtured and relieved

by the benevolence of the English. They formed encampments at Blackheath and at Camberwell, until they could be otherwise disposed of; as, it will be recollected, a considerable number from the same countries, who were trepanned hither, about forty years since, did at the back of White-chapel Church, in a place that still retains the name of the Palatine's Field.

It is impossible, and indeed unnecessary, to state the variety of statutes for the regulation of commerce, and for domestic arrangement, that are mentioned and referred to; but certainly these references, with the assistance of the Index, are peculiarly useful.

It does not appear that the spirit of gaming was less prevalent in the very early part of the last century than it is in the present; though that species of it which the statute 10th Anne was calculated to restrain would probably now be termed *padding*.

1713. The peace of Utrecht, signed the 11th of April, formed as remarkable a period in the commercial, as it did in the political history of those times. The eighth and ninth articles of that famous treaty seem to have caused as great a sensation in the minds of our merchants as its general tenor did in those of our statesmen. Out of those articles arose a petition to Parliament from the Weavers' Company; which, indeed, the importance of the silk manufacture seems to have warranted.

1715. Louis the XIVth, King of France, dying this year, we shall briefly note that he had, during his long reign, done much harm to his country, by driving from it so many industrious manufacturers and merchants. From a calculation of his expenses, it appears that they averaged about fourteen millions sterling *per annum*.

In the course of this part of the work, the author traces, by annual steps, the rise of the South Sea Company; and also, under the auspices of the celebrated Mr. Law, that of the Mississippi. These notices are curious, and may with propriety be termed the histories of fraud and credulity. If we were to consider these matters morally and philosophically, we are inclined to think that they would display in a most deplorable and degrading light the fatal effects of avarice upon the human mind; of which (with respect to the Mississippi scheme) we can have no stronger instance, than that

of the people being even for a moment brought to believe, that the stock of the company was *worth* eighteen thousand million sterling, which is supposed to have been one hundred and eighty times as much as all the cash in Europe amounted to.

1719. "Captain Barlow was sent out by certain private adventurers for the discovery of a north-west passage to China, &c.; but this proved a most unfortunate adventure, for neither the captain, nor any of his company, were ever after heard of.

1720. "We now enter upon a year, remarkable beyond all others, for extraordinary and romantic projects, proposals, and undertakings, both private and national, as well respecting commercial concerns, as the great internal interests of two of the most potent kingdoms of Europe, which therefore ought to be held in perpetual remembrance, not only as being what never had its parallel, nor, it is to be hoped, ever will hereafter, but likewise as it may serve for a perpetual memento to legislators and ministers of our own nation, never to leave it in the power of any hereafter, to hoodwink mankind into so shameful and baneful an imposition on the credulity of the people, thereby diverted from their lawful industry."

This is the introduction to a complete history of this interesting period, that teemed with events which will, by their consequences, be ever remembered; and which, we fear, gave rise to that species of gambling; for we will not so far violate our language, or our own ideas of right and wrong, as to term it commerce, that has obtained the more appropriate appellation of speculation: a species, that we believe even the *strict morality* of these times has not *entirely* eradicated.

The list of babbles; of which our author enumerates eighty, exclusive of one, which was a project for melting down *chips* and *saw-dust*, and casting the composition into clean deal boards,*

* Extravagant as this proposal appeared to Mr. A., the recipe for the process has actually found its way into a work called, we think, the Laboratory, or School of Arts, and we believe into some other books of the same nature; and we also know, that the making of artificial wood, and casting ornaments therein, has been practised with a success that has caused the art of carving it to decline in this country.

contains many others to the full as extravagant.

As the Mississippi and South Sea manias were prevalent at the same time, so they were *stopped* by the same medicines, only that the Gallic *dose*, consonant to the genius of the *patients*, seems to have been the *strongest*; and indeed so powerful were its operations, that, on that side of the Channel few of the afflicted *recovered*, which was not quite the case in England.

"The unaccountable frenzy in stocks, and projects this year, (says Mr. A.) may by some be thought to have taken up too much room in this work. but we are persuaded that others will approve of perpetuating it as a warning to after ages."

We here must observe, that we entirely concur with the author.

1721. Alluding to a quarto pamphlet, (published by the noted Mr. Wood), entitled the state of the copper and brass manufactures in Great Britain, the author states, that about 30,000 persons were then supposed to exist by them; that number, there is great reason to believe, is quadrupled at present.

According to "The British Merchant, (Vol. II, p. 220, ed. 1721,) the English silk manufacture" amounted at this period to 700,000*l.* in value more than it was at the revolution; we importing, till that period, from France, 500,000*l.* in wrought silks of all kinds." It appears, that the next year, 1722, this manufacture was stated in parliament to have been brought to a perfection equal to the foreign.

1723. This year will, as long as any traces of the literature of the country exist, be remarkable for the project of Mr. William Wood, for coining copper halfpence and farthings for the use of Ireland, and for the successful opposition of the Drapier: though, as will be supposed, the evil is here only noted; as the reader will anticipate that the *remedy* was not sufficiently grave for this work. In consequence of the plan, which we have already, though with some observations, generally commended, the author dedicates a large portion of this part of the volume we are considering, to the East India Company, and to the regular but unsuccessful traffic of the South Sea, particularly with respect to the eight years adventure of the latter in the whale fishery. West Indian affairs also claim

his attention: the first and second reductions of interest are noted, and the consequent rise of the funds, which, though paradoxical, seems to us a practical confirmation of the theory of Sir Josiah Child*.

Among other domestic regulations this year, 1731, we find that a second penny was charged upon letters carried beyond the limits of the bills of mortality; a circumstance which, though apparently of small importance, shows at once the extension of metropolitan traffic, and the depreciation of money.

1732 and 1733. In the course of the perusal of the annals of these years, we meet with a number of observations, equally curious and useful, respecting our colonies in America and the West Indies. In these, we may observe the regular systematic strides, which, under their former *regime*, were taken by the French, to counteract the energy of our commercial operations; though, at the same time, we lament the fatal consequences that ensued to their author, and wish that they had been punished by some other means.

1734. "This year we find an exact and curious state of the trade, people, and strength, of our Islands in the West Indies, from documents collected by order of the House of Peers. At this time the French had so exceedingly improved their East Indian commerce, that they sent out fourteen ships.

1735. "We have the following curious piece of intelligence, from the anonymous author of an ingenious pamphlet, entitled the *Querist*. He affirms for certain, that 'the single port of Cork exported this year 107,161 barrels of beef, 7379 barrels of pork, 13,461 casks and 85,727 firkins of butter;' a pregnant instance of the great and flourishing trade of that city.

1737. "The French were at this time eagerly pushing into an universal commerce, at the same, though slower way of coming at their old darling scheme of universal dominion." Of this propensity the author adduces many instances.

1740. "This year the king sent out Commodore George Anson, an experienced commander, with one ship of

60 guns, two of 50, one of 40, and one of 20 guns, a sloop and two victuallers, to distress Spain as much as possible in the South Sea." The author observes, that this is rather a matter of war than of commercial history, but we do not see how they can in many instances be divided, and this is one of them; therefore, we think, the brief summary of this expedition, which ended 14th of June 1744, by the arrival of the *Centurion* only, at Spithead, could not well have been avoided.

1749. "The eminent author of a pamphlet, entitled, 'Further Considerations upon a Reduction of Land-Tax,' gives a remarkable account of the increase of the tonnage of the British Navy at three remarkable periods, viz.

"In the year 1715, it was 167,596 tons;

"In the year 1727, it was 170,862;

"And in 1749, it was increased to 228,215."

1750. In the transactions of this year, we find an account of the rise of that most unproductive scheme, the British fishery; and upon these adventures a very judicious note of Mr. Macpherson's occurs.

1751. "The total value of the imports of England in the year 1750, was 7,772,039*l.*; and of the exports (not including gold and bullion), 12,699,081*l.*" (*Whitworth's State*.)

This is also a note by the Editor.

On Wednesday, 22d May, the ever-famous act of the British Legislature, (24 G. II), for abolishing the old style and establishing the new already in use in most parts of Christendom, received the royal assent.

The establishment of the British Museum in 1753, and the rise of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in 1754, are noticed, with proper encomiums; though we think, that with respect to the latter, which is truly stated to have been one of the noblest designs for the improvement of the general commerce of Great Britain that could have been devised, Mr. William Shipley, who was more, correctly speaking, its founder, than either of the noble lords, or Dr. Hales, ought to have been mentioned.

1759. The enumeration of the triumphs and glories of the British monarchy, at this memorable period, the author quotes from the congratulatory addresses of the Lord Mayor, &c., of

* The abatement of interest causes an increase of wealth, and the increase of wealth may cause a further abatement of interest. Child on Trade, page 63.

the city of London, presented to his majesty the 20th of October, in which the various successes of our arms, and the feelings of the people upon them, are elegantly, energetically, and accurately displayed.

A part of this work, which we consider as amusing as it is useful, is dedicated to the comparative improvement of the principal cities and towns in the three kingdoms. This we have already noted in our observations on the former volumes. It is in this continued, and consequently introduces statements of the increase of buildings, population, and other concomitant circumstances, as indicative of the general extension of commerce and manufactures, which probably, from the happy events that gave rise to the address from the city of London, which we have just noted, derived at this time (1760) a new and more flourishing existence than even our most sanguine hopes could have anticipated. At this period the Commercial History of the late Mr. Anderson concludes; and under these fortunate circumstances Mr. Macpherson recommences his History of Commerce, &c. with the commencement of the reign of his present Majesty.

* * * * *

1760. One of the first objects that has excited the attention of Mr. M. is a most material one indeed; namely, inland navigation, of which he gives us the history, from the first unsuccessful attempts made to improve the current upon the natural beds of rivers down to this period. Of these artificial *water roads* he seems to be an ardent and sanguine admirer. We too are disposed to allow, that the advantages derived from them are, in some instances, great and extensive as he believes them generally to be; but yet, from former observation, and ocular demonstration, we cannot, however we may be convinced of the utility of some, give to every navigable canal our unqualified approbation.

In this continuation of Mr. Anderson's work, Mr. M. closely follows the steps of his predecessor, and indeed we do not know where he could have found a better guide; but we can only follow him by irregular progression, and (though not very like bees) extract, or rather notice, such passages as particularly strike us, not perhaps as the most important, but as calculated

to give some faint idea of the nature of the work in which they are substantially included. Mr. M., like his precursor, observes, that "although the mere depredations of war do not properly belong to the history of commerce," yet he thinks it necessary to notice the capture of the *Hermoine*, Spanish register ship, (1762); the treasure of which, together with that brought from the *Havanna*, amazingly increased the medium of commerce.

1762. The definitive treaty of peace was concluded at Paris, February 10th: of this treaty, those articles that particularly regard commerce are quoted.

1763. The very singular instances of benevolence to be found in the will of Omichund, a black merchant of Calcutta, who left legacies to charitable institutions in different parts of the world, and above 5000l. to the Magdalen and Foundling Hospitals of London, which money was actually remitted by his executor, are noticed. To praise philanthropy like this, would have been nugatory, it was indeed above all praise.

We agree with Mr. M. in the note, page 375, that "it would be too romantic a hope, that the civilized white nation discovered near the head of the river Senegal may be found the offspring of the Carthaginians: the thing itself is, in the first instance, highly improbable; and, secondly, we believe, from what we have formerly read respecting people of this description, and from some specimens that have been exhibited in this metropolis, that the nation alluded to are, in every circumstance, except complexion, *negroes*."

1763. Among the numerous articles that have, in the course of this work, attracted our attention, we find one under this period, that almost *fixed* it; this is the account of the rise of the potteries in the north part of Staffordshire, and their improvement by two brothers of the name of Ellis, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, together with the introduction of the arts and models of Greece and Rome into a part of the country where they had perhaps before been scarcely heard of, and their adaptation to a manufacture, which became flourishing in the same proportion that it became beautiful, by the late Mr. Josiah Wedgwood: these are points which, in conjunction with others of the same nature, *i. e.* the progress of manufactures, stamp a peculiar

liar value upon the work in which they are introduced; points upon which we should be delighted to dwell, did not a reflection upon our limits preclude us.

1765. "The beginning of this year is distinguished, or at least ought to be, by two instances of nice honour and strict integrity.

"A lady, whose name ought not to have been suppressed, had a nephew, a grocer, who had failed about the year 1745, and paid his creditors 10s. in the pound; by her will she bequeathed a sum of money to pay the balance due to them."

"Mr. Stephen Theodore Janssen, formerly Lord Mayor of London, and one of the representatives in parliament for the city, had the misfortune to fail in business the year after his mayoralty. His friends immediately settled on him an annuity of 600l. for life, of which he paid annually 480l. among his creditors, though acquitted of his former debts, as far as a certificate signed by his creditors could acquit him." Mr. M. here states the subsequent conduct of Sir Stephen Theodore Janssen; and after some appropriate observations, concludes with this observation, "When toiling through the thorny mazes of human crimes and follies in search of materials for commercial history, it is pleasing to meet with some blossoms of human virtues, and to preserve them for the delight, and for the imitation of posterity.

In the course of this year, Mr. M. has inserted the substance of a very ample and circumstantial account of the British commerce with Holland; and in the note (p. 427) an instance of commercial *ingenuity*, which does more credit to the sagacity, than to the morality of the Hollanders.

1768. We find an account of that great national work, the navigable communication betwixt the Forth and the Clyde, the advantages accruing from which it appears were perceived as long ago as the reign of Charles the II^d; but the expense, estimated at 500,000l., was beyond the ability of that age. In the year 1723 it was again in contemplation. In 1762, it was taken up by Mr. Pitt, then prime minister; but the act did not pass until this year, when the operations were begun and continued until the year 1775, and then the funds being all exhausted, a stop was put to it for some years. Yet even

in this imperfect state, the lockage dues amounted to from 4000l. to 7000l. a year.

1769. "March, the mines in the neighbourhood of Newcastle were now so judiciously managed, as to be very productive of the precious metals. As a proof of this, a mass of silver, weighing 311 pounds, and another of pure gold, weighing 18 pounds, were delivered from a refinery near that town.

1771. "In consequence of an application to the King, by the Royal Society, Lieutenant Cook, (who has already been noticed for his accurate charts of Newfoundland,) sailed from Plymouth in August 1768, in order to make, in conjunction with Mr. Green, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, an accurate observation of the transit of Venus over the Sun, in a southern latitude. After making the observation on the transit of the 4th of June, 1769, at the island of Otaheite, in the course of his voyage he discovered many islands in the great Pacific Ocean, hitherto unknown, &c.

"Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander were induced, by their thirst of knowledge, to partake of the hardships and glory of this *voyage of science*.

1772. In consequence of the premiums given by the city of London, it appeared that 3,789,192 mackerels, and an innumerable quantity of herrings, were brought to Billingsgate, in the course of the late season. "The quantity of mackerel only, was computed to be equal to 3,608 oxen, or about the twenty-third part of the oxen annually sold in Smithfield."

The complaint and representation of the journeymen cabinet-makers of London, the seizure of a very large quantity of magnificent furniture, at the Venetian ambassador's, which he demanded under the sanction of his privilege, are recorded in the events of this year. The *Corps Diplomatique* held a meeting, upon this occasion, at the house of the prince Masserano; when the generous Spaniard, indignant at this transaction, said, "We come here to preserve, not to violate the rights of nations, and I therefore declare, that I will never associate with any one, who shall degrade himself from the dignified rank of the representative of a sovereign, to the despicable character of a smuggler." We can still remember how he was followed,

lowed, how he was idolized, by the artizans of the metropolis.

1773. "Parliament gave the sum of 2,000*l.* to Dr. Williams, on making public his invention of durable green and yellow colours for dying cotton;" upon this, Mr. M. observes in a note, that the art of fixing beautiful and durable colours is of more importance to our manufactures, than can easily be conceived."

This is granted; but we believe the process of Dr. W. with respect to a permanent green failed in the experiment. The art of fixing that colour is, we think, still a desideratum in dying and printing cotton.

1776. "July 4th, this day the united States of America issued a proclamation, in which they declared themselves *free and independant*," &c.

1777. Mr. M. very properly includes in this year, some account of the great iron works at Carron, Stirling-shire, which were established in the year 1760, and now brought to such perfection, that besides their vast trade in iron ordnance, which were cast solid, and, by a new and ingenious process, *bored*; their stoves and other articles of domestic utility, which are now in almost every apartment in the kingdom, were, at the time referred to, beginning to come into request.

1778. "In consequence of the statute, (18 G. III, c. 22,) which obliges every lottery office keeper to pay 60*l.* for an annual license, &c., the number of offices were reduced from above four hundred in and about the metropolis, to fifty-one for all England."

1779. In speaking of the abundance of the pilchard fishery, Mr. M. states a circumstance in the note, which, if it came from a less authority, would scarcely be credible; namely, that in St. Ives Bay, as many (pilchards) were taken at once, on the 5th of October, 1767, as filled *seven thousand hogheads*, each of which was estimated to contain 35,000 fish, which brings the whole of the fish taken at once to the astonishing number of 245,000,000.

This year was rendered remarkable, by the repeal of several statutes, which pressed hard upon the commerce of Ireland. Of these transactions we have a very particular account, which indeed is saying but little, as from the general accuracy that pervades this part, indeed the whole of the work, it is impossible to find an omission of any matter of

importance to the commerce, manufactures, or fisheries, &c. of the country, and its connexion, lineal or collateral.

1780. "Every well-wisher to the prosperity of the British empire," says Mr. M., "will approve of my paying a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. David Loch, merchant in Edinburgh, and afterwards general inspector of the fisheries of Scotland, who finished his useful life this year (February 21). This real patriot, whose ruling passion was zeal for the welfare of his country, exerted himself strongly in promoting the improvement of Scotland, and especially the increase and improvement of the breed of sheep, and the prosecution of the woollen manufacture, which very many natural advantages evidently point out as the proper staple of Scotland. He insisted, that the extension and success of the woollen manufacture in Scotland, instead of being, as some narrow-minded people suppose, injurious to England, would greatly promote the general welfare of the whole kingdom, and be the surest means of subduing the competition of the French and Dutch. He asserted that millions of sheep may be raised without encroaching upon a single acre of land capable of bearing corn or rearing black cattle; and his public spirited advice produced a great augmentation in the breed of that animal, particularly in the Highland districts. Thus it is in the power of one patriot to increase the happiness of millions. The conqueror has for his object the empty aggrandizement of his name, at the expense of the ruin of millions. So opposite are these two characters."

The leading articles of this concluding part of the volume are, an account of the proceedings of the riotous mob, (1780,) who termed themselves the *Protestant Association*. Of the last voyage of Captain Cook, the hurricanes in the West Indies, the war with the four great maritime powers, the consequent depression of the funds, the seizure of St. Eustatius, the affairs of the East India Company, the armed neutrality, the engagement between Admiral Rodney and the French fleet commanded by the Count de Grasse in the West Indies, (April 12, 1782), Mr. Burke's plan of *reformation*; and, finally, the negotiation for peace, for which,

which, saith the author, the nation was very clamorous.

