



Henry Jones

ST. HAMBSON WRIGHT, K. S.

*Published by G. Cawthorn, British Library, 132 Strand, March 30. 1797.*

THE  
SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,

AND

FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.

FOR MARCH, 1797.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF THE LATE

SIR SAMPSON WRIGHT,

And an engraved Representation of the British and Spanish Fleets, during

SIR JOHN JERVIS'S GLORIOUS VICTORY,

ON FEB. 14, 1797.

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LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE CAWTHORN, *British Library*, No. 132, Strand;

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

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THE long promised Review of the Life and Writings of Mr. Burke is delayed, from the Engraver's not having completed the Portrait of that Gentleman which is intended to accompany it.

The farther Poetical Favours of E. S. J. of Dr. Perfect, &c. &c. are come to hand.

Our Correspondent, who favoured us with the Sonnets of General Buona-  
parte, is, we understand, engaged in preparing a Life of that celebrated Com-  
mander, which will illustrate many curious facts in his history. From his  
writing so elegantly in English, we are almost led to conclude him to be a  
native of this country. A short time will, we trust, develop the mystery.

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THE  
SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,  
AND  
FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY,

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FOR MARCH 1797.

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*BRIEF MEMOIRS*

OF THE LATE WORTHY MAGISTRATE  
SIR SAMPSON WRIGHT.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

IT too often happens, that the early part of the life of those, who in their public capacities have deserved well of their country, is involved in the most impenetrable obscurity. This, we believe, results from the vanity, or rather weakness, of mankind, who, when they are placed in more exalted situations, endeavour to throw a veil over that part of their existence in which their station was more humble: forgetful that their greatest honour consists in having, by their talents and exertion, ennobled themselves, in spite of the disadvantages of their birth and poverty of their condition.

A very diligent enquiry has not enabled us to ascertain, with precision, the period when Sir Sampson Wright entered on the stage of time; and even the facts relative to the most early period of his being are equally obscure. The first situation in which we can discover him is in the condition of shopman to a grocer, in which occupation he continued for some years; and at length quitted it, on being appointed a clerk in the Bridge-Office, the duties of which he discharged with great integrity and punctuality. About this time he got acquainted with the late Sir John Fielding, through whose interest, after having passed through various stages of promotion in the Public Office, Bow-Street, he was introduced to the Bench about the year 1774; in which post he continued, fulfilling his duties as an upright Magistrate, and an honest man, till his death.

For some months previous to his death, this worthy man had been afflicted with a spasmodic complaint, which, at intervals, was very severe. The disorder at length terminated in a rapid dropsy, which

no medical assistance could resist. He died on the 31st day of May, 1793. On the morning of the 4th of April, his remains were interred in a vault in the south east corner of St. Paul's church-yard, Covent-Garden. His remains were attended by his son, Mr. Justice Addington, Mr. Goodenough, Mr. Howard, and others, who had been his intimate friends. The patrols of the metropolis also attended the funeral, and, by their concern, manifested their feelings for the loss of so good a master: for, as he planned this useful guard, so, according to their merits, he protected them.

If we consider the character of Sir Sampson Wright with attention, we shall find in it very much to admire. His beginning life so humbly, the more fully approved his talents and rectitude of conduct; and the faithful discharge of his duties as a magistrate, clearly evinced the integrity of his principles and the goodness of his heart. The improvements and regulations he made in the general police of the metropolis, deserve the highest praise, and will be remembered with gratitude by its inhabitants, whose safety so much depends on the vigilance of the presiding magistrate at Bow-street. Peculation and avarice, which are too often the concomitants of those holding public situations, cannot be laid to his charge; and the greatest proof of his being clear in his great office, is, that though the emoluments of it were considerable, and he lived without splendour or extravagance, the property he left behind him was very small, in consideration of what it might have been, had he been less zealous in his good wishes towards the community.

