



# FREE MASONS AT WORK

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THE SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE  
AND  
Free-Masons' Repository  
OR  
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VOL. X.

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*Commisamque teges et vino tortus et ira.*

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Hoc:

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1798.

# THE SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,

AND

## FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY:

FOR JANUARY, 1798.

EMBEDDED WITH A SYMBOLIC ENGRAVING OF  
**FREE-MASONS AT WORK.**

### CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Reflections on the Commencement of	5	Necker on the French Revolution,	45
1798,	5	The Posthumous Daughter,	ib.
Historical Essay on Longevity,	8	Dr. Darwin on Female Education,	47
Review of Literature for 1797,	11	Mirabaud's System of Nature,	48
Chinese Proverbs,	14	The Castle Spectre,	ib.
On the Invasion,	15		
Comparison between the Ancients and		<b>POETRY.</b>	
Moderns in Science and Literature,	17	Ode for the New Year,	49
Description of Canada,	19	Prologue and Epilogue to the Castle	
Further Memoir of John Wilkes,	22	Spectre,	ib.
Account of the Grand Seigneur,	28	The Captive's Complaint,	50
Memoir of Abraham Fleicher,	30	Mary Queen of Scots,	51
Secrecy,	32	Epitaph on a Friend,	ib.
Loyalty,	ib.	A Gipsy's Song,	ib.
Dancing Masters,	33	A Song on the Invasion,	52
Firmness,	ib.		
Theatrical Misconception,	ib.	<b>PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.</b>	
Genius---John Edyveans,	34	Account and Fable of Secrets worth	
Witty Masquerade Hand-Bill,	35	Knowing,	53
Bon Mot,	ib.	Ditto of Blue Beard,	54
<b>FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.</b>		<b>PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.</b>	
Dr. Watkins's Examination of Profes-		House of Lords, &c.	56
sor Robison's Book, continued,	36	<b>MONTHLY CHRONICLE.</b>	
Symbolic Masonry, explanatory of	38	Speech of the Lord Lieutenant of Ire-	
the Plate in this Number,	40	land,	58
Masonic Intelligence,	40	Foreign Intelligence,	60
<b>REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.</b>		Obituary,	69
Posthumous Works of Burke,	41		
Dr. McCorrick's Life of Burke,	44		

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

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*CANDIDUS* is not candid enough.

*N. G.* upon reflection, will see the impossibility of our adopting his plan.

The effusions of *Genius* we shall always be happy to receive; but our *Miscellany* shall not be degraded by admitting the virulence of sedition. This, we hope, will be a sufficient answer to the author of 'Lines written in the Sessions-House, Edinburgh.'

The articles omitted in this Number of our valuable correspondent '*Alfred*' shall appear in our next.

We have no interest with the Bell-man, or we would recommend *Alphonsus* to him, as a proper person to assist him in the composition of his Christmas greetings to all his worthy masters and mistresses.

When *D. L. F.* wrote his 'Essay on Religion,' he certainly had not in remembrance an excellent line of Mr. Pope's, which we recommend to him, and to all scoffers at religion:—

'-----Learn, ye dunces, to respect your God.'

*Tom Lack-wit* has chosen a very appropriate name.

The Lines by *Clement* are partly trifling, and partly obscure.

The author of the 'Dissertation on Duelling' belies his motto terribly. He does not 'speak daggers.'

The obliging letter from Scarborough unfortunately came too late to hand.

Where is our respected brother *B.*? The enquiries after the continuation of his *Essays on the Masonic Character* are numerous. We hope he will soon resume the consideration of that interesting subject.

The observations of *Brutus* would suit a party newspaper, but they do not accord either with our plan or our sentiments.

*A. B.*'s letter to the reviewers is too angry, and too personal, to admit of an insertion. We, however, agree with him as to the general principle of his address. A reform in the critical department is greatly wanted.

In answer to our correspondent *J. B.* respecting the *Lodges of Instruction*, we refer him to the *Freemason's Pocket-Book* for 1798, published by Verner and Hood in the Poultry, where he will meet with the information he wants.

The 'Life of *Ximenes*, Archbishop of Toledo,' in our next. We are greatly obliged to the contributor of this article, and we hope to be honoured with his future correspondence.

The favours of several correspondents are under consideration.

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## PREFACE

TO

### VOLUME THE TENTH.

AT the beginning of another annual period it is customary to greet our friends, and to express our wishes that they may be blessed with a happy new year.

In compliance with this laudable and benevolent custom, though it is an age when old customs and ceremonies are too generally disregarded, we beg leave to return our grateful acknowledgments to our numerous friends, whether Contributors or Subscribers; and while we wish that the year now begun may smile upon them with a fullness of prosperity, we request the continuance of their favours.

At the present awful crisis, when nations are in perplexity and individuals in fearful apprehension, every man has a peculiar duty to perform. Our's at present appears to be to preserve our Miscellany from the influence of a party-spirit, on the one hand; and to advance, as far as in us lies, the great interests of society, ORDER and VIRTUE, on the other. We would be understood to mean, that, while this Magazine shall continue to be distinguished by those leading objects which constitute its titles, it shall stand eminently forward in behalf of the CONSTITUTION, under which, happily, we were born, and under which we live.

It is a time that calls for every man to express his undisguised sentiments. Hypocrisy now would be as one of the deadly sins.

Free, therefore, are we to declare that our Magazine is and shall be solely directed under the influence of this persuasion and this resolution. 'FOR OUR GOD, OUR KING, AND OUR COUNTRY,' is our declaration at the commencement of the sixth year of our labours; and we trust that our exertions will not be found in vain in this most important and interesting cause. Earnestly do we pray that the Providential Power which pervades and guides the universe may speedily disperse the raging elements of dissension, and quiet the turbulent spirits of mankind, that Harmony and Peace may again fix their abode in the earth, and all the Virtues and the Graces dance in their train!!

THE  
SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE  
AND  
FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY

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FOR JANUARY, 1798.

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REFLECTIONS  
ON THE  
COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR  
M,DCC,XCVIII.

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Procrastination is the thief of time:  
Year after year it steals till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leave  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.      YOUNG.

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THE progress of time is an interesting subject of contemplation and enquiry, and the artificial division of it into particular periods, is admirably adapted to call men from the hurry or pleasure of life, to indulge, for a season at least, in thoughtful observation. The expiration of an old year is a circumstance that cannot but excite serious consideration in every man that has any regard for his temporal or future interests.

The vanity of human life, at this season, strikes him with peculiar force. He contemplates the scenes that are passed, as the passenger in a swift-sailing vessel, bound for a far-distant port, views the dear and fleeting objects that recede from his observation. The well-known situations and persons whom fate compels him to leave behind, become more interesting when contrasted with the uncertainty that yet awaits him. He looks forward with an anxious eye to new engagements and new connections, which, in all probability, will prove painful in the pursuit, and may be injurious in the issue. To such a person this period, therefore, will always present considerations of a sombrous aspect. Neither is it unfitting that it should do so; when we reflect that one more of the eventful years of the age of the world and of man is gone; that one more year is added to the history of human imperfection and folly; and that we are now stepping upon the threshold of another. It may be, that to the person thus employed a thought will be suggested—'This year thou shalt die.' This will naturally arise from reflecting, that among the numbers who entered on the preceding year, many were as juvenile and as vigorous as him-

self, if not in fact much more so—many entertained the most brilliant expectations of what it should afford to their honour, amusement, or advantage; and in consequence they formed a most extensive scale of operations that should engage their attention, not only for the present, but for many years to come. Some much-esteemed friends have paid the last tribute to nature; and some of them, in the gaiety and splendour of youthful enjoyment, have been called off from the stage of activity, and ushered into the unseen world. These are natural and affecting contemplations, which will arise in that season in him whom voluptuousness has not totally deprived of sensibility, and will produce a temporary resolution, at least, in that mind which is not quite hardened against the compunctions of conscience. This measurement of time, therefore, as being productive of reflection, is of the most essential service to the cause of—Virtue, by awakening occasionally the minds of numbers to a sense of the uncertainty of life, who would otherwise continue totally immersed in sensuality or stupid indifference. Consequently the sense of duty will, at intervals, become strong from the consciousness of neglect, and from the thought of how little of life remains to make up the deficiency.

On balancing accounts at the close of another year; we find how much time we have heedlessly squandered, how many good resolutions we have broken, how greatly we have omitted the plainest points of duty, and how very little we have studied even our temporal interest. This melancholy conclusion will produce a blush where virtue yet remains. Hours, days, weeks, and months have glided away, in which, if no evil has been committed, yet no virtues have been attained; no good has been done, either to ourselves, to any of our fellow-creatures, or to the community at large. And well would it be for the generality, if here the account were to close, and no dark reflections were to rise on the conviction of many vicious, or, at least, many foolish actions, which have largely marked the ended year. But, however favourable the account may be, still dispassionate reason will suggest the propriety and necessity of making the *past* a lesson for the *future* period. Whatever we find that has not been to our credit in the preceding year, should be studiously avoided in that which is now begun. To this end should we be careful in endeavouring to trace the causes of the folly which we lament, in order that we may the better know how to deport ourselves when they shall again encounter our passions. If we are insensible to this caution, the consequence may be, that the same temptations will produce on us the same effect, and that too in an encreased degree of turpitude.

Are we not rapidly moving on to a state where no satisfaction will be enjoyed, but by the exercise of our intellectual powers, and in which memory will, of course, bear a predominant part? If then we are conscious of a wilful mismanagement of the space allotted us here, of a perversion of those faculties, and a neglect of the opportunities which we have had for improvement, what can we expect



there but pain and remorse? Neither temptations nor sensual enjoyments are known in the state whither we are hastening; what, therefore, will be their condition, who are unfitted by previous habits for a rational felicity? That world is a world of spirits, consequently their delights are of a nature totally different from the delights which are commonly valued and pursued by the children of mortality. It will then follow as a natural conclusion, that it is only by habituating ourselves to similar enjoyments here, by the due improvement of our rational powers, and by a careful and active opposition to base born affections and indulgencies, we can render ourselves meet for an association with those pure and exalted beings. Every temptation resisted, and every opportunity of doing good improved; every resolution strengthened by performance, and every grace attained and cultivated with diligence, raises us to a nearer relation to the spiritual link in the great chain of being above us, and fits us for a more distinguished situation in the world wherein it peculiarly exists.

But does not another consideration spring from this very instructive and pleasing one? Does not every vicious indulgence, every mean and unworthy gratification, every sordid principle, and every violation of duty, sink us again in an exact proportion below the dignity of our nature? And will not such a course produce the effect of degrading us to a situation, in which reflection will only serve to add a keener edge to the misery of remorse? Man rises or falls by the exercise or perversion of the talent which his Creator has committed to his trust and management. Let dark infidelity murmur at the position, yet reason, when left to its own exercise, will see that it stands on the principles of immutable justice, and even the gloomy tears of the vicious will prove its truth.

The closing of an old year then should be like the closing period of our existence in the present world of imperfection and trouble. At that awful season it will be natural, and certainly it will be expedient, for us to be serious in examining what we have done, and what we have omitted that ought to have been performed, to the intent that our little remaining ability may make up, and our sincere penitence atone for that wherein our consciences accuse us. The time that has past should suffice for trifling and for folly. What lies before us, uncertain as it is, should be distinguished by actions and considerations that bespeak us to be possessors of rational minds, and candidates for a region of higher pursuits and enjoyments.

The present is peculiarly a season that calls for serious contemplation and vigorous resolution. The clouds that impend over this part of the world are deep and heavy: they appear to be charged with no ordinary matter of vengeance; and it is not fanatical to express a fear that this island is destined to receive no small portion of its baneful contents. Our prosperity as a nation hath been great, the blessings we have enjoyed surpass those of the most favoured people of ancient or modern times—but let us take shame to ourselves in confessing, that our *infidelity* and *licentiousness* have been our greatest returns.—

And are these enormities less prevalent than they have been at any former period? Observation will tell us otherwise. It is the duty, therefore, of every one who aspires to the dignified, but now too much prostituted character of *patriot*, to contribute his endeavours towards removing those *moral evils* which are the surest preludes to *natural*. By each person *reforming one*, the whole body will become *purified*; and then we may expect that the favour of Heaven will be greater than our past *errors*, or our present fears. W.

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AN  
HISTORICAL ESSAY  
ON  
LONGEVITY.

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MANY have been led, from a desire of life, to envy the length of days with which the early inhabitants of the world were favoured. Under the complicated circumstances of natural and moral evil to which man in the modern ages, at least, is liable, longevity is little to be desired. It will be curious and entertaining, however, to examine into this subject; and this I shall at present do historically.

A very common notion has obtained, that in the early periods of the world its inhabitants were both more juvenile and more perfect; that they were of a gigantic stature, incredible strength, as well as an amazing length of life. In consequence of these notions, many romantic fictions have been broached, such as, that Adam attained to the height of nine hundred yards, and almost to the age of a thousand years. But philosophy has converted the supposed bones of giants, discovered in different places, into those of the elephant and rhinoceros; and divines have proved, that the chronology of the early time was not the same with that which is now used. Some have gone so far as to assert, that the year, till the time of Abraham, consisted only of three months; that it was afterwards extended to eight; and that it was not till the days of Joseph that it attained to twelve.

According to this view, the sixteen hundred years before the flood will become four hundred and fourteen; and the nine hundred years of Methusalem will be reduced to two hundred, which is no improbable age, when we consider the temperance of the period, and the age to which many have attained in modern times.

From the Jewish history we may collect the following instances.—Abraham, that exalted and faithful patriarch, attained the age of 175 years; his son Isaac, who was more settled, to 180; Jacob lived only 147; Ishmael, a warrior, 137; Sarah, the only woman of the ancient world with whose duration of life we are acquainted, lived 127 years; Joseph, who was much afflicted in his youth, but highly distinguished in his latter years, lived to be 110.

Moses lived to the age of 120, but it is remarkable that he makes a complaint that the age of man was but three-score years and ten, or, at most, four-score years.

The warlike Joshua lived to be 110. Eli, the high priest, was only 90 at his death, but Elisha lived to be much above 100. In the latter period of the Jewish church, we find Simeon, a man full of hope and confidence, distinguished by a life of 90 years.

Among the Greeks we meet with several instances of longevity.—The sage Solon arrived to the age of 80. Epimenides is said to have lived 157 years. Anacreon, though an intemperate man, was choaked at the age of 80, to which period lived also Sophocles and Pindar. Gorgias, the orator of Leontium, prolonged his days to the term of 108 years. Protagoras, of Abdera, to 90; and Isocrates lived 98. Democritus, the pleasant philosopher, lived 109 years; and the churlish Diogenes 90. Zeno, the founder of the Stoics, arrived to the age of 100; but Plato only to that of 81. Pythagoras, who was remarkably abstemious, lived to be very old. He was wont to divide the life of man into four equal parts. From the first to the age of twenty, he called him but a man begun; from forty to sixty a man; from thence to eighty, an old or declining man; after which he accounted him as dead, let him live as long as he would.

Among the Romans we may reckon the following:—M. Valerius Corvinus, a very valiant man, and exceedingly popular, was above the age of 100. Orbilius, first a soldier and then a severe school-master, attained to the same age. Fabius and Cato were both above 90 years old when they died. We have, moreover, remarkable instances of longevity among the Roman ladies. Terentia, the wife of Cicero, lived to the age of 103. It is singular that several of the Roman actresses attained to a very old age. One Luceia, who entered on the theatre very young, performed a whole century, and made a public appearance at the age of 112. Galeria Copiola, an actress and dancer, was 90 when she first performed, and she afterwards was brought forwards as a prodigy, for the purpose of complimenting Pompey. But even this was not the last time of her acting, for she appeared once more to shew respect to Augustus. In the Census, as preserved by Pliny, we find, that on numbering the people in the 76th year of the Christian æra, there were living in that part of Italy which lies between the Appenines and the Po, only 124 men who had attained to the age of 100 years and upwards, viz. fifty-four of 100, fifty-seven of 110, two of 125, four of 130, four of from 135 to 137, and three of 140. Besides these, there were in Parma five men, three of whom were 120, and two 130; in Placentia, one of 130; at Faventia, a woman of 132; and in Villejaciæ, a small town near Placentia, there were ten persons, six of whom had attained the age of 110, and four to that of 120.

By Ulpian's bills of mortality it appears, that we might, with great justness, compare Rome to London, in respect to the probability of the duration of life. Consequently, we have every reasonable

ground to conclude, that the duration of life in the time of Moses, the Greeks and the Romans, was the same as at present; and that the age of the world has no kind of influence on the longevity of its inhabitants, excepting only the difference arising from the cultivation of its surface, and the change of climate.

Thus, for example, it is evident, that in Italy neither so many nor so old people are to be found as in the time of Vespasian, and the reason is, that the climate then, owing to the forests, was colder, and rendered the men more robust. Perhaps, also, the natural warmth of the earth may alter, and be increased sometimes in one region and diminished in another.

The result of this research will be, that man can still attain to the same age as formerly.

Let us now take a view of the different states and conditions of men, and in this respect turn our attention to modern times.

In regard to Emperors and Kings, it does not appear that nature has granted them in general a long duration of life. In ancient history we meet with but few crowned heads who attained the age of 80, and this is just the case in the modern. In the whole catalogue of Roman and German Emperors, reckoning from Augustus to the present time, which includes above two hundred, we find only four who arrived at the age of 80.

Aurengzebe, that celebrated conqueror, lived to be 100; but he is rather to be reckoned as a wandering chief than as a King.

The Ecclesiastical Princes have not been more fortunate.

Of three hundred Popes, only five attained the age of 80. But an extraordinary number of instances may be found among the monks and hermits, who, from their strict regimen, retired and placid life, had all the means of longevity. The apostle John lived to be 93; Paul, the hermit, died at the age of 113; and St. Anthony at that of 105. Athanasius and Jerom both lived beyond 80. But since the clergy have mingled more with the world, and partook of its cares and its pleasures, instances of this kind are more uncommon.

Philosophers have at all times been distinguished by their great age, especially those of a more ancient date, when the primary part of their profession was an abstraction from the vanities and luxuries of life. The oldest instances are to be found among the Stoics and the Pythagoreans.

In modern times, however, philosophers have obtained a pre-eminence in this respect over others. Kepler and Bacon both lived to be very old; and Newton, whose mind was of the happiest temperate, and whose manners were strictly becoming a philosopher, attained the age of 90. Euler, a mathematician of deserved celebrity, lived to be nearly the same age.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW  
OF THE  
LITERATURE OF THE YEAR 1797.

A LEARNED and accurate annalist of the last century took a fancy of distinguishing each age with an appellation suited to its character. Thus one was a 'dark,' another the 'religious,' and another the 'learned' age. Were we to pursue this method, it would be no small difficulty to fix upon any one determinate expression appropriate to the present period. The epithet *learned* has ceased to be applicable, though no preceding age has equalled it in the number or variety of literary productions.

We are fully aware that complaints of the time in which we live will generally be attributed to misanthropy, to a certain peevishness of temper arising from disappointment or ignorance. He who has the temerity to throw out a charge against the taste and pursuits of his contemporaries, must expect to meet with censure. Few will acquiesce in his opinions, and fewer still will have the candour to avow them. The general method of evading the allegation will be by setting off one quality against another; and in the present case, therefore, it will probably be replied, that though we are clearly deficient in some branches of literature, we evidently excel in others. The reply is easy, but its truth will hardly be admitted, that it matters little what particular points we may have to boast of, if in the great and solid parts of learning we have suffered a shameful declension. The present history of literature is in fact little better than a history of its decline. The task of reporting this fall is painful to him who has a pleasing remembrance of ancient lore.

We shall now, without further observation, trace the principal productions of the year that is gone, breathing an earnest wish that the one now commenced may be distinguished by a revival of learning and peace.

---

THEOLOGY.

ONE of the most interesting books of practical theology, if not indeed the very best, that has appeared for a considerable time, is Mr. Wilberforce's 'Practical View of the prevailing Religious System of professed Christians.' The worthy author has written from the heart, on a subject of the utmost importance. Leaving the question respecting the truth of Revelation to other advocates, he addresses himself to those who profess the Christian religion, and yet slight its essential principles. He goes back to the fountain-head, to the primary doctrines of our faith, from whence there has been of late years such a shameful departure. On these doctrines he is explicit and masterly. The Reviewers, however, those *literary* despots, have thought proper to treat the author and his book with their wonted impartiality. With one exception only, it is a fact universally felt and acknowledged, that

these critical gentlemen, who take upon them to exert an inquisitorial power over the whole literary world, are favourable to scepticism. They rarely fail attributing to the defender of infidelity the possession of *liberal* motives, and usually applaud all attempts to destroy religion, under the convenient expression, that they promote free discussion. In such hands, works, like that which has drawn forth these remarks, cannot be expected to meet with much countenance. The respectability of the author has, indeed, sheltered him from that open abuse which they are so disposed to bestow, but they have made up for this by sneers and ridicule. The *Monthly Review* has chiefly conducted itself in this honourable way, but it has not advanced a single argument, in refutation of the principles on which it is so witty. The *British Critic* has not only given Mr. Wilberforce, but his book, ample commendation. Notwithstanding this, that respectable publication has betrayed a narrowness of sentiment in classing the author among sectaries, and then taking invidious pains to expose those sectaries to obloquy and contempt.

Less controversy has been excited by the publication of this treatise, than from its nature and consequence we should have been led to expect. It has, however, called forth all the venom of Mr. Wakefield, who, in a letter to the author, has been liberal in his abuse of him, chiefly on political grounds. He has met with a castigator in Dr. Watkins, who has vindicated Mr. Wilberforce and his principles with fairness and spirit.

The second volume of Dr. Geddes's Translation of the Holy Bible, comprising 'Judges, the Books of Samuel, the Books of Kings, the Chronicles, and Prayer of Manasseh,' is the continuation of an important undertaking. From our infancy we have been accustomed to hear complaints against the English version of the Scriptures, and the necessity of a new translation. Many writers have dwelt at large upon this subject, but few have had the hardihood to attempt a new version entire. After examining the labours of different translators, and those of Dr. Geddes among the rest, our admiration of the common translation has increased, and it appears to us at least that were a *corrected edition* of it to be published, it would totally supersede the necessity of such works as that before us. Towards such a *desideratum* the translation of Dr. Geddes would lend great assistance. Not so Mr. Benjoin's Translation of Jonah, which betrays more vanity than genius, and more reading than judgment.

Mr. Pratt's prospectus and specimens of a new Polyglott Bible, announces an undertaking of peculiar utility to all who regard the Holy Scriptures. It is, indeed, an arduous engagement; but from the specimens given a favourable expectation may be formed respecting the work.

In addition to these publications on sacred literature, we may add a new edition of that valuable performance, Calmet's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, with Illustrations, which is not only well-timed, but peculiarly well executed.

Dr. Glasse's 'Lectures on the Festivals of the Church' deserve high commendation, especially at a season so very lukewarm as the

present, when not only religious days of commemoration are contemned, but even the high and ancient appropriation of one day in seven to devotional rest is slighted.

The Charge of Dr. O'Beirne, Bishop of Ossory, at his annual visitation, 1796, is a discourse that calls for particular notice and recommendation. The duties of the clerical body are elucidated and inculcated in a forcible, and, in many respects, novel manner.

The Discourses of the late Bishop Thomas of Rochester are entitled to respectable mention: as is the memoir of the venerable author prefixed.

The controversy excited by the abandoned author of 'The Age of Reason,' we are sorry to observe, is still kept up, through the injudicious zeal of some well-meaning believers. Had this most wretched production of infidelity been suffered to remain in its deserved obscurity, we should have had little reason to lament its ill effects. The only answer to it that falls within the limits of our present notice is Mr. Levi's Defence of the Old Testament, which is highly creditable to the writer, and deserves very careful perusal.

Mr. Wilson's 'Illustration of the Method of explaining the New Testament by the early Opinions of the Jews and Christians concerning Christ,' is a performance of much learning and ingenuity; though it adds but little to the strength afforded to the orthodox cause by the labours of Waterland and Horsley. Dr. Priestley's 'Discourses on the Evidences of Revealed Religion,' in two volumes, will be read with pleasure by every enquiring mind, as being both abundant and novel in argument, on a most important topic.