The reader will see, that although we have only slightly touched upon a few of the multitudinous subjects comprized in this volume, in order to give him an idea of the importance of its contents, that they are such as justify our opinion of the consequence of the work; upon which we shall more largely dilate in our review of the fourth and last part of it.

Important Discoveries and Experiments, elucidated on Ice, Heat, and Cold. By the Rev. James Hall, A.M. 8vo. pp. 74.

It has been justly observed by Mr. Maclaurin, in his excellent book on the Newtonian Philosophy, that in the progress of investigation, knowledge is advanced, not in proportion to the discovery of isolated facts, but in a much higher proportion. One fact compared with another fact already known, or one discovery with another, and then again with others, furnish an aggregate of conclusions, or knowledge, the progression of which outstrips, as it were, the slow observation of the particular facts on the basis of which all natural science ought to be founded. Accordingly, the present age is distinguished from the preceding by a wonderful rapidity of discovery; the empire of astronomy extended by means of the wonderful improvements in optical glasses; the rapid discoveries in chemistry; the different properties and powers of different kinds of air; the never-ceasing alternation between fixity and fluidity; the general, and almost universal, agency of electricity, a power, though apparently so nearly allied, yet certainly essentially different from that of magnetism; recent discoveries in anatomy, and the texture and economy, if we may say so, of plants. All these, and others, would equally delight and astonish the spirits of Bacon, Galileo, and Newton.

But there is another feature by which the conclusion of the eighteenth, and the commencement of the nineteenth century, is equally and profitably distinguished; namely, the application of philosophy to practical purposes: of which the publication before us is a very eminent proof and example.

Mr. Hall makes a number of observations, very ingenious, though apparently plain and obvious, like other discoveries after they are made, respecting the formation and durability

of ice, which is the offspring of cold, and which is always composed of the purest water. He shows that this substance, ice, will, on being properly covered, keep for ages, and however old, on being exposed to the open air, or a little hot water being put into the vessel containing it, produce as good and wholesome water as the day when it was congealed; and then proceeds to inquire into the uses pointed out by this part of the economy of nature.

Having shown that ice would be more wholesome, and on many occasions easier procured, than water, he observes, that there is another, and a more powerful argument in its favour; namely, the article of room. In ships of war, transports, slave-ships, &c., there is often a greater proportion of the ship occupied with casks than can be well spared. This position he proves, or illustrates, in a manner perfectly satisfactory. The hold of a ship, packed with ice in octangular vessels, making every allowance for sufficient wood, will contain at least one-third more than can be stowed in it in casks of any kind.

“But the durability and other qualities of ice are not of more importance to sea-faring people than to those who dwell upon land; for we find many cities, villages, hamlets, and places, in every kingdom, often in want of pure and wholesome water. Now as the winter, or rather Providence, generally gives ice enough, (for even in Italy itself ice is often to be found in the morning,) might not cellars, or repositories, as is done in this and other countries, in ice-houses, be dug in such places, and filled with ice in winter, to supply the want of water in summer; and perhaps this is one of the reasons why the Deity, who governs by general laws, scatters ice over the face of the nations, and thereby, as it were, provides drink, made up in cakes, for those of his creatures who partly, or solely, depend for drink in summer upon the water they can catch, or the rain as it falls.

“In providing a cellar, or repository for ice, a deep hole need only be dug in the ground, and large in proportion to the quantity necessary, allowing about 290 cubic inches of ice to an English gallon of water, and a little chaff, straw, reeds, or any of the kind, put in to keep the ice from coming

in contact with the bottom. This done, stratum of ice, a foot or a foot and a half thick, may be laid, one above another, with only a little chaff, straw, reeds, or any thing of the kind between them; carefully observing, that a little straw, or something of the kind, should be put to keep the ice from coming in contact with the sides of the cellar.

"Ice hoarded in this manner, and well covered, will keep as long as you please. The cold with which the air in the cellar will be impregnated, will prevent the straw, chaff, &c. from spoiling; and in warm weather, or upon other occasions, when the nerves are relaxed, and the frame debilitated, it will be pleasant and refreshing, as well as strengthening and invigorating, to descend where the ice is lodged.

"If chalk, gravel, sand, or any stratum of that kind, be the place where the cellar is dug, nothing else is necessary than room for the ice; but if the cellar happen to be dug in clay, loam, or any damp soil, which ought as much as possible to be avoided, there should be a small drain at the bottom, to let the moisture run off; that may at any time distil from the ice. When ice is taken from the repository, it is only necessary to cover well with straw, or any thing of the kind, below the hatch or roof, what is left, and the ice can easily be wiped, or washed, when necessary.

"I need not, I suppose, conduct my countrymen to the kraals and hordes of the Hottentots, or foreign nations, in order to show the necessity of excluding from the open air, objects which are intended to be preserved. When this untutored people, whose only guides are custom and experience, and whose conduct in general is, perhaps, not so ludicrous as at first sight it would appear, mean to lay up any store of grain, they dig a hole in the ground, in as dry a place as possible, and having put in what grain they think proper, they lay a thick cover of clay mixed with foot, cow-dung, and other materials, on the surface of it; which materials, by hardening and becoming as it were impenetrable, exclude the air, damp, and insects from entering, and, consequently, preserve the grain.

"The Germans too, in compliance, no doubt, with the custom and advice of the best informed among them,

when they mean to preserve grain, and other commodities, dig a hole in the ground, and having put in the grain, or what they mean to preserve, cover it up, by scattering on its surface a mixture of sand, lime, foot, &c. some inches thick; which, by being well watered, becomes extremely hard, and repels air, insects, and vermin of every kind.

"These instances, though not exactly in point with regard to repositories of ice, yet tend to show that barbarous, as well as civilized nations, have an idea that the open air tends to hurt certain objects, when exposed to it; while, at the same time, they serve to show how a repository of any thing below ground may be closely covered up, so as to expel the open air.

"Here then is a way in which every city, village, hamlet, nay every house, may, even in the most dry and sultry season, always have sweet and wholesome water in great or small quantities as they please; and what renders this idea the more agreeable is, that ice, if properly packed, will still be good, though it shall happen during the first, second, third, or even tenth season after it is laid up, no want of water is experienced; so that, upon adopting this plan, the rich may always have at hand what ice they please for their creams, cooling their wines, &c. in much greater perfection, and much more refreshing and invigorating, than can be produced by sal. ammoniac, and other artificial methods; and the poor, upon being at a little trouble in winter, can never, even in the most dry and sultry season, be in want of a cooling, wholesome beverage, and the best of all diluters of food to a weak and sickly stomach.

"But what in Russia is termed *the market of frozen provisions**, will, perhaps, suggest

* "As soon as the winter is fairly set in, the farmers kill all but their breeding stock of cattle, pigs, and poultry, and place it in the air to freeze. Fish and game they also freeze in great abundance. This circumstance is peculiarly favourable to Russia, as by it they save all the expense of winter feeding, and have cheaper and better carriage for bringing it to market. It is brought from the remotest provinces, and large supplies arrive at Petersburg, even from the Frozen Ocean, on the north, and from the borders

suggest to those who live at a distance from market, or that cannot afford to kill a sheep, an ox, or the like, so often as they require fresh provisions, another, and a no less important use of ice, I mean that of preserving provisions in hot and sultry weather. It is true a market of this kind can only exist in countries in which the winters are remarkably cold; but, as the authors of an important periodical work remark, it is surprising, when we are so well acquainted with the effects of congelation in retarding animal putrefaction, more ice-houses, which are cheap edifices, are not erected; for what utility in the midst of summer might not be derived from a stock of ice, both at sea and on land, in preserving meat, &c. fresh, and in preventing the produce of the dairy from becoming rancid; what benefit would it be to the farmer to be able to cool the atmosphere of his dairy, by throwing in quantities of ice; and how easily would he convey it, in a perfect state, to a greater distance, by packing it up in frozen water; a circumstance, which, in this age of improvement and luxury, cannot in all probability be long overlooked.

"It is observed by the most eminent writers on the manners of the Russians, that one of the great comforts of that vast empire, is the facility of preserving a great quantity of ice in ice-houses, or cellars, during the whole summer. Not a single family in the cities and villages, they inform us, is without such a convenience, which serves, not merely for cooling liquor at table, but principally for preserving *beer, ale, and all sorts of fresh provisions* during the

summer season. In the months of January and February, when the ice has acquired the greatest thickness, the stock is laid in, and the whole cellar is floored over, or rather filled with cubical pieces from three to four feet diameter; all the interstices are filled with lesser pieces, and on very cold days the doors are left open, that the frost may consolidate the whole mass. They sometimes surround a closet in the cellar with ice, in which they put the provisions, and which they can lock up. This account may furnish a hint not beneath our notice. Sometimes also beef, mutton, fowls, fish, &c. are for months preserved fresh and good by putting snow in the bottom of the cask or vessel, then a stratum of beef, fowl, &c., then snow, and so on till the cask is full."

The conclusions fairly drawn from close attention to the operations of nature, in this treatise, are of great importance to all countries, and all ranks; to the prince, and to the people; to the inhabitants of Britain, and to the world at large. Mr. Hall is well versed in natural history, and not ill acquainted with Chemistry. But while he is attentive to natural, he never loses sight of final causes. In every province or department of nature, he sees and gratefully adores the hand of a beneficent Providence. While he administers to the convenience and comfort of mankind, by human means, he raises the mind of his readers to the sublimer consolatory views of religion. With his views of Nature he intermixes sentiment of piety.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The public curiosity concerning authors not known by previous works, or distinguished by their rank in society, cannot be expected to be great. Nevertheless there are some things in the life and conduct of this gentleman, that deserve to be noticed; honourable to himself, and exemplary to society.

He is a native of the small county or district of Clackmannan in Scotland. He was educated at the university of St. Andrews, (before the professorships became almost hereditary in one family, though this not so old as the HILLS), while it flourished greatly, under the patronage and personal inspection or visitation of their noble and venerated chancellor Thomas, earl of Kinnoull,

borders of the Caspian Sea in the south. The great market at St. Petersburg begins just before the Christmas holidays; the frozen provisions sell about 30 per cent cheaper than if fresh killed, and it would be difficult, even for a nice epicure, to perceive the difference. Pork, fish, and game, suffer least by freezing. Having purchased your winter or weekly stock, you take care not to expose it to any warmth; and just before cooking, you then put it into cold water. The market covers several acres of ground, and from the piles of animals, birds, and fish, with their several skins, feathers, and scales on, presents a most ludicrous appearance.

Kinnoull, who succeeded, in that honourable office, William Duke of Cumberland, and was the immediate predecessor of Mr. Henry Dundas, who was elected by the university, not on account of his being either a proficient or admirer of letters, other than the letter of the law, but on account of his **POWER**. Mr. Hall having finished his course at the college for philosophy, entered as a student in St. Mary's, or the divinity college. In the vacations, throughout the year, afterward, he became a private tutor in different families of distinction, whose sincere and warm friendship he gained and now enjoys. At the same time he was, what is called in Holland, a probationer, or preacher of the gospel; that is, being ordained by a presbytery to preach, catechise, &c. though not to perform the ceremony of marriage, or administer the sacraments, or to the ministerial charge of a parish or congregation, he occasionally preached a sermon, and prayed in the churches in the neighbourhood, at the desire of the parish priests or ministers: for the name of **PRIEST** is held in abomination in Scotland.

About the time that Mr. Hall became a preacher, he left the Viscount Arbuthnot's family, and went to Aberdeen, to study under the celebrated Drs. Campbell, Beattie, and Gerond, who presented him with a diploma of Master of Arts. Having published a sermon, entitled *Comfort to the Christian under all the Troubles of Life*, which underwent three impressions, he afterwards published *Practical Discourses on important Subjects*, one vol. 12mo. Each discourse being accompanied with an original hymn, and a devotional exercise adapted to the subject; and the same year, *The Excellence of the British Constitution, or the Blessings of Liberty and Peace*, a Fast Day Sermon, which also met with a favourable reception. Having been appointed assistant to a worthy Clergyman on the banks of the Spey, Mr. Hall was a frequent and welcome guest at the tables of the Countess Dowager of Findlater, Sir Ernest Gordon, of Park; the Hon. Arthur Duff, of Orton; Colonel Duff, of Mazen; Colonel Macdowell Duff, &c. From Robert Grant, Esq. of Elmhies, whose children he taught, Mr. Hall received many favours.

Church preferment does not always

readily attend merit in Scotland, any more than in England. Mr. Hall's friends were not inactive: but their applications were frustrated in a certain quarter, where a failure was little suspected, by the superior influence of a menial servant. After this, Mr. Hall, though not altogether dependant on fortune, or his own exertions, and though he might have remained, with great comfort to himself, under the eye of the family of Elmhies, determined to come to England. His motives to this do him much honour. He judged that, by knowing more of the world, and becoming acquainted with the manners, customs, pursuits, and improvements of England, he might be a more useful member, as well as more acceptable in society, should it be his fate, as it was his wish, ever to return to Scotland. Certainly, his acquaintance with natural history and chemistry, and the means of improving estates; his habits of educating youth; what he has seen and learnt in England and Wales, and the adjacent islands; and above all, the sweetness and benevolence of his disposition, and the most unassuming modesty, as well as genuine urbanity and politeness of manners, conspire to render Mr. Hall a very desirable neighbour and minister to any patron, who has sense to estimate such qualities, and to give them a preference to political and other interests. Mr. Hall, we understand, is now, and has for some time been, engaged in conducting the classical department in Mr. Simpson's very respectable Academy, at Clarence House, Chelsea; from whence, faithful to his views of personal improvement, in the recesses of the school he makes excursions to different parts of England: but whether he intends, on some future occasion, to lay before the public the substance of the numerous remarks he has made on the places he has visited, is more than we know.

Substance of a speech delivered in the House of Commons, on Friday, April 5, 1803, by John Hudleston, Esq., on the Motion of Philip Francis, Esq. 8vo.

Amidst the din of war, which has been produced by the unjust aggression and inordinate ambition of the ruler of France, we turn with pleasure to a production, which inculcates "Peace on Earth, and good-will towards

wards men:" so far, at least, as relates to the native States in alliance with the British Government in Indostan.

The author of this speech is a gentleman who appears to have passed the early part of his life in situations of high trust in the service of the East India Company. On his knowledge and experience, therefore, of the real state of the case, and of the sound policy which condemns the recent transactions in the East, we are inclined to place reliance; and still more so, from the temper and moderation he displays in controverting the arguments of his opponents.

We are assured, from authority, that Mr. Hudleston was listened to with respect and attention, while, as a Director of the Company, he reprobated the motives, and deplored the consequences, of the Governor General's system of conquest and aggrandisement. To the country at large his interposition must be grateful, if it help to redeem us from the stigma which a conduct so similar to that which we condemn in our inveterate enemy in Europe, must otherwise entail on the British name. The mission of the Marquis of Cornwallis we remember to have been approved of by all parties; and we are happy now to learn, from such a source, that it is intimately connected with restoring confidence and satisfaction to the Mahratta States. We were further gratified to find, that Mr. H. acknowledges with frankness the signal services rendered to the Company by the Marquis of Wellesley. He passes a handsome eulogium on the transcendent merits of his Lordship in punishing the perfidy of Tippoo Sultan, and his sudden reduction of the Myfore power; but regrets, at the same time, that he had not left India with a reputation undiminished, by his interference in the domestic policy of the Mahrattas, and his subsequent measures of hostility; which appear to Mr. H. mistaken in their principles, and ruinous in their effects; however crowned with success, and recommended by territorial acquisition. Our sincere hope is, that the exertions of men of talents and integrity, like our author, will bring back the government of India to the observance of the motion, of which the foregoing speech is an illustration.

"That this House adheres to the principles established by its unanimous Resolution of the 28th of May, 1784,

and recognized by the Acts of the 24th and 33d years of his present Majesty, that to pursue schemes of conquest and aggrandisement in India is repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of this country."

Fatal Curiosity; or, The Vision of Silvester. A Poem. In Three Books. By Joseph Bouden. 12mo. 1805.

The design of this poem is, to use the author's own words, "to show the wisdom of the Creator in denying to man a knowledge of futurity, and to prove the impossibility of supporting life under the dreadful anticipations arising from this knowledge, by the example of one to whom in a dream it is supposed to be granted."

Such is the design; the plan seems to have been suggested by the following passage in Shakspere:

"——If one might read the book of Fate,
And see the revolution of the times,
How changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors. O! if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress
thorough.—
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down
and die."

The story is briefly as follows. Silvester, a gentleman possessed of every blessing Providence could bestow, indulges a wish to pry into futurity, and becomes discontented with his state. He takes an evening ramble, and resting on a bank sleeps. His guardian angel appears to him, and endeavours to convince him of the madness of his wish, and gives him a solemn warning of its consequences. He persists, and his wish is granted. He sees his wife become united to a second husband; his friends plotting to defraud his children; and his children unfortunate, or taking to evil courses. He repents of his rash and improvident demand, and in a fit of desperation commits an act of suicide, by rushing into the stream;

"That stream the beauty of his fair domain,
So often seen with calm delight, so oft
Witness of love and of parental joy."

Such is the outline of the poem before us, the author of which modestly disclaims the aid of learning. It is, however, a pleasing performance, which will do no discredit to his poetical talents.

talents. It is interesting, attractive, and affecting.

The following description will afford the reader a specimen of the Author's verification:—

“ Low sunk the sun, and crimson'd wide
around
The blushing western sky, glancing his
beams
Down the long mountain's gradual slop-
ing tides,
To gild the humbler vale: the cattle
sought,
Murmuring, with lazy steps, their vari-
ous fold:
The hum of rural evening faintly heard:
Glad homeward bent his steps the weary
swain,
Waiting for whom the anxious wife pre-
par'd
The frugal supper, ever cheer'd with looks
Of mildest love; while round the crack-
ling fire,
From the rich forest glean'd, where yes-
terday
The boughs o'erladen brake, his drowsy
children
Oft started as a spark fell on their hands.
Loud bark'd the distant watch-dog; while
the birds,
Notes sleepy uttering, sought their drowsy
nests;
And night advancing, threw her mantle
gray
Over the waving forests, numerous trees
Blending in one; 'till undistinguish'd gloom
Reign'd in dark empire.”

*A Description of Prince of Wales Island, in
the Straights of Malacca: with its real
and probable Advantages and Sources to
recommend it as a Marine Establishment.
By Sir Home Popham. 8vo. 1805.
pp. 72.*

This is a very important publication, and highly deserving of public notice. The author, by strong facts, accompanied by satisfactory reasons, shows the necessity of an establishment in our Eastern possessions such as that here proposed. He then enumerates the circumstances which render Prince of Wales Island the most eligible situation for the purpose; and proves, that its military and political advantages are of the highest consequence; and also asserts, that the very causes which will enrich and aggrandize the nation will meliorate the situation and character of numerous individuals; and, lastly, that the sources of prosperity and power will be the sources of virtue and happiness. We have not heard whether the plan is likely to be carried into execution, nor the objections (if any) to its adoption.