He left behind him only one son, who was brought up at Westminster, and afterwards sent to Trinity-College, Cambridge, where he acquitted himself with great credit. Soon after he left College, this son went out to Newfoundland in the department of the Judge-Advocate-General, from whence he returned in the year 1793; since which period, satisfied with the patrimony left him by his father, he has not been in any public situation,

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ON THE

*MANNERS OF ANCIENT TIMES.*

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AN ingenious writer of the present times says, that the accounts which have been given by some authors of the wealth and splendour of the seventh century, are as fabulous as all the other miraculous things we read of in the history of those times. Their whole clothing was of skins, or coarse woollens. The conveniences of life were not known: buildings, indeed, were erected with strength and solidity, but conveyed no idea of either the affluence or taste of the age. Neither much money, nor much knowledge of the arts, is required to pick up heaps of stones by the hands of slaves. One incontrovertible proof of the indigence of the people was, that taxes were levied in kind; and that even the contributions which the inferior Clergy paid to their superiors, consisted of provisions. The superstition which prevailed, increased the general darkness.

In the eighth, and beginning of the ninth century, Rome, no longer the capital of the masters of the universe, attempted to exercise her authority as before, in deposing or making Kings. Deprived of inhabitants or soldiers, by dint of opinions and religious tenets alone she aspired to universal monarchy. By her management, princes were excited to take up arms against each other; people against their kings, and kings against their people. All merit consisted in making war, and all virtue in obeying the Church. The dignity of monarchs was degraded by the claims of Rome, which inspired a contempt for Princes, without exciting a love for liberty. Liberty was then comprised in a few absurd romances, and some melancholy tales, the offspring of cloistered indolence. This contributed to cherish that dejection of spirit, that propensity to the marvellous, so favourable to the interests of superstition. Public affairs were greatly affected by two different people, one from the north, and the other from the south, the disciples of Woden and of Mahomet.

Charlemagne subdued one of these nations, and maintained his ground against the other. He was desirous of engaging the Saxons and Normans to change that religion, which helped to make them so terrible, for another which would dispose them to obedience. He was obliged to wade through seas of blood, and the cross was erected upon heaps of slain. He was less successful against the Arabs, conquerors of great part of Asia, Africa and Spain; nor could he maintain a footing beyond the Pyrenean mountains. The weak and unmanly weapons of scholastic logic, and the controversial armour of Monks, who had such an ascendant that the Emperor used to ask pardon of God for the time he employed in affairs of State, were not weapons to oppose the heroic and daring enthusiasm and valour of the Arabs.

Constantinople, the capital of the degraded Empire, was engaged at this time in the material dispute, if images ought or ought not to be worshipped. The nobility of Europe acquired a tincture of the manners of the Greeks and Arabs, in their ridiculous expeditions of the Crusades. They became acquainted with their arts and luxury, which were afterwards held as necessary to happiness. The Venetians had a more extensive demand for goods they brought from the East, and the Arabs carried some into France, England, and Germany. These countries had then neither ships nor manufactures to carry on commerce: they laid restraints on it, and the character of *merchant* was held in contempt. This useful set of men were never respected among the Romans.

The northern nations confirmed this, and other prejudices, which sprung from a barbarous pride, and to which also was owing their absurd contempt for useful labour. The only persons esteemed, were lords of manors, and the military. The nobles were so many petty tyrants, who abused their own power, and opposed that of the monarch. The Barons were fond of an ostentatious parade, capricious and poor. Every imposition was laid on commerce by duties, tolls, and every other oppression or exaction such despotic powers could think of.