To notice any great number of single sermons would be a tedious and impertinent task. We shall, therefore, only mention a few of the most eminent. Dr. Eveleigh's 'Plurality of Persons in the Godhead,' before the University of Oxford, is in fact a continuation of a controversy between him and Dr. Blayney, the translator of Zechariah. Dr. Eveleigh's abilities as a linguist, theologian, and logician, are of the first rank. It is singular that the Trinitarian cause in the present century has had two champions of the same name; the other was the Rev. Josiah Eveleigh, the antagonist of Pierce and Hallett, the founders of an Arian assembly at Exeter. Dr. Gregory's 'Sermon on Suicide' before the Humane Society is an ingenious discourse on an affecting subject.

Dr. Gerrard's sermon 'On Indifference with respect to religious Truth,' before the Synod of Aberdeen, is a close and animated composition. Dr. Hunter's Funeral Sermon for Mr. Fell we have read with great pleasure. Of discourses preached on public days we shall say nothing, as, however well-written they may be, they usually die with the occasion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A COLLECTION  
OF  
CHINESE PROVERBS

AND  
APOTHEGMS,

WITH REMARKS. COLLECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

---

THE great Selden observes, that 'the proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews, and the reason he gave was, because by them he knew the minds of several nations, which is a brave thing; as we count him a wise man that knows the minds and insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them. Proverbs are habitual to a nation, being transmitted from father to son.'\*

As the Empire of China has recently engaged much consideration, and that deservedly, as well from its magnitude and importance, as its antiquity and peculiarity, we think hardly a better moral picture of this people can be given than a collection of their common sayings. Some occasional illustrations are given; and on the whole, it is presumed, that the reader will be pleased and instructed with this selection of valuable observations.

A bark of plain boards, joined together only with glue, cannot hold out long against the large billows. [That is, where pains have not been taken to form the mind, it will probably sink under adversity.]

A blemish may be taken out of a diamond, by strongly polishing it, but a blemish in the words of a king can never be effaced.

A diamond with flaws is preferred before a common stone that hath none. [Meaning, that great excellencies, with some imperfections, are better than a faultless insipidity.]

A drum, if it be not beat, gives no noise: a bell, if it be not struck upon, returns no sound.

A fault acknowledged is half amended.

A flower is pleasing to the eye, while the fir-tree hath nothing beautiful in it; the splendour of the one is not an equivalent for the durability of the other.

A good beginning is of importance in all undertakings; and a slight fault may have fatal consequences.

A good founder can use every metal; an able lapidary the coarsest stones. [The English proverb is similar—*A good workman never complains of his tools.*]

A grave and majestic outside is the palace where virtue resides.—[The Chinese are very particular in the article of dress.]

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\* 'Selden's Table Talk,' article Proverbs. Of this precious little volume, which was justly held in high estimation by Dr. Johnson, a New Edition, with Notes, and a copious Life of the Author, is just published by G. Cawthorn, No. 132, Strand.



Four good magistrates illuminate a thousand Lee. [The origin of this saying is as follows: 'The king of *Guey* and the king of *Tsi* had a conference on their frontiers; when the former asked the latter if he had any rare and curious pearls?' He answered in the negative. 'But I,' said the king of *Guey*, 'have ten precious stones so brilliant, that each of them casts a lustre over the space of twelve furlongs.' 'My jewels,' said the other, 'are different from your's, for they live and breathe. I have four Mandarin's, who preside over four provinces, and by the lustre of their justice and integrity illuminate a thousand furlongs.']

Great instruments of music are of no value to strollers:—great fishes are produced in great waters.

He maintains a three-eared argument; or an argument for three ears. [This saying took its rise from an argument once held by the philosopher *Sung-tung*, (who lived 114 years before Christ) 'that every man hath three ears; one internal, and two external.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### ON THE INVASION.

THE menace of invading this country has been held forth by France in every war, and seldom without effect in this country on the fears and prejudices of the many. It is now exhibited with more than common parade in every point of view. It may be useful, therefore, to diminish the apprehensions of the people, and, by pointing out to them the grounds of their ultimate security, to render them more alert and active in case that the rash and desperate experiment should be made. I know for this purpose of nothing more effectual than to direct their attention to 'the Political and Military rhapsody of General Lloyd,' of which I shall present you with a brief analysis. It is to be remarked that the General, in early life, was employed in suggesting plans to the enemy for a descent on this Island. In his latter days, he made the *amende honourable* for this perfidy, by shewing, from premises that are irresistible, that any such attempt, if we are only true to ourselves, must end in the confusion and ruin of the invader.

The General prefaces his remarks by observing, that whilst our fleet is superior, it is scarcely possible that an invasion can be attempted. Should the enemy hazard a descent, he considers Portsmouth and Plymouth as the most eligible points for their disembarkation. In this case, the line of defence must extend from Plymouth to Dover. One third of our army should occupy Halldown hill, beyond Exeter: the central position to be at Portsdown: the remaining third on that branch of the Medway called the Teise. England, he next observes, is in general what military men call 'a close country.' It is for the most part very hilly, and so enclosed with hedges and ditches, that for many miles together you do not find ground sufficiently open to form twenty battalions upon. The high road, by which

an army can alone march, is one continued *pass* or *defile*, winding at the foot of the mountains, or through the enclosures. These mountains and hedges being properly occupied, an enemy cannot advance a step; and if he is once engaged in them, he can never extricate himself out of the narrow labyrinth, but will be forced to lay down his arms.

In a further part of his work, the General insists still more strongly on the disadvantages which must attend the operations of an invading enemy. This he sustains by the following reasons:

1, The face of the country forces them to march in one column; and this difficulty alone overbalances almost every other advantage. 2dly, They can have but little cavalry, which, from the nature of the country, may not ever have an opportunity of acting. 3dly, They can have no heavy artillery, and not many field pieces, compared to what we can bring into the field. 4thly, They can have no other provisions but what they bring with them, which will last only for a short time. 5thly, They can never have a sufficient number of horses and carriages to transport their stores, artillery, &c. 6thly, When they proceed from the shore, they can form no magazines in the country, and must be supplied from their original *depot*; and when their line of communication is protracted to a certain length, half their army will not be sufficient to escort their convoys, which you may and must intercept. They have but this alternative, to gain a great and decisive victory, or abandon the enterprize.—They cannot remain on the spot in a close country, surrounded by mountains, &c. 7thly, They cannot send detachments, or deviate from the great road without being exposed to certain destruction; whereas we, availing ourselves of every close road and path, can without risk attack their whole line of march, and soon throw it into confusion. They can act in that only, and we can act when and where we please.

These reasons are therefore calculated to remove ill-grounded apprehension, without leading to the equally dangerous extreme of imprudent security.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

\*\*\* As much has been lately said on the subject of the extensive machinery contriving in France, for the purpose of transporting the invading army, &c. the following accurate calculation will serve to shew the absurdity of the project.

If 700 yards in length and 350 in width, as is said, then the raft will contain an area of about 50 square acres; each acre will require about 1,000 fir timbers of the largest dimensions—to 50,000 each layer or stratum, if of eight layers in thickness (according to report) it will of course require 400,000 pieces of timber; which being worth about 2l. 10s. each, will cost a million sterling; to which add the expence of carriage, and the means to be employed to join them so securely together as to resist the force of the waves, at least half a million more, which form a sum not likely to be expended on so ridiculous an experiment; besides, there is great reason to believe that the quantity of timber (if procurable) would not be sufficiently buoyant to support a quantity of iron-work necessary to connect them together, much less to bear a load of artillery, men, horses, machinery, &c.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS  
IN  
SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

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[CONTINUED FROM VOL. IX. PAGE 375.]

IN pursuing these observations, I was led to the consideration of the wonderful progress of the moderns in every department of knowledge, and could not but observe in how many respects we surpass the ancients. Whether the ancients or the moderns are superior in this respect is a question that has been agitated with great warmth, on both sides, by some of the greatest men of the age. My present purpose, however, is only to offer a few cursory remarks on this interesting subject.

The circle of science indeed is so extensive, and so numerous are its branches, that to consider them distinctly would furnish materials for a large work. I shall therefore confine my observations to some of the principal parts of learning, which will furnish sufficient data to enable us to draw the most undeniable conclusions. These are, the Belles Lettres, Natural Philosophy, and Metaphysics.

With respect to the first of these, to which the appellation of polite literature is generally appropriated :—That the Antients excelled in works of genius and sublimity, no one at present will venture to deny, unless he has the temerity to set his opinion against that of every age and nation in which literature has flourished, or will engage to prove that the unanimous sentiments of the best judges, for centuries past, have been erroneous and ill-founded. The works of Homer and Virgil, which have stood the test of ages, are alone sufficient evidences of this truth ; and though the scrutinizing eye of criticism may point out many blemishes and defects in their writings, yet instead of condemning those errors which are ever incident to the productions of humanity, we are justly astonished at the exertions of genius that could give birth to such inimitable poems as the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*. The former has always been considered as a masterpiece of the *Epopeæ*, and, if we except Milton, Homer may truly be said to stand unrivalled in sublimity and invention. The *Æneid* of Virgil indeed does not display these qualities in the same degree, or with the same profusion, as are conspicuous in the original he has copied ; but nevertheless it discovers a wonderful correctness of judgment, accuracy of taste, and elegance of poetry, which will always secure to it the reputation it has hitherto uniformly possessed. But the beauties and intrinsic excellencies of these celebrated poems are so well known to the world, that it would be both useless and preposterous to occupy much time in descanting upon what has so often exercised the pens of the ablest critics and commentators.

To appreciate with precision the epic productions of the moderns, and to form an accurate estimate of the comparative merits of Tasso

and Milton, in opposition to those of Homer and Virgil, is certainly no very easy task, nor is it by any means requisite to my purpose. To form a general opinion, is sufficient to enable us to draw a general conclusion. It has been owing to various causes that the merit of the 'Jerusalem delivered,' lay concealed for so long a period from the eye of the world; and indeed it is to the exertions of Voltaire that we are indebted for the restoration of its repute from obscurity, and for the elucidation of those numerous beauties which are so conspicuous on the perusal of that too much neglected work. The machinery made use of by Tasso has been objected to, as a considerable blemish; but if we consider the superstition and darkness of the age in which he lived, and that enchantment and sorcery were generally believed to operate as very powerful agents in the conduct of human affairs, we shall perceive it to be no more absurd than the equally ridiculous system of mythology among the ancients. Certain it is that we are indebted to the introduction of these supernatural agents for some of the most beautiful scenes which the luxuriant imagination of this delightful poet has described. In many of his characters he has closely pursued the footsteps of the father of poets, as is particularly the case with those of Rinaldo and Godfrey, whose similarity to Achilles, Agamemnon, and Helen, strikes us at first sight; but at the same time there is a high degree of originality throughout, which undoubtedly entitles him to a very considerable rank amongst epic poets. In fact he stood unrivalled since the christian æra, till the appearance of Milton, the united efforts of whose superior genius and learning have given birth to one of the most sublime, original, and complete works of the kind that the world ever witnessed, or that the mind of man is capable of producing. The subject he has chosen did not admit of the same variety of incident, character, and circumstance, as those of Homer, Virgil, or Tasso; but it afforded a greater scope for the inventive faculty, which he has certainly excited in a most wonderful manner. In his *Paradise Lost* he has united the respective excellencies of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and the *Jerusalem*, and as it were concentrated their scattered beauties into one focus. Though his merit was unknown and his writings were neglected while he lived, yet the extension of his fame has since become universal; which will, no doubt, be of equal duration with the good taste and sense of mankind. Take him all in all, and perhaps it will be difficult to shew that he is not the greatest ornament that ever adorned the sphere of epic poetry.

From these general observations, it seems sufficiently apparent that the moderns do not yield the palm to the ancients in this respect.

Dramatic compositions, whether tragic or comic, have ever claimed the attention of all civilized nations. For the purity of their style and the excellence of their sentiments, we cannot but admire the dramatic writers of antiquity. But that the drama, considered as a representation of human life, has received considerable improvements from the moderns, and that they have more closely followed nature in their exhibitions of the errors, follies, and misfortunes of mankind, upon the

stage, cannot be denied. The chorus, however numerous its admirers have been, and whatever beneficial qualities have been attributed to it, was unquestionably a flagrant violation of the probability so essential to theatrical representations. It is certain that *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Menander*, and *Terence*, have met with rivals in *Corneille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *Voltaire*, *Ben Jonson*, and *Otway*; but when *Shakspeare* enters the lists, every competitor disappears, and the unfading laurel is placed on his brows. To the remotest posterity he will justly be esteemed as a resource of inexhaustible recreation and instruction, and be regarded with admiration as a prodigy of genius and fancy. In fine, we may safely assert that the celebrity of his works will be co-existent with the world. If we descend to a later period, we might name a *Foote*, *Cibber*, *Farquhar*, or *Congreve*, who have delineated with so much success the characteristic traits of the times, and who for variety of incident, justness of character, and poignancy of humour, are entitled to rank amongst the foremost in this species of composition.

In other species of poetry, every one must regard with deference and study with pleasure those models of ancient taste, *Pindar*, *Horace*, *Theocritus*, *Ovid*, and *Lucretius*. But may we not likewise venture to boast the poetic genius of a *Dryden*, the correct and elegant versification of a *Pope*, the descriptive beauties of a *Thomson*, and the elegiac sublimity of a *Gray*; who, though they cannot be said to have surpassed those great masters of antiquity, have yet so closely imitated their excellencies, as to claim, in many respects, an equality with them. Indeed no kind of poetry has been left unattempted by modern genius. The ode and the satire, the pastoral and the elegy, the epigram and the sonnet, have been all tried with success, and by the exertion of that poetic talent which of late has appeared so conspicuous in this island, have been brought to a state of classical purity. All the merit that originates from the invention of rhyme, must undoubtedly be appropriated to the moderns; but whether it is a real improvement of the art of poetry remains undecided. This, however, we may confidently affirm, that it has tended to diffuse a more general taste for this elegant art, and has contributed not a little to disseminate a more universal relish for the pleasures of polite literature.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DESCRIPTION OF CANADA.

IN A LETTER FROM THENCE, DATED OCTOBER 27, 1797.

AS no description of Lower or Upper Canada has been published since Charleroi, near a hundred years ago, and as it is greatly improved since that time, I will take the liberty of mentioning my observations.

I landed at New York, and came that route to Montreal, 400 miles, tolerable road and accommodations all the way—any other than an Englishman, perhaps, might think them good. New York is a large fine city, the finest port in all America; and when a navigation of ten miles is completed, will have water carriage to Montreal, Quebec, &c. and communication with the great lakes, and down the Mississippi, quite to the Bay of Mexico. Lower Canada, near the river, is well peopled and populous, almost all French. The island of Montreal is well cultivated, containing 60 persons to a square mile at least. Montreal is a large city, full of British merchants, who are in possession of most of the lucrative trade of Canada; many live in style, and are very rich. The ladies are handsome, lively, fond of dress, dancing, &c. The houses, churches, &c. here are covered with tin, and when the sun shines look very brilliant. The air, both winter and summer, is so dry and pure, that iron does not rust; and the tin will lay and look bright a great many years. The houses are all of stone; provisions very cheap and good, about one-third the price of England, except bread and butter, which is much the same; no tythe, poor rate, or taxes of any kind, except to mend the roads. The religious here are very charitable; the nuns nurse all the sick poor, take all the illegitimate children that are brought, and take care of them. The farmers are all French, very lazy and bad, yet live on their own land at ease; they generally keep two pleasure carriages, one for summer, the other for winter to ride on the ice, and seem very happy. The climate is cold, but beautiful sun-shine and dry, covered with snow all the winter, and very healthy. The summers are delightful; fruits, melons, &c. grow to great perfection without grafting or care. In short, this part of Canada is full of beautiful villages, each has a good church and priest, and are as much French as they were when first conquered. Unfortunately, some villains got among them with their equality, which caused some ferment; but executing one of them, I hope, has put a stop to it.

I am just returned from a three month's tour in Upper Canada, which I endeavoured to examine with a farmer's eye: it is above 1000 miles long; width to the N. W. not defined. I think the climate and soil, without exception, the best adapted for the purposes of human life that can be: wheat, and every grain and vegetable, grow to more perfection than in England; the mode of cultivating new land thus—girdle the large trees, that is, cut a notch in the bark all round, and cut some of the smallest off; without plowing the land, sow three pecks of wheat among the dead leaves, scratch with a harrow with wooden teeth; this is repeated three years without plowing; with the third crop of wheat sow clover and timothy grass, which will grow four feet high; let this remain several years, till the roots and trees rot, and keep clearing and sowing fresh land every year. On rich land the trees are immense, walnut, chesnut, oak, hickeroxy, pine, sugar-maple, which produces a sweet juice, resembling the sugar-cane, from whence amazing quantities of sugar are manufactured, equal to West India sugar. Melons, of several sorts, grow in fields without any care;

peaches from the stone, in four years, produce a tree, that will yield a bushel of peaches without grafting; some gentlemen have planted orchards, from 25 to 50 acres, to feed hogs, make a kind of wine, and distil into brandy equal to French. Apples, pears, plums, gooseberries, and currants, grow every where; hemp and flax, as well as hops and white clover, which seem to be natural all over both Canadas, grow to the greatest perfection. The heat in summer on an average is 12 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale hotter than England. The winter is rather clear and fine about three months, but colder than England.

The people pour into this province from the States, where they sell their lands, and procure for a trifle land much better, where they pay no tax whatever, except for the roads, and a better government, which they seem sensible of. Here are three large towns, Newark, Kingston, and York, now the capital, where are many good houses, some elegant. The houses of assembly are convenient, and filled with sensible, genteel men; to be sure, their speeches are more laconic than at home; they have their Speaker, Clerk, Usher of the Black Rod, and Door-keeper; in short, in their courts of justice, assembly, &c. the forms are attended to—and it is Britain in epitome: the English law is the law of the land. All lands are held in free and common soccage.

The river St. Lawrence is a mighty bed of water, and contains more islands than would make a kingdom larger than Britain. There are in Upper Canada, it is said, about 300,000 inhabitants, mostly Americans: it would support 30 millions. The land is a deep loam, exactly like Windmill filed, with two and three feet black mould at top; the under stratum lime-stone, and for several hundred miles exactly the same. The country is level, and well watered: the lakes are inland seas of fresh water, and deep enough for vessels of any burthen, full of salmon, trout, sturgeons, mashanonga, pike, turtle, &c. there are large fish, above a yard long, which are speared by the Indians, and sold for a trifle.

I will now mention the greatest wonder in America, or perhaps in the world—I mean the Falls of Niagara: from the Queen's Town, or the landing, as it is called, where goods are carried ten miles, and re-shipped above the Falls, the road and country is the thickest settled, and best of any, in Upper Canada: all the way you hear the dreadful noise; the nearer you approach, it is heard louder and louder; then a large white cloud presents itself, caused by the spray, and when the sun shines, a most beautiful rainbow: you come on, and the Falls suddenly open to your view; and certainly, it is the most stupendous, terribly sublime sight in Nature. The river St. Lawrence, from three or four miles wide, begins to descend much, and suddenly narrows to less than half a mile, with an island in the middle; then it seems to rush through a considerable mountain, over a perpendicular rock 143 feet high; the sight appals the senses for a moment, till recollection comes to your aid; the noise is like the deepest thunder joined with the loudest ordnance; the Rapids make a dreadful noise before arriving at the Falls: I cannot find words to express the won-

derful sight. Some time since a young woman lost her senses, and never recovered them, on suddenly being brought to the Falls.

I will now mention the disadvantages of Upper Canada; the country is subject to intermittents, long continued, and very distressing to new-comers. This is the case with every part of America, in its wilderness state. It is subject to wolves, bears, foxes, &c. which destroy your cattle, sheep, and poultry; but the greatest inconvenience is, no servants are to be had; yourself and family must do all the work: where a man is young and has a large family, that difficulty is removed. My sons are merchants, at the head of Lake Antorio, distill, and mean to brew. I found the Upper Country sickly; I got a fever there: however, with the use of the bark, I am recovered. I intend living some time at Montreal, for the present, where society is good. I have a house on the bank of St. Lawrence, very pleasant, where vessels of 500 tons lay their broadsides close to the shore, and unload without any wharf, perhaps a thing not to be paralleled in any part of the world. Copper, lead, and iron, are to be met with every where in the Upper Country.

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#### FURTHER MEMOIR

OF

JOHN WILKES.

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SUCH an extensive biography as an entire life of John Wilkes must necessarily occupy would demand a space which the limits of our Magazine cannot afford. It would involve, among various other matters of notoriety, an history of the Administrations of Lord Bute, Mr. George Grenville, and the Duke of Grafton. Nevertheless, as the historians of the day as it passes by us, we cannot suffer such a man to descend into his grave without observation. We therefore offer to our readers the following sketch of his life and character.

In the early part of his career, Mr. Wilkes was known as Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, and Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Militia; as a man of a cultivated mind, lively talents, and dissipated manners; and as one of the Club of Medmenham Abbey, near Marlow, of which so many idle stories have been related. This club consisted of Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despenser, Lord Sandwich, Paul Whitehead, and a few more lively spirits, who, under the title of *the Monks of Medmenham*, used occasionally to pass a few days together at the Abbey in a course of conviviality, which, if it could not be altogether considered as the feast of reason, was not without the flow of soul.

As a writer, Mr. Wilkes was first known by a publication, entitled *Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain*, laid before both Houses of Parliament in January, 1762; but he soon became an object of very general attention as the conductor and prin-



principal writer of a periodical paper called *The North Briton*, the first number of which appeared June 5, 1762. This paper, in which he was assisted by Charles Churchill, the poet, declared hostilities against the existing Ministers and the Scotch nation. It did not fail to attract the attention of the public, from the acrimonious boldness with which it was written, and was read with avidity, because its invectives were principally directed against an unpopular Minister. Though these papers are now but little read, they had their share in driving Lord Bute from power, and when George Grenville succeeded him, his apprehensions of the *North Briton* influenced him rather to crush than conciliate the authors of it. The well known *Number forty-five* soon gave him and his colleagues an opportunity to attempt the former, and the career of prosecuting and persecuting Mr. Wilkes soon began. He was taken into custody by a general warrant, and committed a close prisoner to the Tower, while his house was entered by the Officers of Government, his bureaux broke open, and his papers seized, to serve as evidence in the prosecution which was to follow. From his imprisonment he was relieved, on a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, by the Court of Common Pleas; but the offensive number of *The North Briton* was ordered by both Houses of Parliament to be burned by the common hangman; and soon after Mr. Wilkes was expelled the House of Commons as the author of that paper. At the same time he was proceeded against by the House of Lords for a breach of privilege in the person of Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, who had been mentioned in a ludicrous and indecent poem, called *An Essay on Woman*, which is well known to be a travestie of Mr. Pope's *Essay on Man*. Of this poem, which was not written by Mr. Wilkes, a few copies only were printed at a private press in his house, and a journeyman printer employed there, had been bribed to purloin one of them for the criminalizing purpose to which it was now appropriated.

While both Houses of Parliament were thus letting loose their vengeance against him, Mr. Wilkes was prosecuted in the Courts below as a libeller and a blasphemer; and having, after his duel with Mr. Martin, then Secretary of the Treasury, retired to France, he was in a short time, to use the cant term of the law, run to an outlawry.

The short-lived Administration of the Marquis of Rockingham now succeeded, but no inclination was manifested to restore Mr. Wilkes to his country. He flattered himself, however, when his former friend, the Duke of Grafton, became Prime Minister, that his expectations, which had been disappointed by that Nobleman's predecessor, would now be realized. But it does not appear to have been the destiny of Mr. Wilkes to receive protection or support from the leaders of any political party, whether in or out of power, and the Noble Duke, who had so approved his conduct, and lamented his sufferings, when at length it was in his power to have relieved him, deceived and deserted him. With that determined spirit, therefore, which seems never to have forsaken him, he returned to England, and, with an outlawry hanging over his head, offered himself as a candidate to represent the city of London in Parliament, with a very encouraging

prospect of success ; and when, by the most active influence of Government, the combined exertions of rival candidates, and a general opinion artfully propagated among the Electors, that the outlawry disqualified him from entering the House of Commons, he failed in this important object, he stepped, as it were, from the hustings at Guildhall to the election-booth at Brentford, and was chosen one of the representatives for the county of Middlesex, by a very great majority of votes, in opposition to the former Members, who were both of them persons of considerable fortune and established character.