A Summary of Parental and Filial Duties; or, An interesting Description of what Parents and Children owe to each other: inculcating also the most valuable Requisites for a liberal Education. The Whole extracted from the Works of the Sieur de Charron. By J. Taylor, Head Master of the Academy, Dronfield. 12mo. pp. 100. 1805.

The works of Charron, the sage Charron, as Pope styles him, and the friend of Montagne, though translated by Dr. Stanhope, are not sufficiently popular to render the present summary an unnecessary publication. It states the duties of parents and children in such a manner as to claim the attention of every one who is, or has been, in either situation.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

NOVEMBER 21.

A NEW Ballet was produced at Covent Garden, called “THE WILD ISLANDERS; or, *The Court of Pekin.*” In this Ballet, we are first presented with a view of a desert island, and a family of savages. The father is teaching the son to run, leap, wrestle, &c., after the example of *Chiron* and *Achilles*. A ship filled with Chinese arrives, and by various devices the savages are decoyed on board, and carried to China. We are next intro-

duced to the splendid Court of Pekin, where much time is spent in dancing. In imitation of *Pariot*, at the Opera House, the Fair Islander gives various proofs of her agility and grace before a looking-glass, and is much surprised to see all her motions repeated by her image. The costume of China is exhibited in all its variety and richness, the Mandarines and other Officers being dressed in the habits of their respective orders. The lights, too, are after the Chinese fashion, and communicate a

very novel and pleasing effect to the scene. Byrne and his son, with Miss Lupino and Miss Searle, exerted themselves with great success, and the Ballet has proved very attractive.

23. The rage for *Baby Roscii* and *Roscie*, which has so long been the opprobrium of public taste and judgment, this evening received a salutary check, which we hope will tend to restore the reign of Common Sense in our Theatres, that it may be no longer believed, because

"All the world's a stage,
that

"All the little boys and girls are PLAYERS."

Miss MUDIE, sometimes called *The Theatrical Phenomenon*, who played last season the first-rate comic characters, at the Dublin, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other provincial Theatres (as we have been told, with much applause), made her *debut*, at Covent Garden, as *Miss Peggy*, in *The Country Girl*.

The appearance of the House did not evince even a moderate degree of expectation. There was no pressure for places; nor were the pit and boxes half full until a late hour.

On her entrance she was well received. She appeared to be a child about eight years old, but her figure was *petite* even for that age. She repeated the words of the part correctly: her deportment was confident, unembarrassed, and sprightly; her voice, for her age, powerful; and her acting evinced intelligence and industry. In short, considering her performance as that of an infant, it was truly wonderful; but regarding it as a *DRAMATIC PERSONIFICATION*, it was in the highest degree ridiculous and contemptible.

In the first scene, the sense of the house was good-naturedly expressed; for when *Moody* promised "*to send her back into the Country*," the audience very cordially expressed their concurrence by loud applause. In the succeeding scenes they were less equivocal; for when she came to be talked of as a *wife*, as a *mistress*, as an *object of love and jealousy*, the scene became to ridiculous, that hissing and horse-laughing ensued. The little child was also contrasted with the fine figure of Miss Brunton, with a plume of three upright ostrich feathers in her head, the whole constituting a figure seven feet high.—When *Peggy*

was with her guardian, Mr. Murray, no very tall man, she did not reach much higher than his knee; he was obliged to stoop even to lay his hand on her head; to bend himself double to kiss her; and where she had to lay hold of his neckcloth to coax him, and pat his cheek, he was obliged to stoop almost on all-fours. In the 3d Act, *Miss Peggy* is seen walking in the park, dressed in boy's clothes, under the care of her jealous guardian. Miss Mudie, instead of appearing a fine young man who ought to be "shown the town," looked shorter than before, and even too little to be *safely* put into breeches. Yet Mr. Brunton, as her lover *Belville*, pursued her, and was transported to find her under this disguise; and Mr. Murray, her pretended husband, was thrown into an agony of despair at the idea of another man taking her by the hand. The absurdity was too great to be endured; and there was a burst of censure from all parts of the house. At last Charles Kemble, as *Harcourt*, exclaimed—"Let me introduce you, Nephew; you should know each other; *you are very like, and of the same age*." It was all over after this; for the whole effect was so out of nature, so very ludicrous, that the audience soon decided against Miss MUDIE. At first, they had not hissed when she was on the stage, from delicacy; but on her absence hissed the performance, to stop the play, if possible. But as she persevered confidently, they at length hissed her, and called vehemently *Off! Off!* Miss MUDIE was not, however, without a strong party of *Turn-em-outs*, to support her; but the noise increased to such a degree in the latter scenes, that not a word could be heard; on which Miss MUDIE (who had hitherto appeared entirely occupied with the business of the scene, and whose energy had not been in the least damped by the marked disapprobation of the house) walked to the front of the stage with great confidence and composure, though not without some signs of indignation, and said—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I have done nothing to offend you; and as for those who are *sent here to hiss me*, I will be much obliged to you to turn them out."

This bold speech from such a *baby* astonished the audience: some roared with laughter, some hissed, others called

ed *Off! Off!* and many applauded. Miss MUDIE did not appear to be in the slightest degree chagrined or embarrassed, but went on with the scene as if she had been completely successful. At the end of it, the uproar was considerable; and a loud cry arising of *Manager! Manager!* Mr. Kemble came forward, and said:—

“Gentlemen,

“The great applause with which Miss MUDIE has been received at various provincial theatres, encouraged in her friends a hope that her merit might be such as to pass the tribunal of your judgment.—(*Violent hissing.*)—Be assured, however, Gentlemen, that the proprietors of this Theatre by no means wish to press any species of entertainment upon you which may not meet your most perfect approbation. (*Loud applause.*) If, therefore, you will permit Miss MUDIE”—(*No! No!*)—

Mr. Kemble could not be heard for some time: but at last neatly resumed—

“The Drama’s Laws, the Drama’s Patrons give!”

“We hope, however, that as the play has proceeded so far, you will allow Miss MUDIE to finish the character.”

“*No! No!*” was vociferated from various parts of the house.

Finding this of no avail, Mr. Kemble tried his success with the *female* part of the assemblage, by saying with emphasis—

“LADIES and Gentlemen,—

“Let me entreat that you will allow Miss MUDIE to finish her part. Perhaps, when you are informed, that, after this night, Miss MUDIE will be withdrawn from the stage, you will be induced to comply.”

This last appeal seemed to produce the desired effect; but the calm was deceitful; for, upon the next appearance of the child, the uproar broke out with such violence, that she was compelled to retire. Mr. Murray then came forward, and requested to be heard for a few words, which he delivered as follows:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“If you will have the kindness to allow us to trespass upon your patience five minutes, Miss Searle, with your indulgence, will play Miss MUDIE’s

part from the commencement of the fifth act.”

Order was again restored. But, upon the appearance of Miss Searle, hostilities were ungenerously renewed between the partisans of Miss MUDIE and the *Anti-Roscianites*. All was noise and confusion. When it was found that any farther interference would “more embroil the fray,” the remainder of the Comedy was converted into Pantomimic Show, not a word being heard; and the curtain fell on the most imperfect performance ever witnessed on a London stage.

We trust that this decision will banish from the Theatre all those puerile and precocious efforts—that “airy of children” of whom Shakspeare complains “that they cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for it!”—We hope that the returning sense of the public will send these “puny whippers” back to their schools, to be fitted for more useful purposes.

We ascribe no fault to the innocent child in the present case; nor know we upon what grounds her friends thought proper to expose her to a London audience. She had had, it has been said, great success at the provincial Theatres, and this it was that induced the Covent Garden Proprietors to bring her out there. But the dignity and consequence of the profession of an Actor should not be lightly compromised.—Every allowance, however, must be made for the eagerness of Managers to meet the wishes, and even the caprice, of an indulgent public; and here we are forcibly reminded of the following lines of Dr. Johnson:

“Hard is his lot, that, here by fortune plac’d,

“Must watch the wild vicissitudes of tale;

“With every meteor of caprice must play,
“And chase the new-blown BUBBLES of the day.

“Ah! let not Censure term our Fate our Choice,

“The Stage but echoes back the public voice;

“The Drama’s laws, the Drama’s patrons give;

“For we, that LIVE TO PLEASE, must PLEASE, to live.

“Then PROMPT no more the FOLLIES you DECRY,

“As Tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;

“Tis

" 'Tis yours, this night, to bid the
reign commence

" Of rescu'd Nature; and reviving Sense."

*Prologue on opening Drury Lane
Theatre in 1747.*

These *infant prodigies* are well received in country Theatres, and plentifully puffed (with the help of *aurum palpabile*) in certain London papers. They create a topic of conversation; and when their friends apply to the London Managers for engagements for them, were the latter (guided probably by their sense of propriety) to decline insulting the public with such ridiculous exhibitions, an invidious turn would, no doubt, be given to their refusal; as if an undue parsimony induced them to withhold from the public, objects that had greatly excited and would amply gratify its curiosity.

DEC. 2. Being about ten days after an *Infant Roscia* had been driven from the London stage; being also about a week previous to the first-announced re-appearance of the *Young Roscius* at Drury Lane Theatre; a glow of benevolence and charity seemed on a sudden to have kindled in the breast of Mr. BETTY; and he wrote a letter from Manchester, under this date, to the Editor of a London paper, announcing his intention to allow his son to perform one night for the joint benefit of the Theatrical Funds of Drury Lane and Covent Garden; a favour which had nine months before been solicited of him, but refused, and certainly not in the most handsome way.

But Mr. BETTY, it seems, could not announce his intended act of liberality, without directing the notice of the public (whether wisely or not, he best knows) to our Magazine of June last, and roundly charging us (after a lapse of *six months*) with "*malignant aspersions*," for having simply stated (on incontrovertible authority) the still-undenied fact of *his then refusal*.

His letter to the Editor of THE MORNING POST was as follows:—

" SIR,

" Having read in *The European Magazine* for the month of June last, a letter respecting my having refused to let my son perform for the Theatrical Fund, I take leave to make a few *comments* thereon. Although the engagements I was under rendered it impossible, without incurring a heavy penalty, for my son to play last season, it was

well known it was his wish, and my full intention, he should this season perform for that excellent Institution. If the reports circulated with so much industry, have been kept up with a view to irritate, and induce me to refuse my assent to my son's performing for the Charity alluded to, until some apology be made for such *malignant aspersions*, the Author will be disappointed of his aim. The best answer to such attempts to degrade me, and injure my son in the estimation of the Public, is to take this method of declaring, that my son will perform for the joint benefit of the decayed Actors at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, any night the Committee appointed for each Fund shall, in conjunction, settle with the Managers of either Theatre they may wish him to perform at.

" I am, Sir,

" Your very humble servant,

" HENRY BETTY."

" Manchester, Dec. 2, 1805."

Through the medium of some of the most respectable London Newspapers, our PUBLISHER, with a laudable zeal, made the following temperate reply to this bitter reproach:—

To the Editor of THE TIMES, &c.

SIR,

As Publisher of the *European Magazine*, I think it my duty to rescue that work from the possibility of being misconceived by the Public as the vehicle of "*malignant aspersions*." In order thereto, I trouble you with exact copies of the letters alluded to, that an impartial public may form its own opinion as to the satisfactory nature of the *comments* which Mr. BETTY has been pleased to make thereon.

" MR. ASPERNE,

" I see, by your elegant Magazine of the last month, you are slow of credit to newspaper authority for Mr. Betty's having refused to urge his son to play one night for the decayed actors of the Theatre Royal, Drury lane. You may depend on the fact; for I wrote the subjoined letter; but thinking I should arrogate too much to myself, I laid it before the Committee, who flattered me by their adoption, sent it to him by their Secretary, and, in *six weeks* after, received an answer in the *negative*.

" I am, Sir, very truly

" Yours,

" J. MOODY.

" Barnes Terrace, June 12, 1805."

To

To Mr. BETTY.

Teach me to feel another's woe. P.

"SIR,

"From a liberal mind I am sure of pardon, in the cause of humanity, for this trespass on your time. To be brief and simple is the life of business and the soul of science.

"We, undersigned, the Master, Trustees, and Committee for managing the Fund for the decayed Actors of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, raised by that great master of his art, David Garrick, Esq., and by him incorporated by an Act of Parliament for the purpose, finding, at this time, our finances so low, have been obliged to pare down the income of our poor claimants by a severe and heavy poundage; and unless your son stands forth for us, with his transcendent abilities, one night, we shall be poor indeed. We have chosen you, Sir, our advocate to him for this liberal deed of benevolence to be extended to his aged, distressed brethren; which, joined to his present popularity, will consecrate his name to time's end.

"With great respect,

"We are your obedient servants,

"MADDOCKS, Sec. for Committee, &c.

"Theatre R. D. Lane, March 1805."

We here find, Mr. Editor, that a veteran actor of most respectable character, near forty years a favourite with the public, and now retired in the evening of life to rural ease and contemplation, makes a powerful appeal to the "liberal mind" of Mr. BETTY, on behalf of his decayed and distressed brethren; pays a tribute of the highest eulogy to the "transcendent abilities" of the young actor; and, in conclusion, declares, that his compliance would be "a deed of benevolence" that would "consecrate his name to time's end."

This affecting appeal "in the cause of humanity," couched in terms of profound respect to Mr. BETTY, and of compliment to his son, the former suffers to lie before him SIX WEEKS UNANSWERED, and then sends a *refusal*. If, Sir, his tardy answer in the negative had MENTIONED (what his present letter states) that *he was restricted* by positive engagements and heavy penalties from a compliance then, but intimated an intention to comply in the following season, when no such inability might exist, it cannot be supposed that so reasonable

an excuse, and so welcome an intimation, would have been passed over in silence by Mr. MOODY.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JAMES ASPERNE.

No. 32, Cornhill, Dec. 14, 1805.

*** Without scrutinizing the motives that have preponderated in Mr. Betty's mind to operate this favourable change in behalf of the laudable institution alluded to, we are happy to hail it as *Better late than never*.

DEC. 6. At Drury-lane Theatre, after *The Beaux Stratagem*, in which Mrs. Jordan displayed some of her best acting, as Mrs. Sullen, though just recovered from a serious indisposition, a new *Legendary Melo-Drame*, which had excited much curiosity, and attracted an overflowing house, was brought forward, under the title of "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY." The author of this piece is Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq., a gentleman of considerable celebrity in the higher circles, and son of Sir William Charles Skeffington, Bart., of Skeffington Hall, in Leicestershire: and much as may have been hoped from the taste and genius of that gentleman, the reality has far exceeded the most sanguine expectation. Mr. S.'s dramatic talents had before been exercised on two Comedies, called *The Word of Honour*, and *The High Road to Marriage*; the former acted at Covent Garden in 1802, the latter at Drury-lane in the following year. In these dramas he had displayed much genius, taste, and purity of sentiment; and the present production (though of a very different nature from Comedy) bespeaks a rich poetical fancy, and will not detract from his literary reputation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Aldibert	Mr. DE CAMP.
Owin	Mr. RUSSEL.
Launcelot	Mr. MATTHEWS.
Edward	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Ethelred	Mr. G. D'EGVILLE.
Edgar	Mr. GIBBON.
Ellen	Miss DE CAMP.
Ethelinde	Miss BRISTOW.
Elgiva	Miss BOYCE.
Female Peasant	Mrs. BLAND.
Fairy Melzarina	Mademoiselle PARISOT.

The scene lies in England in the days of ancient chivalry. The story may be briefly told.

Aldibert,

Aldibert, a knight errant, in search of chivalrous adventures, arrives at an almost impenetrable forest, accompanied by Oswin: they meet with Ellen, a very old villager, by her own account 117 years of age. She informs them that the wood is enchanted; that, in her youth, a Malignant Fairy had doomed the destruction of Ethelinde, the daughter of Egbert, a powerful Baron; but the Fairy of Benevolence, Melzarina, by her power, prevented her design, and commuted her impending fate, for that of being cast into a deep sleep; from which she was never to be awakened, except by a young Knight, who, till he saw her, should be uninfluenced by the passion of love. Aldibert resolves upon the adventure; and the fairy Melzarina descends with the clouds, and promises him her aid. He forces through the wood, which exhibits the appearances described in *Tasso's Enchanted Forest*. He arrives at a castle, explores all the rooms, discovers the Barons and Ladies fast asleep, in full youth and beauty; that is, in the exact state in which they were 100 years before. In the bosom of Edward (the favourite page) they find some verses, which are sung by the sleeping page in a most delightful stile. The folding-doors that concealed the Sleeping Beauty are now forced, and disclose the most magnificent scene, perhaps, ever produced upon a theatre. The spell is now broken; and the various characters awake. Several pretty dances succeed. The Knights then swear to protect their fair mistresses from the usurper, whose power they dread. Edward, the Page, seeks his beloved Ellen, and finds her a poor decrepit old woman. Perceiving his disappointment, she releases him from his promise; but he nobly declares his affection unaltered; and his constancy is rewarded by her transformation into a beautiful young lady. The usurper Ethelred, and his guards, obtain entrance into the castle by a subterraneous passage; when Aldibert challenges him to single combat, in which much skill is displayed by Mr. De Camp and Mr. D'Egville. Ethelred is killed. The hands of the Knights and the enchanted damsels are joined by the Fairy of Benevolence; and the whole concludes with a most magnificent scene of transparent pillars, and other ornaments, dancing by Parisot, and a charming chorus.

The music is by Mr. Addison. The

overture is beautiful, and was loudly applauded. The songs possess sweetness, taste, and science; and the accompaniments to the Melo-Drame are grand and appropriate.

The above sketch of the fable announces this to be a piece out of the ordinary line. There is nothing common or hacknied about it. The foundation rests, indeed, upon an old story; but the superstructure and the order are all new, striking, and eccentric. They furnish proofs of original genius, finished taste, and fruitful fancy.

The reader will perceive that Mr. Skeffington has not intended to confine himself to the track of probability; but, giving the rein to his imagination, has boldly ventured into the boundless region of necromancy and fairy adventure. The valorous days of chivalry are brought to our recollection; and the tales which warmed the breasts of youth with martial ardour, are again rendered agreeable to the mind that is not so fastidious as to turn with fancied superiority from the pleasing delusion. The ladies, in particular, would be accused of ingratitude, were they to look coldly upon the Muse of Mr. Skeffington, who has put into the mouths of his two enamoured Knights, Aldibert and Oswin, speeches and patergyrics upon the sex, which would not discredit the effusions of Orondates, or any other hero of romance.

The Proprietors seem to have been fully confident of the effect of Mr. Skeffington's exertions, by the unparalleled liberality with which they have brought forward his piece. The costume is splendid in the extreme; and in point of scenic effect, we do not remember any thing by which *The Sleeping Beauty* has been surpassed.

Upon the whole, this entertainment is as interesting a combination of dialogue, music, machinery, and decoration, as the most sanguine mind can well form an idea of. The performers exerted themselves with great spirit; Miss De Camp particularly excelled in the old woman of 117, and sung the annexed song with admirable powers of imitation. The piece received the most flattering applause, and will long continue a favourite with the public. Many of the songs breathe the genuine spirit of poetry; we have only room for the following specimen of the simple ballad:

BALLAD.