## NOBLE SPEECH.

OF A

## NATIVE OF AMBOYNA TO THE PORTUGUEZE.

THE ingenious Mr. Justamond, in his Philosophical History of Commerce, says, that when corruption and avarice had weakened the Portuguese power in India, the island of Amboyna was the first to avenge itself. A Portuguese, at a public festival, seized on a female of distinction, and treated her with insolence and inhumanity. Soon after, a Chief named Genulio armed his people; then meeting the Portuguese, he said to them, 'To revenge affronts of so cruel a nature as those we have received from you, would require actions, not words; yet we will speak to you. You preach to us a Deity, who delights, you say, in generous actions; but theft, murder, obscenity, and drunkenness, are your common practices: your hearts are inflamed with every vice: our manners can never suit with yours: Nature foresaw this when she separated us by immense seas, and ye have overleaped her barriers. This audacity, of which you are not ashamed to boast, is a proof of the corruption of your hearts. Take my advice; leave in their present state, their quiet and repose, these nations that you so little resemble in disposition or manners: go, and reside among those who are as brutal as yourselves, if such there are: an intercourse with you would be more fatal to us than all the evils which it is in the power of the Gods you speak of to inflict upon us. We renounce your alliance for ever; your arms and knowledge in war and slaughter are greatly superior to ours, and it is your curse; but as we are more just, and directed by Nature, so that enables us not to fear you. The whole natives of the island are resolved, from this day, to oppose you during life; therefore remove from their country, and beware how you ever approach it again.

## A DROLL CIRCUMSTANCE.

A PREACHER holding forth in the place called Las Mancanas, at Madrid, after informing his auditors of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, added, 'And is it not strange that we still continue to sin on, and live without repentance? O Lord God!' said he, 'why sufferest thou such ungrateful and wretched sinners to live?' And instantly giving himself a violent box on the ear, the whole assembly followed his example, and four thousand soufflets were given and received in the twinkling of an eye.

The French ambassador being present, was upon that instant bursting into a laughter at the pious ceremony, had he not been checked by one of his friends, who assured him, that his rank and character would not have saved him had he been so indiscreet, for the enraged populace would have cut him in a thousand pieces: whereupon he hid his face in his handkerchief, and boxed his own ears more for the love of himself, than from gratitude to his Redeemer,

HISTORICAL FACT  
 RELATIVE TO ONE OF THE  
EARLS OF CARNARVON.

IN the reign of Charles the Second, the Lord-Treasurer Danby was impeached by the Commons of England of high-treason, and other crimes and misdemeanours. Previous to the examination of the Earl, at the bar of the Upper House, Buckingham had cajoled several Peers who were in the treasurer's interest; and, among the rest, had assailed on his weak side the Welch Earl of Carnarvon. On the day of the trial the Duke invited the last-mentioned nobleman to a sumptuous banquet, and, having half intoxicated him with wine, easily persuaded him to go to the House, and speak on behalf of Danby, thereby hoping to render his cause ridiculous. Carnarvon, who had never made a speech in Parliament before, hastened to the House, with a full resolution to display his talents in such an important affair. The business was no sooner opened, than he stood up and made the following harangue:

' MY LORDS,

' I understand but a little of Latin, but a good deal of English, and not a little of the English history; from which I have learnt the mischiefs of such kind of prosecutions as these, and the ill fate of the prosecutors: I could bring many instances, and those very antient; but, my Lords, I shall go no farther back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh, and your Lordships very well know what became of Sir Walter Raleigh. My Lord Bacon, he ran down Sir Walter Raleigh, and your Lordships know what became of my Lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham, he ran down my Lord Bacon, and your Lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Stafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham, and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the Earl of Stafford, and you know what became of Sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vane, and your Lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osbourn, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde: what will become of the Earl of Danby, your Lordships can best tell. But let me see that man that dare run the Earl of Danby down, and we shall soon see what will become of him.'

This being pronounced with a remarkably droll tone, the Duke of Buckingham, both surprized and disappointed, exclaimed aloud, 'The man is inspired, and claret has done the business.' This stroke of humour, however, could not take off the impression which the orator had made on the House. Such a train of executions, unexpectedly thrown before them at that critical juncture, produced such a change in the Treasurer's favour, that though he was expected to be



sent to the Tower the same evening, he was permitted to return home, and sleep quietly in his bed. The King granted him a full pardon, and the storm soon subsided.