At length the judgments against Mr. Wilkes, in the Court of King's Bench, were executed ; and he was sentenced to be imprisoned for two years, and to pay a fine of one thousand pounds. The riots that followed in St. George's-fields are not yet forgotten, and the letter of the Secretary of State (Lord Weymouth) to the Chairman of the Surry Quarter Sessions respecting them, must still be remembered, as the publication of it, with preliminary observations by Mr. Wilkes, occasioned his second expulsion from the House of Commons. His re-election, the conduct of Ministers, and the submission of Parliament on the occasion, as well as all the unconstitutional and infamous transactions of that period, can only be suggested to the recollection of our readers. The nation, however, felt itself aggrieved ; Mr. Wilkes received the warmest testimonies of regard from every part of the kingdom, and the prison where he was confined was considered by the populace as the Temple of Liberty.

At this time many respectable gentlemen, among whom were several Members of Parliament, and very opulent merchants, formed themselves into a society to support *the Bill of Rights*, which they conceived to have been violated in the person of Mr. Wilkes ; and it seems to have been their principal object to prepare the way for his future independence, by relieving him from the embarrassments of his private fortune. For this purpose a very large sum, amounting, we believe, to near twenty thousand pounds, was subscribed, and a great part of his incumbrances was removed. In the interval his popularity appeared rather to increase than to diminish, and during his imprisonment he was chosen Alderman by the most populous Ward in the City of London. In 1771 he was elected one of the Sheriffs, and in 1774 he served the office of Lord Mayor. He was afterwards a candidate to succeed Sir Stephen Theodore Jansen as Chamberlain, but Mr. Hopkins prevailed in the contest against him. For three successive years he tried his strength with the same gentleman for the office, and each year successively proved that his interest was declining among the Livery of London. In short, his hopes began to flag, when Mr. Hopkins died. About the same time the popular cause received a very severe blow by the death of Mr. Serjeant Glynn ; but the conduct of Mr. Wilkes was so very satisfactory to his constituents, by supporting Mr. Wood, of Lyttleton, as the successor of his learned friend in the representation of Middlesex, that he received all their aid as candidate for the vacant office of Chamberlain ; while his popularity in the county, being communicated to the city,

a new gale of favour seems to have sprung up on the occasion ; so that he was elected without any material opposition, and continued to enjoy that lucrative appointment to the hour of his death.

Such is the outline of that life which has just been closed, and it remains for us to attempt the delineation of that character which gave it all its effect and colour.

Mr. Wilkes cannot, we think, be said to have possessed what are called great talents : nor was he formed for great occasions. Lively parts, a sagacity, which by some would be denominated cunning, a persevering spirit, a mind fertile in resources, and a certain confidence which invigorated his other qualities, are the predominating features of his character. It may also be added, that his mind was stored with useful as well as elegant knowledge ; and that having been a member of the Senate at an early period of his life, he had been induced to apply himself with considerable attention to the more early history, as well as the existing politics of his country.

If it should be thought by any of our readers that the extraordinary circumstances of his life, the bustle he made, the influence he acquired, and the effects he produced, must have demanded the exertion of talents far superior to such as are here allowed him, it may be answered, that the best of all talents is to be found in the description of Tacitus, *Par negotiis nec supra*. Besides a very satisfactory reference may be made to the coadjutors which Mr. Wilkes possessed in his favourite business of producing the loud, popular, and wide-extended outcry of Wilkes and Liberty. They were no others than the very Ministers who wished to destroy him ; but, by their violent and unconstitutional proceedings, gave him an importance which he alone could never have obtained. He wished to be the idol of the populace, and his enemies erected the altar. The justice and severity of his prosecution were so many fortunate circumstances, which he employed with an address peculiar to himself, to attach the cause of British Liberty, violated in his person, inseparably to himself, in the minds of the multitude ; nor did he fail of proceeding in his important object, far beyond what he had suffered himself to expect, in the most flattering moment of his hopes.

When we reflect on what was done by the spirit of *Wilkes and Liberty*, operating more or less on every part of the kingdom, but particularly under the very eye of Government in the City of London and the County of Middlesex, we are almost disposed to doubt the accuracy of our remembrance.

This spirit made Mr. Townsend, Mr. Sawbridge, Mr. Bull, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Hayley, Sir Watkin Lewes, and Mr. Wilkes, Aldermen of London, and commanded a powerful majority in its Corporation and Livery. It elected the greater part of those gentlemen, at different times, to represent the City in Parliament. It conferred an equal honour on Mr. Wilkes and Serjeant Glynn in the County of Middlesex. It called Mr. Beckford a second time to be Lord Mayor of London, while it drove Mr. Harley, with all his personal influence, and the most active support of Government, from the representation of the City, and animated the Court of Aldermen to elect

the Serjeants Glynn and Adair to be their successive Recorders. It also associated a considerable number of wealthy and respectable men, in order to relieve Mr. Wilkes from his pecuniary difficulties, and to secure an handsome independence for his future life.

Such were the effects which this spirit produced; but it was a flame that must be continually fed to preserve its activity, and the art of supplying it with fuel Mr. Wilkes possessed in a pre-eminent degree. He well knew that he must deceive or instigate Government to new persecutions of him, or contrive to keep the former ones alive in the mind of the public, in order to preserve the popular enthusiasm in his favour in a due state of vigour and energy. It seems indeed, that in the early, as well as in the succeeding parts of his political career, Mr. Wilkes, whatever his views might be, was determined to acquire the resentment of Ministers; or how are we to reconcile his conduct to our own understanding on the several important occasions which I shall proceed to mention?

Mr. Charles Churchill the poet, on seeing No. Forty-five of the *North Briton* in manuscript, in the most earnest manner intreated Mr. Wilkes to withhold that paper from the press, and pointed out the obvious and certain consequences of its publication. It was nevertheless immediately printed.

Karl Temple, with all the authority which he derived from his rank, his understanding and approved friendship, urged Mr. Wilkes to give up his design of employing a printing press in his own house; but that Nobleman's reiterated counsels were disregarded; and it was from that press that the copies of the *North Briton* and the *Essay on Woman*, &c. were procured, which caused his first expulsion from the House of Commons, and the several concomitant prosecutions in the Courts below.

Serjeant Glynn also implored him again and again to lay aside his intention of publishing the Remarks on Lord Weymouth's Letter to the Chairman of the Surry Quarter Sessions, respecting the Riots in St. George's Fields, and at the same time stated, with the zeal of friendship and his professional experience, the very alarming consequences of such a measure. But Mr. Wilkes disdained the advice even of such a friend, and met the consequences which the sagacious lawyer had foreseen and foretold.

It is also well known, that he might have prevented his second expulsion from the House of Commons, and have been delivered from fine and imprisonment on terms by no means disgraceful or oppressive to him. Mr. Fitzherbert, one of his most intimate friends, was the ambassador on this occasion; nevertheless the embassy was treated with contempt.

Mr. Wilkes acted all this time on the narrow principles of private policy, and not on the broad basis of public good. We have never been induced to believe that genuine patriotism was among his virtues. Nor does it appear that the leading persons of the party which had assumed his name, and there were many real constitutional patriots among them, ever acted from a personal regard to him. Indeed, long before its ardour had abated, many of his supporters had separated personally from him; and Parson Horne, the Saint Errant of

Wilkes and Liberty, had engaged in a newspaper and very bitter altercation with him.

But though we do not think that Mr. Wilkes deserved the title of patriot, we are ready to acknowledge that he has been the cause of great utility to his country, by calling forth to the defence of the Constitution, and the opposition of profligate Ministers, a body of men who were actuated by the purest love of their country. That spirit, which the prosecution of Mr. Wilkes raised among the people, opposed with success many ministerial attempts to invade the boundaries of civil liberty. Under its impressive influence the illegality of general warrants was confirmed; Secretaries of State were tried, and punished by heavy damages for illegal proceedings; and at length an House of Commons thought it necessary to redeem its honour, by expunging from the records of a former Parliament the arbitrary proceedings on the Middlesex election. Nor should it be forgotten that Mr. Wilkes was one of the three Magistrates of London, who by their conduct in discharging the printers, who had been taken into custody in the city, for printing the debates in parliament, have prevented any subsequent attempts to deprive the public of that important and valuable indulgence.

As a writer, Mr. Wilkes has acquired some degree of eminence. His style is generally animated and often vigorous. But the daring spirit which appeared in his writings, the acrimony of his expressions, and the bitter wit which sometimes enlivened his sarcasms, were peculiarly calculated to interest and inflame the multitude. His merit as a writer, however, must be confined to his public addresses and political papers—for if we may judge from the specimen he gave of an History of England, which he proposed, while an inhabitant of the King's Bench, to publish by subscription, his pen was not equal to works of length, or to detail, with spirit and with success, the events of a period in which he had no personal interest.

As a public speaker, Mr. Wilkes did not appear with advantage. He was not possessed of a ready elocution, and the huzzas of a mob form the only tribute of applause which has been paid to his eloquence. His speeches in parliament were always prepared, as they were spoken, to be condensed in a future volume. But if his oratory could not command the attention of public assemblies, his colloquial talents proved an abundant source of entertainment in private society. A considerable portion of elegant knowledge, and an uncommon store of anecdote—a quick comprehension and a fertile fancy—an aptitude to ludicrous representation, and the long habit of repartee, enlivened by a constant flow of animal spirits, and chastened by gentlemanly manners, qualified him to rank among the first ornaments of convivial life. Nay, the *non-electric* character of an Alderman could not check the sparks of his vivacity, and he has been sometimes known to light up a flame of merriment around the tables of civic festivity.

We cannot complete our sketch of this extraordinary person without adverting to some of the many contrasted circumstances of his life, which exhibit a transmigration of character that might be received among the articles of a Pythagorean creed.

1. John Wilkes, in his nature a kind of Petronius Arbiter, and the associate of men rather remarkable for the profligate gaiety of their lives, and the libertinism of their opinions, than for the decorum of their manners, and the piety of their tenets, became an Alderman, and in due succession, Lord Mayor of London.

2. After having exhausted his fortune by a life of dissipation, and preserved only by party and privilege from a prison; nay, at a moment when he was oppressed by debts, Mr. Wilkes was elected by the citizens of London as a proper person to have the care and controul of their large revenues, and to superintend, in a magisterial capacity, the moral conduct of the rising youth, that is, the apprentices of the Metropolis.

3. After having in conjunction with his friend, the Rev. Mr. Horne, made Lord Mansfield the favourite object of their combined invectives, Mr. Wilkes was seen on the same bench, in familiar and pleasant communication with that learned Lord, at the very moment when Mr. Horne was taking his trial before him for a libel.

4. The Rev. Mr. Horne, having become a layman, with the name and title of John Horne Tooke, Esq; and appearing as a candidate to represent the city of Westminster in Parliament, Mr. Wilkes appeared at the Hustings in Covent-Garden, on the occasion, and gave him his vote.

And lastly—Mr. Wilkes, the greatest part of whose life, to the age of fifty, had been a blended scene of sensual dissipation and political turbulence, has passed the succeeding twenty years as an active Alderman and faithful Chamberlain of London, rose from penury to affluence, enjoyed every tranquil comfort of declining life, and having attained the age of threescore years and ten, beyond which, according to the wise man, all is labour and sorrow, he escaped from any portion of them, by sinking, without pain or decrepitude, into the calm embraces of death.

*Placidâque ibi demum morte quievit.*

Such is our brief history of the late John Wilkes. It offers another example to enforce the *nil admirari* of Horace; and adds another motive to reconcile us to the mysteries of life.

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## ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND SEIGNOR,

### SULTAN SELIM III.

[FROM DALLAWAY'S ACCOUNT OF CONSTANTINOPLE.]

SULTAN Selim III. is the eldest male descendant of the house of Osman, who in 1299 established the fifth dynasty of the Khalifes. At the death of his father, Mustâfa III. in 1775, he was fourteen years old. According to the known precedent amongst the Turks, Abdul-hamid, his uncle, succeeded to the throne; for they disdain to be governed either by a woman or a boy. At his accession, Abdul-hamid had reached the age of forty-nine, and during the fifteen years

reign of his brother Mustafa, had endured a state imprisonment, which the jealous policy of the seraglio had long ordained. As a solace of his confinement, he cultivated literature and the arts of peace. His disposition, mild and beneficent, induced him to forego the ancient prejudice, and to superintend the education of Sultan Selim, giving him every liberal indulgence. Sultan Mustafa and Sultan Mahmood, the sons of Abdul-hamid, and the only remaining heirs of the empire, are both minors. They experience a generous return for their father's kindness, and are treated with suitable respect. Each has his separate suit of apartments, and sixty attendants, amongst whom are thirty elderly female slaves, with an annual revenue of 5000*l.* sterling. The good Mussulman, who laments the possible extinction of the imperial family, is comforted by the astrologers, who have publicly declared, that after he has attained to forty years, Sultan Selim will be blessed with a numerous progeny.

His countenance is handsome and impressive, and his figure good; he is affable, and possesses much speculative genius; is not ill-informed of the characters and separate interests of his contemporary princes, and has every inclination to reconcile his subjects to the superior expediency of European maxims, both in politics and war. But it is dubious if he be capable of that energetic activity, and that personal exertion, which are required in an absolute prince to remodel a people whose opinions are not to be changed but by an universal revolution.

Peter the Great and Charles XII. in their plans of regenerating, or conquering the Russians, did not depend solely upon the agency of ministers for success.

The curiosity of Selim respecting the other nations of Europe originated in frequent conversations with Rachib Effendi, the present historiographer-royal, who was for some time envoy at Vienna, after the last war. Those who have gained his confidence since the commencement of his reign have consulted that inclination, and improved every opportunity of extending his intelligence on those subjects.

It is asserted, that the young men in the seraglio are now instructed in the French language by his command; and his partiality to French wine is no secret amongst the well-informed.

The first efforts towards improvement have been applied to the army and marine. Forts have been erected on the Bosphorus, regiments have been trained to European discipline, chiefly by French officers, and the fleet will become in a certain degree formidable.

When he has leisure to render his vast territory, at least in the vicinity of his capital, more resemblant of civilized nations, he will probably establish a post, which may facilitate communication between distant provinces. During the last war many places of importance were taken, or evacuated, weeks before the ministry were in possession of the fact. The only imperial works now seen in his dominions are mosques, aqueducts, and fountains: he may hereafter turn his attention to great roads, now barely passable, which would be as useful monuments of his fame.

## THE COLLECTOR.

No. VI.

### MEMOIR OF ABRAHAM FLETCHER, MATHEMATICIAN.

THIS ingenious man was born at Little Broughton, a village in Cumberland, 1714. His father was a tobacco-pipe maker, and brought up his son to the same business. Having a small paternal estate, he was enabled to bring up his family without the assistance of the parish. It is not certain that his son Abraham ever went to any school. We mention it on the authority of report only, that early in life, before he was able to do any work, his parents once spared him for three weeks to attend a school in the village, where youth were taught at the rate of a shilling for the quarter. If this be true all the education he ever had, that was paid for, cost *three pence*. By some means or other, however, he learned to read; and before he arrived at manhood he had also learnt to write. With these humble attainments to set out with, it does him infinite honour, that by dint of industry alone he became a man of science, and a man of learning. He was of a thinking, inquisitive turn of mind; and having taught himself arithmetic, merely by writing with a book on the subject, he applied himself to mathematical investigations. Whatever he attempted, he did it with all his might, and pursued with unwearied diligence. In the day time he was employed in husbandry, or in making pipes, and at night eagerly betook himself to work the theorems on which during the day he had been intensely ruminating. Often has he sat up all night delineating diagrams, to the grief of his parents, who considered only the apparent unprofitableness of such pursuits, and the loss of a lump or two of cannel-coal, incurred by his lucubrations. Hardly ever, even in the more prosperous periods of his life, did he aspire to any thing beyond a rush-light. The parents, contented in their ignorance, felt no ambition to have their son pass through life otherwise than they had done, in the midst of hard work, and hard fare. And, as his midnight studies, and abstractedness of mind, seemed not likely to qualify him either to work more; or to eat less, they thought it their duty, and for his interest, to discountenance and discourage his passion for theorems; his books and slate were hid; and he was double tasked with labour. It was this poor man's fate to begin, and continue through life, his pursuit of knowledge under almost every disadvantage; yet difficulties and discouragements seemed but to encrease his ardour.

We remember his relating many years ago, with vast self-complacence and satisfaction, a device he had formed, by which he flattered himself he should be permitted to stick to his studies without interruption, at his few intervals of leisure. He married early; and his wife, adopting the opinions of his parents, was no friend to studies,



which appeared to her little likely to lead to any thing that might help to feed and clothe themselves, or their children. Over his house, of one room, there was a kind of loft or boarded floor, which, however, had neither door, window, nor stairs. Hither, by means of a single rope, which he always drew up after him, he mounted with his book and his slate, and here he went through Euclid. At about the age of thirty, even his wife began to be persuaded that learning may sometimes be a substitute for *house and land*, and consented to his relinquishing his mental labours, and setting up as a schoolmaster. For several years he was a teacher of mathematics of considerable reputation; and many respectable young men were his pupils.

Still pursuing knowledge wherever it was to be found, he became a botanist, as well as a mathematician; but he studied the properties rather than the classification of plants; and made many experiments to ascertain their medical virtues. Few men, it is believed, have lately made a greater proficiency than he did, in this department of science, and he was soon qualified to commence doctor, as well as schoolmaster. It is true, indeed, he practised chiefly with decoctions, yet with these he performed, or got the reputation of performing, many extraordinary cures, and had no small practice.

Dr. Fletcher was particularly famed for his skill and success in hypochondriacal cases; and had he been as able to describe as he was to relieve and cure such cases, many things in this way are known to have occurred in the course of his practice, to which even the most learned might have attended with advantage.

Like many other eminent men, Fletcher put great confidence in *judicial astrology*; and, what is more extraordinary, many of his predictions were wonderfully fulfilled. In the margin of a book belonging to him, filled with astronomical calculations, an entry was also made of the planets' places in the zodiac at the birth of Abraham Fletcher, of Little Broughton; to which one George Bell, of Cockermouth, about ten years ago, added the following observations: 'This gives in time 78 years and 55 days. Near this period is a bad diection; it brings Saturnine griefs, especially such as proceed from cold, dry, and phlegmatic causes; and *if Saturn be anretta*, it threateneth death.'

However unaccountable it may seem, the fact is, that Dr. Fletcher died, just when he had reached 78 years and 71 days.

Whoever has read the life of M. Pascal, will recollect many particulars in it not unlike something here related of Abraham Fletcher. They were both distinguished for uncommon knowledge, and the great secret by which they acquired it was, they were never idle. Whatever Fletcher was anxious to know, like Pascal, he applied himself to the careful study of, and never quitted it till he found out some satisfactory reason for it.

It was much to Mr. Fletcher's credit, that with all his attention to intellectual pursuits, he was never inattentive to those duties which prudence annexed to his station in life. He was not only a pattern of industry, but of economy. And hence he was enabled to leave to

his large family 4000l. three of which were of his own earning. By his wife Mary he had two sons and eight daughters; of whom only four of the latter are living. He died January 1st, 1793.

Mr. Fletcher published a mathematical work in 8vo. called *The Universal Measurer*, which good judges have pronounced to be the best collection of mathematical knowledge, comprized in one volume, that has hitherto appeared in our language.

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#### SECRECY.

It was formerly usual for the Senators of Rome to enter the senate-house accompanied by their sons, who had taken the prætexta. When something of superior importance was discussed in the senate, and the farther consideration was adjourned to the day following, it was resolved, that no one should divulge the subject of their debate till it should be formally decreed. The mother of the young Papirius, who had accompanied his father to the senate-house, enquired of her son what the Senators had been doing? The youth replied, that he had been enjoined silence, and was not at liberty to say. The woman became more anxious to know: the secretness of the thing; and the silence of the youth, did but inflame her curiosity; she, therefore, urged him with the more vehement earnestness. The young man, on the importunity of his mother, determined on a humorous and pleasant fallacy: he said it was discussed in the senate, which would be most beneficial to the state, for one man to have two wives; or one woman to have two husbands. As soon as she heard this, she was much agitated; and leaving her house in great trepidation, hastened to tell the other matrons what she had learned. The next day a troop of matrons went to the senate-house; and, with tears and intreaties, implored that one woman might be suffered to have two husbands, rather than one man to have two wives. The senators, on entering the house, were astonished, and wondered what this intemperate proceeding and petition of the women could mean. The young Papirius, advancing to the midst of the senate, explained the importunity of his mother, his answer, and the matter as it was. The senate, delighted with the honour and ingenuity of the youth, decreed that, from that time, no youth should be suffered to enter the senate with his father, this Papirius alone excepted. He was afterwards honourably distinguished by the cognomen of Prætextatus, on account of his discretion at such an age.

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#### LOYALTY.

THE animated equestrian statue of Charles I. at Charing-Cross was cast in brass by Le Soeur, in the year 1633, by the order of that munificent encourager of the arts, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. On the king's decollation, the Parliament ordered it to be sold and broken to pieces; but John Rivers, the brazier who bought it, having more taste than the sellers, and seeing with the prophetic eye of

good sense, that the powers which were then would not remain long, dug a hole in his garden in Holborn, and buried it unmutated. To prove his obedience, he produced to his masters several pieces of brass, which he told them were pieces of the statue. Monsieur D'Archenholtz, who has recorded this curious anecdote, farther adds, that the brazier, with the true spirit of trade, cast a great number of handles for knives and forks, and offered them for sale as the brass which composed the statue.

These were eagerly sought for by the loyalists, from affection to their murdered king, and, by the other party, as trophies of the triumph of liberty over tyranny.

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#### DANCING MASTERS.

THE sagacity of bears is very great. The Kamtschatdales are obliged to them for what little advancement they have hitherto made either in the sciences or the *polite arts*. From them they learned the value of simples for internal use or external application. They acknowledge the bears likewise for their *dancing masters*: what they call the *bear dance* is an exact counter-part of every attitude and gesture peculiar to this animal, through its several functions: and this is the foundation and ground-work of all their other dances, and what they value themselves most upon.

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#### FIRMNESS.

A FEW months before the abdication of James II. Lord Chancellor Jefferies, of detested memory, went to Arundel in Surrey, in order to influence an election. He took his residence at the castle, and went the day fixed for the election to the town-hall, where Mr. Peelcham, who was then Mayor of Arundel, held his court. The Mayor ordered him to withdraw immediately, and in case of refusal, threatened to have him committed. 'You,' said he, 'who ought to be the guardian of our laws, and of our sacred constitution, shall not so audaciously violate them. This is my court, and my jurisdiction here is above yours.' Jefferies, who was not willing to perplex still more the king's affairs, and to enrage the populace, retired immediately. The next morning he invited Peelcham to breakfast with him, which he accepted; but he had the courage to refuse with scorn a place which the merciless executioner offered him.

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#### THEATRICAL MISCONCEPTION.

A DIVERTING instance of the misconception of inferior actors occurred a few years ago at Bristol. Mr. Moody had selected *Henry the Eighth* for his benefit, and cast the part of *Surrey* to the late Mr. Roger Wright, who would not attend the rehearsals till the day of performance. Moody, somewhat nettled by Wright's conduct, reproached him for his inattention to one of Shakspeare's last plays. 'Come,

come, Master Moody,' said Roger, 'you are wrong there, at any rate; it does not strike me as any such thing.'—'No,' rejoined Moody, 'give me your reasons.' 'Look in the title page,' said the other, 'and you will see it was disapproved from the beginning. See here (shewing the book) it is noted as one of Shakspeare's *hist. plays*.' Thus mistaking the abbreviation of the word *historical* for a fixed mark of popular censure.

#### GENIUS.

JOHN EDYVEAN, a native of Cornwall, was born to affluent circumstances, but dissipated his wealth in pursuits that had for their object the good of mankind, although he failed to obtain their sanction and support. His whole life was spent in vain endeavours to complete projects of a vast extent, from which he derived only the mortification of being considered by his friends as an airy schemer, with whom it was dangerous to be connected: nevertheless, there remain to this day, in that county, several monuments of his ingenuity that excite the admiration of kindred talents, and the present regret of every one that he was not able to effect his views. About the year 1777, he laid before a county meeting of Cornwall, the plan of a canal for traversing the whole kingdom without a single lock, by means of inclined planes; but it was rejected as wild and chimerical.—Before he died, however, he found the means of shewing its practicability, by a small specimen of such a work.