BALLAD—ELLEN—Miss DE CAMP.

ONE hundred years ago,
 As well as in these times,
 The world had specious show,
 And just as many crimes.
 The courtier's ready smile
 Could then false hopes bestow;
 Nay, beauty could beguile
 One hundred years ago.

Men breath'd the artful vow,
 And maids that vow receiv'd;
 They flatter'd, e'en as now,
 And were as well believ'd.
 Young hearts were often sold;
 And if estate were low,
 They barter'd love for gold
 One hundred years ago.

10. At Drury-lane, a new Comedy was presented, under the title of "THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS;" the principal characters being thus represented:

Lord Belmore	Mr. ELLISTON.
Sir Edward Epworth	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Sir Felix Mordaunt	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Mr. Hardy	Mr. DOWTON.
Matthew Daw	Mr. MATHEWS.
Lady Courtland	Miss POPE.
Lady Epworth (under the assumed name of Mrs. Hamilton)	Mrs. JORDAN.
Emily	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.
Lucy	Miss MELLON.

Sir Edward Epworth, a dissipated Baronet, allured by the fascination of gaming, deserts an amiable wife, and forms a fashionable arrangement with Lady Courtland, a demirep of Faro notoriety, who resides at a country villa with her grand-daughter Emily. Lady Epworth, under the assumed name of Mrs. Hamilton, takes lodgings in a neighbouring town (in the same house resides Matthew Daw, a watchmaker, and a benevolent Quaker); where, from poverty, she is reduced to part with her jewels. Lord Belmore, having heard of his friend Sir Edward's aberration, arrives at Lady Courtland's with a view of reclaiming him. He, by accident, sees Mrs. Hamilton, and being ignorant of her sacred connexion with Sir Edward, becomes enamoured; an interview follows, and his Lordship leaves a note upon the table to relieve the object of his attachment from her difficulties. The lady returns the note by

Matthew Daw, who, instead of delivering it to Lord Belmore, gives it to her own husband, Sir Edward Epworth. The Baronet, fearful lest his friend should become the dupe of an artful courtesan, writes in answer, "that her character is known to him; and that he shall take care Lord Belmore shall not be made the victim of false appearances." Lady Epworth is distracted at receiving such a letter from her husband; but Lord Belmore, having ascertained the mistake, introduces Sir Edward to her in the disguise of his uncle; and the mystery is happily solved by their reunion, under the auspices of his Lordship, who proves himself a preceptor, able to preside over "THE SCHOOL FOR FRIENDS," and is united to Miss Emily, an artless, unvisited girl, though educated under the seducing influence of Lady Courtland. Such is the principal spring of the plot; but, in order to enliven the scene, there are introduced Mr. Hardy, an eccentric humourist, who pretends to be poor, but at last bestows a fortune of 50,000l. upon his niece, Lady Epworth;—Sir Felix Mordaunt, a county member of liberal principles;—Matthew Daw, a good humoured Quaker; and Lucy, a chattering, yet affectionate *Fille de Chambre*, who is at length prevailed upon to enlist under the matrimonial banners of honest *Broad Brim*.

This well written Comedy is the first dramatic production of a Miss CHAMBERS, daughter to the mate of *The Winterton East Indiaman*, which was lost some years since; and we are happy to say, that it is an honour to its author, and to the stage. Its effect is, to make vice odious, folly ridiculous, virtue lovely, and propriety respectable. It was admirably performed, loudly applauded, and bids fair to retain a permanent situation in the public favour.

16. MASTER BETTY resumed his station on the boards of Drury-lane (at an engagement of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS a night, for twenty-five nights) in his popular character of *Douglas*. Some contention arose, when he made his first appearance in the second act, between those who seemed inclined to discountenance the mixture of juvenile with adult actors in a Theatre Royal; and those, (of a much more numerous class), who were either enthusiastic admirers

mirers of the acting of this EXTRAORDINARY BOY, or the personal friends of his family.

No sooner was a hiss of disapprobation heard, than a tumultuous cry of *Turn him out* effectually overpowered it. As, however, the hisses were occasionally refused, particularly in the pit, a more effectual method of suppressing them was taken, by the INTRODUCTION OF CONSTABLES, who dragged out some of the hissers, and threatened others. This measure certainly had its effect; for though other persons might wish to manifest their disapprobation, they were still more inclined to avoid a close acquaintance with the aforesaid staff-officers.

Of Master Betty we have to observe, that he appears to have grown in height as much as the lapse of a few months can be supposed to make apparent.

With respect to improvement in his acting, we cannot say that we perceived the slightest shade of difference, in any one scene, from what we recollected of his former efforts.

We learn, however, that since his last appearance in London, he has been

playing OSMOND, in the *Castle Spectre*; GUSTAVUS VASA; ORESTES: ZANGA; and MACBETH.

We have not at any time, either in mind or word, denied that Master Betty's histrionic talents are very extraordinary for his age; but without a degree of *delusion* in a dramatic performance there can be no interest excited; and will it be contended, that the necessary *delusion* is effected in the minds of spectators, when they see a boy of fourteen (in company with men and women of from twenty to sixty years of age) sustaining such characters as *Macbeth* or *Zanga*, *Gustavus Vasa*, or *Richard the Third*?

It is on this principle solely, and with the warmest wishes for his future success, that we would advise his being withdrawn from the public stage for three or four years, and sent either to a university, or to some other classical seminary for intellectual improvement. At the age of eighteen or nineteen, with a manly form, and cultivated mind, he may again return, and be universally hailed as a theatrical star of the first magnitude.

POETRY.

NELSON AND COLLINGWOOD.

BY THE REV. WEEDEN BUTLER, M.A.

England expects every man will do his duty.

Nelson's last Telegraph.

I.

BRITONS! you heard Trafalgar's story;
You triumph in your country's glory:—

Mourn o'er the relics, pale and gory,

Of brave, immortal NELSON.

To earth and war our hero's dead;

To heav'n and peace his spirit sped:

Twine your green laurels round the head

Of brave, immortal NELSON.

Mourn, one and all,

Great NELSON's fall;

Oh! dash not off the gushing tear:

No tears disgrace

The manly face,

When freemen tend a freeman's bier.

Fame's rugged steep with daring foot he trod, [God.

True to his King, his Country, and his

II.

When Passion's slave, and Fortune's minion,

Panting to spread usurp'd dominion,

To Egypt flew on vulture pinion;

Lo! there, immortal NELSON.

To check the conquest of the world,

Old Nilus hail'd our flag unfurl'd;

Wide havoc on the Gaul was hurl'd

By brave, immortal NELSON.

Lord of the main,

He sail'd again,

Where Copenhagen's ramparts lour'd:

Paul's mad intrigues,

And captious leagues,

Sunk, in the tempest NELSON pour'd.

In Britain's cause he bore th' avenging red,

But gave all glory to Almighty God.

III.

Each change of atmosphere disdain-
ing,
With scarce the wreck of health remain-

ing,
Never of toil or wound complaining,

Serv'd brave, immortal NELSON.

Trafalgar

Trafalgar saw the warrior dight
 Conspicuous for the hottest fight;
 Foremost to guard Britannia's right
 Sprang brave, immortal NELSON.
 With breast elate
 He met his fate,
 And calmly mark'd life's ebbing sand;
 Said, with a sigh,
 "He wish'd to die
 "In dear Britannia's favour'd land!"
 But Death's dark path with Christian
 faith he trod,
 And bow'd submissive to the will of God.

IV.

Mourn and rejoice! Horatio's spirit
 Well pleas'd beholds a friend inherit
 The honours paid to valorous merit;
 He smiles on gallant COLLINGWOOD:
 Mourn for your martyrs on the wave!
 Mourn for your NELSON in his grave!
 Rejoice, and cheer the living brave
 With modest, gallant COLLINGWOOD.
 United raise
 Loud hymns of praise;
 Your pray'rs, your thanks, are due to
 Heav'n;
 Your loss deplore;
 That tribute o'er,
 Be grateful for the champions giv'n:
 By their great Admiral's side Fame's
 path they trod, [their God.
 True to their King, their Country, and
 WEEDEEN BUTLER, Junior.
Chelsea, 4th Dec. 1805.

ON THE GLORIOUS VICTORY
OFF TRAFALGAR, OCT. 21, 1805.

BY THE REV. RICHARD HENNAH.

AROUND Trafalgar's rocky shores,
 Britannia's warlike thunder roars,
 Britannia's streamers fly;
 In numbers bold, the sons of France,
 Aided by those of Spain, advance,
 The battle's fate to try.
 But vain their hopes, as vain their boast!
 Each Briton is himself an host,
 On such a glorious day;
 Besides, the Hero of the Nile,
 The pride, the glory of our Isle!
 Prepares to lead the way.
 What pleasure sparkles in his eye,
 To see his country's foes so nigh!
 The promis'd signals wave:
 Our tars, impatient for the fight,
 Like eagles on their prizes light,
 And ev'ry danger brave.

Around dismay and terror reign;
 The decks are cover'd with the slain,
 With gore the crimson tide!

No choice is left the vanquish'd foe;
 They strike, or sink to shades below:
 Britons triumphant ride.

See: yonder goddess hastens down,
 Her favourite Hero's brow to crown;
 But meets him with a sigh:
 Alas! the fatal ball has sped;
 NELSON lies number'd with the dead!
 His spirit lingers nigh!

Oppress'd with sorrow, full of grief,
 She seeks the Royal Sovereign's Chief,
 The well-earn'd meed to give:
 And as her COLLINGWOOD the crown'd,
 The gallant spirit hover'd round,
 And in his friend shall live.

But e'er the goddess fought the sky,
 Again she heard the victors' cry,
 And to the scene she flew:
 To soothe her for her Hero gone,
 Another glorious battle's won—
 Another crown is due.

With drooping spirits, pale with dread,
 * A remnant of the foe had fled,
 Some friendly port to gain:
 But met by Britons on their way,
 Britons new energies display—
 † Another wreath obtain!

In NELSON shall our tars delight,
 Shall cheer each other in the fight,
 While loud the cannons roar:
 Dear to the sons of Liberty,
 His name shall lead to victory,
 'Till Britons are no more!

True to themselves let Britons stand,
 A firm and patriotic band,
 The world may then assail:
 Whether they combat on the wave,
 Or on the shore all dangers brave,
 They cannot but prevail!

LINES,

*Written on the Publication of the extra-
 ordinary Events at Ulm and Trafalgar,
 6th Nov. 1805.*

BY EYLES IRWIN, ESQ.

FAME sounds her trumpet! the tidings
 spread like flame; [flame!
 And *these* with glory seal'd, and *those* with
 In ULM's strong walls the recreant Au-
 strian yields, [fields.
 Nor dares to truit in ramparts or in
 Far different fortune crowns Britannia's
 fails, [CALES,
 That patient watch'd the allied fleet at

* Dumanoir's four ships, which escaped
 from off Trafalgar.

† Sir Richard Strachan's Squadron.

In port secure—'till forc'd by pow'r
 away,
 They brav'd the dread inevitable day,
 Which NELSON's ardent chase, his
 toils, his pray'rs shall pay.
 Him triumph follow'd still, his projects
 fed, [dead!
 Inspir'd while living! and adorn'd when
 O! shame to think the gallant Chief
 can die,
 Whose deeds may well mortality defy.
 When on the pyramid, to glory dear,
 A grateful nation shall to NELSON rear,
 The feeling sculptor, by *Lyfippus* taught,
 Shall sketch the victories he so dearly
 bought.
Here palmy *Nilus*, trembling for his tide,
 While Britons feed the conflagration
 wide: [renown,
There, wreaths at *Zealand* won, of pure
 When Albion wrestled for her naval
 crown: [Hero's days,
 And chief the scene which clos'd the
 When stamp'd *Trafalgar* his unrivall'd
 praise! [tales
 Some eye shall rest, and moisten at the
 Of wonder which the chissel's art un-
 veils;
 The patriot principle shall season wo,
 And prompt the strain with confidence to
 flow. [votion send
 "Thus NELSON fell!—nor could de-
 A life illustrious so desir'd an end!
 Still to example and to honour true,
 Around him rang'd a firm and chosen
 few, [in fight,
 In danger's track, who kept his flag
 And grew, like him, invincible in fight:
 While ocean rolls, shall touch the van-
 quish'd Gaul, [fall,
 Like him, they vow'd to conquer or to
 'Till kindred trophies vest some hero
 round, [quiem found!"
 And other COLLINGWOODS his re-

LINES,

*Written on the lamented Death of Lord
 Viscount NELSON, Duke of Brontë, in
 the glorious Victory obtained on the 21st
 of October, 1805, by the British Fleet,
 under his Lordship's Command, over
 the Combined Fleets of France and Spain.*

BY WILLIAM CAREY.

O! lov'd and cherish'd, as thy coun-
 try's boast!
 Thy voice a triumph! and thy name a host!
 Oh! gallant Chief! in battle long re-
 nown'd, [crown'd!
In death, by VICTORY and GLORY
 While we thy fall, with fruitless grief
 deplore, [no more!
 Our pride, our brave defender, now

Our prostrate foes, with savage joy elate,
 Look up, forgetful of their vanquish'd
 state, [quests fee,
 Throw off their fears, their future con-
 And deem our fleets and armies lost in
 thee!— [proudly cries,
 "Presumptuous hope!" BRITANNIA
 Indignant lightnings flashing from her
 eyes,— [try's dread,
 "What tho' my Hero, late your coun-
 My mighty Hero, slumbers with the
 dead; [no more,
 Tho' he my conquering navies, now,
 Shall lead to triumph on your trighted
 shore; [the flood,
 No more shall launch my thunders on
 And dye the ocean with your dreaming
 blood; [geance due;
 Yet think not long to 'scape the ven-
 A thousand Chiefs his gallant course
 pursue;
 A thousand Heroes equal honours claim,
 And emulate his dangers and his fame;
 With pious tears upon his shade they
 call,
 And swear to perish, or avenge his fall.

"Fly, then,—in time, from sure de-
 struction fly; [lie.
 And, safely vaunting, in your harbours
 Should all your armaments, restor'd again,
 With thrice-told numbers, dare attempt
 the main; [brave,
 Should they my people to the conflict
 No fight shall screen them, and no force
 shall save: [spite,
 My dauntless sons your numbers will de-
 And EVERY BRITON WILL A NEL-
 SON RISE; [sweep,
 HIS MARTIAL SPIRIT in their van shall
 And sun-bright GLORY lead them o'er the
 deep; [crews, too late,
 Pale Fear shall freeze your trembling
 Struck speechless by inexorable Fate;
 On ships and men consuming fires shall
 fall,
 And one tremendous ruin bury all.—

"But oh! what honours—what im-
 mortal fame, [name?
 Shall Europe consecrate to NELSON's
 Fir'd with the glorious theme, thro' ev'ry
 clime [lime.
 Shall radiant Genius wing her flight sub-
 The deathless Muse, in sweet majestic
 lays, [raise;
 His splendid palms amid the stars shall
 While, safe, on earth, from Envy's wait-
 ing rage, [page.—
 His virtues flourish in a Roscoe's
 Creative Art shall catch the flame di-
 vine,
 And simple Grandeur stamp her bold de-
 sign:

In warlike pomp his battles shall be
shown,
And all his triumphs live in brass and
stone : [built,
The statue warm with life, the breathing
The trophied urn, shall grace his sacred
dust.

His *Effigy* the nations shall behold
On shining silver and on beamy gold ;
The precious gem, with holy fervour
blest,
In ecstasy shall to the lip be prest ;
To manly Worth, to blooming Beauty
dear,

Shall oft receive the lone, the tender tear ;
Shall grace the gentle bosom of the Fair,
And watch her slumbers with a Father's
care ;

A guardian *Ægis* o'er her virtues spread,
And on her days a pure effulgence shed.
The magic pencil shall recall to life
My Hero's form amid the bloody strife ;
There proud *IBERIA* shall with *Gaul*
combine, [ful line ;

And there my Lions rend their dread-
High in the front the god-like Chief shall
glow, [Foe.

And hurl his lightnings on the cowering
In mournful change, the artist shall dis-
play

The *dear-bought* glories of his final day ;
With many a group, in heavy wo around,
And many a tear, fast-streaming o'er his
wound. [grave,

How sweetly sleeps the Warrior in his
In death lamented by the WISE and
BRAVE !— [trust,

When the frail canvas, faithless to its
Shall lose his form, and mingle with the
dust ; [can tell

When the time-moulder'd stone no more
How brave he fought—he conquer'd and
he fell ; [bright,

Still as the years roll on, each year more
His memory shall diffuse a broader light ;
His great example still my sons inspire,
And spread from age to age the Patriot
fire :

The hoary Matron and the tender Maid,
In war, shall oft invoke his mighty shade ;
Sires yet unborn his glories shall pro-
claim, [name."

And babes be taught to list his honour'd
Sheffield, Nov. 11, 1805.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

The heroic conduct of Tom Main, de-
scribed by Captain Baynton, of the
Leviathan, during the action off Tra-
falgar, can only be equalled by a fact
which I have endeavoured to comme-

morate, and which, if worthy your no-
tice, I now offer for insertion.

Yours, &c.

SENSIBILITY.

TOM's TRIUMPH.

THE fight was o'er, the prize in tow,
When Ben in friendship went below,
To learn if Tom, his sister's swain,
Was 'mongst the wounded or the slain.
Between each deck his friend he fought,
With hopes and fears his bosom fraught ;
He call'd his name, but call'd in vain ;
No answer came from Tom again.

II.

His steps now to the cockpit lead,
Where some were wounded, some lay dead ;
Among the former—piercing sight !—
Was Tom, poor lad ! in piteous plight—
Both legs were gone, e'en to the thighs !
At Ben's known voice he op'd his eyes,
A hand held out his friend to greet,
Convinc'd that life would soon retreat.

III.

With looks benign Ben's hand he press'd,
And thus his kneeling friend address'd :
" My time is come—my end is near"—
Ben wip'd away a manly tear—
" To thee, my honour'd, worthy friend,
A tender pledge I now commend :
Your sister Sall, betroth'd my wife,
Support, protect, defend through life.

IV.

" Tell her we conquer'd !—beat the foe !—
My line is run—I go, I go."
He could no more—his manly breast
Exulted—heav'd—and sunk to rest.—
And now in shrouded hammeck laid,
Each tar a tear in tribute paid ;
His body to the Deep consign'd,
As men they griev'd—as men resign'd.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. EDWARD PARKER,

*Who, though cut off in the Dawn of Man-
hood, (on the 5th of August, 1805, in his
Twenty-first Year,) evinced such ami-
able Mildness of Disposition, such Bene-
volence of Heart, and, above all, such
truly Christian Piety and Resignation,
during a tedious Illness, as are rarely
found united, even in those much more
advanced in Life.*

*Nos debemur nostraque
Morti !*

HOR.

PARKER ! 'tis done—the struggle's o'er ;
Thy beating pulse shall beat no more !
'Tis done—th' exulting spirit 's fled,
And thou art number'd with the dead.