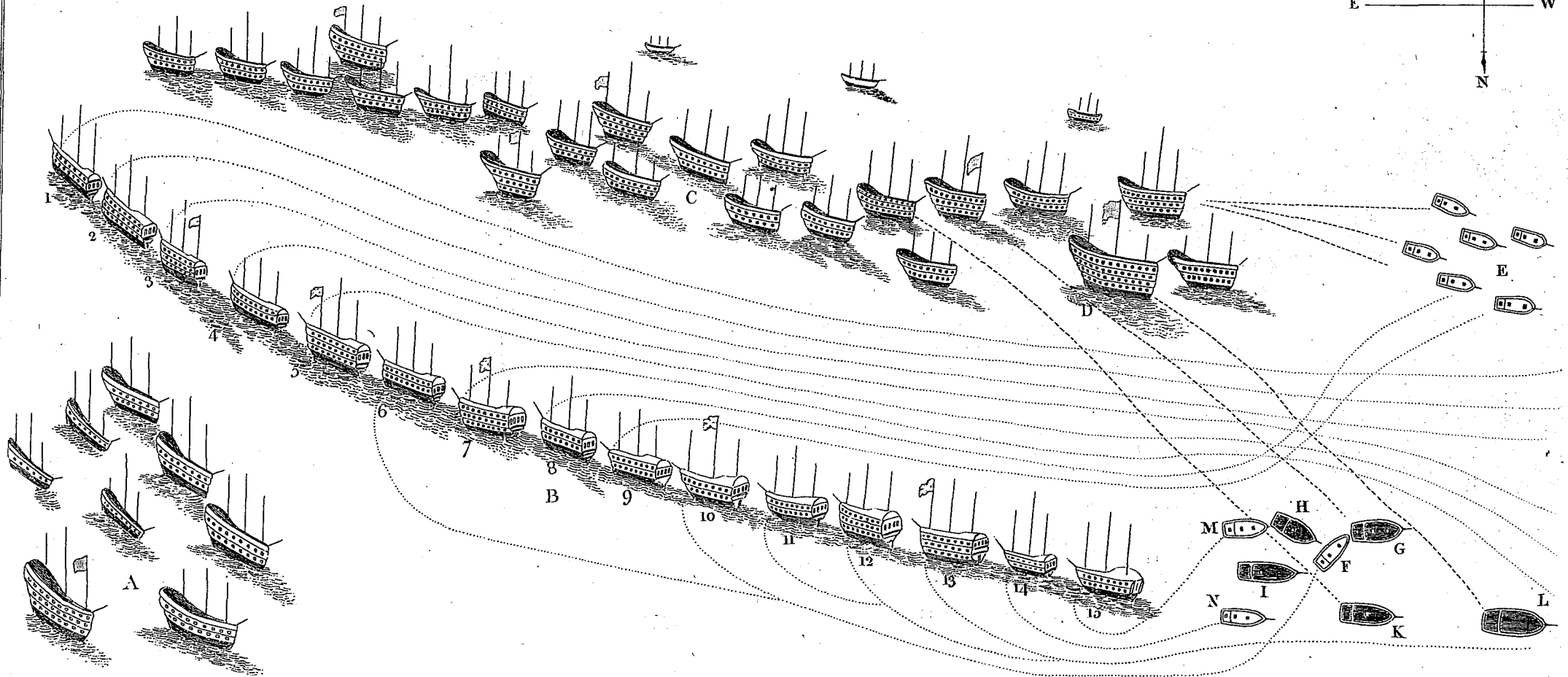
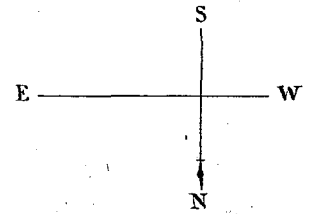
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### A TURKISH STORY.

A Grocer of the city of Smyrna had a son, who, with the help of the little learning the country could afford, rose to the post of Naib, or deputy of the Cadi, or mayor of that city, and as such visited the markets, and inspected the weights and measures of all retail dealers. One day, as this officer was going his rounds, the neighbours, who knew enough of his father's character to suspect that he might stand in need of the caution, advised him to move his weights for fear of the worst: but the old cheat depending on his relation to the inspector, and sure, as he thought, that his son would not expose him to a public affront, laughed at their advice, and stood very calmly at his shop-door, waiting for his coming. The Naib, however, was well assured of the dishonesty and unfair dealing of his father, and resolved to detect his villainy, and make an example of him. Accordingly he stopt at his door, and said coolly to him, 'Good man, fetch out your weights, that we may examine them.' Instead of obeying, the grocer would fain have put it off with a laugh; but was soon convinced his son was serious, by hearing him order the officers to search his shop, and seeing them produce the instruments of his frauds, which, after an impartial examination were openly condemned and broken to pieces. His shame and confusion, however, he hoped would plead with a son to remit him all farther punishment of his crime; but even this, though entirely arbitrary, the Naib made as severe as for the most indifferent offender: for he sentenced him to a fine of fifty piastres, and to receive a bastinadoe of as many blows on the soles of his feet.