The use that is made of sea-sand for the purposes of manure, in the county of Cornwall, is well known. The inhabitants carry this sand from the coasts into the interior parts of the county, by land carriage, twenty miles and upwards. Our projector conceived the design, in the latter part of his days, of making a navigable canal to save this labour; and, by confining his attention to this sole object, he, in part, accomplished it, under very disadvantageous circumstances.

His pecuniary resources were very nearly exhausted; the whole world, as well as his nearest relations, had abandoned to his fate a man whom no losses could divert from what they deemed visionary pursuits. The prejudices of the country were strongly against him, since a great number of persons reaped benefit from employing their teams in carrying the sand, at seasons when they had little else to do; and poor Edyvean himself was wearing down apace by age, and was very nearly blind. He struggled under all these difficulties with a cheerfulness and a perseverance that gained him no less admiration than compassion. In the year 1779, he had finished this canal up to the town of St. Columb, about six miles from the sea. It approached the sea no nearer than to the summit of an immense cliff, down which he had constructed an inclined plane, for drawing up the sand from the shore, on the principles explained by Mr. Leach. On this spot, and throughout the whole course of the canal, there was an abundant display of mechanic contrivance. In that year, I went with some friends to visit this work. We overtook the poor old man, groping his way by the side of his canal, and leading a miserable little horse in-

his hand. We joined him, and he conducted us to all the parts of this ingenious work, with the intelligence of one who had formed the whole, inch by inch;—and this alone can account for the ease and safety with which, in his blind state, he passed through every part of it. We dined together, and he gave us a little history of his life; the prominent parts of which were the hardships he had suffered from the ignorance and prejudices of his compatriots. Agreeably surprized at finding so precious a jewel in this obscure nook of the country, and sincerely lamenting his fate, I shall now feel a real satisfaction in seeing a remembrance of him before the public eye, and in doing him an act of justice, in respect to an idea which he certainly first conceived.

B—.

### WITTY MASQUERADE HAND-BILL.

JOSEF JETTYMAN CHIMNEY SWEEPER---WITES ALLE---UNDER GROUND FLORE.

PRESENTS his humbel compliments to the Noblete in jenerul and the Publik in petikler—and akwantes is kustumers that is late Mastur Luke Lillyboy being ded and retird from bisniss—he has takin the Vidoes matters in hand—an dus all the bisniss of his late Mastur with satisfakshun to himself and his imp lawyer—as he maks a praktis to ransact all things as he is trusted vith in a satisfakturry manure.

Furthurmor—his boyes contenance to carre billy doose and gose a arruns in the day time as youshal—an holdes horcis for gentelemene as stops to do any think.

Noty beny—his boyes all carrise his markes bout there heds—cording to Parlement—vich plese to tak notis—as all others are spuris and not jenewin.

Morover—Undurtakurs will finde it anser for to implawy him as he alwayes notifise mortalhitise—and also pervides morners for funyales.

Noty beny—he hops for the paternig of the Noblete in petikler—as he is yoused to dirte wurke and niver turns his bak upon nothink as he can make a pene by.

all purformd by yure humbel sarvant to cumand

JOSEF JETTYMAN ✕ is mark.

Poscrip—a Eveninge Skool for boksing.

Noty B—Poetes and Orthurs chimbys he swepes for half price.

### BON MOT.

IN the year 1763, on the peace being proclaimed at Oxford, and the heads of the colleges being assembled, as is usual, on a temporary building erected for the purpose, Dr. Barton, Warden of Merton College, very gravely went up to the several heads of houses who were met on the occasion, and said, ‘I dont know why the nation should be so well pleased with the peace; for my own part, I think it a very bad one.’ ‘A bad one, Doctor! Why should you think it a bad one?’ ‘That certainly,’ said the Doctor, ‘is a bad peace which brings so many heads to the scaffold.’

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## THE FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.

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### AN IMPARTIAL EXAMINATION

OF

PROFESSOR ROBISON'S BOOK AGAINST FREEMASONRY, &c.

BY DR. WATKINS.

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. IX. PAGE 326.]

#### SECTION IV.

OUR learned antagonist asserts with sufficient confidence, but the evidence, or *proof*, is judiciously withheld, that the English fraternity carried the mysteries of their order with them in their exile, to which they were in a manner doomed, through their attachment to the unfortunate family of Stuart. Then, and not before, was Freemasonry received in France. This is singular enough; when we consider what he had before advanced of its springing up in the time of the great rebellion under the auspices of the Jesuits. That subtle body surely would not have confined so excellent a contrivance to one particular spot, but wherever their members obtained a footing, this device would undoubtedly have been known. Now, says our keen inquisitor, 'changes were made in some of the masonic symbols, particularly in the tracing of the lodge, which bear evident marks of Jesuitical interference.' Here again we have confident assertion without the shadow of *proof*. He must have very shrewd penetration, indeed, who can discern *Jesuitical art* in the delineation of the lodge. What political, or even religious purpose, such a description is intended to convey, I am at a loss to conceive. I have sometimes been led to admire the simplicity of the contrivance, and from thence, in part, has the conviction been established in my mind of the high antiquity of the institution. Mr. Robison gives us a historical account of the origin of the Scots *degrees*, which, as an English Mason, I feel little inclination to examine or refute. On the contrary, I have long been of opinion, in common with numbers of the most respectable of my brethren, that these degrees are improper innovations at the very best. That they are criminal, I, however, for one, will deny. Men of warm, and rather enthusiastic imaginations, have been at all times disposed to amplify parts of the institution which struck them most, and then having, as they conceived, made improvements, their vanity has led them to elevate their discoveries into new degrees. Proud of being thought better learned than the

generality of their brethren, they have added ceremonies, rituals, and dresses, ill suited to the native simplicity of the order. But this, though deserving reprehension, and ought to be discouraged, cannot justly call for a heavy censure, as if it proceeded from bad motives. The Masonic body have hitherto had to encounter the general opprobrium that their society is frivolous, nonsensical, and destitute of any consistency. Mr. Robison is the first that has given them a consequence to which they are not entitled, as belonging to an institution formed by craft, founded in the deepest motives, and capable of effecting the most important events.

Our ingenious Professor makes the whole an artful juggle of the Roman Church, the better to secure and spread its interests; though he allows that, in the end, the cunning parent of iniquity was completely over-reached. If this really was the case, (for we must take his word for it) how is it that the Masonic meetings in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, were always severely interdicted? Whence is it that such violent persecutions were sustained by the order in almost all the countries that professed the Roman Catholic religion; and what is still more extraordinary, in those where the followers of Loyola had the greatest influence? This is a piece of Jesuitism absolutely inaccountable, and in fact absurd. How cruelly several of the brotherhood were used in the Inquisition of Portugal, may be seen in the affecting narrative of John Coustos. Mr. Robison may think that his assertions are incontrovertible. He may, perhaps, view, through the ardour of a perturbed imagination, a close connection between Jesuitism and Freemasonry, but no man of common understanding, or the slightest degree of candour, will admit such serious charges and declarations, so inconsistent in themselves, without very strong and decisive *proof*. This, however, has not been offered. The gradation from Popish superstition to the worst species of infidelity, may, in our author's opinion, be very slight. Certain old fashioned bigots are nearly of the same opinion. The illiberality of ancient days is, however, too generally discarded to permit such an odious sentiment to meet with much encouragement. I cannot bring myself to think, that a member of the Roman Catholic Church is more likely to become an enemy to the Christian religion, than a member of the Kirk of Scotland. But our sagacious discoverer is not puzzled with difficulties. These 'free-thinking brethren,' instituted, nursed, and taught by Jesuitical craft, became enemies to the Church they were fraternized to support; and on this account the irritated parent poured out her thunders against them. Here, however, may we not enquire how this remarkable circumstance came to remain a secret for so long a period. What, was there not one Abdiel to be found among the apostate ranks? And how is it that of all the Romanists, not one was found to develope, in the spirit of revenge, a secret which would have been so essential to the Catholic interests? Strange, that so momentous and universal a plot should have been so long hatching without one faithful, or one ingenious discoverer, amidst the

thousands who were admitted into a full participation of all the secrets!! Mr. Robison's account of the wretched condition of the men of rank and genius in France, in respect to religious views, appears to be just; nor will I contend, that the swarms of sceptics which have abounded in that unhappy land for above half a century past, did not lay hold of every means to propagate infidelity among all ranks. Under this persuasion, I am far from denying, that the secret court of Masonic assemblies might be made use of for this iniquitous purpose. Religion herself, the meek, pure, and benevolent offspring of Heaven, has been often pressed into the basest of services!—In this very land, have men been called upon from the pulpit, in temples consecrated to the God of peace, to marshal themselves in battle array against their brethren and their king! Shall we, therefore, attribute to the institution of the priesthood, to the national establishment of religion, or to Christianity itself, these abominable acts and their dreadful consequences? It is possible that a body of men, religiously associated, may at length absolutely pervert the design for which they were instituted, to the very worst of all purposes. But when others are professing the same design, shall we, on account of the apostasy of the others, suspect or coerce them?

In like manner, is Masonry herself chargeable with the follies, with the iniquities, and infidelity of any of her sons: or shall the institution be held up to general opprobrium, because some apostatized Masons have acted in violation of their principles? It remains to be *proved*, and Mr. Robison is called upon to *prove* it, that the institution is, of itself, favourable to scepticism and insurrection. He has covertly made the assertion, but it disgraces him, because he has done it in the way of sneer, without advancing any thing like evidence either external or internal.

To make men *enthusiasts*, in order to prepare them for becoming *sceptics*, is rather an odd sort of process, much like that of the affinity between Jesuitism and infidelity. But according to our ingenious philosopher, this was the precise plan adopted by the designing unbelievers in France, to spread the wretched poison of Pyrrhonism. They brought into Freemasonry all the whimsies of the *Cabala*. The Chevalier Ramsay is represented as having had a principal hand in this curious business. The Chevalier, every body knows, was far indeed from being an infidel. He was a warm advocate for revelation, though he undoubtedly held many fanciful notions. But to charge this worthy and ingenious man with any design in favour of free-thinking properly so called, is just as becoming as it would be to bring the like accusation against his friend, the excellent FENELON.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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## SYMBOLIC MASONRY.

WITH PLATE THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS.

IT is an extremely difficult matter to write properly on a subject which is professedly mysterious like that of Freemasonry. Hence it is that the unenlightened condemn the enigmatical mode of treating it as mystical and fanatical, and ridicule the didactic as trite and uninteresting. Most writers on the subject have pursued the latter track, and very few indeed have engaged in the arduous, but delicate task of elucidation. To give instructions to the fraternity easy to be understood by them on the one hand, and to avoid informing the uninitiated on the other, requires no small degree of judgment and experience.

The engraving which ornaments our present Number will, we doubt not, prove highly acceptable to all ranks of our brethren. It is the first of a series, in which the more sublime points of the institution will be elegantly depicted.

That now under consideration represents FREEMASONS AT WORK. Masonry is an active science. It is opposed to indolence. Its exercises, moreover, are virtue and benevolence, calculated for general good. They are the works of *light*, and therefore the spirit of *darkness*, and *error*, and *iniquity*, hath no part in them. They are, moreover, agreeable to the standard of unnerving *truth*, as exhibited in the creation of the elements, of the world, and of man. At the beginning, the TRIUNE GOD, the everlasting JEHOVAH caused the *light* to shine, and the universe to be formed by the word of his power. But he ordained, that all things should pursue an active course, and that there should be no indolence throughout the creation. Let Masons humbly consider this great example, and be zealous and persevering in their calling, by endeavouring to improve their minds, to benefit their fellow creatures, and to glorify their Almighty Master.

The dæmon of envy and malevolence will, indeed, strive to blast them and their work with calumny and persecution; but in the issue, the *light* which directs them will overpower him and his emissaries with confusion.

Moreover, as an encouragement to assiduous application, and to vigorous exertion, we are assured that industry shall not go without its reward. This is beautifully represented in the appropriate ceremonies of symbolical Masonry. After much painful labour, the indefatigable *sojourners* discover the great object of their search. Thus *truth* is attained by unwearied seeking. It mocks only the idle and careless. The particular explication of the accompanying plate illustrates this position.

Freemasonry is represented by three Genii traversing the sky, in that part called the Empyreum, around the seven planets, with the square, level, and plumb, by which they discovered the seven Virtues and seven Sciences, consecrated in the worship of that sacred object, formed in the ninth arch.

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## MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

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### LODGE FORTITUDE.

MAIDSTONE, DECEMBER 29, 1797.

**W**EDNESDAY last being the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, many of the Brethren of this and the other Lodges in this County assembled to celebrate the same, at the Bell Inn, in this town, and the afternoon and evening were spent with that peculiar satisfaction, which the freedom, fervency, and zeal of the society at all times inspire, aided with all the energy of animated elocution, exerted on this occasion by Dr. William Perfect, Provincial Grand Master, whose excellent Oration and Commemoration of the Saint whose Festival the Fraternity were met to celebrate, will long be remembered; and whose observations and remarks, tending to a refutation of the calumnies and traduction contained in a late publication, entitled 'Proofs of a Conspiracy against Religion and every Form of Government in Europe, as carried on in the Secret Meetings of Freemasonry, Illuminati, by John Robison, M.A. and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,'—were received with the warmest and reiterated plaudits of approbation; joined to the unanimous wish of every one present, that the same should be brought forward to the public eye, as a means to rescue the masonic institution from the unjust charges and illiberal aspersions with which that book abounds. Nor should it be forgotten, that the handsome compliments paid by Doctor Perfect to the present worthy Provincial Grand Master of Essex impressed every heart with the fraternal glow of masonic joy, at the elevated idea that the counties of Kent and Essex are presided over by gentlemen who possess so fervent a zeal for the good and prosperity of an Order that embraces all the Cardinal Virtues within the starry girdle of all the Christian Graces.

MAIDSTONE, DECMEERR 29, 1797.

**ON** Friday last were interred, with Masonic honours, a dispensation having been procured from the Provincial Grand Master of the County for that purpose, at Northfleet, in Kent, Mr. Ward, late master of the Leather Bottle inn at that place, whose death was unfortunately occasioned by a fall from a chaulk cliff, which killed him on the spot. The corpse was attended to the church by the Master, Officers, and Brethren of the Lodge of Union and Friendship at Gravesend, to which the deceased belonged; and a funeral sermon, pathetically adapted to the occasion, was preached by the Reverend J. Inwood, Curate of St. Paul's, Deptford, and Provincial Grand Chaplain to the county.

# REVIEW

OF

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF BURKE.

1. *Three Memorials of French Affairs, written in the Year 1791, 1792, and 1793. By the late Right Honourable Edmund Burke.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. Rivingtons.

THESE Memorials contain applications to the existing cases of the general principles which had appeared in Burke's former publications on the French revolution. The Memorial of 1791 was written soon after two letters of Montmorin, sent to all foreign courts; the first announcing the new constitution of France, the second its revision and final acceptance by the King. Mr. Burke gives us his view of the nature and effects of the French revolution, and of its partizans in different countries. He marks the probable progress of its spirit, by noticing circumstances in the several states of Europe likely to forward its progress. Having minutely described what appeared to him its characteristical features, he endeavours to combat the opinion of those who thought that it would be dissolved from its own violence. He thinks it invulnerable by mere internal attacks. Its resources, he alledges, are not in its credit, in its national finances, or any of the usual constituents, but in its wickedness, which makes all property, to whomsoever appertaining, subservient to its use. Even bankruptcy, he maintains, cannot diminish its force.

He sums up his arguments into three propositions: 1st, That no counter-revolution is to be expected in France from internal causes solely. 2dly, That the longer the present system exists, the greater will be its strength. 3dly, That as long as it exists in France, it would be the interest of the revolutionists to distract and revolutionize other countries.

He does not directly recommend an external combination against this system; but if we admit his premises, a combination was the only way to preserve other states from its baleful influence. This paper, we are told, was shewn to the King's Ministers, *but did not meet their ideas*. No aggression had been made on this country at that time by France: it was not thought expedient to go to war with her, as long as her internal changes did not disturb our tranquillity.

The second Memorial was written soon after the retreat of the late King of Prussia, and the subsequent successes of the French, before they had advanced to the Scheldt, containing many additional invectives and abusive epithets concerning the revolutionists. He exhorts this country to take the lead in a combination against the *thieves, robbers, murderers, atheists, and Jacobins*. Although he considers such a combination as necessary for repressing French power, his chief object is to subdue French principles. He severely censures the mode of conducting the invasion into France. The guidance of the expedition ought to have been committed to what he calls the *Moral France*, in opposition to the Arithmetical and Geographical. This *Moral France* consisted of the emigrant princes, nobility, clergy, and military officers. He enters into a detail of the means of forming such a combination as he thinks the circumstances required; and if his reasoning be not always just, he certainly displays the wonderful extent of his knowledge, and the force of his genius.

His third Memorial, written in the close of 1793, attacks the mode in which the war had been carried on, and censures the allied powers for not explicitly declaring that their's was a war against Jacobinism, and for the re-establishment of order, religion and virtue. He intimates that the object of the several allied powers, from their conduct, was manifestly private aggrandizement, more than the support of legitimate government against Jacobinism. He is vehement in his censure of the several powers for not giving a greater lead to what he here calls the Christian royalists; and here and elsewhere the Moral France, viz. the emigrant princes, &c.

Of the internal state of France he gives a very glowing picture, from which we should make quotations, if it were not similar in scope and tenour to many passages to be found in his writings on French affairs, especially in his *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*. These Memorials, like every thing that Mr. Burke wrote, display very extraordinary genius, and the most extensive knowledge. As Memorials on French Affairs, at periods now passed, and in circumstances now changed, we do not think their publication was necessary. But whatever Burke wrote, even should it have no great use as to its professed object, contains many observations of the most expanded general wisdom.

2. *Two Letters on the Conduct of our Domestic Parties, with regard to French Politics; including 'Observations on the Conduct of the Minority, in the Session of 1793.'* By the late Right Honourable Edmund Burke. 8vo. 3s. Rivingtons.

THE first of these Letters is published as the genuine edition of that, of which a surreptitious copy was given to the public last spring, and afterwards, by an injunction of Chancery, prohibited to be sold. In the preface written by the editors there is a letter from Mr. Burke, dated from Bath, expressing his displeasure and regret that the Letter had been published, but avowing the sentiments it contained.

It is an attack upon the political conduct of Mr. Fox, principally; next to him, Mr. Sheridan; and also of the leading men of the party. The charges against Mr. Fox resolve themselves into three general heads: 1st, Sending an ambassador to Russia. 2dly, Not shewing sufficient deference for the opinions of the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, and other noblemen, whom Burke calls the heads of the party. 3dly, Approving of the French revolution, and of societies in England desirous of a reform in parliament, and disapproving of the war with France.

These charges have nothing new in them. The first was often repeated in the ministerial newspapers, but never supported by proof. As to the second, neither the Duke of Portland nor Lord Fitzwilliam could be the heads of any party of which Mr. Fox was a member; and if they had, such deference could not be requisite from (to use Mr. Burke's own words) 'freemen and gentlemen' to any leaders, as to imply a complete sacrifice of opinion. As to the 3d, Mr. Fox's speeches, and the whole tenour of his conduct, avow his opinion that the French revolution was in the first instance right, that war with France was wrong, and that a reform is necessary. Whether the sentiments of Fox on these heads be well or ill founded, is a matter of political discussion, not of literary criticism. There is certainly no novelty in the charges, as they have been made very often both in and out of Parliament; and no new arguments are here adduced. Indeed respecting none of the other members of Opposition is any thing brought forward which had not been advanced before. The professed object of the Letter is to give a view of the conduct of domestic parties. The reader will find nothing illustrative of that conduct which he has not seen before. Relatively, therefore, to the professed object, no new light is derived from the publication of

this Letter. We much doubt if a paper, containing no facts or reasonings, that had not appeared before, would have been offered to the public by Mr. Burke himself.

The second Letter is addressed to a friend on a speech made in the House of Lords by the Duke of Norfolk, in the debate concerning Lord Fitzwilliam. The speech of his Grace had attacked the conduct of Burke. In the answer Burke displays very great humour against his opponents, and enters into a most eloquent vindication of his own conduct respecting the French revolution; protesting that his object was the preservation of that religion, virtue, and happiness, which the French system was using every effort to destroy. He declares (and here even his enemies will admit his sincerity) that it was very much contrary to his wishes that members of the confederacy had abandoned it, and connected themselves with the regicides. Speaking of the King of Prussia, he proceeds in the following strain:

‘How can I help it, if this high-minded Prince will subscribe to the invectives which the regicides have made against all Kings, and particularly against himself? How can I help it, if this royal propagandist will preach the doctrine of the Rights of Men? Is it my fault, if his professors read lectures on that code in all his academies? Am I responsible, if he will initiate all his grenadiers and all his hussars in these high mysteries?’

In discussing the King of Prussia’s conduct, Burke dwells much less on his breach of faith to others, than on his abandonment of the combination necessary for his own existence as a King.

Prefixed to this publication is a preface by the editors, which informs us that they have many materials for a life of Mr. Burke. Whatever materials they may have, they in this preface do not discover a very comprehensive view of the mind of Burke. The preface is chiefly devoted to the defence of his POLITICAL CONSISTENCY, which is by no means his strong hold. We cannot bestow much praise on the judgment of advocates who lay the principal stress on that part of the cause which can so easily, by a comparison of his opinions at different times, be proved to be the weakest. The editors seem to have adopted, to the fullest extent, the sentiments of Burke respecting the French Revolution. His opinion, so often repeated, that we ought never in any circumstances to make peace with the French Government, is more fitting for the Dido of his favourite Virgil, in the phrensy of passion imprecating perpetual hostilities between her countrymen and those of her faithless lover, than of a wise statesman soberly advising what may be most beneficial to his country.

The genius, the general wisdom, and the knowledge of Edmund Burke make his publications delightful and even instructive, notwithstanding that particular extravagance. The extravagance alone, however, without that genius, wisdom, and knowledge, is merely absurd and ridiculous. Most of our readers have probably perused one of Smollet’s novels, entitled Sir Launcelot Greaves. Greaves, they will recollect, a gentleman of great talents, learning, and accomplishments, is seized with a romantic desire of restoring the *age of chivalry*. His abilities, virtues, and accomplishments make us respect his character, though we regret his eccentricities, and laugh at his arming himself, in days of civilized society, in the old armour of the *feudal costume*. Honest Captain Crowe, seized with admiration of Greaves, takes it into his head to imitate the example of the knight, and arms himself with a brazen pot-lid. Thus accoutred, he pursues the same road with the *Errant*, fancies he is treading the paths of chivalry, and copying the character of the accomplished Greaves. But being a very indifferent horseman, and in other respects totally unqualified for a Chevalier, he exposes himself to much ridicule. *He has all the fury of his model, without his fire.*

*Memoirs of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke ; or, an Impartial Review of his Private and Public Conduct, his Speeches in Parliament, and the different Productions of his Pen, whether Political or Literary ; interspersed with a variety of curious Anecdotes and Extracts from his Secret Correspondence with some of the most distinguished Characters in Europe. By Charles M'Cormick, L.L.B. 4to 181.*

FROM this title-page, a reader might expect these Memoirs to contain much valuable information concerning the detail of Burke's conduct and character, joined to a critical discussion of his literary efforts, and a philosophical delineation of his genius. Title-pages, however, often promise much more than they perform. This publication affords many useful materials for a life of Burke, but cannot be looked upon as a biography itself. The facts recorded are mostly such as were known to every man conversant in the political history of the times. The narrative we believe to be authentic, but by no means complete. On certain subjects it is too full, on others deficient.

The object of the writer seems to be rather to mark the political changes of Burke, than the force, expansion, and attainments of his understanding.— This appears to us a very narrow and partial view of Edmund Burke. Even if we admit his inconsistency, that is only a part of his character, and a part common to him with many others who have been engaged in politics ; whereas the powers of genius he possessed in a degree peculiar to himself. To shew his inconsistency is certainly much easier than to describe his talents.— The first requires only quotation, the second criticism and philosophy.

Of such a personage as Edmund Burke there will, however, no doubt, be various essays of biography. There may be much utility, far short of excellence. Although this writer discovers neither the talents of a critic, nor of an investigator of the human mind, he is a very industrious and useful narrator. He brings forward some facts that were not known before ; and many, the recollection of which may enable a reader to form to himself a tolerably just view of Burke's politics. But, however true the author's account of Burke's deviation from those principles by which he was once actuated may be, his assignation of motives is conjectural, illiberal, and malignant.