No

No more that throbbing heart shall fear :
 No more those hands shall wipe the tear ;
 No more thy features meet my view :
 Companion of my youth ! adieu !

The eyes that like the morning smil'd ;
 The tongue that oft the hour beguil'd ;
 The crimson cheeks, the glowing form,
 Are mansions of the loathsome worm.

But tho' thou 'rt gone, yet fancy still,
 Obedient to the ruling will,
 Shall oft imagine thou art near,
 And paint the image late so dear.
 Oft, when the noisy bustling day
 Has roll'd with all its cares away,
 To think of thee—of thee to talk,
 Shall solemnize the evening's walk.

Amidst the dear domestic scene,
 I'll think thou 'rt where thou oft hast
 been ;

Perhaps—I'll say, and drop the tear—
 Perhaps—his gentle spirit 's here.

When in the solemn hour of prayer,
 I'll think that, tho' unseen, thou 'rt there ;
 Thy new-strung harp the hymn shall join,
 And make the melody divine.

If in the gloom of night I roam,
 Far distant from my native home,
 Where disembodied spirits stray,
 I'll think I meet thee in the way.

And as I pass life's vale of tears,
 These thoughts shall lighten all my cares,
 That soon my spirit shall be free,
 And have a golden harp like thee.

And till my closing hours appear,
 Parker ! thy mem'ry shall be dear ;
 Dear—'till I meet thee on the shore
 Where kindred spirits part no more.

THE PROSTITUTE.

ON the cold stone see her laid !
 Ellen, once a village maid,
 Artless, young, and fair !
 Anguish rends her bleeding soul,
 Peace has lost its soft controul,
 Terror triumphs there !

Beauty in fair Ellen shone ;
 Each attendant pleasure known,
 Bade her heart be gay ;
 But it prov'd her saddest bane,
 Guilty love has caus'd her pain,
 And torn her peace away !

Long in prostitution's course,
 Of grief and dire disease the source,
 Fair Ellen's life was driv'n :
 Death, whom oft she doth implore,
 Soon will bid her mourn no more !—

Forgive her, righteous Heav'n !

Dec. 3, 1805.

J. M. L.

INSCRIPTION

For the Tomb of a Mother, and Five of her Children.

BY MRS. OPIE.

W HATE'ER a husband loves, or father
 mourns,
 Within this sacred tomb to dust returns ;
 No single stroke the fell destroyer gave,
 Five children share their tender mother's
 grave. [repose ;
 Were prattling childhood, gifted youth,
 And here the eyes of rip'ning beauty
 close. [fade,
 All that a parent deems his hope, his
 In silence slumber by their mother's side.

VERSES.

Written in Camberwell Green.

ADDRESSED TO MARY.

Y E peaceful shades that soothe the trou-
 bled breast, [shade ;
 Exert your power, let me your influence
 Restore my bosom to its wanted rest,
 And banish from my heart the fiend
 Despair.

Soft as the music warbled from the spray ;
 Sweet as the vow prefer'd by ardent
 love ; [day,
 Calm as the hour which sees declining
 The fleeting moments here their cir-
 cles move.

But to the soul e'en nature can impart
 No spark of joy if hope be wanting
 there ;
 If discontent or love corrode the heart,
 No scene can please, however rich or
 fair.

From Sorrow's cheek to wipe the trem-
 bling tear, [eye,
 Or when the crystal drop bedews the
 To bid a view of happiness appear,
 Fair Hope descended from her native
 sky :

She points the traveller on Arabian sands
 To happier days on some far distant
 shore, [lands,
 Some bless'd retreat on ever fruitful
 Where thirst and hunger shall annoy
 no more :

Inspir'd by her, he braves the craggy
 steep, [appears ;
 Where death in ev'ry frightful form
 Or steers his passage o'er the trackless
 deep, [tears.
 With heart undaunted, unaffair'd by
 If hope can cheer him with enlivening
 ray, [of home,
 When fancy gives a transient glimpse
 Think,

Think, lovely maid! what woes beset
his way,
Compell'd without her friendly aid
to roam;

Who loves with pure and ever constant
flame,
Yet to the object fears that love to
9th Dec. 1805. T. G.

MR. FOX'S EPITAPH ON THE BISHOP OF DOWN.

UNDER this Stone lie interred the mortal Remains of the Right Rev. WILLIAM DICKSON, late Bishop of Down and CONNOR, whose memory will ever be dear to all who were connected with him in any of the various relations of Life.——Of his Public Character the Love of Liberty, and especially of Religious Liberty, was the prominent feature: Sincere in his own Faith, he abhorred the thought of holding out temptations to Prevarication or Infincerity in others, and was a decided enemy, both as a Bishop and a Legislator, to Laws whose tendency is to seduce or deter Men from the open and undisguised profession of their Religious Opinions by Reward and Punishment, by political Advantages, or political Disabilities.——In private Life, singular Modesty, correct Taste, a most engaging simplicity of Manners, unshaken constancy in Friendship, a warm Heart, alive to all the Charities of our Nature, did not fail to conciliate to this excellent Man the Affections of all who knew him.——But, though the exercise of the gentler Virtues which endear and attract, was more habitual to him, as most congenial to his Nature, he was by no means deficient in those more

energetic qualities of the Mind which command Respect and Admiration.——When roused by unjust aggression, or whatever the occasion might be that called for exertion, his Mildness did not prevent him from displaying the most manly and determined Spirit; and notwithstanding his exquisite Sensibility, he bore the severest of all human Calamities, the loss of several deserving and beloved Children, with exemplary Fortitude and Relinquishment.——He was born in February 1715——was married in June 1773 to HENRIETTA SYMES, daughter of the Rev. JEREMIAH SYMES.——Was preferred to the Bishoprick of Down and CONNOR in December 1783, and died on the 19th of September 1804, deeply regretted by all the different Religious Sects that composed the population of his extensive Diocese; by Acquaintances, Neighbours, and Dependents of every condition and description; by his Children, his Friends, and his Country; and most of all by his disconsolate Widow, who has erected this Stone to the Memory of the kindest Husband and the best of Men.

C. J. FOX.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LORD NELSON TO HIS CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND, ALEXANDER DAVISON, ESQ. OF ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

VICTORY.

DAY by day, my dear friend, I am expecting the fleet to put to sea, every day, hour, and moment; and you may rely, that if it is within the power of man to get at them, that it shall be done; and I am sure that all my brethren look to that day as the finish of our laborious cruise. The event no man can say exactly, but I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that, let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. My shattered frame, if I survive that day, will require rest, and that is all I shall ask for. If I fall on such a glorious occasion, it shall be my pride to take care that my friends shall

not blush for me—these things are in the hands of a wife and just Providence, and his will be done. I have got some trifle, thank God, to leave to those I hold most dear, and I have taken care not to neglect it. Do not think I am low spirited on this account, or fancy any thing is to happen to me; quite the contrary. My mind is calm, and I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe. I have two frigates gone for more information, and we all hope for a meeting with the enemy. Nothing can be finer than the fleet under my command. Whatever be the event, believe me ever, my dear Davison, your much obliged and sincere friend,

NELSON AND BRONTE.
INTEL.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 12.

Copy of a Letter from the Hon. William Cornwallis, Admiral of the Red, &c. to William Marsden, Esq.; dated Ville de Paris, at Sea, the 4th November, 1805.

SIR,

I send the enclosed letter for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, dated the 8th of last month, now received from the Hon. Charles E. Fleming, Captain of his Majesty's Ship *Egyptienne*, making known to me, that he had fallen in with, and captured, on the night of the 2d, the French national Brig *l'Acéon*, of 16 guns, and 126 men. The *Egyptienne* having seen her prize into Plymouth, returned to her station.

I have the honour to be, &c.

W. CORNWALLIS.

His Majesty's Ship Egyptienne, Plymouth Sound, 8th October, 1805.

SIR,

I have the honour to acquaint you, that his Majesty's Ship under my command, captured, on the night of the 2d inst., the French Imperial Brig *l'Acéon*, of 16 guns, and 126 men, two hours after she left the anchorage off Rochelle. Having in the morning reconnoitred the port of Rochefort, in pursuance of your orders, and perceiving *l'Acéon* apparently ready for sea, in a situation where I thought it practicable to bring her out, I resolved to accept of the very handsome offer of Lieutenant Handfield to make the attempt, and stood off to the N.W. till sun-set. At eight P.M. returned into the Pertuis d'Antioche, intending to anchor in the Rade de Basque, to support the boats which were prepared for this enterprise, when the Brig was perceived, under all sail, outside, and fell into our possession after a short chase. *L'Acéon* was commanded by Monsieur Depoge, Capitaine de Frégate; and had on board a Colonel and some recruits, with arms and cloathing for a regiment in the West Indies.

I have the honour to be, &c.

C. E. FLEMING.

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

Copy of a Letter from Rear Admiral Sir Richard John Strachan, Bart., to William Marsden, Esq.; dated on board his Majesty's Ship the Caesar, off Falmouth, the 8th Instant.

SIR,

Not having the returns when the *Æolus* left us, and now having occasion to send in the *Santa Margarita* to procure pilots to take the French ships into harbour, I transmit you the returns of killed and wounded in the action of the 4th; and also a copy of the thanks alluded to in my letter, which I request you will communicate to their Lordships. I dare say their Lordships will be surprised that we have lost so few men. I can only account for it from the enemy firing high, and we closing suddenly.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. J. STRACHAN.

I have as yet no very correct account of the loss of the enemy, or of their number of men.

The *Mont Blanc* had seven hundred; sixty-three killed, and ninety-six wounded, mostly dangerous.

The *Scipion*, one hundred and eleven killed and wounded.

The French Admiral, Monsieur Dumanoir le Pelley, wounded; the Captain of the *Duguay Trouin* killed, and second Captain wounded.

A List of the Killed and Wounded in his Majesty's Ships under mentioned, in Action with a French Squadron on the 4th of November, 1805.

Caesar, 4 killed and 25 wounded.—*Hero*, 10 killed and 51 wounded.—*Courageux*, 1 killed and 13 wounded.—*Namur*, 4 killed and 8 wounded.—*Santa Margarita*, 1 killed and 1 wounded.—*Revolucionnaire*, 2 killed and 6 wounded.—*Phoenix*, 2 killed and 4 wounded.—*Æolus*, 3 wounded.—Total, 24 killed and 111 wounded.—135.

Officers Killed.

Hero—Mr. Morrison, second Lieutenant of Marines.

Santa Margarita—M. Thomas Edwards, Boatwain.

Officers Wounded.

Hero—Lieutenant Skekel; Mr. Titterton and Mr. Stephenson, second Lieutenants of Marines.

Courageux—

Courageux—Mr. R. Clephane, first Lieutenant; Mr. Daws, Master's Mate; Mr. Bird, Midshipman; and Mr. Austin, Gunner.

Namur—William Clements, Captain of Marines; Thomas Osborne, second Lieutenant; and Frederick Beasley, Midshipman.

R. J. STRACHAN.

GENERAL MEMORANDUM.

Cesar, at Sea, November 6, 1805.

Having returned thanks to Almighty God for the victory obtained over the French squadron, the senior Captain begs to make his grateful acknowledgments for the support he has received from the ships of the line and the Frigates; and requests the Captains will do him the honour to accept his thanks, and communicate to their respective Officers and Ships' companies how much he admires their zealous and gallant conduct.

R. J. STRACHAN.

To the respective Captains
and Commanders.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 16.

Copy of a Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Collingwood, Vice-Admiral of the Red, &c. &c. to William Marsden, Esq., dated on board the Euryalus, off Cadiz, Oct. 28, 1805.

SIR,

Since my letter to you of the 24th, stating the proceedings of his Majesty's squadron, our situation has been the most critical, and our employment the most arduous, that ever a fleet was engaged in. On the 4th and 25th it blew a most violent gale of wind, which completely dispersed the ships, and drove the captured hulls in all directions. I have since been employed in collecting and destroying them, where they are at anchor upon the coast between Cadiz and six leagues westward of San Lucar, without the prospect of saving one to bring into port. I mentioned in my former letter the joining of the *Donnegal* and *Melpomene*, after the action; I cannot sufficiently praise the activity of their Commanders, in giving assistance to the squadron in destroying the enemy's ships. The *Defiance*, after having stuck to the *Aigle* as long as it was possible, in hope of saving her from wreck, which separated her for some time from the squadron, was obliged to abandon her to her fate, and she went on shore. Captain Durham's exertions have been very great. I hope I shall get them all destroyed by to-

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morrow, if the weather keeps moderate. In the gale the *Royal Sovereign* and *Mars* lost their foremasts, and are now rigging anew, where the body of the squadron is at anchor to the N.W. of San Lucar. I find that on the return of *Gravina* to Cadiz he was immediately ordered to sea again, and came out, which made it necessary for me to form a line, to cover the disabled hulls—that night it blew hard, and his ship, the *Prince of Asturias*, was dismasted, and returned into port; the *Rayo* was also dismasted, and fell into our hands; Don Enrigue M'Donel had his broad pendant in the *Rayo*, and from him I find the *Santa Ana* was driven near Cadiz and towed in by a frigate.

I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

P.S. I enclose a list of the killed and wounded, as far as I have been able to collect it.

Abstract of the Names and Qualities of the Officers and Petty Officers killed and wounded on board the British Ships in the Action with the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, October 21, 1805.

KILLED.

Royal Sovereign, Brice Gilliland, Lieutenant; William Chalmers, Master; Robert Green, Second Lieutenant of the Royal Marines; John Ackenhead and Thomas Braund, Midshipmen.—*Dreadnought*, none.—*Mars*, George Duff, Captain; Alexander Duff, Master's Mate; Edward Corbyn and Henry Morgan, Midshipmen.—*Minotaur*, none.—*Revenge*, Mr. Grier and Mr. Brooks, Midshipmen.—*Leviathan*, none.—*Ajax*, none.—*Defence*, none.—*Defiance*, Thomas Simens, Lieutenant; William Foster, Boatswain; James Williamson, Midshipman.

WOUNDED.

Royal Sovereign, John Clavell and James Rathford, Lieutenants; James Levesconte, Second Lieutenant of Royal Marines; William Watton, Master's Mate; Gilbert Kennicott, Grenville Thompson, John Farrant, and John Campbell, Midshipmen; Isaac Wilkinson, Boatswain.—*Dreadnought*, James L Lloyd, Lieutenant; Andrew M'Culloch and James Sabbin, Midshipmen.—*Mars*, Edward William Garrett and James Black, Lieutenants; Thomas Cook, Master; Thomas Norman (2), Captain of Royal Marines; John Yonge, George Guiren, William John

P p p

Cooke, John Jenkins, and Alfred Luckcraft, Midshipmen.—*Minotaur*, James Robinson, Boatswain; John Samuel Smith, Midshipman.—*Revenge*, Robert Moorfom, Captain (slightly); John Berry, Lieutenant; Luke Brockenhaw, Master; Peter Lily, Captain of Royal Marines.—*Leviathan*, T. W. Watfon, Midshipman, slightly.—*Ajax*, none.—*Defence*, none. *Defiance*, P. C. Durham, Captain, (slightly); James Spratt and Robert Brown, Master's Mates; John Hodge and Edmund Andrew Chapman, Midshipmen.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

A Return of the Killed and Wounded on board the respective Ships composing the British Squadron under the Command of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., Vice-Admiral of the White, &c. &c. &c. in the Action with the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, 21st of October, 1805.

Victory, not received.—*Royal Sovereign*, 3 Officers, 2 Petty Officers, and 42 Seamen and Marines, killed; 3 Officers, 5 Petty Officers, and 56 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 141.—*Britannia*, not received.—*Temeraire*, not received.—*Prince*, not received.—*Nephtune*, not received.—*Dreadnought*, 7 Seamen and Marines, killed; 1 Officer, 2 Petty Officers, and 23 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 33.—*Mars*, 1 Officer, 3 Petty Officers, and 25 Seamen and Marines, killed; 4 Officers, 5 Petty Officers, and 60 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 93.—*Bellerophon*, 2 Officers, 1 Petty Officer, and 24 Seamen and Marines, killed; 2 Officers, 4 Petty Officers, and 117 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 150.—*Minotaur*, 3 Seamen and Marines, killed; 1 Officer, 1 Petty Officer, and 20 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 25.—*Revenge*, 2 Petty Officers, and 26 Seamen and Marines, killed; 4 Officers and 47 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 79.—*Leviathan*, 4 Seamen and Marines, killed; 1 Petty Officer, and 21 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 26.—*Ajax*, 2 Seamen and Marines, killed; 9 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 11.—*Agamemnon*, not received.—*Spartiate*, not received.—*Africa*, not received.—*Bellicise*, not received.—*Colossus*, not received.—*Achille*, not received.—*Polypheumus*, not received.—*Swiftsure*, not received.—*Defence*, 7 Seamen and Marines, killed; 29 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total,

36.—*Defiance*, 2 Officers, 1 Petty Officer, and 14 Seamen and Marines, killed; 1 Officer, 4 Petty Officers, and 43 Seamen and Marines, wounded. Total, 70.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Wolfe, transmitted by Admiral Cornwallis.

SIR,

Aigle, Nov. 8, 1805.

Being becalmed in Vigo Bay, on the 28th of September last, at eight A. M. a squadron of nine Spanish gun-boats attacked his Majesty's frigate under my command. At nine a breeze sprung up; reversed their attack into a hasty retreat, but, from their proximity to the shore, we only captured one of them, carrying a long 24-pounder, commanded by Don Josef Maria Galon, four artillerymen, and 24 seamen. The Aigle sustained no other damage than a few shot through the fails.

I am, &c.

GEO. WOLFE.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Hancock, transmitted by Lord Keith.

H. M. S. Cruiser, in the Downs,

MY LORD, Nov. 13, 1805.

I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship that last night at seven P. M. stretching across from the North Sand Head to resume my station off Flushing, we fell in with two luggers, which suffered us to approach them quite close. One of them was, at this time, in the act of boarding a brig to windward, within gun-shot, and the other ran athwart our bow, within hail, for the purpose of boarding us to leeward, taking us for a merchant vessel. This being the largest, I made my first object, and after a chase of two hours, all the time within musket-shot, and under fire of our bow-guns and muskets, I had the good fortune to bring down her main top-sail and main lug-sail, when she struck, and proved to be le Vengeur French privateer lugger, of 14 guns and 50 men, commanded by Jean Augustin Hirrel, two days out from Boulogne, and had, on the afternoon of the day on which he was captured, taken two Swedish brigs, one laden with salt, from Liverpool, the other from Boston in Lincolnshire, in ballast. She is a beautiful new lugger, and esteemed the fastest sailing vessel out of France.

I am, &c.

(Signed) JOHN HANCOCK.

Copies

*Copies of Letters (and Enclosures) from the
Hon. Rear-Admiral Cochrane.*

His Majesty's Ship Northumberland,

SIR, *Carlisle Bay, June 23, 1805.*

I beg leave to inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a letter from Captain Rose, of his Majesty's ship *Circe*, gives an account of the capture of la *Constance* schooner privateer from Guadaloupe; this is the same vessel formerly taken by the *Circe* off the coast of Spain, but recaptured to westward of this island; she had just left Guadaloupe, and her trim was not known: she is a remarkable fine vessel.