All this was executed upon the spot, after which the Naib leaping from his horse, threw himself at his feet, and watering them with his tears, addressed him thus: 'Father, I have discharged my duty to my God, my sovereign, my country, and my station: permit me now, by my respect and submission, to acquit the debt I owe a parent. Justice is blind; it is the power of God on earth; it has no regard to father or son. God and our neighbour's right are above the ties of nature. You had offended against the laws of justice; you deserved this punishment; you would in the end have received it from some other: I am sorry it was your fate to receive it from me. My conscience would not suffer me to act otherwise. Behave better for the future, and, instead of blaming, pity my being reduced to so cruel a necessity.' This done, he mounted his horse again, and continued his journey, amidst the acclamations and praises of the whole city for so extraordinary a piece of justice; report of which being made to the sublime Porte, the sultan advanced him to the post of Cadi, from whence, by degrees, he rose to the dignity of Mufi, who is the head both of the religion and the law among the Turks.

PLAN of the ACTION between the BRITISH AND SPANISH FLEETS, off CAPE ST VINCENT,  
the 14.<sup>th</sup> of February, 1797.



## ACCOUNT

OF

## THE LATE GLORIOUS NAVAL VICTORY \*

OBTAINED BY THE BRITISH FLEET, UNDER THE COMMAND OF ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JERVIS, K. R. OVER THAT OF THE SPANIARDS, UNDER THE COMMAND OF DON JUAN DE CORDOVA.

“ Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,  
“ Which He has given for force impregnable:  
“ In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.”

SHAKSPEARE,

THE annals of this country are filled with the glorious achievements of our countrymen on the ocean; but splendid as is our naval history, no action, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, perhaps, alone excepted, has afforded greater proofs of the skill and courage of our

## \* REFERENCES TO THE PLATE.

The dotted lines shew the course of the British ships, after tacking and veering. The oblong lines shew the course of the Spanish ships, after having passed the British Line.

A. Five Sail of the Spanish Line, and some Frigates, separated from the body of the Fleet.

B. The British Fleet, in close Line of Battle, on the Starboard Tack.

1. Culloden, - 74	Capt. Troubridge.	8. Egmont, - 74	Capt. Sutton.
2. Blenheim, - 90	Capt. Frederick.	9. Goliath, - 74	Cap. Sir C. Knowles.
3. Prince George 98	{ Rear Ad. Parker. Capt. T. Irwin.	10. Captain, - 74	{ Com. Nelson. Cap. R. W. Miller.
4. Orion, - - 74	Sir J. Saumarez.	11. Excellent, 74	Cap. C. Collingwood
5. Barfleur, - 98	{ V. A. Waldegrave Capt. J. R. Dacres	12. Namur, - 98	Cap. J. H. Whitshed
6. Colossus, - 74	Capt. G. Murray.	13. Britannia 100	{ V. A. Thompson Capt. T. Foley.
7. Victory, - 100	{ Ad. Sir J. Jervis. 1st Capt. Calder. 2d Capt. G. Grey.	14. Diadem, - 64	Capt. Towry.
		15. Irresistible, 74	Capt. Martin.