We think it would have been wise of the author to have confined himself to compilations illustrative of Burke's changes. When he attempts to go farther, and to criticise his particular works, or to characterise his genius, he shews himself very inadequate to the task. His account of the 'Vindication of Natural Society,' of the 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful,' of the 'Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents,' of his 'Speech on American Taxation,' will prove to an impartial reader the justness of our opinion. In most of these he makes very long quotations, which shew that he has read, but does not specify the peculiar merits or demerits, to shew that he has JUDGED. When he attempts criticism, his observations are frequently vague and general, and apply to collaterals or adjuncts rather than to principals. When he attempts to characterise the genius of Burke, he takes up with a small part of it. Finding his writings to be replete with imagery, he asserts, that they are deficient in reasoning. In comparing Mr. Grenville and Burke, he says, 'Mr. Burke's eloquence was splendid, copious, and animated, sometimes addressing itself to the passions, much oftener to the fancy, but very seldom to the understanding ; it seemed fitter for shew than debate, for the school than the senate ; and was calculated rather to excite applause than to produce conviction.' Mr. Grenville's was plain, yet correct ; manly, argumentative, trusting more to genuine

candour, to the energy of reason, and the well-displayed evidence of truth, than to the rainbow colours of fine imagery, or the blaze of artificial declamation.'

To readers acquainted with the writings and speeches of Burke, it would be very superfluous to spend time in attempting to prove the erroneousness of Mr. McCormick's assertion, *that he seldom addresses himself to the understanding*. It indeed happens, that the very publications from which the author makes the largest quotations tend to shew, as much as any of Burke's writings, the excellence of his reasoning. In the 'Thoughts on the Discontents,' in the 'Speeches on American Taxation' and on 'Conciliation with America,' in the 'Letter to the Sheriff of Bristol,' and in the 'Speech on Reform,' there is as much reasoning, and enlarged philosophy, as in any orations of ancient or modern times. Indeed, a pamphlet which the author quotes in detail, a few pages after he delivers this opinion, affords abundant proof of the excellence of Burke's ratiocinative powers. The observations on Mr. Grenville's 'Present State of the Nation' is a close chain of facts and deductions, as much superior to the hacknied details and common-place arguments of that writer, as any series of reasoning by a philosopher can be found to that of a mere man of business. The author is, therefore, very unfortunate in drawing positive and comparative characters of ratiocinative excellence, which his own citations immediately prove to be wrong.

Mr. McCormick professes to communicate original letters of Mr. Burke, but does not mention the proofs of their authenticity.

On the whole, the reader will find in these Memoirs much of useful detail, but no accurate history of the *progress*, no philosophical investigation of the *character* of Edmund Burke's MIND.

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*On the French Revolution.* By M. Necker. Translated from the French. 8vo. 2 vols. 14s. boards. Cadell and Davies.

THE high esteem in which this statesman was once held has subsided into as great a degree of contempt. Men of all parties have acknowledged the weakness of this celebrated minister, whose blunders of vanity conspired greatly in bringing the French monarchy to its dreadful ruin. Yet the self-consequence of M. Necker still continues as high as ever; and the present work is an evidence of it. Every thing done in the revolution by others is here condemned, and every act of his own as extravagantly applauded. Notwithstanding this, the performance may be read with advantage; as there are many facts illustrated in it, and many observations made, which are both interesting and new. The former situation of the author, indeed, cannot fail to give an importance to his opinions and assertions on the weighty subject of the French Revolution.

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*The Posthumous Daughter, a Novel,* 2 vols. 12mo. Price 7s. Cawthorn.

THIS novel, avoiding the ghosts, castles, corridors, and enchantments lately so much in fashion, describes real life. The following are the outlines of the story.

Mr. Clarendon, a gentleman of great fortune, had died, leaving one daughter, to whom that fortune was bequeathed; but his lady was pregnant of another, for whom no provision was made. Miss Clarendon was left under the guardianship of her father's friend, Sir James Saville. Mrs. Clarendon dying some years after, left Sophia, the *Posthumous Daughter*, to the care of her

friend, Mrs. Irwin. Mr. Irwin, that lady's husband, having obtained an appointment in India, had taken Mrs. Irwin and her Ward with him to Bengal. Sophia becoming a beautiful and accomplished young lady, engaged the affections of Fitzcharles, a young soldier of fortune on that establishment, and conceived a mutual passion, though secretly. Mr. Irwin having discovered this attachment, thought it his duty to discourage it, as the lovers had no fortune. He persuaded Fitzcharles that Sophia was on the eve of marriage to another. Fitzcharles, enraged at the disappointment of his affections, resolves to leave India, and very fortunately hears that he has succeeded to a great estate and Baronet's title, by the death of an uncle; so that, henceforth, he is Sir Frederick Hambledon. Coming home, he resides with Sir James Saville, in whose house Miss Clarendon, the sister of Sophia, lives.

Miss Clarendon is in love with Captain Belgrave, only son of General Belgrave, who having had a quarrel with her father, forbids his son, on pain of disinheretance, to marry her. Sir James Saville wishes a marriage to take place between his two Wards, Sir Frederick Hambledon and Miss Clarendon. Sir Frederick, not knowing Miss Clarendon to be Sophia's sister, admires her qualifications, and considering Sophia as now another's, offers her his hand. She, though still possessing a latent affection for Belgrave, is overruled by her friends to accept his addresses.

Meanwhile Mrs. Irwin and Sophia return. Sophia hastens to town, to be present at her sister's marriage, but, to her great confusion, finds her intended brother-in-law to be that Fitzcharles by whom she conceived herself forsaken. Sir Frederick, in learning that Miss Sophia was not married, and that he had been misinformed, finds his passion revive. In the meantime, General Belgrave dies, having, on his death bed, taken off from his son the prohibition to marry Miss Clarendon. Sir James Saville discovers the real state of the hearts of the several lovers. Sir Frederick is united to Miss Sophia, and Captain Belgrave to Miss Clarendon.

The characters are well drawn, well diversified, and discriminated. The general tendency is friendly to virtue. One of the best exhibitions of life is the character of Miss Maria Saville, Sir James's daughter, a fashionable Miss, who, disregarding the injunctions of her father, and advice of her friends, associates with gaming ladies, imbibes their ideas, contracts debts, and is by one of them sold to an Irish adventurer. She had before had an offer of marriage from Mr. Seymour, a worthy man, of great fortune; but overshot her own mark by too great an anxiety about the articles, and lost her lover.

The following account of this transaction will afford a good specimen of the work. It is in a letter to Lady Staffordson, her gambling friend of quality, who afterwards betrayed her.

'Seymour was, it seems, uneasy at some of the friendships I had formed; he said a town life was destructive to my health. Sir James, instead of representing this assurance, approved it. In the evening, Seymour brought a rough draft of the writings. I referred it to papa, who, I hoped, would make a better bargain than I should, though I did not say so. Seymour proposed my fifteen thousand pounds should be settled on younger children; my jointure should be fifteen hundred a year, and my pin-money three. I said I thought three was too little; which made Seymour dash it out and put five. He then said, "Sir James shall add even to *this*, if he thinks it not adequate to my loved, my angelic Maria's wants." My father took the pen, and I was perfectly delighted, for I thought he would make it eight; when, dashing the whole article through with his quill, he said, "in compliance with custom, I offered my wife pin-money: that noble-minded woman crossed



it out of the articles, saying, "Do you think, Sir James, I would place my person in your hands, if I had any doubts of your honour? My conduct will always procure me the approbation of my husband, and to this source alone will I look for pocket-money." We never had a separate purse. Now I wish my children to copy their mother.

As we parted to go to the tea-room, I whispered Seymour to leave that paper with me at night, and I would restore it in the morning. Not one word of town and country house, equipages, jewels, or what I have always determined to have since I knew your situation and Lady Hellendale's, *an allowance in case of separation*. The experience my father had given me of *his* indifference about the stile I was to appear in, made me determine to talk Seymour over to my purpose. I was all good humour, and the man seemed in ecstasy, so I thought it was wise to begin with the main article first. I said, "now, dear Seymour, you must positively make *no* denials to what I am going to ask."—"Ask what thou wilt, and even to the half of my kingdom will I give thee," said he. "Well," said I, "it is a handsome provision in case we should chuse a separation."—He looked as if he was shot. "I am sure, I do not comprehend you, Maria: repeat what you was saying, and tell me if you are serious?" "Yes, indeed, Mr. Seymour, I am; so many people marry and part again *now*, that I think it prudent to stipulate that proviso in the marriage articles." He now turned pale as ashes, flung the papers in the fire, and trembling with passion, said, "Madam, I am sorry I have ever troubled you with an affection, which *was* most ardent, but is wholly consigned to oblivion *now*. When I marry, I mean to marry for *life*." He went to papa in the study, where he staid half the day in agony, as papa told me; but I never saw my gentleman after. He went off directly for France.

This is, on the whole, much superior to the common run of novels, and, as such, we recommend it to those of our readers who are fond of publications of that sort.

It is dedicated to the most beautiful woman in the kingdom. Not having seen every woman in the kingdom, our experience as *reviewers* does not enable us to decide who is the object of the dedication. Were Paris, with his former privileges, to become a reviewer, he might be able to determine.

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*A Plan for the Conduct of Female Education in Boarding Schools.* By Erasmus Darwin, M. D. F. R. S. 4to. 5s. Johnson.

THE subject of education is one of the most important that can engage the attention of any thinking being. And notwithstanding the numerous treatises which have appeared upon it, both in ancient and modern times, the subject will be always new; for it will vary with the manners and improvement of every age. Dr. Darwin has thrown out several interesting and valuable observations for the good education of females, which consists, as he says, 'in uniting health and agility of body with cheerfulness and activity of mind; in superadding graceful movements to the former, and agreeable tastes to the latter; and in the acquirement of the rudiments of such arts and sciences as may amuse ourselves, or gain us the esteem of others; with a strict attention to the culture of morality and religion.' We feel a pleasure in recommending this treatise to parents, guardians, governesses of schools, and teachers in private families.

*The System of Nature, or the Laws of the Moral and Physical World. Translated from the French of M. Mirabaud. 4 vol. 8vo. 1l. 1s. boards. Kearsley.*

IF there was a particular restraint on the translation of particular books, neither literature, nor liberty, nor society would be injured. The work before us is a villainous attempt to revive the abominable system of atheism. One comfort is, that the performance is unintelligible, though the design of it is too evident. The wretched author avows that atheism is the only scheme calculated for the happiness of man, either as an individual, or as a member of society. If so, what will become of decency, morality, and order? Or, what bonds will link the community together? What comfort will be suggested to the afflicted mind, or what just principle of restraint on the prosperous one to keep him from extravagance? And, in short, what principle of action can be laid down which the atheist will not regard as superstitious or unjust?

*The Castle Spectre, a Drama, in five Acts. By M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. Author of the Monk. The Music by Mr. Kelly. 2s. Bell.*

GHOSTS having been so popular in romances, it was to be expected they would be introduced on the stage. Accordingly, we find that those fantastic beings are not contented with the circulating library, but appear in public to the most crowded audiences, *coram fama et populo*. Those kinds of imitative fictions, of which the archetype is nature, require much more of discrimination, knowledge, and ability, than those of which the archetypes are chimeras in the author's brain: many more, therefore, are qualified for the latter species of composition (if it deserves the name) than for the former.—Thousands may describe an Aladin pursuing an eloped palace, ghosts, fairies, and devils, in conversation and action. Few can write a *Tom Jones*, a *Gil Blas*, a *Love for Love*, or a *School for Scandal*. It is less surprising, therefore, that persons should be found to write such stories, than that men of sense can be amused with the reading and representation of the grossest violations of nature and probability. 'Why,' says that profound critic and penetrating philosopher, Johnson, 'this wild strain of imagination found reception so long in polite and learned ages, it is not easy to conceive; but we cannot wonder, that while readers could be procured, the authors were willing to continue it; for when a man had, by practice, gained some fluency of language, he had no further care than to retire to his closet, let loose his invention, and heat his mind with incredibilities: a book was thus produced without fear of criticism, without the toil of study, without knowledge of nature, or acquaintance with life.'

These observations on *bobgoblin tales* in general we think preferable to an analysis of *this bobgoblin tale* in particular. The vagaries of fancy, neither guided by experience nor controuled by reason, defy analysis; and the fable, such as it is, has been mentioned in a former Number of our Magazine.

There appears to us to be a *Spectre* without terror, *Love* in difficulties without pathos, and *Fools and Friars* without humour. The chief jokes are, the Friar chiding the Fool for stealing a goose pye; the Fool retorting on the Friar for caressing buxom Margery, the Miller's wife, and breaking down a bed by the weight of his body.

Having read this drama, and heard that it is extremely popular, we conclude the performers to have, if possible, exceeded even their usual excellence.

We beg leave to ask the author in what history it is to be found, that the slave trade from England or Wales to African Negroland existed during the ages of feudal domination?

# POETRY.

## ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR 1798.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

*As performed on her Majesty's Birth Day.*

### I.

WHEN genial Zephyr's balmy wing  
Fans, with soft plume, the flow'ry vale,  
Each tender scyon of the Spring,  
Expanding, owns the fostering gale,  
And smiles each sunny glade around  
With vegetable beauty crown'd---  
But when the whirlwinds of the North  
Burst in tempestuous vengeance forth,  
Before the thunder of the storm  
Each spreading tree of weaker form,  
Or bends to earth, or lies reclin'd,  
Torn by the fury of the wind.  
Then, proudly, 'mid the quivering shade,  
Stands the firm Oak, in native strength  
array'd,  
Waves high his giant branches, and defies  
The elemental War that rends the skies!

### II.

Deep-rooted in this kindred soil,  
So Freedom here, thro' many an age,  
Has mock'd Ambition's fruitless toil,  
And Treason's wiles, and Faction's  
And as the stormy ruin pass'd, [rage.  
Which Anarchy's rude breath had  
blown,  
While Europe, bending to the blast,  
Beholds her fairest realms o'erthrown;  
Alone Britannia's happy Isle,  
Blest by a Patriot Monarch's smile,  
Amid surrounding storms uninjur'd stands,  
Nor dreads the tempest's force that wastes  
her neighbour lands.

### III.

But see! along the darkling main  
The gathering clouds malignant lower,  
And spreading o'er our blue domain,  
Against our shores their thunder pour;  
While treach'rous Friends, and daring  
Around in horrid compact close; [Foes,  
Their swarming barks, portentous, shade  
With crouded sails the wat'ry glade---  
When lo! Imperial GEORGE commands--  
Rush to the waves Britannia's veteran  
bands;  
Unnumber'd hosts usurp in vain  
Dominion o'er his briny reign:  
His fleets their Monarch's right proclaim,  
With brazen throat, with breath of flame;  
And captive in his ports their squadrons  
ride,  
Or mourn their shatter'd wrecks, deep  
whelm'd beneath the tide.

VOL. X,

### IV.

From shore to shore---from Pole to Pole,  
Where e'er wide Ocean's billows roll---  
From holy Ganges' tepid wave  
To seas that Isles Atlantic lave---  
From hoary Greenland's frozen lands  
To burning Libia's golden sands,  
Aloft the British Ensign flies,  
In folds triumphant to the skies;  
While, to the notes that hail'd the Isle,  
Emerging from its parent main,  
The sacred Muse, with raptur'd smile,  
Responsive pours th' exulting strain:  
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves,  
'Britons never will be Slaves!'

## PROLOGUE

TO THE

## CASTLE SPECTRE.

WRITTEN BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

*Spoken by Mr. Wroughton.*

FAR from the haunts of men, of vice the foe,  
The moon-struck child of genius and of woe,  
Vers'd in each magic spell and dear to fame,  
A fair Enchantress dwells, ROMANCE her  
name.  
She loaths the sun or blazing taper's light;  
The moon-beam'd landscapes and tem-  
pest'ous night [lamp,  
Alone she loves; and oft with glimmering  
Near graves new-open'd, or midst dungeons  
damp, [towers,  
Drear forests, ruin'd aisles, and haunted  
Forlorn she roves, and raves away the hours!  
Anon, when storms howl loud and lash the  
deep, [steep;  
Desperate she climbs the sea rocks beetling  
There wildly strikes her harp's fantastic  
strings, [wrings;  
Tells to the moon how grief her bosom  
And while her strange song chaunts ficti-  
tious ills,  
In wounded hearts Oblivion's balm distils.  
A youth who yet has liv'd enough to know  
That life has thorns, and taste the cup of  
woe, [he stray'd,  
As late near CONWAY's time-bow'd towers  
Invok'd this bright enthusiast's magic aid;  
His prayer was heard; with arms and bo-  
som bare, [ing hair,  
Eyes flashing fire, loose robes, and stream-  
Her heart all anguish, and her soul all  
flame,  
Swift as her thoughts the lovely maniac  
came,

High heav'd her breasts which struggling  
passions rent,  
As prest to give some fear-fraught mvst'ry  
vent, [face,  
And oft with anxious glance and alter'd  
Trembling with terror she relax'd her pace,  
And stopt and listen'd! then with hurried  
tread, [bent her head,  
Onwards again she rush'd, yet backwards  
As if from murderous swords or fellow'd  
fiends she fled.  
Soon as near Conway's walls her footsteps  
drew. [new;  
She bade the youth their ancient state re-  
Eager he sped the fallen towers to rear;  
'Twas done, and Fancy bore the fabric here.  
Next chusing from great SHAKESPEARE'S  
comic school  
The gossip crone, gross friar, and gibing fool,  
These, with a Virgin fair and lover brave,  
To our young Author an enchantress gave,  
But charg'd him, ere he blest the brave and  
fair,  
To lay th' exulting villain's bosom bare,  
And, by the torments of his conscience,  
shew [woe!  
That prosp'rous vice is but triumphant  
The pleasing task, congenial to his soul,  
Off from his own sad thoughts our Author  
stole.  
Blest be his labours if with like success  
They soothe their sorrows whom I now  
address. [breast  
Mourn sigh'd talents, or desert oppress'd,  
False friendship, hopeless love, or faith be-  
tray'd,  
Our Author will esteem each toil o'erpaid,  
If, while his muse exerts her livelier vein,  
Or tells imagin'd woes in plaintive strain,  
Her flights and fancies make one smile ap-  
pear [tear;  
On the pale cheek, where trickled late a  
Or if her sobbed sorrows steal one groan,  
Which else her hearers would have giv'n  
their own.

### EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

*Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.*

OSMOND by this arriv'd at CHARON'S ferry,  
My honour sav'd, and DAD alive and merry,  
Hither I come the public doom to know,  
But come not uncompell'd, the more's my  
woe; [mishap!  
E'en now (oh, pity, friends, my hard  
My shoulder felt a Bow-street runner's tap,  
Who, while I shook with fear in every limb,  
Thus spoke with accent stern and visage  
grim: [trust is,  
' Mistress,' quoth he, ' to me it given is  
' To bring you straight before our larned  
Justice; [Town o'er,  
' For know, 'tis said to-night, the whole  
' You've kill'd one OSMOND, alias BAR-  
ANYONE.'

' The fellow's mad,' 'twas thus amaz'd I  
spoke,  
' Lord, Sir, I murder'd OSMOND for a  
joke! [it certain,  
' This dagger, free from blood, will make  
He died but till the Prompter dropp'd the  
curtain, [riot,  
' And now well pleas'd to quit the scene of  
' The man's gone home, to sup in peace  
and quiet.'

Finding that all I said was said in vain,  
And TOWNSEND still his first design main-  
tain,  
I thought 'twas better fly for shelter here,  
And beg my gen'rous friends to interfere;  
But though the awkward nature of my case  
May spread some slight confusion o'er my  
face,  
No terrors awe my bosom I'll assure you,  
Just is my cause and English is the Jury!  
Besides it must appear on explanation,  
How very ticklish was my situation;  
And all perforce, his crimes when I relate,  
Must own that OSMOND well deserv'd his  
fate:  
He heeded not PAPA'S pathetic pleading,  
He stab'd MAMA, which was extreme ill  
breeding.

And at his feet for mercy when I sued,  
The odious wretch I vow was downright  
rude. [touch!  
Twice his bold hands my person dar'd to  
Twice in one day!--'Twas really once too  
much!

And therefore justly filled with virtuous ire,  
To save my honour and protect my Sire,  
I drew my knife, and in his bosom stuck it,  
He fell---you clapp'd---and then he kick'd  
the bucket! [know

So perish still the wretch whose soul can  
Selfish delight while causing others woe;  
Who blasts that joy, the sweetest God has  
giv'n, [a Heav'n!

And makes a Hell, where Love would make  
Forbear, thou lawless Libertine, nor seek  
For'd favours on that pale averted cheek,  
If thy warm kisses cost bright eyes one tear,  
Kisses from loveliest lips are bought too dear,  
Unless those lips with thine keep playful  
measure, [pleasure!  
And that sweet tear should be a tear of

Now as for OSMOND---at that villain's name  
I feel reviving wrath my soul inflame!  
And shall one short, one sudden pang suf-  
fice

To clear so base a fault, so gross a vice?  
No, to your Bar, dear friends, for aid I fly!  
Bid OSMOND live again, again to die;  
Nightly with plaudits loud his breath re-  
call, }  
Nightly beneath my dagger see him fall, }  
Give him a thousand lives and see me  
take 'em all.

### THE CAPTIVE'S COMPLAINT.

A CAPTIVE in a hostile land,  
To bear a tyrant's stern command;

And torn, by Fate's decree severe,  
From those my tortur'd soul held dear;  
Of all the joys of live bereft,  
And not a ray of comfort left;  
With unavailing grief I mourn,  
For I shall never home return!

Would I were number'd with the dead,  
Since Hope is now forever fled:  
My sleepless nights are spent in sighs,  
The dews of sorrow dim my eyes,  
And when the tints of morning glow,  
They bring but renovated woe.  
Alas! it nought avails to mourn,  
For I shall never home return!

Perhaps even now, forlorn, distress'd,  
The much lov'd mistress of my breast,  
May view with anxious eyes the main,  
And weep for me, but weep in vain.  
Long may she wander on the shore,  
And hear the winds and waters roar;  
And long in silent anguish mourn,  
For I shall never home return!

ALFRED.

### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Dove, o'er thy ampler wave projecting  
shine [with sighs  
Those ivy-mantled towers;\* towers once  
Sadden'd of captive Mary, jocund once  
With minstrelsy, when Lancaster conven'd  
The throng of Barons in his festive hall.  
Stretch'd in her cell, with pallid cheek, the  
Queen, [eyes,  
And tears fast dropping from her beamless  
Wore the long months of grief. With an-  
guish faint,

If ever the fresh gale she sought to breathe,  
The sullen portal thundering as it clos'd,  
The huge portcullis rushing from above,  
The frowning battlement, and guarded wall,  
Prescribed her limits. Through the stony  
chink,

Went on the near approaching foe to pour  
The arrowy storm, on these wild banks she  
gaz'd;

While Fancy, minister of woe, with hand  
Officious, to her view presented still  
Gay troops of forest deer, unprison'd airs  
Inhaling, and, as frolic sport inspir'd,  
Bounding unfetter'd. To new dungeon tost  
From dungeon, her unpitied rival's ear  
With fruitless prayer she pled. The cold  
excuse,

The taunt, the studied silence of neglect,  
Silence, than cold evasion and than taunt  
More keen, she bore: yet dreams of bright-  
er hours [in vain,  
Still cherish'd, and still hop'd, but hop'd  
To burst the chains which envious hate had  
twin'd;

\* Tutbury Castle, on the river Dove, once the prison of the beautiful and innocent Mary Queen of Scots; and in earlier times the residence of John of Gaunt.

Till freedom on the sable scaffold's height  
Stood hand in hand with all-subduing death,  
To end her bondage.

### EPITAPH

#### ON A FRIEND.

BY E. S. J. AUTHOR OF WILLIAM AND ELLEN.

TREAD softly o'er this hallow'd ground,  
Pale Sorrow's child lies here;  
Ye who have felt Misfortune's frowns  
Here pause, and drop a tear:

And ye, who nought but pleasures court,  
And bask in Fortune's ray,  
Here, learn how vain are earthly joys,  
How soon they fade away.

Here sleeps in peace, who often felt  
Compassion's kindly flame;  
Oft dropt a tear at Pity's shrine,---  
A shade without a name.

### A GIPSY'S SONG.

BY THE SAME.