I am, &c. A. COCHRANE.

His Majesty's Armed Sloop Dominica,

SIR, *Roseau, August 14, 1805.*

On the evening of the 11th instant (Scott's Head bearing N.E. two leagues) his Majesty's armed sloop under my command captured a small row-boat, named *l'Hazard*, armed with musketry, having on board only 14 men, three days from Point-à-Petre, without having made a capture.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. PETER.

*His Majesty's Sloop Osprey, Carlisle
Bay, Barbadoes, Aug. 25, 1805.*

SIR,

I have the honour to acquaint you of my having fallen in with a French privateer schooner, on the 17th of May last, the Island of Bermuda bearing South, distant five or six leagues, which, after a chase of 5 hours, I captured. She proved to be the *Teaser*, of 7 guns and 51 men, belonging to Guadaloupe, commanded by Joseph Ratisque, who was badly wounded by a grape shot. Out on a three months cruise, and had made seven captures, mostly droghers; during the chase she hove two of her guns overboard.

I have the honour to be, &c.

TIMOTHY CLINCH.

[Lieutenant R. Peter, of the *Dominica*, in another letter, dated off Roseau, Sept. 5, announces the capture of two row-boat privateers, the one carrying a 12lb. carronade and several swivels, with 15 men; and the other having 16 men on board. The latter was carried after a short resistance, by Mr. Jackson, Midshipman, and eight men, from the *Dominica*, who volunteered in the boat, the sloop not being able to get up, in consequence of a calm.]

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 26.

[An enclosure from Admiral Cornwallis announces that the *Latona* captured, on the 22d ult., the Spanish privateer *Amphion*, of 12 guns and 70 men; three days from St. Sebastian.]

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, NOV. 27.

*Copy of a Letter received last night by the
Hon. Captain Blackwood, from Vice-
Admiral Lord Collingwood, Commander
in Chief of his Majesty's Ships and Ves-
sels in the Mediterranean, to W. Mars-
den, Esq., dated on board his Majesty's
Ship the Queen, off Trafalgar, Nov.
4, 1805.*

SIR,

On the 28th ult. I informed you of the proceedings of the squadron to that time. The weather continuing very bad, the wind blowing from the S. W., the squadron not in a situation of safety, and seeing little prospect of getting the captured ships off the land, and great risk of some of them getting into port, I determined no longer to delay the destroying of them, and to get the squadron out of the deep bay. The extraordinary exertions of Captain Capel, however, saved the French ship *Swiftsure*; and his ship, the *Phœbe*, together with the *Donnegal*, Captain Malcolm, afterwards brought out the *Bahama*. Indeed, nothing can exceed the perseverance of all the officers employed on this service. Captain Hope rigged and succeeded in bringing out the *Ildefonso*, all of which will, I hope, have arrived safe at Gibraltar. For the rest, Sir, I enclose you a list of all the enemy's fleet, which were in the action, and how they are disposed of, which I believe is perfectly correct. I informed you in my letter of the 28th, that the remnant of the enemy's fleet came out a second time, to endeavour, in the bad weather, to cut off some of the hulks, when the *Rayo* was dismantled, and fell into our hands; she afterwards parted her cable, went on shore, and was wrecked. The *Indomptable*, one of the same squadron, was also driven on shore, wrecked, and her crew perished. The *Santa Ana* and *Algeziras* being driven near the shore of Cadiz, got such assistance as has enabled them to get in; but the ruin of their fleet is as complete as could be expected, under the cir-

cumstance of fighting them close to their own shore. Had the battle been in the ocean, still fewer would have escaped. Twenty sail of the line are taken or destroyed; and of those which got in, not more than three are in a repairable state for a length of time. Rear-Admiral Louis, in the *Canopus*, who had been detached with the *Queen*, *Spencer*, and *Tigre*, to complete the water, &c. of these ships, and to see the convoy in safety a certain distance up the Mediterranean, joined me on the 30th. In clearing the captured ships of prisoners, I found so many wounded men, that to alleviate human misery as much as was in my power, I sent to the Marquis de Solana, Governor-General of Andalusia, to offer him the wounded to the care of their country, on receipts being given; a proposal which was received with the greatest thankfulness, not only by the Governor, but the whole country resounds with expressions of gratitude. Two French frigates were sent out to receive them, with a proper officer to give receipts, bringing with them all the English who had been wrecked in several of the ships, and an offer from the Marquis de Solana of the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain for their being carefully attended. I have ordered most of the Spanish prisoners to be released; the officers on parole; the men for receipts given, and a condition that they do not serve in the war, by sea or land, until exchanged. By my correspondence with the Marquis, I found that Vice-Admiral d'Alava was not dead, but dangerously wounded, and I wrote to him a letter, claiming him as a prisoner of war; a copy of which I enclose, together with a state of the Flag Officers of the Combined Fleet.

I am, &c.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

A List of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, in the Action of 21st Oct. 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, showing how they are disposed of.

1. Spanish ship *San Ildefonso*, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don Joseph de Vargas; sent to Gibraltar.—2. Spanish ship *San Juan Nepomuceno*, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don Cosme Churrua; sent to Gibraltar.—3. Spanish ship *Bahama*, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don A. D. Galiano;

sent to Gibraltar.—4. French ship *Swiftsure*, of 74 guns, M. Villemadrin; sent to Gibraltar.—5. Spanish *Monarca*, of 74 guns, Don J. Argumosa; wrecked off San Lucar.—6. French ship *Fougeux*, of 74 guns, Monf. Beaudouin; wrecked off Trafalgar, all perished, and thirty of the *Temeraire's* men.—7. French ship *Indomptable*, of 84 guns, Monf. Hubert; wrecked off Rota, all perished.—8. French ship *Bucentaure*, of 80 guns, Admiral Villeneuve, Commander in Chief; Captain Prigny and Magendie; wrecked on the *Porques*, some of the crew saved.—9. Spanish ship *San Francisco de Asis*, of 74 guns, Don Luis de Flores; wrecked near Rota.—10. Spanish ship *el Rayo*, of 100 guns, Brigadier Don Henrique Macdonel; wrecked near San Lucar.—11. Spanish ship *Neptuno*, of 84 guns, Brigadier Don Cayetano Valdes; wrecked between Rota and Catalina.—12. French ship *Argonaute*, of 74 guns, Monf. Epron; on shore in the port of Cadiz.—13. French ship *Berwick*, of 74 guns, Monf. Camas; wrecked to the northward of San Lucar.—14. French ship *Aigle*, of 74 guns, M. Courrege; wrecked near Rota.—15. French ship *Achille*, of 74 guns, M. de Nieuport; burnt during the action.—16. French ship *Intrepide*, of 74 guns, M. Infornet; burnt by the *Britannia*.—17. Spanish ship *San Augustin*, of 74 guns, Brigadier Don Felipe X. Cagagal; burnt by the *Leviathan*.—18. Spanish ship *Santissima Trinidad*, of 140 guns, Rear-Admiral Don Baltazar H. Cisneros; Brigadier Don F. Uriarte; sunk by the *Prince*, *Neptune*, &c.—19. French ship *Redoubtable*, of 74 guns, M. Lucas; sunk astern of the *Swiftsure*; *Temeraire* lost 13, and *Swiftsure* 5 men.—20. Spanish ship *Argonauta*, of 80 guns, Don Antonio Parejo; sunk by the *Ajax*.—21. Spanish ship *Santa Ana*, of 112 guns, Vice-Admiral Don I. d'Alava; Captain Don J. de Gardoqui; taken, but got into Cadiz in the gale dismasted.—22. French ship *Algeziras*, of 74 guns, Rear-Admiral Magon (killed); Captain M. Bruaro; taken, but got into Cadiz in the gale, dismasted.—23. French ship *Pluton*, of 74 guns, M. Cosmao; returned to Cadiz in a sinking state.—24. Spanish ship *San Juste*, of 74 guns, Don M. Galtón, returned to Cadiz; has a foremast only.—25. Spanish ship *San Leandro*, of 64 guns, Don J. de Quevedo; returned to Cadiz dis-

dismasted.—26. French ship Neptune, of 84 guns, M. Maistrail; returned to Cadiz, perfect.—27. French ship Heros, of 74 guns, M. Poulain; returned to Cadiz, lower masts in, and Admiral Rossillie's flag on board.—28. Spanish ship Principe d'Asturias, of 112 guns, Admiral Don F. Gravina; Don A. Escano, &c.; returned to Cadiz dismasted.—29. Spanish ship Montanez, of 74 guns, Don Francisco Alcedo; returned to Cadiz.—30. French ship Formidable, of 80 guns, Rear-Admiral Dumanoir; hauled to the Southward, and escaped.—31. French ship Mont Blanc, of 74 guns, M. le Villegrues; hauled to the Southward, and escaped.—32. French ship Scipion, of 74 guns, M. Berenger; hauled to the Southward, and escaped.—33. French ship Duguay Trouin, of 74 guns, M. Trouffet; hauled to the Southward, and escaped.—N. B. The last four ships were captured by Sir R. Strachan, on the 4th instant.

ABSTRACT.—At Gibraltar 4—Destroyed 16—In Cadiz, wrecks 6, serviceable 3—Escaped to the Eastward 4—Total 33.

A List of the Names and Rank of the Flag-Officers of the Combined Fleet of France and Spain, in the Action of the 21st October, 1805.

Admiral Villeneuve, Commander in Chief (Bucentaure), taken.—Admiral Don Frederico Gravina, (Principe d'Asturias), escaped, in Cadiz, wounded in the arm.—Vice-Admiral Don Ignatio Maria d'Alava, (Santa Ana), wounded severely in the head, taken, but was driven into Cadiz, in the Santa Ana.—Rear-Admiral Don Baltazar Hidalgo Cisneros, (Santissima Trinidad), taken.—Rear-Admiral Magon, (Algeziras), killed.—Rear-Admiral Dumanoir (Formidable), escaped.

Euryalus, off Cadiz, Oct. 27, 1805.

MY LORD MARQUIS,

A great number of Spanish subjects having been wounded in the late action between the British and Combined Fleets of Spain and France, on the 21st inst., humanity, and my desire to alleviate the sufferings of these wounded men, dictate to me to offer to your Excellency their enlargement, that they may be taken proper care of in the hospitals on shore, provided your Excellency will send boats to

convey them, with a proper officer, to give receipts for the number, and acknowledge them in your Excellency's answer to this letter, to be prisoners of war, to be exchanged before they serve again.—I beg to assure your Excellency of my high consideration, and that I am, &c.

(Signed) C. COLLINGWOOD.

To his Excellency the Marquis de Solana, Capt. Gen. &c. Cadiz.

Conditions on which the Spanish wounded prisoners were released, and sent on shore to the Hospital.

I, Guilleme Ververde, having been authorised and empowered by the Marquis de Solana, Governor-General of Andalusia and Cadiz, to receive from the English Squadron the wounded prisoners, and such persons as may be necessary to their care, which release and enlargement of the wounded, &c. is agreed to, on the part of the Commander in Chief of the British Squadron, on the positive condition, that none of the said prisoners shall be employed again, in any public service of the Crown of Spain, either by sea or land, until they are regularly exchanged.—Signed on board his Britannic Majesty's ship the Euryalus, at sea, the 30th October, 1805.

(Signed) G. DE VALVERDE, Edecan de S. E.

Euryalus, off Cadiz, Oct. 30, 1805.

SIR,

It is with great pleasure that I have heard the wound you received in the action is in a hopeful way of recovery, and that your country may still have the benefit of your future service.—But, Sir, you surrendered yourself to me, and it was in consideration only of the state of your wound, that you were not removed into my ship. I could not disturb the repose of a man supposed to be in his last moments; but your sword, the emblem of your service, was delivered to me by your Captain, and I expect that you consider yourself a prisoner of war, until you shall be regularly exchanged by cartle.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) C. COLLINGWOOD.

To Vice-Admiral Don Ignatio Maria d'Alava. Sent under cover to Admiral Gravina.

An

An Abstract of the Killed and Wounded on board the respective Ships composing the British Squadron under the Command of the Right Honourable Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson in the Action of the 21st of October 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, with the Combined Fleets of France and Spain.

Victory, 4 Officers, 3 Petty Officers, 32 Seamen, and 18 Marines, killed; 4 Officers, 3 Petty Officers, 59 Seamen, and 9 Marines, wounded. Total, 132.—*Royal Sovereign*, 3 Officers, 2 Petty Officers, 29 Seamen, and 13 Marines, killed; 3 Officers, 5 Petty Officers, 70 Seamen, and 16 Marines, wounded. Total, 141.—*Britannia*, 1 Officer, 8 Seamen, and 1 Marine, killed; 1 Officer, 1 Petty Officer, 33 Seamen, and 7 Marines, wounded. Total, 52.—*Temeraire*, 3 Officers, 1 Petty Officer, 35 Seamen, and 8 Marines, killed; 3 Officers, 2 Petty Officers, 59 Seamen, and 12 Marines, wounded. Total, 123.—*Prince*, none.—*Neptune*, 10 Seamen, killed. 1 Petty Officer, 30 Seamen, and 3 Marines, wounded. Total, 44.—*Dreadnought*, 6 Seamen and 1 Marine, killed; 1 Officer, 2 Petty Officers, 19 Seamen, and 4 Marines, wounded. Total, 33.—*Tonnant*, not received.—*Mars*, 1 Officer, 3 Petty Officers, 17 Seamen, and 8 Marines, killed; 4 Officers, 5 Petty Officers, 44 Seamen, and 16 Marines, wounded. Total, 98.—*Bellerophon*, 2 Officers, 1 Petty Officer, 20 Seamen, and 4 Marines, killed; 2 Officers, 4 Petty Officers, 97 Seamen, and 20 Marines, wounded. Total, 150.—*Minotaur*, 3 Seamen, killed; 1 Officer, 1 Petty Officer, 17 Seamen, and 3 Marines, wounded. Total, 25.—*Revenge*, 2 Petty Officers, 18 Seamen, and 8 Marines, killed; 4 Officers, 38 Seamen, and 9 Marines, wounded. Total, 79.—*Conqueror*, 2 Officers, 1 Seaman, killed; 2 Officers, 7 Seamen, wounded. Total, 12.—*Leviathan*, 2 Seamen, and 2 Marines, killed; 1 Petty Officer, 17 Seamen, and 4 Marines, wounded. Total, 26.—*Ajax*, 2 Seamen, killed; 9 Seamen, wounded. Total, 11.—*Orion*, 1 Seaman, killed; 2 Petty Officers, 17 Seamen, and 4 Marines, wounded. Total, 24.—*Agamemnon*, 2 Seamen, killed; 7 Seamen, wounded. Total, 9.—*Spartiate*, 3 Seamen, killed; 1 Officer, 2 Petty Officers, 16 Seamen, and 1 Marine, wounded. Total, 23.—*Africa*, 12 Seamen, and 6 Marines, killed; 2 Officers, 5 Petty Officers, 30 Seamen, and 7 Marines, wounded. Total, 62.—*Belleisle*, 2 Officers, 1 Petty Officer, 22 Seamen, and 8 Marines, killed; 3 Officers, 3 Petty Officers, 68 Seamen, and 19 Marines, wounded. Total, 126.—*Colossus*, 1 Officer, 31 Seamen, and 8 Marines, killed; 5 Officers, 9 Petty Officers, 115 Seamen, and 31 Marines, wounded. Total, 200.—*Achille*, 1 Petty Officer, 6 Seamen, and 6 Marines, killed; 4 Officers, 4 Petty Officers, 37 Seamen, and 14 Marines, wounded. Total, 72.—*Polyphemus*, 2 Seamen, killed; 4 Seamen, wounded. Total, 6.—*Swiftsure*, 7 Sea-

men, and 2 Marines, killed; 1 Petty Officer, 6 Seamen, and 1 Marine, wounded.—Total, 17.—*Defence*, 4 Seamen, and 3 Marines, killed; 23 Seamen, and 6 Marines, wounded. Total, 36.—*Thunderer*, 2 Seamen, and 2 Marines, killed; 2 Petty Officers, 9 Seamen, and 1 Marine, wounded. Total, 16.—*Defiance*, 2 Officers, 1 Petty Officer, 8 Seamen, and 6 Marines, killed; 1 Officer, 4 Petty Officers, 39 Seamen, and 9 Marines, wounded. Total, 70.—Total: 21 Officers, 15 Petty Officers, 283 Seamen, and 104 Marines, killed; 41 Officers, 57 Petty Officers, 370 Seamen, and 196 Marines, wounded. Total, 1587.

(Signed) C. COLLINGWOOD.

Return of the Names of the Officers and Petty Officers killed and wounded on board the Ships of the British Squadron in the Action with the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st October, 1805.

KILLED.—*Victory*, The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., Vice-Admiral of the White, Commander in Chief, &c. &c. &c.; John Scott, Esq., Secretary; Charles W. Adair, Captain Royal Marines; William Ram, Lieutenant; Robert Smith, and Alexander Palmer, Midshipmen; Thomas Whipple, Captain's Clerk.—*Royal Sovereign*, Brice Gilliland, Lieutenant; William Chalmers, Master; Robert Green, Second Lieutenant of Royal Marines; John Aikenhead and Thomas Braund, Midshipmen.—*Britannia*, Francis Roskrug, Lieutenant.—*Temeraire*, Simeon Busigny, Captain of Royal Marines; John Kingston, Lieutenant of Royal Marines; Lewis Oades, Carpenter; William Pitts, Midshipman.—*Prince*, *Neptune*, and *Dreadnought*, none.—*Tonnant*, no return.—*Mars*, George Duff, Captain; Alexander Duff, Master's Mate; Edmund Corlyn and Henry Morgan, Midshipmen.—*Bellerophon*, John Cooke, First Captain; Edward Overton, Master; John Simmens, Midshipman.—*Minotaur*, none.—*Revenge*, Thomas Grier and Edward F. Brooks, Midshipmen.—*Conqueror*, Robert Lloyd, and William M. St. George, Lieutenants.—*Leviathan*, *Ajax*, *Orion*, *Agamemnon*, *Spartiate*, and *Africa*, none.—*Belleisle*, Ebenezer Geall, and John Woodin, Lieutenants; George Nind, Midshipman.—*Colossus*, Thomas Scriven, Master.—*Achille*, Francis John Mugg, Midshipman.—*Polyphemus*, *Swiftsure*, *Defence*, and *Thunderer*, none.—*Defiance*, Thomas Simens, Lieutenant; William Forster, Boatswain; James Williamson, Midshipman.