Æ night, desponding o'er a moor,  
When drizzling dews hung on the bow'r,  
Melone I took my pensive way,  
Without a hope encheering ray;  
I sudden spy'd a blinking light,  
Which trembled to the dreary night:  
I hied me to the place, to see  
If aught that human there might be;  
And soon I heard a soothing song,  
Sweet warbling from a Gipsy's tongue;  
Where in a kiln they sat carousing,  
Their asses round about them browsing;  
A blanket served for a door,  
And kept them from the tempest's stour:  
I pull'd it by, and there were they,  
A lolling, singing, blithe and gay;  
Ane a making supper ready,  
Ane a clouting claes sae duddy;  
And some a clatt'ring round the fire,  
And others list'ning to the Sire;  
Wha tauld the art in time o' need;  
And what to say to beg for bread,  
Anither learning magic stuff,  
To ken ane's fortunes by the tuffe;  
But ane, wha pleas'd me best of a',  
Wha bore the gree frae 'mang them a',  
She sat wi' sweet simplicity,  
And sang wi' great felicity;  
And loosely waw'd her raven hair,  
In beauty far beyond compare;  
Her lips were like the rose new blown,  
Hung with the dulcet dews of morn;  
Her sparkling eyes my fancies fed,  
Like the modest lilly's head;  
Still looking down, and nodding too,  
And quiv'ring with the glis'ning dew.  
Thou sweet dispeller of despair,  
Thy voice still trembles in my ear!

She sung of rustic liberty,  
Of wand'ring out for charity;  
Where she mixt with the happy poor,  
And ever found an open door:  
She sung their cheerful fires at night,  
Where babies sport in sweet delight;  
She sung of long carousing days,  
When merrymen were the roads and ways:  
She sung the Hedge-house merry crew,  
Where tinkers get them roaring fou,  
Until the vera moor doth stagger,  
And dances drunk as any beggar;  
Or when they sit wi' tale and sang,  
And pass the night sae dark and lang;  
Where still they dance, tho' they be poor,  
And turn auld Care out at the door;  
Still looking forward for the fair  
Where they maun sell their humble ware:  
She sung the rising of the sun,  
Which gilds the glitt'ring dews of morn:  
And she sung of sweet meand'ring,  
Down the village paths a wand'ring;  
Or where the lark springs off the lawn,  
And wildly hails the golden dawn;  
Or where the linnet and the thrush  
Sport in ev'ry dewy bush;  
Or where the cuckoo, from the bow'r,  
Wakes the fresh'ning April hour:  
And oh! she sung the flow'ry stream,  
All shaded from the sunny beam.  
So sweet her simple strains did flow,  
All Nature's bosom seem'd to glow.  
I panted for a rustic life,  
I sickn'd at the town and strife;  
I long'd for soft simplicity,  
To wander with wild liberty.  
I pass'd the night so pleasant here,  
I parted with a falling tear:  
I parted sad, and yet wi' joy,  
And wi' a smile, and yet a sigh.  
I saw a beggar's life was health,  
Content and peace was a' their wealth;  
No more desponding in despair,  
Nor brooding o'er our worldly care;  
Come let us laugh wi' liberty,  
Wi' them wha stroll for charity;  
Wha sell ill-humour wi' their ware,  
And drinking drown it at the fair;  
Be blithe and gay, since life is short,  
And Heav'n smiles while mortals sport,  
But hark! yon linnet on the spray,  
She calls us out to holiday;  
Come let us join her in the song,  
For hark! yon death bell's restless tongue  
Tolls one into his dreary tomb,  
And warns us of the certain doom,  
Where we shall never sing no more!  
Ne laugh, ne dance, ne perverse pore!  
Ne more to loiter o'er the lawn,  
When Nature wakes the dulcet dawn;  
Ne more beneath the milk-white thorn  
To breathe the incense of the morn;  
Ne by the stream, or in the barn,  
Ne *Venus* in the smiling horn;  
But with oblivion, and alone;  
Eternal be, forgot---and gone!

## A SONG,

*On the threatened Invasion by BUONAPARTE.*

BRITONS, have you heard their boast?  
Frenchmen will invade your coast;  
Nay, to rob you quite of rest,  
From his lofty Alpine nest,  
Buonaparte fierce shall come,  
And fright you with his *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

Wantley's Dragon crack'd the stones  
Like hazel nuts; just so your bones  
This redoubtable Italian,  
With his army, all rascallion,  
Swears he'll crack, when he can come,  
To fright you with his *Fe, Fa, Fum!*

Like the mighty Hannibal,  
Marching on with great and small,  
He shall sweep away thro' France,  
And come to lead you such a dance,  
As soon shall make you cry---he's come,  
To eat us up!--Great *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

Xerxes' army drank a river,  
Tho' but arm'd with bow and quiver;  
What then, with his thund'ring cannon,  
To Buonapartes' Thames or Shannon?  
Woe betide us, should he come,  
This blust'ring Blue-Beard, *Fe, Fa, Fum*,

From his vengeance, tho' to screen,  
The pathless ocean rolls between,  
Tho' its billows vainly roar,  
Broken by our rocky shore;  
Yet secure he swears he'll come,  
This mighty Grumbo, *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

True, that Howe their naval pride  
Humbled on the briny tide;  
True, that Bridport too, his dance  
Taught the vap'ring fleet of France;  
Still shall Buonaparte come,  
And grind us with his *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

Say, ye Dons, can naval story  
Rival brave St. Vincent's glory?  
Own, ye Dutch, that all your spirit  
Strove in vain with Duncan's merit;  
Yet both must crouch when he shall come,  
This giant grim, this *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

Such the vaunt of Frenchmen vain,  
Conquer'd on the boundless main;  
Such the projects they are brewing,  
Reeking with their country's ruin;  
But, assassins, let him come,  
Your Corsican---your *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

Let him come!--He soon shall know  
Britain rises to the blow;  
Let him come!--He soon shall feel!  
Our hearts of oak, our hands of steel!  
Yes, ye atheists! let him come,  
And do his worst, your *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

The laurels he so long hath worn,  
From his brow shall soon be torn:  
Soon shall sink, to rise no more,  
His fame, upon our favour'd shore!  
We are ready!--Let him come,  
This fierce Italian, *Fe, Fa, Fum*.

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## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

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THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

*Jan. 11.* **T**HE New Comedy brought forward this evening, under the title of 'SECRETS WORTH KNOWING,' is the production of Mr. Morton, author of 'A Cure for the Heart Ache,' 'The Way to get Married,' and other works of acknowledged merit. The following is a sketch of the fable.

Charles Greville, a young man of worth and talents, returns to this country on the death of his father, to take possession of the family estate. In his absence, Undermine, a man of the most artful and unprincipled kind, had worked upon the mind of Old Greville, and prejudiced him against his own son. Old Greville had made a Will, leaving the whole of his property to his son; but, prejudiced by the instigations of Undermine, had made the latter his heir, provided Young Greville should enter into any matrimonial engagement before he reached the age of twenty-five. Old Greville, however, relenting, made a second Will, leaving his son sole heir without any condition. The last Will Undermine desires his Clerk Nicholas to burn, and promises to reward him with a thousand pounds. Nicholas knows too much of the villainy of his Master to trust him, and, therefore, instead of destroying the last Will, he sews it within the lining of his coat, to be used as necessity may require. Charles Greville, while abroad, had married a very amiable Lady, the sister of Mr. Egerton, who had been ruined by the artifices of Undermine. Greville, on reading the prohibitory provision, is naturally thrown into great agitation, which is increased by the necessity of suppressing it in the presence of Undermine. In this perplexity, the only scheme he can devise to frustrate the claim of Undermine is, to conceal his marriage, and to pass off his Wife as a Mistress. Mrs. Greville, after a struggle of virtuous anxiety, assents to her husband's plan; but Sally Downright, an old servant of Mrs. Greville, refuses to deny the marriage, and resolves to preserve the reputation of her Mistress. At length, however, Sally agrees to hold her tongue, whenever she is questioned upon the subject. Undermine, baffled in his views of immediately succeeding to the Greville possessions, visits the house, in hopes that some circumstance will transpire that may prove the marriage. He tries to get the secret from Sally by a bribe, but in vain; she takes his purse, but remains silent. He then takes his Nephew Rostrum, an Auctioneer, with him, and desires the latter to treat Mrs. Greville with gallantry, conceiving that the resentment of the husband will bring forth the secret. This last scheme proves successful; Greville, even with the certainty of ruin, cannot bear to see his wife insulted, and therefore avows his marriage. Undermine, of course, desires Mr. Greville will leave the house, and let him take possession. Egerton, the Brother of Mrs. Greville, having lost his fortune by the knavery of Undermine, is obliged to go abroad as a private soldier; but having struck his Officer, has escaped to this country. He meets Sally Downright, of whom he enquires after his sister, and, among other questions, asks if she is married? Sally observes a rigid taciturnity on this point; and the honour of the soldier operates in a determination to destroy the supposed seducer of his sister. Rostrum, the young Auctioneer, is too generous a character to be warped by the base counsels of his uncle Undermine, who wants him to marry Rose Sydney, to whom Undermine, and April, steward to the Greville estate, are joint guardians. April, on the other hand, wishes her to marry Plethora, his grandson; but being a man of

the most liberal character, will not controul her choice. It appears that Rose and Egerton have long been attached to each other; and Rostrum the spirited and generous Auctioneer, determines to bring them together. He pretends, however, to his uncle, that he means to marry Rose himself, a device necessary to procure Undermine's consent, and the title deeds of her property. The first vexation that Undermine suffers, is to find that he had been duped out of his consent to his Ward's marriage. Undermine having demurred about the payment of the thousand pounds to Nicholas, the latter meditates revenge, and in a soliloquy, which April luckily over-hears, speaks of the Will, which Undermine supposed he had destroyed, but which, as he says, he always wears next his heart in the day, and makes his pillow at night. Being old and hypochondriac, April persuades him he is ill, in hopes of getting hold of the coat, recommending his grandson, Plethora, as a Physician, who would attend him gratis. Nicholas soon begins to fancy himself seriously indisposed, and taking off the coat to be bled, April carries it off, and secures the Will. He soon returns with the coat, and Nicholas then begs he will conceal the discovery of the Will till he has obtained the thousand pounds from Undermine. April consents, and the Piece concludes with the entire frustration of all Undermine's hopes, just as he had taken possession of Greville's mansion, and with the happiness of all the estimable characters in the piece.

This Comedy, upon the whole, seems to be the best that Mr. Morton has produced. He has not, according to the plan of most modern Comedies, made the whole depend upon a *single character*, but has framed a story full of interest, and blended with many entertaining situations, which afford ample scope for all the serious and lively persons of the Drama.

It is difficult to suppose that a man so artful as Undermine would have trusted another to destroy a Will upon which so much depends; but if the mind can surmount this improbability, all the rest is natural and credible.

The chief attempt at novelty of character is in *Rostrum*, the Auctioneer, who falls into whimsical embarrassments, in attempting to avoid the language of his profession.

There is also another sketch at novelty of character, in *Plethora*, who, instead of practising as a Physician, attends the *Veterinary College*, and becomes a *scientific farrier*. He is also a member of a *Pharo club*, and his maxim being, 'A short life and a merry one,' he has in youth brought on all the infirmities of premature old age. The moral lesson which this character holds forth to the present regeneration of youthful *debauchees*, gives this Comedy an additional claim to public protection.

There are several pointed strokes at the follies of the day, and many sallies of genuine humour. Altogether, the public is obliged to Mr. Morton, for having presented them with a Comedy that, while it aims at entertaining, also aspires to reform.

#### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

*Tuesday, 16.* The long-expected Dramatic Romance of 'BLUE BEARD, OR FEMALE CURIOSITY,' was represented at this Theatre this night, before as large an audience as the house would admit.

The story of Blue Beard is generally known, and the chief incidents are of course retained on the present occasion.

Ibrahim, a Turkish peasant, is the father of Fatima and Irene. Abomelique, a Bashaw, who is also a Magician, after having been married twelve times, and killed all his wives for having dared to open a closet in his blue chamber, falls in love with Fatima. Fatima is attached to Selin, a soldier, who is also devoted to her. Ibrahim, the father, however, tempted by the prospect of Blue Beard's wealth, determines she shall marry the



Bashaw. Fatima, accompanied by her sister, is conveyed to the Bashaw's Castle, and Ibrahim is vested with a high post in the house of his intended son-in-law. Selim vows vengeance upon the Bashaw, and flies to his comrades for assistance. Before the ceremony of marriage can be performed, Blue Beard is called away upon some commercial affair of high importance: he gives the keys of the castle to Fatima, desiring her to amuse herself in viewing the magnificence of the place till his return, trusting her, at the same time, with the key to the closet, but prohibiting her on pain of death from opening it. Irene, her sister, however, feeling a strong curiosity to discover the contents of this closet, tempts her to open it. A tomb is immediately discovered, on the side of which stands a skeleton; the shades of Blue Beard's former wives pass in succession over the tomb, and vultures hover over it, eager for their prey. Fatima and Irene are struck with horror, but are comforted by Shacabac, a slave of Blue Beard, but one who looks with horror on his cruelty. Though the inscription on the tomb denotes that she who endangers the life of Blue Beard shall be inclosed in the sepulchre, yet if the intended victim can remove the talisman from the foot of the skeleton, her life is safe. Shacabac is too much terrified to let her know this secret. He advises her to suppress her feelings, and possibly Blue Beard may not suspect that she has opened the door. But, unhappily, the magical key was broken, and Blue Beard must, of course, detect her. Blue Beard returning to the castle, and demanding the key, soon discovers what has happened, and orders Fatima into the blue chamber, to prepare for immediate death.—She begs a short time for devotion, which he grants her. She appears in a balcony, and her sister at the top of one of the turrets, while Blue Beard is heard without, bidding Fatima prepare for death. She enquires of her sister, in great agony, whether she sees any thing. Irene answers, that she only sees earth and sky. Blue Beard calls again, and Fatima again enquires of her sister what she sees. Irene tells her she sees a cloud of dust on the plain. Fatima conceives hopes from this appearance; and then Blue Beard repeats his call with more vehemence. Fatima again enquires of her sister what she sees, and the latter tells her that she sees a troop of horsemen galloping over the plain. Irene waves her handkerchief, in great anxiety, to quicken their speed; and at this moment Blue Beard appears at the balcony, and drags in Fatima. Shacabac had kept post below during this scene, in hopes of giving some aid to Fatima. Immediately after Blue Beard has dragged Fatima to execution, Selim, her lover, arrives at the head of the troop of horsemen, to effect, if possible, her rescue. Shacabac directs to the weakest part of the castle, and at length he and his comrades force into it. Blue Beard by this time has taken Fatima into the sepulchre, and is going to kill her with his sabre, when a part of the sepulchre opens, and discovers Selim, who threatens Blue Beard with death, if he executes his cruel purpose. The Bashaw despises his menaces, and has raised his sabre to destroy her, when she flies to the foot of the skeleton, and seizes the talisman, which saves her. Selim then descends, and a contest ensues between him and the Bashaw, in which the latter falls, and sinks with the tomb. Selim and Fatima are of course made happy, and there is a general rejoicing at the fate of the Tyrant.

Such is the manner in which Mr Colman has dramatized this well-known story. The piece is diversified by character, and enlivened with many humorous points in the dialogue. The scenery is highly splendid. The opening scene, of a fine landscape, and the rising of the sun, is very beautiful. The antichamber, or hall, in the castle, is superb. The sepulchre, with the skeleton, the birds of prey flitting over the tomb, and the shades of the departed wives, form an awful spectacle. There is also a beautiful scene of an illuminated garden with a cascade. The Music is principally composed by Kelly, and it is a strong proof of his taste, fancy, and science, as a Musician.

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## REPORT

### OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

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THE SECOND SESSION OF THE EIGHTEENTH PARLIAMENT.

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#### HOUSE OF LORDS.

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TUESDAY, Jan. 9.

THE Order of the Day for the second reading of the Assessed Tax Bill being read, and at the same time the Address of the two Houses to his Majesty, of the 15th November last, Lord Grenville proceeded to a brief notice of the Bill before the House, observing that it was founded on the Address, by which both Houses stood pledged to support his Majesty. It was expedient to raise part of the Supply within the year; but the burden was to fall chiefly on the higher classes. After a few words more, he proposed that the Bill be now read a second time.

Lord Holland, in a maiden speech, opposed the Bill with much ability. The Address, he said, only proved that Ministers had brought us to an alarming exigency; and now they were imposing a burthen unprecedented in its nature, and raising millions which would probably be expended with as little advantage as the hundreds of millions expended already. What new hopes did they entertain? What promise did they make of changing that destructive system in which they had been supported by a complying Parliament, and a confident majority. At the end of five years he was justified in asking what pledge was offered for better conduct? To this the answer was, 'Would you stop the supplies?' But the fact was, if their Lordships threw out the Bill, Ministers must be dismissed, and the business would be settled with less delay than was occasioned by a noble Duke's forgetting his robes! The contest in which we were unfortunately engaged would then be immediately at an end. If their Lordships adopted a different conduct, they would add fuel to the fire; and facilitate an invasion by degrading the national character. He understood that the people were unanimous against the Bill; and led by despair to calculate whether the French could levy more. They doubted with good reason whether the money to be raised would, as it was asserted, keep the French from the coast, every other object which Ministers had had in view during the war having been completely lost sight of. While they saw that Ministers owed their places to court-intrigues and corruption; while they saw so many members of the lower House nominated by the peers, it was impossible the people could place any confidence in government. His Lordship then urged several of the arguments so often brought forward against the Bill. The giving a man an option, he observed, between being ruined by paying the new taxes, or by a disclosure of his property, was like saying, 'We graciously leave you an option between suicide or murder.' After making some further remarks to show that the Bill was unequal in its pressure, and that it would injure the existing revenue, his Lordship gave it his decided negative.

The Duke of Bedford went largely into those objections which we have had already occasion to report. He preferred the funding system; but if the present were to be adopted, he begged their Lordships to attend to some particular cases. In the first plan he saw no exemption for boarding houses, or public schools (Lord Grenville said they were included). He next objected to the tax on farmer's horses, as much as four pounds having been laid last year upon every horse, which he thought sufficient to ruin the small farmers. He also thought that country

shopkeepers, to most of whom a horse was indispensable, and clergymen should be considered. He knew one of the latter who would have more to pay than the income of the living, merely in taxes upon the parsonage-house."

Lord Grenville, in reply, defended the Bill upon the ground of necessity. In answer to the Duke of Bedford, he said, that the noble Duke would have a great deal to pay, and might prefer an annuity; but he did not consider that if seven additional millions were to be raised by loan, it would depress the funds; and that it would bear harder upon the poorer classes if the interest were provided for by taxes on consumption. He admitted with Lord Holland, that the present tax would not be equal; but *equality* in taxation was as visionary as in politics. As to the remarks made by Lord Holland on the origin of the war, he said that the question had been decided by that House before he had a seat in it; and if any doubt remained, he would refer the sceptical to the pamphlets of M. de Bouille and the American Harper. By them it appeared that the French had endeavoured to stir up the Americans against England, for months before the declaration of the war. In these circumstances, and when the enemy were at the gates, we were called upon to suspend the supplies till a radical reform could be effected. This was not the work of a few hours. Nor was he prepared to give up the constitution, and to set afloat every wild idea. Such a reform would lead to a revolution fraught with all the horrors of the 10th of August. He trusted therefore that the House would not suspend the supplies; but repel every attempt of such tendency.

Lords Liverpool, Kinnoul, Carrington, and Thurlow, also spoke in favour of the Bill; as a measure of necessity at the present crisis. After which the House divided---for the commitment 73---against it 6---Majority 67.

The Duke of Bedford and Lord Holland then entered a protest on the Journals against the Bill, which collects and embodies all the objections made to it in its passage through the two Houses.

Thursday, Jan. 11. The Bill for encreasing the Assessed Taxes was read a third time, and passed.

#### MESSAGE FROM HIS MAJESTY.

Lord Grenville delivered a Message from his Majesty, nearly to the following effect:---His Majesty thinks proper to acquaint the House of Lords, that he has received various advices of preparations being made, and measures taken by France, apparently in pursuance of a design openly professed, of attempting an invasion of these kingdoms. His Majesty, firmly relying on the zeal and on the courage of his faithful people, who are struggling for every thing most dear to them, is fully persuaded that by their exertions such an attempt will terminate in the confusion and ruin of those who shall engage in it. But his Majesty, in his anxious concern for the welfare and safety of his people, feels it incumbent on him to omit no precaution that may contribute at so important a conjuncture to the defence of his kingdoms; and his Majesty, in pursuance of the two Acts passed in the last Session of Parliament for augmenting the Militia, thinks it right to make this communication to the House of Lords, that he may draw out and embody such part of the said Militia as may be thought advisable, to be marched and to act as occasion may require.

Friday, Jan. 12. The Royal assent was given by commission to the Bill for increasing the Assessed Taxes, the Bill for augmenting the regular troops by volunteers from the Militia, and several private Bills.---Adjourned to the 13th of Feb.

### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THURSDAY, Jan. 11.-----THE KING'S MESSAGE.

MR. Dundas brought up a message similar to that presented to the House of Lords.---It was read, and an address of thanks was voted unanimously.

Friday 12. Mr. W. Bird presented a petition from Coventry, signed by 4,000 persons against the watch duty act; Mr. Mainwaring presented another from London, Westminster, and Southwark, signed by 8,000 watchmakers; and Mr. Keck a third from the town of Leicester. The House then adjourned to the 8th of Feb.

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## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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### INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

DUBLIN, JAN. 15, 1798.

THIS day the Lord Lieutenant went in state to the House of Peers, to open the new Parliament; and the Commons having appeared at the bar, his Excellency delivered the following speech from the throne:

*' My Lords and Gentlemen,*

' I have his Majesty's commands to assemble you in Parliament at this important period, and to resort to your deliberation and advice.

' When I reflect on the tranquillity which attended the late General Election, I have just ground to believe that the wisdom and firmness which were manifested by the late Parliament were felt and approved by the nation at large, and that your conduct will be actuated by similar principles in defence of our happy Constitution.

' It must have given you great concern to learn that his Majesty's endeavours to restore the blessings of peace have been again frustrated by the desperate ambition of the French Government.

' The late signal victory of Admiral Lord Duncan over the Dutch squadron, achieved upon their own coats with such professional skill and heroic gallantry, has not only added fresh lustre to the glory of his Majesty's Navy, but has given new strength and security to all his Majesty's dominions.

*' Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

' I have ordered the public accounts and the estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. I lament that additional burthens are still necessary, in order to maintain the honour and security of the empire in the present exigency; and although, from the state of preparation in which this kingdom stands, some of the demands of former years will not recur, yet I fear the general ensuing year will not admit of any considerable reduction. When you reflect upon all you have to preserve, and all you have to expect from the enemy you have to combat with, I doubt not the supplies will be cheerfully granted. I shall endeavour on my part that they shall be faithfully applied.

' I have his Majesty's commands to lay before you his royal declaration, and the various papers which passed in the course of the late Negotiation, in which the magnanimity and moderation of his Majesty were so eminently displayed, as to leave no pretext or colour for the insidious conduct and fallacious statement of the enemy. His Majesty relies with confidence on the spirit of his people of Ireland, who are sensible of their duty to their God, their Sovereign, and their Country. He knows they are incapable of being intimidated by any threats, or deluded by any offers; and he implicitly depends on the valour of his regular and military forces, the active loyalty of the district corps, the courage of the nation, and the prowess of his fleets and armies, for defeating every hostile attempt which may be made on this kingdom.

*' My Lords and Gentlemen,*

' In consequence of the Addresses of the Houses of Lords and Commons in May last, I directed immediate and vigorous measures to be taken for repressing disaffection in the northern parts of the kingdom, and for restoring security and confidence to the loyal and well-disposed; the effect of which had been manifested in the return of subordination and industry in that quarter.--- Many other attempts have since been made by the leaders of the disaffected

in some parts of the midland and southern districts, with too much success; and emissaries have been employed, and publications have been circulated by them, to revive religious animosities, and to open prospects of plunder, by which means the lower classes have been excited to commit acts of the most horrid outrage and barbarity. I have to lament that the diligence and activity of the Magistrates, though assisted by the troops which have been ordered into that part of the kingdom, have not yet been able entirely to put a stop to those disturbances: constant vigilance and unremitting exertions continue to be necessary, when all means are tried to excite the people to rebellion and revolt, when a systematic plan of assassination is adopted and encouraged, and when the most audacious attempts are made to impede and prevent the administration of justice.

Amidst your exertions for the defence of the kingdom, I must not omit to recommend to your attention its commerce, its agriculture, and its manufactures, and especially that of the linen; nor will your liberality be less conspicuous in continuing that protection to the Protestant charter schools, and the other charitable institutions under which they have so long flourished.

His Majesty has commanded me to declare to you, that his firm resolution is taken in the present arduous contest: he will not be wanting to his people, but with them will stand or fall in the defence of their religion, and in the preservation of the independence, laws, and liberties of his kingdom.

It will be a source of infinite satisfaction to my mind, if, in the execution of my duty, I contribute to support the generous determination of my Sovereign, and maintain the safety and prosperity of his people. I rely upon your advice and co-operation; and, aided by them, I look forward with confidence to a happy issue of the contest in which we are engaged.

### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS, DEC. 23, 1797.

This day the Minister of Finance presented to the Directory a deputation of the merchants of Paris. Their spokesman, who was Fulchiron the elder, offered 25 millions to Government to facilitate the expedition against England, and proposed that the interest at 5 per cent. should be paid by an indirect tax for a limited time, and the capital be secured upon the success of the enterprize. His speech contained much invective against England, and was answered by Barras in the same style.

After the audience, the Directory deliberated upon this important subject, and sent the following message to the two Councils:

CITIZENS REPRESENTATIVES,

The armies of the Republic have conquered peace upon the continent: they have still an enemy to combat. This is the Government of England. They will go to attack and vanquish it on its own soil. Extraordinary funds will be necessary for the armament and equipment of the vessels which are to transport the republican columns to the plains of Albion. The commercial men of Paris have felt, that all Frenchmen ought to second the devotion of the defenders of liberty. They have seen that we were about to contend for the freedom of the seas, for the restoration of our manufactures, for the arts, and for industry. This cause is their own. They have transmitted an address to the Directory on that subject. They request us to invite them to open a loan, the produce of which may secure the execution of the measures adopted to effectuate a descent upon England. The merchants of Paris, in manifesting their wishes on this subject, know that it is only the forerunner of the public opinion. It is not an example which they set to other Communes. They only aspire at the distinction of being the first. All the French will take part in the success of the great national armament. Where can we think of finding Republicans indifferent to the brilliant destinies to which we are called by the proposed expedition? Where can we find hearts so hardened as not to seize the opportunity of seconding the generous impatience of the defenders of the country, and to serve by a simple advance the sacred cause to

which their brothers and children sacrifice their blood and repose? The Executive Directory is of opinion, Citizen Representatives, that a fund of forty millions (near two millions sterling) available without delay, added to the other supplies of the year six, would be sufficient for the execution of the plan which has been formed. The Directory calls upon you for this sum. The possibility of raising this sum cannot be doubted by any one. You may arrange the payment of it in such a manner as to assist public credit. The commercial men of Paris point out, as the means of repayment, an indirect contribution. The principles which recommend this mode of impost are now universally recognized. The advances may be pledged upon the success of the grand operation which the Executive Directory prepares. The army of England will keep its engagements, as the other armies of the Republic have done.

(Signed) P. Barras, President.---Lagarde, Secretary.\*

In consequence of the preceding Message, contributions are pouring in from all parts of the kingdom.

Jan. 4. The following message was sent from the Directory to the Council of Five Hundred:

\* CITIZENS REPRESENTATIVES,

‘ Upon this day, the 15 Nivose (4th Jan.) and at the very moment in which the Executive Directory sends you the present message, the Municipal Administrations, the Justices of Peace, the Commissioners of the Directory, and the Superintendants of the Customs, are employed in the principal towns of all the departments, in all the ports, and all the principal communes of the Republic, in seizing the English merchandize at present in France, or introduced into its territory, in contravention of the law of the 10th Brumaire, year five.

‘ Such is the first act by which, now that peace is bestowed upon the continent, the war so long declared against England is at length about to assume the real character which becomes it. The French will not allow a power which endeavours to found its prosperity upon the misery of other nations, to rear its commerce upon the ruin of that of other states, and which aspiring to the dominion of the seas, attempts every where to introduce the articles of its manufacture, and to receive nothing from foreign industry, any longer to enjoy the fruits of its guilty speculations.

‘ The English Government, during the war, has paid with the produce of her manufactures, the powers of the coalition. They have violated all the principles of the laws of nations by shackling the relations of neutral powers. They have seized the provisions, the grain, the articles of subsistence, which they conceived to be destined for France. They declared contraband whatever they thought might be useful to the Republic, and endeavoured to starve it. All the citizens of France now call for vengeance.

‘ When they apprehended the capture of vessels sailing under their colours, they bribed foreign Captains to take on board English merchandize, and introduce it thus by fraud and cunning, or otherwise, into other states, and particularly into the French Republic.

‘ The neutral powers must be aware that, by this conduct, their merchants took part in the war, and that they lent aid to one of the belligerent powers.

‘ One party likewise is as much served when the means of augmenting its forces are procured, as when another state joins its forces with those of the powers at war. The neutral powers must have perceived that England, by stopping the vessels of other powers, laden in their respective ports, and bound for France, by prohibiting the circulation of all goods of her own manufacture, aimed at exclusive commerce, and that reparation of such an attempt ought to be insisted upon.

‘ Marine law, and the rule of 1700, declare lawful prizes the vessels and cargoes in which are found English merchandize belonging to the enemy. These provisions ought to be extended. The interest of Europe requires it.

‘ The Directory is of opinion, that it is urgent and necessary to pass a law, declaring that the character of vessels, as far as regards their being neutral or

hostile, shall be determined by their cargo, and that the cargo shall not be covered by the flag. Accordingly, every vessel found at sea, having on board English provisions and merchandize as its cargo, either in whole or in part, shall be declared lawful prize, whoever may be the proprietor of those provisions and merchandize, which shall be held contraband by the single circumstance of their coming from England or her possessions.

‘It might be useful meanwhile to declare that, except in the case of being driven in by stress of weather, the ports of the Republic shall be shut against all foreign vessels which, in the course of their voyage, shall have entered the ports of England.

‘The Executive Directory calls upon you, Citizens Representatives, to adopt those measures. No neutral or allied powers can mistake their object, nor complain of it, unless they are already abandoned to England. The infallible effect of the measure is, to raise the value of the produce of their toil and industry,---to augment the prosperity of their commerce,---to procure the rejection of every thing which comes from England,---and to contribute essentially to bring the war to a conclusion.

‘Such are the motives which induce the Directory to call upon you, Citizens Representatives, to take the object of this message into your immediate consideration.

(Signed) P. Barras, President.---Lagarde, Secretary.\*

Two days afterwards (the 6th of Jan.) the Directory issued the following Proclamation, addressed to the French Nation :

‘The Legislative Body has consecrated the patriotic wish offered to the Directory by the commercial men in Paris, by publishing the law on the English loan. The Directory is now to remind you of the motives by which you should be interested in the success of this measure.---Citizens, conquerors of Europe, there remains for you but one enemy, which rules over the seas, and who pretends to shut them against you. The agriculture, the commerce, and the industry of France are all fettered by the English, who block up your ports. You, French merchants, manufacturers, and owners of privateers in the maritime departments, you above all should second, by your zeal, the example which has been given by the Communes of Paris. Do you not hear the English Ministry, which tells you with the most insulting pride, that the commerce of England is to that of France as eighteen to one? That the exports and imports of France amount only to 400 millions of livres, whilst those of England reach to seven milliards? (280 millions sterling). Have you an instant to lose in putting an end to these calculations of British avarice? It was necessary that France should sacrifice for a time her credit to the success of the war. At present, victory is to repay her loss in specie, and to restore to her that rank which her territory, her population, her coasts and rivers, assign to her amongst the commercial powers. Estimable merchants, look to this point; establish your riches on the foundation of national credit. You will observe, that you have been proscribed English merchandize and provisions, which has opened new channels for French industry. This is certainly your cause. Whatever you should do for the war against England, will be done for yourselves, for the success of your manufactures, for the interest of your families, and for posterity.

‘Citizens of every condition, meditate on the great effects which are to follow from the effort which you are about to make, to degrade and to punish the Cabinet of London. During the last century, England has disturbed the repose of Europe. Her genius has tormented the continent, from which she believed herself to be invincibly separated. Frenchmen, teach this island, that, though isolated, she is not inaccessible, and that it is possible to return into her own bosom the evils which she has brought to our homes. England once conquered, a perpetual peace will thenceforward be established, and the balance of Europe will remain unchangeable; for the French Republic, too strong to be attacked, will be too great to entertain motives of ambition. She can know no necessity for going beyond her proper limits. You may therefore be fully assured on this head. Triumph but this time over the English, and you will give peace to yourselves

and your descendants---you will give it to the human race. The career of military glory will end with you, and in future the heroes of France will have no rivals.

But it is not sufficient to talk to you of glory. The French Revolution, which has been turned from its course by so many obstacles, delights in returning to its source. We should never forget, that it had philosophy for its origin, and liberty for its end, and that its defenders only took up arms for the happiness of nations. Frenchmen, you wish to overturn the proud dominion of the English Cabinet : but you do not wish to subjugate the English. After the unfailling success of the Republican arms, this people will owe to you their relief from an enormous load of taxes, pressing equally on the inhabitants of the cities and of the country. England will no longer see 18,000 soldiers---18,000 strangers---traversing the seas to menace its inhabitants with an approaching subjection. Its king will no longer, by a delusive tyranny, compel the people to pay the mercenaries who were engaged only to enslave them.---Who would believe that eighty millions of livres have entered into the private treasury of George III. to repay him, as Elector of Hanover, for the Hanoverians whom he lends, in order to maintain his despotism over his British subjects?

Hasten then, Citizens, to free this nation, which you always exempt from the hatred which is due to its oppressors. Let Frenchmen, always faithful, and always invincible, be at once, in England, the conquerors of the ministry, and the saviours of the citizens---the vanquishers of the court, and the liberators of the people.

Let it not be thought that England, thus freed, will hesitate to demand from you a glorious peace. The English themselves are now comparing the machiavellism of theirs with the frankness of the French Government. They admit of our moderation in our treaty with Austria. They know that, in this struggle which their Government forces you to renew, whatever be the events, all the decisive chances are against England. If France is victorious in her first attack, the English Government must sink under the weight of an immense debt. If any reverse should retard your success, the English must know that nothing can abate your courage, or weary out your perseverance. The more the efforts of France are prolonged, the greater will be her debt of indemnity, and all Europe knows, that, sooner or later, this debt must be discharged. What has become, in fact, of that formidable league which the Cabinet of St. James's had organized against you at Pillnitz?---You were forced to fight for your independence, and you conquered Belgium. The possession of Belgium was disputed, and in defending it, you have conquered Lombardy. In defending Lombardy, you have given to France the Rhine as her boundary. The war which was commenced against you in 1792, within forty leagues of Paris, you have terminated in 1797 within thirty leagues of Vienna.---Every delay which prevented a peace has been to you the signal of new victories.

Frenchmen of every party ! the English have inflicted on you much injury. It was their Cabinet which excited your internal commotions. It was that Cabinet which raised Europe against you, and raised you one against the other. Turn your arms, therefore, against it ; unite and march to London. There you will extirpate the cause of your misfortunes. You will find there a peace without, and the end of all your troubles within. Having no more enemies to conquer, you will have nothing more to do than to found your Republic on happiness and repose.

You have gone through a long career---but one struggle more, and the object is attained. Already sure presentiments appear to announce your victory. The power of enthusiasm has no limits in France. To prophecy of your success, you have only to measure your will. Your enemy has but one hope, which is, if possible, to act upon your opinions, to discourage and disunite you. It is your opinions alone which they wish to assail : in any other respect, you have nothing to fear from them. Prove then, by the effect, that you are actuated but by one sentiment. Let each hasten to contribute his effort to this great national work. Let each, according to his resources, pay to the proposed loan. Let your promptitude in this respect be the augury and the image of that terrible rapidity



with which we should enter on this expedition. Be assured, that, when the intelligence shall arrive of this unanimous movement, the Cabinet of London will feel themselves already conquered.

(Signed) P. Barras, President---La Garde, Secretary General.

#### INSURRECTION AT ROME.

LETTER FROM CITIZEN JOSEPH BUONAPARTE, AMBASSADOR FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLIC TO THE COURT OF ROME, TO THE MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

*Florence, 11th Nivose. (Dec. 31.)*

CITIZEN MINISTER,

In my dispatch, No. 17 (the numbers 16 and 17 are not arrived) I gave you information relative to the present situation of Rome. Events have since occurred which obliged me to quit that city. On the 6th Nivose (Dec. 26.) three persons came to me to say that a Revolution was to take place in the course of the night; that the public indignation was extreme; and that they apprized me of this, to the end that no new events should surprize me. I replied to them, that my situation at the Court of Rome would not allow me to listen tranquilly to such an overture, and that the measure appeared to me to be as useless as ill-timed. They replied, that they wished to have my advice, and to know whether the French Government would protect their Revolution if it should be accomplished? I told them, that as an impartial spectator of events, I should give an account to my Government of the transactions; and I added, that at the moment of a general pacification, it would be unfortunate that any thing should happen to retard it. As a man, I exhorted them to be tranquil: I did not think that they had the means within themselves: and I was sure the French Government would not protect them. As a Minister of France I enjoined them not to repeat their visit with such intentions. They quitted me with an assurance that every thing should be suspended for the moment. The night accordingly passed in tranquillity.

Next evening, Chevalier Azarra told me confidentially, that he had just been with the Secretary of State, and that it appeared probable some imprudent persons were about to attempt a rising, which would be as unsuccessful, on account of the smallness of their numbers, and their foolish conduct, as that which was undertaken some months before.

I learned at the Marchioness Massimi's that four of the leaders of this affair were the spies of the Government, which had taken measures to defeat the plan of the insurgents, and that the insurgents were to meet at Villa Medicis. We separated.

On the following morning at four, I was awakened, and told that there was a revolutionary movement at the Villa Medicis, where from 80 to 100 men were assembled, and surrounded by the Pope's troops. I went to sleep again. In the course of the morning I learned that a patrol had been attacked by a band of sixty men. Two of the Pope's dragoons were killed. Some of the insurgents were apprehended, and the others known to the Government. Many individuals had hoisted the French national cockade; a sack filled with which had been left, as if by accident, at the spot where they were assembled. I went to the Secretary of State, whom I found tranquil, and told him that far from opposing the arrests of those who had hoisted the cockade, I demanded of him, that this arrest should take place, with the exception of the French and Italians attached to my embassy. These amounted only to the number of eight, and I pointed them out to him, and proposed his immediately adopting measures against them. I informed him, that there were six individuals who had taken refuge in my jurisdiction; that if they were in the number of revolters, I should willingly come to an accommodation with him, in order that the impunity of these men might not give confidence. It was then two in the afternoon, and the hour of dinner with the Cardinal. He begged me to retire for the present, promising to meet me at six in the evening, at the Spanish Minister's, whither he was to go with the Tuscan Minister. All this we agreed to. I now returned home, convinced, by the serene-

nity of the Secretary of State, that the affair of the preceding night would have no disastrous consequence. I found at my house General Duphot, Adjutant-General Sherlock, and two French Painters. We spoke of the paltry revolutionary attempt of the night before, as the news of the moment. We were about to sit down to table, but were retarded by the absence of my Secretaries, who were engaged in drawing up a correct list of the persons entitled to wear the French national cockade. This I wished to send to the Secretary of State before dinner. The porter now informed me, that twenty individuals were determined to force the house, and had in their hands a large quantity of French national cockades, which they were distributing to the passers by, whom they excited to cry out, '*Vive la Republique! Vive le Peuple Romain!*' One of them insisted on speaking with me; it was an artist whom I knew, having been recommended to me at Paris by the Minister your predecessor. He presented himself to me with the air of a fanatic: 'We are free!' said he, 'but we demand the support of France.' This mad oration was particularly revolting in the mouth of an artist who had been one of the three with whom I had had the conversation on the 26th. I made him sensible of this. I desired him and his companions to retire immediately from the jurisdiction of France, or otherwise that I should take strong measures against them. He drew back confounded. The military men who were with me endeavoured to convince them of the folly of their enterprise. 'Were the Government of the town,' said General Sherlock, 'to point a single cannon against you, what would become of your pretended Liberty?'--- Upon this the man withdrew.

A French artist came and informed me, that the number of the multitude without increased; that he had distinguished in the crowd a number of the spies of Government, who were well known, and who called out louder than the rest, '*Vive la Republique! Vive le Peuple Romain!*' that handfulls of piastres were thrown among them, and that the entry to the Court was obstructed. The French officers demanded of me orders to dissipate the mob by force. I chose rather to speak to them myself in their own tongue.---I dressed myself in my diplomatique robe, and went into the Court, accompanied by the French officers who were then in the palace. I heard a long discharge of musquetry. A party of cavalry had penetrated into the midst of the place, within the French jurisdiction, and were crossing it on full gallop. They had fired through the three great porticos of the palace. The mob had taken refuge in the court-yard, and on the stair-case. I met in my passage with nothing but persons dying, intimidated fugitives, bold enthusiasts, and persons hired to excite and to denounce the agents of commotion. A company of fuzileers had followed the cavalry very close. I found them partly advancing into the portals of my palace. At my presence they stopped. I asked for their leader, whom being hid in the ranks, I could not distinguish. I asked this troop, by whose order they had entered into the jurisdiction of France? I ordered them to withdraw. They drew back a few paces, and I thought that I had succeeded in that point. I then withdrew towards the mob, who had retired into the interior of the court. As the troops withdrew, some of the mob advanced against them as fast as they went off. I told them, in a decided tone, that I would compel the first amongst them who should dare to pass the middle of the street to return; at the same time General Duphot, Adjutant-General Sherlock, two other officers, and myself, drew our swords to awe this unarmed assemblage, a few of whom only had pistols and stilettos. While we were thus busied, the fuzileers, who had merely retreated to get without the reach of the pistol shots, made a general discharge. Some of the people in the outer-ranks were wounded by the spent-balls. We who were in the middle were, however, respected. The fuzileers prepared to load again. I took advantage of this moment: I recommended it to Citizen Benharnais, the Aid-de-camp to the Commander in chief, who chanced to be with me on his return from a mission to the Levant, and to the Assistant of Adjutant-General Arrigni, to restrain, *sabre in hand*, this troop, which was animated by very different sentiments; and I advanced with General Duphot and Adjutant-General Sherlock, in order to persuade the company of fuzileers to retire, and to cease firing. I called out to them to retire from the jurisdiction of France; that the Ambassador would himself undertake to see

justice done; that they had nothing to do for this purpose but to detach some of their officers or inferior officers to the Vatican, to their General, to the Governor of Rome, or to the Senator, or to any other public man, when all would be at an end.

'The too brave General Duphot, accustomed to conquer, threw himself among the bayonets of the Pope's soldiers; he prevented one from charging, and avoided the push of another; he followed him as it were by instinct. He was simply a mediator between the two parties. Misled by his courage, he proceeded as far as the gate *Septimiana*. A soldier fired a musquet at him, and the contents lodged in his breast. He fell, but rose again, and supported himself on his sabre. A second shot extended him on the pavement, and about fifty more were directed against his inanimate body.

'The Adjutant-General Sherlock received no wound: he saw his brave comrade fall; all their attention was now directed against us. He pointed out a way to me which led us to the garden of the Palace, and withdrew us from all danger---from the assassins of Duphot, and from another which had now come up, and was firing on us from the other side of the street. The two young officers, pressed by this second company, joined us: they suggested a new species of danger to me. This newly arrived company might enter the Palace, whither my wife and her sister, who was the following day to be married to General Duphot, had been carried by force by my Secretaries, who had returned, and by some young artists. We regained the Palace by the way of the garden. The courts were filled with base wretches who had contrived this horrible scene. About twenty of them, together with some peaceable Citizens who had remained on the field of battle, entered the Palace; the ways were dyed with blood; dying men were seen drawing their limbs after them; and wounded men lamenting at every step. The gates of the portico were at length shut.

'The lamentation of the Mistress of Duphot, that young hero, who constantly commanded the advanced guard of the army of the Pyrenees, and of Italy, had always been victorious, now cut off, without defence by mean ruffians---the absence of the mother of my wife, and of her brother, whom curiosity had caused to leave the Palace, in order to view the monuments---the firing which continued in the streets and before the gates of the Palace---the Palace of Corsini, which I inhabit, surrounded by people of whose intentions I was ignorant: those circumstances, and several others, rendered the scene the most affecting I ever witnessed.

'I caused my domestics to be called; three of them were absent. I caused the arms with which I had travelled, to be ready in that wing of the Palace which I inhabited. A sentiment of national pride, which I could not subdue, prompted some of the officers to go and rescue the body of their unfortunate General. They succeeded by the help of several faithful domestics, passing by a private way, in spite of the uncertain and ill-directed fire, which the debased and effeminate soldiery of Rome continued on their field of slaughter. They found the body of this amiable General, formerly animated by such a sublime spirit of heroism, stripped, pierced with wounds, stained with blood, and covered with stones.

'It was six o'clock in the evening: two hours had elapsed since the murder of General Duphot, and no person came to me on the part of Government. Upon hearing the recital of the state of the body of our unfortunate Fellow-Citizen, I determined to quit Rome. Indignation suggested this project: no consideration, no power on earth would have made me change it. Nevertheless, I determined to write a letter to Cardinal Doria. A faithful domestic traversed the soldiers: his rout was traced in the darkness by his companions from the fire of musquetry. At length they knocked with redoubled fury---a carriage stopped---it was, perhaps, the Governor, the General, the Senator, some public Officer!--No: it was a Friend---it was the Chevalier Angiolini, Minister of Tuscany. He traversed the patroles, the troops of the line, and the civic troops: his carriage was stopped. He was asked if he wished to plunge himself into danger? He answered with courage, that no danger could exist within the jurisdiction of the French Ambassador. This generous reproach was a severe

and true criticism upon the conduct of the Roman Governors, against the Officers of a nation to whom they owe the remainder of their political existence.

'M. Le Chevalier Angara, Minister of Spain, did not delay to make his appearance. This man, justly honoured by his Court, also despised all dangers. He had been a long time with me. It was then eleven o'clock at night, and they could not avoid expressing their surprise at seeing no public officer arrive. I wrote to the Cardinal a second letter, and received, a few minutes after, his answer. At last an officer, with 40 men, whose intentions I am sure were good, came, by order of the Secretary of State, in order to protect my communications with him. But neither he, nor any other person capable of concerting any decisive measures with me, for the purpose of delivering me from the Revolters, who still occupied one part of my jurisdiction, and from the troops who occupied the other, came to me on the part of the Government, notwithstanding the repeated demands I had made. I then determined to depart; the sentiments of indignation had given place to reason. I then wrote to the Secretary of State, demanding a passport. He sent it to me two hours after midnight. I then made all the necessary regulations in the dead of the night, with the *sang froid* of a determined resolution.

'I wrote to the Secretary of State another letter, which he seemed to desire in answer to that which accompanied the one addressed to the Marquis Massimi, Minister of the Pope at Paris.

'At six o'clock in the morning of the 9th, fourteen hours after the assassination of General Duphot, and the investing of my Palace, and of the massacre of the people who surrounded it, no Roman came to me from Government to know the situation of affairs. I set out, after having taken measures for the safety of the French that remain in Rome. The Chevalier Angiolini was requested to deliver them passports for Tuscany, where they found me; and, after my departure, Citizen Cacaute, with whom I am at present, with the Frenchmen who have not quitted me since the danger commenced.

'After the simple relation of facts which I have made, I should do injury to Republicans, to insist upon that vengeance which the French Government should take upon this impious Government, which, having assassinated Basseville, would willingly have served the first ambassador whom the French Government deigned to send to them in the same manner; and commit that crime upon a General who was distinguished as a prodigy of valour, in an army wherein every man was a hero.

'Citizen Minister, I will not delay my journey to Paris; as soon as I shall have regulated the remainder of my affairs, I will give you more details upon the Roman Government, and I will state the punishment which I think ought to be inflicted upon them.

'This Government adheres to its character; is absolute, and rash in the commission of crimes, and cowardly and submissive when they are committed. It is now at the knees of the Chevalier Azarra, begging him to go to Florence after me to bring me back to Rome.