WOUNDED.—*Victory*, John Pasco, and G. Miller Bligh, Lieutenants; Lewis B. Reeves, and J. G. Peake, Lieutenants of Royal Marines; William Rivers (slightly); G. A. Westphall, and Richard Bulkeley, Midshipmen; John Geoghehan, Agent Victualler's

tualler's Clerk.—*Royal Sovereign*, John Clavell, and James Bashford, Lieutenants; James le Vesconte, Second Lieutenant of Royal Marines; William Watson, Master's Mate; Gilbert Kennicott, Grenville Thompson, John Campbell, and John Farrant, Midshipmen; Isaac Wilkinson, Boatswain.—*Britannia*, Stephen Trounce, Master; William Grint, Midshipman.—*Temeraire*, James Monid, Lieutenant; Samuel J. Payne, Lieutenant of Royal Marines; John Brooks, Boatswain; T. S. Price, Master's Mate; John Eastman, Midshipman.—*Prince*, none.—*Neptune*, ——— Hurrell, Captain's Clerk. *Dreadnought*, James L. Lloyd (slightly), Lieutenant; Andrew McCulloch, and James Saffin, Midshipmen.—*Tonnant*, no return.—*Mars*, Edward Garrett, and James Black, Lieutenants; Thomas Cook, Master; Thomas Norman, Second Captain of Royal Marines; John Yonge, George Guiren, William John Cook, John Jenkins, and Alfred Luckraft, Midshipmen.—*Bellerophon*, James Wemyss, Captain of Royal Marines; Thomas Robinson, Boatswain; Edward Hartley, Master's Mate; William N. Jewell, James Stone, Thomas Bant, and George Pearson, Midshipmen.—*Minotaur*, James Robinson, Boatswain; John Samuel Smith, Midshipman.—*Revenge*, Robert Moorsom, Captain, (slightly); Luke Brokenshaw, Master; John Berry, Lieutenant; Peter Lily (slightly), Captain of Royal Marines.—*Conqueror*, Thomas Wearing, Lieutenant of Royal Marines; Philip Mendel, Lieutenant of His Imperial Majesty's Navy (both slightly).—*Leviathan*, J. W. Watson, Midshipman, (slightly).—*Ajax*, none.—*Orion*, ——— Sause, and C. P. Cable, Midshipmen; (both slightly).—*Agamemnon*, none.—*Spartiate*, John Clarke, Boatswain; ——— Bellairs and ——— Knapman, Midshipmen.—*Africa*, Matthew Hay, acting Lieutenant; James Tynmore, Captain of Royal Marines; Henry West, and Abraham Turner, Master's Mates; Frederick White (slightly), Philip J. Elmhurst, and John P. Bailey, Midshipmen.—*Belleisle*, William Terrie, Lieutenant; John Owen, First Lieutenant of Royal Marines; Andrew Gibson, Boatswain; William Henry Pearson, and William Culfield, Master's Mates; Samuel Jago, Midshipman; J. T. Hodge, Volunteer, first class.—*Colossus*, James N. Morris, Captain; George Bully, Lieutenant; William Forster, acting Lieutenant; John Benson, Lieutenant of Royal Marines; Henry Milbanke, Master's Mate; William Herringham, Frederick Thistlewayte (slightly), Thomas G. Reece, Henry Snellgrove, Rawden M'Lean, George Wharrie, Tim. Renou, and George Denton, Midshipmen; William Adamson, Boatswain.—*Achille*, Parkins Pryn (slightly), and Josias Bray, Lieutenants; Pralms Westroppe, Captain of Royal Marines; William Leddon, Lieutenant of Royal Marines; George Pegge, Master's Mate; William H. Staines and Wm. J.

Snow, Midshipmen; W. Smith Warren, Volunteer, first class.—*Polyphemus*, none.—*Swiftsure*, Alexander Bell Handcock, Midshipman.—*Defence*, none.—*Thunderer*, John Snell, Master's Mate; Alexander Galloway, Midshipman.—*Defiance*, P. C. Durham, Captain, (slightly); James Spratt and Robert Browne, Master's Mates; John Hodge and Edmund Andrew Chapinan, Midshipmen.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, NOV. 30.

Copy of a Letter from the Hon. Captain Blackwood, of his Majesty's Ship the Euryalus, to William Marsden, Esq. dated this day, at the Admiralty.

SIR,

Observing in the Gazette Extraordinary, of the 27th instant, that the number of the enemy's ships taken and destroyed, in consequence of the action of the 21st of October, is stated at twenty sail of the line, I take the liberty of mentioning to you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that as this must be intended to include the French ship *Argonaute*, of 74 guns, which ship I had an opportunity of knowing was safe in the port of Cadiz, it will be proper to state the actual number taken and destroyed at nineteen sail of the line. This apparent inaccuracy was occasioned by the dispatch of the Commander in Chief, dated the 4th, having been made up before my last return with a flag of truce from that port.

I am, &c.

HENRY BLACKWOOD.

ADMIRALTY, DEC. 3.

A letter from Lord Collingwood encloses the following:—

Abstract of the Killed and Wounded on board his Majesty's ship the Tonnant, in the Action off Cape Trafalgar, Oct. 21, 1805.

KILLED, 1 Petty Officer, 16 Seamen, and 9 Marines. Total 26.—WOUNDED, 2 Officers, 2 Petty Officers, 30 Seamen, and 16 Marines. Total 50.—OFFICER KILLED, William Brown, Midshipman.—OFFICERS WOUNDED, C. Tyler, Captain; R. Little, Boatswain; W. Allen, Clerk; H. Ready, Master's Mate; the three last slightly.

C. COLLINGWOOD.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

An abundance of intelligence has been received from the seat of war since our last; we shall not, however, load our Publication with the confused details of the French papers, but extract the substance.

The French effected a variety of movements upon the road to Vienna, and various severe skirmishes took place with the Austrians and Russians; but nothing like a decisive action, excepting an affair at Moelk, between the French, under General Davoust, and the Austrian General, Meerveldt, who made this last and fruitless attempt to cover Vienna. It is said he was defeated, with the loss of 4,000 prisoners. After this, the Russian and Austrian forces separated in different directions, and left the high road to Vienna open to the French. On the 10th of November the Court had quitted that Capital, and the Emperor was preparing to leave it.

To save Vienna, if possible, the Emperor of Germany solicited an Armistice, preparatory to a Negotiation. This, however, Buonaparté, in the intoxication of his temporary success, refused, except upon insolent conditions. The Emperor immediately addressed a spirited proclamation, appealing to the loyalty of the Austrians, and the candid judgment of Europe. It is dated from Brunn, Nov. 13, 1805, the residence of his Imperial Majesty, who says,

"His Majesty the Emperor and King never entertained any wish superior to that of the preservation of peace. This wish existed equally in the principles of his government and his heart. Not having the most distant intention of extending his territory, or even of obtaining an indemnification for the sacrifices which he had made at Luneville and Ratisbon, for the tranquillity of Europe, he required nothing more than that the Emperor of the French should be animated with the same spirit of an enlightened and humane policy, and return within the limits of the Treaty of Luneville.

"Penetrated by the warmest wishes of his heart to save his dear city of Vienna from the danger which threatened it, and to prevent the calamities to which his faithful subjects might have been exposed by a long siege, his Imperial Majesty sent his Lieutenant Field-Marshal Count Giulay, to the head quarters of the French

Emperor, to solicit, in his own name and that of his Allies, an acknowledgment of amicable sentiments, and the opening of more intimate discussions, which the Emperor might be disposed to adopt on this occasion; and, as a preparation for pacific negotiations, an armistice was first proposed.

"But the hopes of his Majesty were not realized. Only for the preliminaries of an armistice for a few weeks—for these alone the Emperor of the French demanded—

"That the Allies should be sent home; that the Hungarian Levy en Masse should be discharged; that the Duchy of Venice and the Tyrol should be evacuated, and provisionally given up to the French armies."

"His Majesty wished for peace; he still wishes for it with integrity and earnestness; but he will never accede to it upon conditions which would subject himself and his people to the imperious commands of a powerful enemy.

"Under these circumstances, nothing remains to his Majesty, with the great resources which he finds in the hearts, the prosperity, the power, and fidelity of his people, and with the still undiminished force of his Friends and high Allies, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and the KING OF PRUSSIA, but to exert his own means; and in this firm and determined resolution to remain, till the Emperor of the French, with that moderation which forms the fairest laurel in the crown of a great monarch, shall welcome the return of pacific sentiments, and accede to such conditions as shall not be inconsistent with the national honour and independence of a great state."

We learn, that the French General Murat entered the city of VIENNA on the 15th of November, and established himself in the palace of Lichtenstein. Buonaparté had, at the same time, taken up his residence at Buckersdorf, a village a short distance from Vienna; but entered that city on the 21st. Soon after, a considerable corps, under the command of Murat and Lannes, passed through the Austrian Capital, taking the route to Moravia, and were followed by Buonaparté.

The moment the Austrian army had evacuated Vienna, at the approach of the French, preparations were made to burn the bridge, and combustibles were laid

to it accordingly; when suddenly a French General Officer galloped through Vienna, with a flag of truce, and waited, in Prince Murat's name, on Field-Marshal Count Auerberg, who was just giving orders to burn the bridge; informing him, *that an Armistice between the Austrian and French armies had been actually concluded*; for which reason, it would be advisable not to destroy the bridge, as it might be attended with bad consequences. The Austrian General desisted; but, soon after, the French arrived in superior force, passed the bridge, but did not attack the Austrians on the opposite bank, to make them credit the more easily the pretended Armistice, and that they might attack them with a certainty of success after they had defeated the Russians. The Austrian General, informed of this mean stratagem, sent two Officers of his staff to Prince Murat's head-quarters, to inform him, that the Austrian army having had some serious disputes with the Russians, wished to forsake their alliance, provided Buonaparté would allow them to make their retreat homewards unmolested. This was granted; and the Austrians, by a circuitous route, joined the Russians again; when their Commander sent Murat a letter, informing him, that this stratagem had been used by way of reprisal, for what the French had done respecting the bridge over the Danube.

On the 11th ult., the Russians, who had retreated across the Danube at Krems, obtained a decisive victory over a corps of 10,000 French, under General Mortier, in the vicinity of that town. Upwards of 6,000 of the enemy fell, and 2,000 more, who had thrown themselves into the castle of Duenstein (celebrated as having been the prison of our gallant Richard Cœur de Lion) were obliged to surrender by capitulation. Some cannon also was taken, and Mortier said to be among the slain. This piece of gallantry instantly conferred upon Kutusow the Order of Maria Theresa. In the course of the retreat also, Prince Bagrathion showed himself worthy of his master, Suworow. He was surrounded and cut off with a corps of 5,000 men, by an immense superiority of numbers; but cut his way through them all, and effected a junction with General Kutusow, bringing with him 50 prisoners (among them a Colonel), and two standards. The Russians then concentrated their force at Olmutz.

Previously to the 29th of last month,

the French had advanced as far as Profnitz, about four leagues from Olmutz; the Russians and Austrians retreating before them to complete their junction with Buxhowden, and to afford more time for the third Russian army under Michelson to come up. Unable to turn the allies, or to bring them to an action before they had received their reinforcements, the French began to be apprehensive of advancing too far, and stopped short in their career on this side of Olmutz—they began their retreat; and the Russians, who had completed their junction with Buxhowden, and who knew that the third army was making forced marches to join them, resolved to advance.

Between the advanced posts of the allies and the rear of the French there were some sharp skirmishes on the 30th ult. and on the 1st instant.—The French retreated till they got behind the Schwarzbach, having that river in their front, and their flanks being supported by Brunn and Nicholzburg.

It was the intention of the Allies to attack the French.—Buonaparté is said to have been informed of their intention by a spy. He determined to anticipate them, and crossed the Schwarzbach. It is said that the Allies did not mean to have made the attack before the 3d; and this seems to be probable, from the incomplete manner in which the allied Army was formed when the battle commenced.—The centre was more advanced than the wings; one of which did not come up till some time after the commencement of the battle.—The spy, by whom Buonaparté is said to have been informed of the intention of the Russians to attack him, also acquainted him that the Emperor Alexander commanded in person, in the centre.—It may easily, therefore, be believed, that Buonaparté would direct his utmost efforts and vigour to that part where his Imperial Majesty was stationed. The French had the great advantage of having the fortress of Brunn on their left wing—the fire from the fortress greatly annoyed the Russians, who are said to have endeavoured to take it by storm. It was at this moment that the French made a most furious charge against the centre. The charge was made by a vast superiority of force—the Russians were mowed down by hundreds—they did not fall back. In the military vocabulary of the Russians, the terms retreating or

running away are not to be found—they suffered themselves to be cut down at their post. They fought with the utmost gallantry, animated by the presence of their Sovereign, and inspired by the knowledge that they were combating under his eyes, and that he shared their perils and their glory. After a fierce and bloody conflict, they were forced back by the French cavalry, and all their artillery was taken.

In this situation, the right wing under Prince Bagrathion came up, and changed the fortune of the day; he made one of the most desperate charges of cavalry that ever was known—it was irresistible. The Prince knew the Emperor was in the centre; he saw how hardly it was pressed, and what imminent danger it was in—“*For the Emperor, who is in danger!*” he said; and his gallant troops rushed on the enemy with more than mortal energy. The French were unable to oppose them—their left wing gave way, after sustaining for some time the furious shock. This retrieved the fortune of the day; and though it did not give a decisive victory to the Allies, it prevented the enemy from deriving any advantage from the success they had gained over the centre. They dared not follow the Russians: both armies lay on their arms; the Allies on the plain before Wischau; the French at Brunn, and along the Schwarzach. The Emperor Alexander, who had fought in the thickest of the fight the whole day, passed the night in visiting the different corps, and encouraging them to fight and fall to a man.

The battle, we understand, was renewed soon after day-light on the 3d. The Russians had lost all their artillery on the 2d; the French, therefore, entered upon the conflict with a manifest advantage. The Emperor Alexander, as he rode through the ranks, and led them to battle, gave the signal, “*Victory, or Death!*” He told his troops that he should share all their perils and fatigue; that he was determined not to leave the field vanquished, but to die rather than yield. The troops answered him with shouts and cries of transport and triumph; they promised to give him victory, or to die to a man. The Russians advanced without firing a single musket—cannon, we have already said, they had not. The bayonet and sabre were the only weapons used. The

French attempted to annoy them by their artillery—the Russians pushed on in close and complete column—they soon brought the enemy to the closest action. The attack made with such vigour was as vigorously received. Not an inch of ground was gained or lost till noon on the 3d—then the French troops began to give way. The Grand Duke Constantine fought at the head of the Russian cavalry. Worthy of his illustrious Brother, he cheered the troops by his example and his presence. He was opposed to the French Imperial Guards, led on, we believe, by Murat. The Grand Duke ordered his cavalry to dismount, and cut their way, sword in hand, through a square column of the enemy. He was instantly obeyed. He led them on in person, and the onset was so furious, that almost the whole of the French Guards were cut to pieces. Night put an end to the contest, after the main body of the French had given way. Both armies lay, as on the night before, on their arms.

On the 4th the battle was renewed—the Allies were the assailants. Still the Russians fought without artillery, and with bayonet and sabre alone. *Victory, or Death!* was still the signal; and the Emperor Alexander, as on the preceding days, continued to encourage his troops by his gallant bearing, his presence, and his speeches. The soldiers advanced with unabated ardour, with undiminished courage. The Russian artillery which had been taken on the 2d, was placed upon an eminence, from which it could play with greater effect. The Emperor Alexander pointed to it, and called out, “There is the Russian artillery—it must not be permitted to remain in the hands of the enemy—we must not quit the field without retaking it.” The troops, animated by one sentiment and spirit, sprung forward; they crept upon their hands and knees till they came under the mouths of the cannon: then they rushed on with indescribable impetuosity, and charged the French with the bayonet—the French made the most furious resistance, but it was unavailing—the Russians retook all their artillery; not a piece remained in the hands of the enemy. As soon as they were in possession of their artillery, the Russians gave three loud huzzas; they seemed to acquire additional energy and spirit from this success; they poured upon the French in a resistless torrent; nothing could withstand their impetuosity: finally, after twelve hours.

hours contest, the French fled in all directions, re-crossing the Schwarzach with the utmost rapidity.

Letters from Paris state the failure of several of the principal banking-houses there: Recamier's is named as the first that gave way. The houses of Grandin, Carlsnave, and Co.; Deville and Co.; Fe Le Morne and Co.; Aubrey and Co.; and various others, of equal credit and consideration, have likewise been obliged to stop payment. These events have occasioned the greatest alarm and confusion, and are attributed to the measures adopted by the Emperor, which have drawn away all the specie, and deprived the bankers of the means of fulfilling their engagements.

Lord Harrowby was way-laid on his journey to Berlin by two men. These ruffians, however, were soon apprehended by some Prussian soldiers; and, after a due examination of their papers, sentenced to be hanged.

An attempt was also made to way-lay, and probably to assassinate, the gallant Emperor Alexander, on his way from Leipzig to Weimar. A Bavarian detachment, sent, it was supposed, for that purpose, had arrived in the Bailiwick of Lauenstein, within seven German miles (about thirty-five English) of Dresden. The Elector of Saxony, however, having entertained suspicion of what was intended, sent 200 hussars to escort his Imperial Majesty. Buonaparte's instruments were in consequence forced to make off.

PROCLAMATION addressed to the INHABITANTS of the ELECTORATE of HANOVER.

"I, George Don, Lieutenant-General in the service of his Majesty of the United

Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, Commander in Chief of a Corps of British Troops upon the Continent, hold it for my first duty, upon my arrival in his Majesty's German States, to make known and declare hereby to the inhabitants of the Electorate of Hanover, that the principal object of the troops I have the honour to command, is to effect the evacuation of his Majesty's German States, and to undertake the defence of the same against the enemy. The well-known discipline of the troops under my command is to me the best assurance of their good conduct towards the subjects of their lawful Sovereign; but, contrary to my expectation, should any well-grounded complaint be brought before me, I shall investigate its merits with impartiality, and remedy the same accordingly without delay. His Britannic Majesty, my gracious Sovereign, is convinced, that his beloved German subjects will receive his troops in the most friendly manner: I, therefore, in his Majesty's name, and by his express command, invite all persons, whose circumstances will permit, to enter into the military service, particularly those who have previously belonged to the Hanoverian army. I invite them, without delay, to join the British Standard, where I shall ensure to them every privilege attached to his Majesty's German Legion. With our forces thus united, we shall then oppose a check to the unlawful demands of the enemy; and we may thus the more confidently reckon upon the good consequences of our efforts, being armed with the justice of our cause, in behalf of our King and our Country.

"Given at Stadt, Nov. 20, 1805.

"GEORGE DON, Lieut. General."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NOV. 26.

A COURT of Common Council was held at Guildhall, when the Lord Mayor laid before the Court his Majesty's Answer to their address of Congratulation on the Victory obtained over the Fleets of France and Spain off Trafalgar; which was read, and ordered to be entered on the journals.

The thanks of the Court were unanimously voted to the late Lord Mayor.

A Committee was afterwards appointed to procure models or designs for a Monument to be erected in the Guildhall

of the city of London, to perpetuate the memory of that illustrious hero, Lord Viscount Nelson.

The thanks of the Court and the Freedom of the City, and a Sword of two hundred Guineas value, were voted to Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood; and the Freedom of the City, and Swords of One Hundred Guineas value, were also voted to each of the Rear-Admirals, Lord Northesk and Sir Richard Strachan, Bart.