'That generous friend of the French wrote me word of it. I add, that this Minister, and that of Tuscany, have assured me they will solicit to be recalled from a country in which there is no real Government; where the passion of the individual is the reason of the State---where the private hatred of the egotist influences the public man. The Roman considers his existence as the great object, and sacrifices the interest of the State to that sentiment. He will sacrifice to it those of his Church, and of the whole world.

BUONAPARTE.

#### DESPERATE ACTION.

LEGHORN, Dec. 12.

The latter end of last month a Maltese fleet, consisting of two frigates, one xebecque, and one bark, was cruising between the islands of Sardinia and Sicily; they fell in with three Algerine rovers of equal force. The former was commanded by a noble Knight of Malta, and the latter by a fellow called Aza, both men of undaunted courage and great resolution, well known in these seas for their enmity to each other's cause. Aza, the chief of the pirates, ran his ship along side of that which the noble Knight himself commanded, and poured in a

broadside, which carried away the mizen mast, and did considerable damage to the after-rigging; the charge was returned with the greatest spirit, and then began one of the most desperate and resolute battles that ever was fought in these parts. The two Commodores engaged each other yard-arm and yard-arm for upwards of three hours, which caused horrid carnage on both sides.

The barbarians attempted to board seven times, sword in hand, but were as often beat off with great slaughter. The valiant Knight was slain by a lance in the midst of the action, as he was firing off a blunderbuss, and Aza, his daring antagonist, was shot through the head by a musket-ball soon after.

Notwithstanding the destruction of these champions, the battle continued with the utmost fury, until they both were reduced to mere wrecks; their masts, sails, yards, and rigging, being all gone, the rudders shot away, and not a yard of canvas left in either. In this disabled state, did they keep up a constant fire with grape and partridge shot, and with the great guns battering each other, and swearing bitterly never to strike. At last, the Maltese blew up with a most tremendous explosion, and, five minutes after, the chief of the pirates sunk, and not a man was saved. The other part of the fleets were engaged all the time with the same obstinacy, until reduced to near the same condition. The xebecque was sunk, and one of the pirate's ships, which the robbers had lashed to one of the frigates. The bark escaped, in a very shattered condition, and the other rover sunk the next morning, and what few remained of her crew were taken up from a raft two days after by a Tunisian corsair, and carried into Tunis.

#### FATE OF THE HERMIONE FRIGATE.

When about three days out from Cape Nichola Mole, on a cruise, part of the crew of the *Hermione* were engaged handing the mizen top-sail; the Captain speaking sharp to them, two of the men fell from the yards; when the others came down they were reprimanded in harsh terms by the Captain, and several of them threatened with punishment. This occasioned much discontent, which continued until the next evening, when the mutiny broke out, by throwing double-headed shot, &c. about the ship, and other disorderly behaviour. The first Lieutenant went down to enquire what they wanted, and was soon wounded in the arm with a tomahawk; he retired for some time, and when he returned, was knocked down with a tomahawk, his throat cut, and thrown overboard. After which the sailors proceeded to the cabin in search of the Captain, who had locked himself in, but was soon dragged out, after having wounded two or three in defending himself with his sword, and experienced the fate of his unfortunate Lieutenant; they afterwards seized upon and murdered every officer in the ship, except a Master's Mate and two Midshipmen. They then directed their course for La Guira, where they arrived under Spanish colours, and delivered the ship up to the Spanish Government, giving out that they had turned their officers adrift in their jolly boat. The Spaniards have since manned the ship, and sent her to sea. The crew of the *Hermione* were a mixture of several nations.

The *Hermione* had been removed from La Guira to Porto Cavallo, a more secure anchorage, and dismantled. There were 27 Officers in all killed.

#### SHOCKING NARRATIVE.

The following account of the dreadful catastrophe of the ship *Thomas*, of Liverpool, is copied from a Barbadoes paper of the 14th of October:

'On Tuesday afternoon last, drifted on shore on the north east part of this island, a boat with two men and a boy.

'These are part of a crew belonging to the ship *Thomas*, M<sup>c</sup>Quay, of Liverpool, on his middle voyage from the coast of Africa to this island. From that coast being infested by French privateers, Captain M<sup>c</sup>Quay had taught his male slaves the use of arms, in order that they should aid him to repel the attacks of the enemy, should any be made, as he had frequent skirmishes with them on his last voyage. But instead of becoming auxiliaries in his defence, they took advantage of his instructions, and seizing his ammunition chest, on the 2d of September, early in the morning, about two hundred of them appeared on deck, accounted, and

fired on the crew, some of whom fell, others in dismay leaped overboard, who were also fired at, whilst others cut away the boat lashed to her stern, and took refuge in her by escaping through the cabin windows, leaving the Captain and the rest of the crew endeavouring to quell the insurgents, by discharging such arms as are usually kept in cabins; but upon the Captain's observing that some were in the boat, and about to desert the ship, he remonstrated so warmly as to induce them to return; but they, perceiving that they were overpowered, and seeing no possibility of escaping the danger that awaited them, again secured the boat, and quitted the ship: of these were twelve.

Having fled from the fury of savage ferocity, they now became a prey to the winds and waves, to hunger and thirst, and after having suffered the horrors of these for some days, they providentially took a small turtle, whilst floating asleep on the surface of the water, which they devoured; and again being driven to distress for want of food, they soaked their shoes, and two hairy caps which were among them, in the water, which being rendered soft, each partook of them.----- But day after day having passed, and the cravings of hunger pressing hard upon them, they fell upon the horrible, dreadful expedient of eating each other; and to prevent any contention about who should become the food for others, they cast lots, when he on whom the lot fell, with manly fortitude, resigned his life, with the persuasion of his body becoming the means of existence to his companions in distress, but solicited that he might be bled to death.

No sooner had the fatal instrument touched the vein, than the operator applied his parched lips, and drank of the blood that flowed, whilst the rest anxiously watched his departing breath, that they might satisfy the hunger that gnawed them. Those that glutted themselves with human flesh, and human gore, and whose stomachs retained the unnatural food, soon perished with raging insanity, from putrefaction, as we conceive, superseding digestion. Thus the dreary prospect became the more so to the survivors from seeing their fellow companions expire before them, from the very cause that ravenous hunger impelled them to imagine would give them existence. Those that remained attribute the preservation of their lives to having rejected following the example of their fellow-sufferers.

Our narrator, a Mr. Farmer, residing near Joe's river, whose veracity, we are informed, is undoubted, has not furnished us with the time when the death of the others took place, but proceeds in stating, that, on Tuesday morning, the 10th inst. (being the 38th day) the lonely travellers descried the shore; but, having no helm, to guide their little boat, despair took possession of their almost exhausted spirits, and, being hopeless, resigned themselves to death. That Providence, however, without whose knowledge a sparrow doth not fall to the ground, and whose gracious interposition in favour of the two has been apparent, became their helm and guide, and directed them to the shore; which, when having approached, worn-out nature could scarcely permit them to leave the boat, and embrace the earth so fervently wished for; the boy having fallen into the surf, and unable to make an effort, was drowned.

The remnant of the woeful twelve, exerting their little strength, crawled on their bellies to the mouth of Joe's river, where they slacked their thirst, and being discovered by Mr. Mascoll, then in the bay house of Mr. Haynes, he hospitably gave them that assistance which humanity dictates, and such extreme distress required; but, hearing of two coloured men having taken possession of the boat, he left them in charge of a Mr. Mayers, a neighbouring indigent shoe-maker, from whom they also received that generous hospitality which his circumscribed ability could admit of.

#### BILLS OF MORTALITY.

The number of persons who have died (within the Bills of Mortality) of Consumptions, in the year 1797, exceeds that of the year 1796 by 502. The number of fatal Asthmas was also greater in 1797 than in the preceding year, by 212; and the mortality of aged persons was in the proportion of 1283 to 597.

## OBITUARY.

**A**T Frankfort, on the 15th ult. Sir Alexander Craufurd, Bart. of the gout in his stomach. He was there on a visit to his son, Colonel Craufurd, his Majesty's Envoy to the Commander in Chief of the Austrian Armies of the Rhine, while England was in alliance with that power.

On Thursday, January 4th, aged 75, John Wright, Esq. late of the House of Smith, Wright, and Gray, Bankers, Lombard-street, and one of the people called Quakers.

At Carnbee-House, Fifeshire, on Saturday, January 6th, Sir John Sinclair, of Longformacus, Bart.

On Wednesday, January 17th, at Clifton, near Bristol, General Sir John Dal-ling, K. B.

The same day, at Greenwich, Thomas Cobham, Esq. many years a Surgeon in the Navy. On the preceding day he had a party of friends to dine with him, and went to bed at night, at his usual hour, in perfect health, and was found dead in his bed the following morning.

On Sunday the 21st instant, at Fareham, Hants, in the 71st year of her age, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Bellenden, relict of the Right Hon. John Ker, Lord Bellenden, who died in the year 1752.

Lately, Sir Ralph Milbanke, father of Lady Melbourne.

Lately, at Barcalden, in Scotland, John Macgregor, at the advanced age of 108.--- He was born in the year of the battle of Killcrankie. He ended his days on the anniversary of his birth, Christmas-day, old style, 1727. He was at the Battle of Sherriffmuir, and afterwards served in the Scotch Brigade in Holland. He had been in the service of the family of Barcalden for upwards of 50 years. He retained the use of his faculties, and till the last year walked about.

At Frederick Town, Virginia, in July last, a mulatto man, at the remarkable age of 180.---140 years of which he was a slave to the family of Colonel Syms.

Lately, in the East Indies, Lieutenant Colonel, John Cox.

At Calcutta, Hugh McLeod, Esq. Sub-Secretary to the Government, and eldest son of Donald McLeod, Esq. of Geanies, Sheriff of the County of Ross.

Lately, Colonel Fitzgerald, who was lately guilty of a most shameful and dishonourable act in the family of the present Earl of Kingston, by seducing a daughter of that much respected nobleman, to whom he was allied, and in whose family he

had been a constant visitor. He met with his death in the following manner:

After the discovery of this unfortunate criminal intercourse, which occurred in England, and in consequence of which a duel had taken place between the brother of the young lady (who is now Lord Kingsborough) and the deceased Colonel Fitzgerald, she was removed to the country residence of her noble father, now the Earl of Kingston, at Mitchelstown, near Kilworth, in Ireland.

The deceased feeling no remorse for what he had done, in dishonouring by the most artful stratagems an illustrious family, had the audacity and hardihood to follow the young lady to Ireland, it is supposed with a view to wrest her by violence from her parents, and took lodging at an inn in Kilworth. The Colonel had been there some days before his arrival at Kilworth was known; or the object of his expedition was discovered. He was observed to walk out in the night, and conceal himself in the day, and the servants at length noticed him lurking about Michelstown House at unreasonable hours.

The intelligence having reached Lord Kingsborough, who had the duel with the Colonel, and resolved to defeat his antagonist's project, he left his father's house and repaired to Kilworth, where having enquired if that gentleman was in the house, and being informed he was, went to the apartment he was directed to, that the colonel lodged in. Lord Kingsborough rapped at the door, requiring admittance; the other knowing his voice, replied that he was locked in, and could not open the door, but if he had any thing to say to him, he would receive it under the door.

This enraged the young nobleman, and he forced open the door, and running to a case of pistols in the room, took one, and desired the Colonel to take the other and defend himself, for he was resolved to have satisfaction for the scheme the deceased had formed against his sister, and which he came to this place to put in execution. On both seizing the pistols, they grappled with each other, and were struggling, when the Earl of Kingston, who had been apprized of his son's departure in pursuit of the Colonel, and quickly following the young lord, entered the room, and finding them in the contest, and that his son must lose his life from the situation that the deceased had him in, the Earl fired upon the Colonel, and the shot took effect. The

Colonel lost his life, but not lamented by any one who has heard of his very dishonourable conduct in this affair.

Lately, in Ireland, Thomas Blanchard the Actor, leaving a wife and several children without any provision. This man, who possessed very great merit in his profession, holds a lamentable warning to the sons and daughters of Thespis against the ruinous vice of intemperance.

The parents of Mr. Blanchard were many years employed in Drury-Lane Theatre, where their pecuniary emoluments were too small to enable them to educate their son for any better profession than their own. He was accordingly taught dancing, and occasionally performed little parts, particularly *Prince Arthur* to Garrick's *King John*, which obtained the praise of the immortal *Roscus*; and in *Harlequin's Invasion*, where he discovered some infantine abilities.

As he advanced to maturity, he resolved to enter into a country company, and by that means accomplish himself for the nicer taste of a London audience.

At Plymouth and Exeter he found parts adapted to his talents, and became such a favourite of the Bath Managers, that they engaged him. Here he found himself very happy; his unaffected simplicity, and native humour on the Stage, his affability and laudable conduct off it, rendering him at once an esteemed and respectable Actor. He also distinguished himself as a hornpipe dancer. The charms of Miss Wewitzer induced him to promise her marriage; yet he soon after gave his hand to Miss Wright, formerly of Drury-Lane Theatre, who it seems had suddenly rivetted his affections. This young lady had an amiable character, and a genteel salary as a singer in the Bath Company. Mr. Blanchard had many offers from London, but refused them, until such liberal terms might be obtained as would enable him to keep his wife and an aged parent with comfort; and a salary adequate to his wishes was given him about the end of 1787. It might reasonably have been imagined, that one who passed all his life on the stage, would not be terrified at the thoughts of appearing before a London audience: the reverse was, however, the case with Mr. Blanchard.---For a week previous to his *debut*, he was in the greatest agitation of mind, and could not rest either night or day. His fears communicating to his wife, whose nerves were of a more delicate texture, are said to have worked so much upon her feelings, that she actually became insane for a considerable time; a circumstance which, it may be supposed, contributed not a little to his perturbation. About the month of October he made his *entree* as *Hodge*, in *Love*

*in a Village*; and performed *Sharp*, in the *Lying Valet*, in the Farce. His merit was so obvious, that he received very flattering applause; and by his excellence in various other characters, particularly the *Plough Boy*, in the *Farmer*, he greatly improved on the public opinion. There was an arch slyness in his countenance, mixed with seeming good-nature, which was peculiarly his own, and was extremely appropriate to several parts that he performed. He was likewise unrivalled in portraying rural simplicity, which was his true *forte*, although he sometimes appeared in foppish characters.

A very remarkable death happened at Littleton in Middlesex. A young woman, whose sister is the wife of Mr. Wood's bailiff, came to make her a visit; after some little time, she fell into a strong convulsion fit. On recovering from it, she exclaimed, 'I am damned!---I see, I feel all the flames of Hell around me!' Her friends concluded that a sudden frenzy had seized her; medical aid was immediately sent for; she assured them that she was not mad, but that she was a murderer! This (as she had always been a young woman of remarkable good character) confirmed the opinion that it was frenzy; when she began the following shocking tale: 'This time three years I came over from my father's to attend my sister here while she lay in of that fine little child below. Very soon after she was brought to bed, I fell in labour. I went out into an out-house, where, in little more than an hour, I was delivered of a fine beautiful boy. I looked at it some little time, then pinched its throat till I killed it. I then wrapped it up, carried it into the house, and locked it into my box; went to my sister, asked how she did, then went down to the nurse and assisted her. After a fortnight, I took my murdered infant out of my box, and threw it into the common horse-pond by the road side, where it was soon trod to pieces; and I have never had one happy, no, not one easy minute since; and now the sight of my sister's sweet little lively child playing about distracts me; for, I think that, if it had not been for my dreadful wickedness, I might now have had one also. But I murdered it; and I am going to Hell for it.' Upon recollection and conference, it appeared that she had been missing an hour and a half at the time she mentioned, and could not be found. She also told them, that, in consequence of her milk, she had two broken breasts: for cure of which, she applied to a surgeon in the neighbourhood, who said to her, 'If I did not know you, and know that you are a young woman of such extraordinary good character, I



should swear that you had borne a child.' She soon after married a young man who had courted her some time. She said, that, some time after her marriage, her husband asked her what became of her pregnancy previous to their marriage? To which, she said, she replied, '*It never came to good!*' It surely came to evil for all parties. Immediately upon this, a physician of the soul was sent for, and, soon, two more divines; all, or at least some one, earnestly exhorted her to fly to Christ, shewing, or rather endeavouring to shew her, the gracious promises of the Redeemer to all who will come to him---'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out'---'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool.' Isaiah. But, alas! for her, poor, unhappy woman, she was not enabled to come; for, her uniform reply was, when she was entreated to cry to the Lord Jesus for mercy and pardon, 'I cannot even name his name!---I cannot utter it!---I am d-----d to all eternity!---I see, I feel the flames of Hell within and all around me!' Thus died this unhappy woman, of, as all said about her, no disorder but a wounded spirit; not having, as the medical men who attended her said, 'any bodily disorder---only the horrible agonies of her mind!

In a parish poor house in the vicinity of London, Thomas Troughton, originally a plasterer, but latterly a painter. He was remarkable for being the writer of a narrative of extraordinary cruelty suffered by him and 21 more, in a state of slavery, under Muley Abdallah, Emperor of Fez and Morocco, from January, 1745, to December, 1752, when they were all relieved by the private bounty of his late Majesty, George II. through the medium of W. Latton, Esq. ambassador to Morocco.---After their deliverance, they shewed themselves publicly at Sadler's Wells, where they had a benefit, and wore the very irons they had on in their state of slavery. A new edition of this book was published at Exeter, by Brice, in 1787, for the benefit of Timothy Lebeau, one of the crew, and who had long kept the Turkey Slave public-house in Brick-lane, Spital-fields, and is now a watchman in the ward of Broadstreet, near St. Bennet Fink church.---Troughton's book is curious, as it contains many traits of the unnatural policy of the despot of the country, and may be presumed to be true, as the work was vouched for, upon oath, before F. Cockayne, Mayor, at Justice-hall, in the Old Bailey, April 22, 1751. From this it appears, that they were part of the crew of the *Inspector privateer*, of London, Capt.

Veale commander, who were wrecked in Tangier Bay, on the coast of Barbary, Jan. 4, 1745, and afterwards became slaves to the Moors for near six years, till they were brought home in the Blandford man of war, which arrived at Portsmouth, March 22, 1751. This poor man was many years afflicted with an unseemly excrescence, a fistula, it is believed, in his face, which at last deprived him of one of his eyes.

In an obscure lodging in the neighbourhood of the Borough of Southwark, in his 74th year, Thomas Smith, Esq. whose life was a compound of luxury and distress: who, partly by his own imprudence, and partly by the villainy of others, ran through a property that falls to the lot of a few, and was reduced to subsist, for some few years previous to his death, in a great measure, on the liberality of others. He was only son of Col. Thomas S. of the Coldstream regiment of foot guards; at whose death, in 1742, he inherited the paternal estate at Perbeck-heath, co. Hants, worth 1400l. a year, which he sold to Peter Taylor, Esq. for 22,500l. In 1762 he succeeded the late Edward Smith, Esq. (who was 30 years M. P. for the county of Leicester) in all the large and valuable estates of Sir Edward Smith, bart. of Edmonthorpe, in the said county. The mansion of the estate at Edmonthorpe he sold to the present possessor, William Pochin, Esq. for 25,000l. He was patron of the advowson of Husbands Bosworth, worth 700l. per annum, which he disposed of to the lady of Sir Richard Hughes, for 3200l. Other estates, at Melton Mowbray and Eye Kettleby, in the said county, now worth 800l. per annum, he sold for 2500l. His fine estate at Great Carlton, co. Lincoln, the annual rent of which is more than 1000l. with the patronage of the rectory of Little and Castle Carlton, he mortgaged to the late John Manners, Esq. and, by neglect in paying either principal or interest, suffered a forecloser to take place by decree of the Court of Chancery, and was deprived of it for little more than half its value. He was possessed of other estates in the counties of Middlesex and Rutland, which were disposed in a manner similar to the above. He married Jane, eldest daughter of John Bridger, Esq. of Rutbourn, co. Sussex, by whom he has left three sons and three daughters. He was one of the verdurers of the forest of Bear, co. Hants, and by his death there becomes a vacancy, but no salary is annexed thereto.

Lately at his seat at Steeple-Aston, co. Oxford, after a most agonizing illness, Edward Taylor, Esq. B.C.L. He was

the son of the late Rev. Dr. Taylor, archdeacon of Leicester, by Mary, the only daughter of the Right Rev. John Thomas, lord Bishop of Salisbury. He was educated at Eton, under the care of the learned Dr. Barnard; afterwards entered at Trinity-college, Cambridge, whence he was removed to the University of Gottingen, to study the civil law, which he never practised. He visited most parts of Europe; and at every court where he was introduced he was respected, admired, and esteemed. He was endeared to a most respectable circle of friends, by the urbanity of his manners, the brilliancy of his talents, and the uncommon goodness of heart which he displayed on every occasion. He perfectly understood the Latin, Greek, German, French, and Italian languages, and knew something of Spanish and Hebrew. At the age of 30 he retired to the country; and the last 26 years of his life were spent in retirement, in the pursuits of elegant literature, and in the practice of every virtue that can adorn and dignify human nature. He was the author of 'Cursory Remarks on Tragedy, and on Shakespeare,' published by Owen, 1774; and has left in MS. a tragedy, and some beautiful poems and translations.

After a very long and painful illness, in his 83d year, the Rev. Peter Peckard, D.D. master of Magdalen-college, Cambridge, dean of Peterborough, prebendary of Southwell, and rector of Fletton and Abbott's-Ripton, co. Huntingdon. He was educated at Oxford, and formerly fellow of Brazen Nose college in that university. In 1781 he succeeded the Hon. and Rev. Barton Wallop in the mastership of Magdalen-college, Cambridge; of which university he served the office of vice-chancellor 1784, and was admitted D.D. 1785.

Lately, Sir Stephen Langston, Knt. alderman of Bread-street-ward, London; a gentleman of amiable manners and high respectability. He was elected into the common-council of that ward in 1780, and, on the death of Mr. Crosby, in 1793, succeeded as alderman. In 1796 was elected one of the Sheriffs of London, an office, in which his natural humanity had many ample occasions of being called into execution, and, the same year, was deservedly honoured with knightwood. He lost an amiable wife a few months ago, and has never since that time enjoyed a comfortable state of health. His successor as alderman is Charles Hamerton, Esq.

Lately, on his passage from the West Indies to America, Robert Masters, M.D. Physician to the British Forces at St. Domingo.

Near Atherstone, aged 110, Ann Pickering, who retained her faculties till a short time preceding her death.

At Armley, aged 102, the widow Anne Simpson, who had until within a short time of her death, enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health.

At Eaton, near Melton Mowbray, in the 82d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Wright, who for more than half a century compiled Moore's Almacack. He has left in his assistant's and successor's hands the copy complete for the year 1799.

At Exeter, whither he went for the recovery of his health, the Hon. Tho. Bruce, son of William Earl of Kincardin, and brother to the late Earl of Elgin and Kincardin, a Lieutenant-general in the army, Colonel of the 16th regiment of foot, and M. P. for Great Bedwin, Wilts. His remains were deposited, on the 20th, in Exeter cathedral, with military honours. On their arrival at the church, the troops drew up, forming three sides of a square, to let the hearse pass to the great West door, where the corpse was taken out and borne on shoulders to the place of interment. During the funeral service, the fifes, trumpets, and band of music, stationed at the entrance of the cathedral, played several solemn strains applicable to the occasion; and, at the conclusion, the cannon placed on the castle walls fired 27 rounds. The whole was conducted with great propriety and decorum.

In the parish of Studley, aged 100, Mr. David Claybrook. He retained his faculties to the last, and walked every Sunday two miles to church, till within a few weeks of his death; and, about a year since, chimed three of the church-bells, without any assistance, ringing being his favourite exercise.

Mr. Wm. Stowe, a capital farmer at Farnborough, Kent. He was found dead in the high road near Bromley, supposed to have fallen out of his single-horse chaise in a fit, as the horse and chaise were found near him.

At his family seat at Puslinch, Devon, the Rev. James Yonge, rector of Newton-Ferrers; a man whose mild and amiable virtues deservedly endeared him to an extensive circle of the most respectable connections, and rendered him an example and a blessing, not only to the neighbourhood in which he resided, but to all who were placed within the sphere of his influence. He supported a lingering illness with true Christian patience.

Dropt down suddenly, and expired, while walking in his fields, Ralph Smith, gent. of Trogmorton, near Worcester.