A letter from the Hon. Mrs. Damer was read, containing a very liberal offer

to execute any monument, according to such model as might be approved of, to be erected in Guildhall. The Court unanimously voted their thanks to her, and referred her letter to the Committee to consider its contents.

5. This being the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving to Almighty God, it was observed with the utmost solemnity in every part of the Empire. All the Churches and Chapels were crowded; all distinctions of sects were done away; and Christian and Jew, Catholic and Protestant, all united in the expression of one feeling of piety and gratitude to the Almighty. In most of the Churches and Chapels collections were made for the wounded, and for the widows and orphans of the gallant men who died in the service of their country, and they exceeded even the most sanguine expectation. All ranks, from the highest to the lowest, vied with each other in their patriotic gifts; remembering the last signal of our departed Hero, "That England expects every man to do his duty."

6. *W. Andrews*, a letter forger in the Post-Office, was capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, of secreting a letter, containing 1801. in notes, in the month of September of last year. The prisoner had an excellent character from several gentlemen belonging to the Post-Office, and was on that account recommended to mercy.

12. This evening, at eight o'clock, a fire broke out at the printing-office of Mr. Gillet, in Salisbury-square: it began in the lower warehouse, and is supposed to have been occasioned by a spark flying on some paper, of which the room was full. There were from fifty to sixty men at work in the office at the time the accident occurred, none of whom can otherwise account for it. From this lower room it soon reached the upper floors, which were also fully stocked with paper, and made its way to the printing-offices. The damage which has been done is as follows:—The warehouses and printing-offices of Mr. Gillet, which lay behind Salisbury-square, and reached to Water-lane, with most of their contents, quite destroyed; of the dwelling-house of Mr. G. not a vestige remains; two small houses, near Water-lane, burnt down; the house of Mr. Swan, another printer, which lay towards Fleet-street, was, for a long time, on fire; the party-wall is burnt down: he had time enough to move the whole

of his property. The Jennerian Society's house, (a very large one), on the west side of the Square—the party-wall quite burnt through, the upper room gutted, and the house otherwise much damaged. The house of Messrs. Jones and Green, Attorneys, next to the Jennerian Society, the back part damaged. The property in Mr. Gillet's office principally belonged to Mr. Mawman. Mr. Highley, Mr. Stockdale, and Mr. Phillips, the booksellers, who are supposed to be very considerable sufferers. It is singular, that at the time of the fire at Mr. Hamilton's the printer, in Fleet-street, about two years ago, "*ANACHARSIS'S TRAVELS*" had been completed, *with the exception of a single sheet*: the whole edition was consumed. This work was afterwards given to Mr. Gillet to print, and he had finished it all but *two sheets*, when the accident of this night destroyed every copy.

The Earl of Bridgewater's stupendous aqueduct across the river Dee, was opened with great ceremony a few days ago. It is formed of cast iron, &c. 126 feet above the level of the river.

12. Sir Charles Morgan laid before his Majesty the proceedings of the Court Martial on Colonel Sir John Eamer, of the East London Militia. Sir John is honourably acquitted of all the charges; and his Majesty has ordered the following Officers to be displaced from the regiment: Lieut. Colonel Jennings, Major Wilson, Capt. Ayres, (the prosecutor), Adjutant Walker, and Surgeon Tupper.

The Lord Mayor held a Wardmote in Allhallows Church, Thames-street, for the election of an Alderman for Dowgate Ward, in the room of Paul le Mesurier, Esq.; when George Scholey, Esq. (late Sheriff) was chosen without opposition.

19. The remains of the late Alderman Le Mesurier were brought from Homerton, near Hackney, and interred in Christ Church, Spitafields. The Alderman being Colonel of the Artillery Company, that respectable corps mustered early in the forenoon, at the Artillery Ground, from whence they marched to Homerton, with their colours, flags, and band playing; and about three o'clock they returned to town with the funeral procession, in the following order:—A party of Sharp Shooters, two and two. Two Mourning Coaches, with Officers in them.

The whole Artillery Company, with arms reversed, and crape tied to the top of the Colours,

Drum

Drums muffled, and the Fifes playing the Dead March.

The Colonel's Charger, led, covered with black, carrying the sword, sash, hat, and boots.

THE HEARSE.

Four Mourning-Coaches and Six, followed by seven private Carriages.

The procession was very solemn, and the crowd at the church very great. Minute guns were fired from the field-pieces in the Artillery Ground for two hours.

20. This evening a fire broke out in a cellar of Messrs. Hallett and Hardie, chemists, near the bottom of Queen-street, Cheapside. From the great quantity of chemical compounds on the premises, in the shortest time imaginable the whole house was in a complete blaze. It was subdued after consuming the house in which it broke out.

21. This evening the Patriotic Fund amounted to upwards of 74,000l.; of which 45,000l. arises from contributions at churches, chapels, and other places of worship.

It is with the deepest regret we announce the loss of the *Aurora* transport

on the back of the Goodwin Sands. She had on board 250 men and nine Officers of the 26th regiment, besides the Master and sailors. Trunks have been picked up with the 26th regiment marked on them; but the troops, &c. are supposed to have perished. The following are the names of the Officers who were on board her:—Major Davidson, Captains Hoggins and Cameron, Lieutenant Browne, Ensign Dalyell, Quarter-Masters Campbell and Robertson, Lieutenant and Adjutant Hopkins, and Surgeon Deval.

A singular and awful visitation occurred a few days ago at Hebden-bridge, near Halifax. As the corpse of the wife of a labouring man lay in the coffin, previous to interment, the afflicted husband drew near to take his last farewell—he suddenly dropped down, and, before medical assistance could be procured, expired.

A few days ago, as William Baker, gamekeeper to the Right Hon. Lord Selkely, of West Den, in Sussex, was walking in his Lordship's woods, called Bridger's Ditches, he was shot through the body by poachers.

BIRTHS.

THE lady of Lord Graves, of a daughter.

The Marchioness of Donegal, of a son.

The lady of the Hon. John Scott, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

SIR Charles Eth. Nightingale, bart. to Miss Dickenson.

Walter Rodwell Wright, esq. recorder of St. Edmund's, to Miss Bokenham, of Norwich.

Charles Palmer, esq. of Luckley Park, Berks, to Lady Madelina Sinclair.

Henry Ellis, esq. of the British Museum, to Miss F. Frost.

Isaac Hawkins Browne, esq. M.P. to Miss Boddington.

George Henry Barnett, esq. to Miss Canning.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

OCTOBER 27.

AT Mount Pleasant, in the vicinity of Dublin, the Rev. William Kirwan, dean of Killala, and a celebrated preacher in Dublin.

30. Welbore Ellis Agar, esq. F.R.S. one of the commissioners of the customs, and deputy commissary general, aged 69.

Nov. 3. The Rev. George Huddleston Purefoy Jervoise, of Shalfston, Berks, of which parish he was rector, in his 67th year.

7. The Rev. Peter Edge, rector of Weybread and Nedging, and perpetual curate of St. Mary at the Elms, in Ipswich.

8. Mr. Henry Nettlehip, clerk of the Grocers company.

16. In his 83d year, the Rev. John Scoot, rector of St. Leonard, in Wallingford.

At Wigton, in Cumberland, Major William Browne, late in the East India Company's service.

17. Mrs.

17. Mrs. Burr, wife of Major-General Burr, at Flushing, in Cornwall, aged 32.

19. At Flushing, in Cornwall, the Hon. Reginald Cocks, youngest son of Lord Sommers.

22. Mrs. Turner, wife of the Rev. Richard Turner, B.D. minister of Yarmouth.

Joseph Huggins Barker, of Gower-street, Bedford-square, in his 33d year.

23. At Sidmonton, Hants, aged 75, Admiral Sir Richard Kingsmill, bart.

At Exeter, Richard Perriman, esq. of Teignmouth.

In Freeman's-court, Cornhill, John Olding, esq. banker, aged 60. Mr. Olding was a man whose habits of privacy concealed from public notice a character, and an example, which, if faithfully delineated, would appear worthy of universal respect and emulation. In the sphere of his commercial connexions, he was justly esteemed on account of his undeviating probity, consistency, and liberality. In his domestic and social circles, he was honoured and beloved for the excellence of his understanding, his intelligent and instructive conversation, the engaging frankness of his manners, his amiable and affectionate disposition, and his uniform, fervent, and cheerful piety. If at all farther known to the world, it was by his acts of beneficence, which resulted equally from principle and sentiment, and which scarcely knew any other limits than the applications of necessity or distress.

24. At Bristol, the Rev. John Smith, A.M. rector of Bredon, Worcestershire, in his 79th year.

25. In the 78th year of his age, Lewis Gwynne, esq. of Monachty, in the county of Cardigan. He lived very private, though possessed of an extensive estate, and accumulated an immense fortune, the bulk of which he has left to the Rev. Alban Thomas Jones, of Tuglyn, together with his real estate, except a small part, which he bequeathed to Mr. Edwards, youngest son of D. J. Edwards, esq. of Job's Well, near Caermarthen. He had in his house, when he died, such a quantity of gold, that a horse could not carry the weight, to convey it to Tuglyn, about a mile off, and, when put on a sledge, it was with difficulty he could draw it there. The amount in gold is One Hundred Thousand Pounds, besides Fifty Thousand Pounds in the Stocks. His other legacies are but few, and of no great amount. He was generous to the

poor, always a friend to the necessitous, and an upright gentleman.

At Bath, aged 64, Henry Archbould, esq. late of Jamaica.

The Rev. George Whitmore, rector of Lawford, formerly of St. John's College, Cambridge, A.B. 1773, A.M. 1776, S.T.B. 1784.

26. At Bath, Sir John Skynner, knt. late lord chief baron of the exchequer.

27. At Swanmore House, near Drox-ford, William Augustus Bettelworth, esq. aged 70, formerly judge advocate of his Majesty's Fleet.

At Peterborough House, Fulham, Jas. Meyrick, esq.

28. At Weymouth, the Hon. Cornet William Powlett, of the 13th light dragoons, third son of Earl Powlett.

29. Henry Adams, esq. of Buckler's Hard, in Hampshire, aged 92.

At Twickenham, Thomas Winsloe, formerly of Colpriest, esq. who was sheriff of Devon in 1785.

At Bath, Lady Hay, widow of Sir Thomas Hay, of Alderstone.

30. At Belmont Havant, Hampshire, in his 69th year, Daniel Garrett, esq.

At Gateacre, aged 38, the Rev. Robert Parke, fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and minister of the gospel at Wavertree, near Liverpool.

DEC. 1. At Coombe, near Salisbury, in the 73d year of her age, Mrs. Martha Leach Street, late of Dinton, in the county of Wilts. She had a great grandfather who lived to the age of 104, a grandfather on her side to 109, a great grandfather on her husband's side to 106, and a grandfather to 98; all of whom were living with her and her husband's father on the day of her marriage. She died possessed of a considerable estate, with part of the original building (a curious structure), which had been held by her family for many centuries.

At Torr Abbey, George Carey, esq. aged 74.

At the Palace, Kilkenny, in the 77th year of his age, the Right Rev. Hugh Hamilton, D.D., F.R.S., and M.R.I.A. lord bishop of Ossory, formerly a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and professor of natural philosophy. In January, 1796, he was promoted from the deanery of Armagh to the see of Clonfert; and translated from thence to the see of Ossory in January, 1799. His writings in several branches of science ranked him among the brightest ornaments of the University of which he was a member; and from his high character for piety, learning, and

and attention to the duties of his profession, he was advanced, without solicitation, to the episcopal dignity. This venerable and worthy prelate was the only surviving brother of the late Baron Hamilton, of the court of exchequer in Ireland.

2. Mark Ord, esq. of York, barrister-at-law.

At St. Leonard's, Lieutenant David Johnston, royal navy, son of the deceased Mr. Robert Johnston, merchant in Edinburgh, in the 30th year of his age. He was wounded last war in the West Indies, and off Camperdown under Lord Duncan. He fought afterwards under Lord Nelson at Copenhagen, but never recovered from the fatigues of that memorable engagement.

6. At Bath, Mr. Richard Daniell, surgeon to the Armagh County Hospital, in Ireland.

7. Mrs. Kerby, wife of Mr. Edward Kerby, bookseller, Stafford-street, Old Bond-street, in her 25th year.

8. At Knightsbridge, the Rev. John Griffith, rector of Landowke and Pendine, in the county of Caernarthen.

At Salisbury, Lieutenant Hillyear Wyndham, of the 1st dragoon guards.

At Salisbury, Mrs. Kirkman, relict of Alderman Kirkman.

9. The Rev. George Cotton, LL.D. dean of Chester.

Paul le Mesurier, esq. alderman of Vintry Ward, to which he was chosen in 1774. He attended divine service, at St. Paul's, on Thursday, with his regiment, the Artillery Corps, when he appeared in perfect health. On Saturday he was at Lloyd's Coffee-house, when the waiters, perceiving that he was very weak, and looked very ill, proposed to call a coach for him. This he declined, and walked home. As soon as he entered his house, he went to bed, and continued very ill until five o'clock last evening, when he expired.

10. At Store-street, Mr. Thomas King, late of Drury-lane Theatre. He was born in the year 1730, and died in the 75th year of his age. He first appeared at Drury-lane Theatre in 1748, having exchanged the attorney's quill for the tragic *truncheon*. His first essays being passed over without notice, and the characters in his view being pre-occupied by veteran performers, he repaired to Bath, and afterwards to Ireland, where he rapidly accomplished himself in his profession. He was recalled to Drury-lane stage in the year 1759; when he was

received as one of the first comic performers of the day. For forty years he was then constantly before the public, and the favourite *Tom King* ever continued to meet with high and deserved approbation. Those who recollect his Lord Ogleby, Sir Peter Teazle, Tom Brass, and Lissardo, must be rather fastidious in their approval of any successor in those parts. He was a proprietor of the Bristol Theatre, and of Sadler's Wells, both gaining concerns; but, unfortunately, his daily industry experienced sad defalcations from his nightly *hazard*. He was Manager of Drury-lane Theatre for six years, during which he acquitted himself with great credit; but on some difference between him and the proprietors, in 1788, he relinquished that situation, and finally quitted the stage in 1801. In private life he was full of whim, anecdote, and pleasantry; and his general conduct bore, even on the most trying occasions, the stamp of the strictest integrity. The character he appeared first in on the London Theatre was Allworth, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." He was the author of two farces, and some other bagatelles. On the 20th his remains were removed from his house for interment in the vault of St. Paul's, Covent-garden: they were conveyed in a hearse with four horses, feathers, velvets, &c., five mourning coaches and four, with the usual attendants. The mourners were; in the first coach, two relatives and two friends, Messrs. Dence and Cobb; 2d, Messrs. Moody, Packer, Wroughton, Pope; 3d, Barrymore, Downton, Whitfield, Palmer; 4th, Powell, Dignum, Waldron, Wewitzer; 5th, Siddons, William Powell (Prompter), Holland, Maddocks. Great numbers of friends attended at the church, and the whole of the servants of the theatre were present.

12. At Chelsea, in his 67th year, Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall, formerly printer of the Public Advertiser.

At Boxmore, Herts, Mr. John Almon, formerly an eminent bookseller in Piccadilly, author of the Memoirs of Mr. Wilkes, and of several anonymous political works.

At Portman-place, Mr. Edward Gray Saunders.

16. At Great Gaddesden, Herts, Samuel Crawley, esq. of Ragnall Hall, Nottinghamshire.

17. The Right Hon. Henry Beauchamp, the eleventh Lord St. John of Bletsee.



EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR DECEMBER 1805.

Days	Bank Stock	per Ct. Reduc	3 per Ct. Consols	4 per Ct. Consols	Navy 5 per Ct	New 5 per Ct	Long Ann.	Short Ann.	Oma.	Imp. 3 pr Ct	Imp. Ann.	Irish 5 per Ct	Irish Deben.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	English Lott. Tick.
27	195 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{5}{8}$	60 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{4}$	76 $\frac{5}{8}$	92 $\frac{1}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	17 7-16		6 $\frac{1}{2}$ pr.	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{2}{8}$					1 pr	1 pr	
28	195 $\frac{1}{4}$	59 $\frac{7}{8}$	60 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$		99 $\frac{3}{8}$	17 $\frac{1}{8}$	2								1	1 pr	
29	195	59 $\frac{3}{4}$	60 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{1}{4}$		99 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 1-16		6 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{5}{8}$							1 pr	
30																		
1		59 $\frac{5}{8}$		76 $\frac{1}{4}$		99 $\frac{1}{8}$	16 15-16		6								2 pr	
2	193 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{3}{4}$	60 $\frac{1}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{8}$	76 $\frac{3}{8}$			17				8 15-16			191		1	2 pr	
3		59 $\frac{7}{8}$		76 $\frac{3}{8}$			17 1-16		6 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{3}{4}$	8 15-16					1	1 pr	
4		59 $\frac{5}{8}$		76 $\frac{3}{8}$														
5																		
6	193	60		77		99 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{8}$			59						1	1 pr	
7		60 $\frac{1}{8}$		77 $\frac{1}{8}$		100 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 $\frac{1}{8}$				9					1	1 pr	
8		60 $\frac{1}{8}$		77			17 $\frac{1}{8}$										1 pr	
9																	1 dif.	
10	193	60		77		99 $\frac{1}{2}$	17	115-16	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{7}{8}$	9					1	par	
11		60 $\frac{1}{8}$		77 $\frac{1}{8}$		99 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 1-16		6 $\frac{1}{4}$	59 $\frac{1}{8}$						1	1 pr	
12		60 $\frac{1}{8}$		77 $\frac{1}{8}$		99 $\frac{1}{4}$	17 1-16		6 $\frac{3}{4}$							1	2 pr	
13		60 $\frac{1}{8}$		77 $\frac{1}{8}$		99 $\frac{1}{4}$	17		6 $\frac{3}{4}$	59						1	2 pr	
14		60		77			17 1-16	115-16								1	2 pr	
15		60		77			17 15-16		6 $\frac{3}{4}$							1	2 pr	
16	195	60 $\frac{3}{4}$		78			17 $\frac{1}{8}$	2	8	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	9					1	1 pr	
17	195	60		77 $\frac{5}{8}$			17 $\frac{1}{8}$	2		59 $\frac{1}{2}$						1	1 pr	
18	194 $\frac{1}{4}$	60		77 $\frac{5}{8}$			17 1-16		8							1	1 pr	
19	195	60 $\frac{1}{2}$		77 $\frac{5}{8}$			17 $\frac{1}{8}$	2		59 $\frac{5}{8}$	8 15-16					1	1 pr	
20																		
21		60 $\frac{3}{4}$		77 $\frac{7}{8}$			17 $\frac{1}{8}$									1	par	
22																	par	
23		60 $\frac{1}{4}$		78		99 $\frac{5}{8}$	17 $\frac{1}{8}$			59 $\frac{5}{8}$	8 15-16							
24																		
25																		
26																		
27																		

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