C. The body of the Spanish Fleet, in an irregular Line to Windward, engaging the British as they pass.

D. The Santissima Trinidad, which, with some other Ships, bore down to Leeward.

E. Several Spanish Ships, that had kept their wind, lying in confusion, and frequently firing into one another.

F. The Captain, of 74 guns, on board the San Nicolas, and San Josef, at the same time.

G. San Nicolas, of 84 guns, taken.

H. San Josef, of 112 guns, taken.

I. Salvador del Mundo, taken.

K. San Isidro, taken.

L. Santissima Trinidad, struck; but afterwards got off by some fresh ships coming from the windward to her assistance.

M. Irresistible, engaged with the Salvador del Mundo.

N. Diadem ditto, till the Victory, and some heavier ships came up.

seamen, or been more important in its consequences to the interests of Great Britain, than the late glorious victory obtained by the gallant Sir John Jervis;—a victory which will ever be mentioned by Englishmen with exultation, as having prevented a junction of that force, whose avowed object was the destruction of every thing that is dear to a brave and free people.

The Spanish fleet, consisting of twenty-seven ships of the line, left Cadiz, early in the month of February; and their sailing was regarded by all Europe as an event which might be productive of consequences very fatal to Great Britain. The French, it was generally known, had a fleet at Brest, of near thirty sail of the line, and it had been declared by the Executive Directory, that the two fleets, when united, would be able to ride triumphant in the Channel, and cover the landing of as many troops as they might think necessary for the invasion and conquest of England and Ireland. Sir John Jervis, apprized by the British Government of these intentions of our enemies, determined, by a bold and decisive effort, to save his country, or fall in the attempt; and conscious that the valour of our sailors despises superiority of numbers in an enemy, when the national interests and honour are at stake, gallantly bore down upon a fleet of double the force of his own, and obtained a victory which adds a never fading laurel to the wreath of British Glory.

The Gazette Extraordinary, published on the arrival of the news in London, must doubtless have been read by the greater part, or all, of our readers.\* To the account contained in that we add the following Journal of an Officer, serving in the British fleet. It was kept on board one of the ships that sustained a very distinguished share in the action.

Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1797.

‘At twenty minutes past nine, A. M. the Victory made the signal for the Blenheim, Culloden, and Prince George, to chase S. b. W. At fifty-one minutes past nine, La Bonne Citoyenne made signal for eight sail, S. W. b. S. At fifty-three minutes past nine, the Irresistible, S. W. b. S. At ten minutes past ten, Le Minerve made the signal for twenty sail in the S. W.

‘The Fox cutter, S. S. E. fired at, and brought to, a brig, which struck to her. The Fox then chased another.

‘At twenty-five minutes past ten, a ship in the S. E. made the signal for eight sail of the enemy’s line, through the haze, apparently in great confusion, with their heads different ways. At fifty-five minutes past ten, the Bonne Citoyenne made signal for twenty-five sail of the line—the enemy a-head, endeavouring to form on the larboard tack. Observed one of their line-of-battle ships with her fore-top-mast gone.

‘At eleven o’clock, the Admiral made the signal to form the line of battle a-head and a-stern of the Admiral, as most convenient, steering S. S. W. At sixteen minutes past eleven, the signal to alter the course

\* For this Gazette see our Monthly Chronicle.

one point to port in succession. At twenty-five minutes past eleven, the Admiral made signal that the Victory would take her station astern of the Colossus. At twenty-seven minutes past eleven, the signal to alter course one point to starboard in succession.

‘ Observed a Vice-Admiral in a three-deck’d ship, four two-deckers, and some frigates of the enemy, separate from the body of the fleet, and bear up with the wind on the starboard beam steering about S. E.

‘ At twenty-nine minutes past eleven, the signal was made, when having the weather-gage of the enemy, the Admiral meant to pass between the ships of their line, for engaging them to leeward; or being to leeward, to pass between them for obtaining the weather gage.

‘ The enemy’s ships (five) in S. E. hauled their wind again, and endeavoured to form on the starboard tack.

‘ Thirty-four minutes past eleven, the signal to come to the wind on the starboard tack in succession, our rear and centre forming as they arrived up; the Culloden took her station a-head, in the line of battle; the Blenheim second, with the Prince George on her lee bow, and Orion on her lee quarter.

‘ At thirty-five minutes past eleven, the signal was made to engage: the Culloden began a hot and well directed fire, which was immediately returned from the enemy’s van and centre, and which brought on a general action as the fleets passed on different tacks.

‘ At forty-minutes past eleven, the Prince George and Orion began to fire at the enemy between the Culloden and the Blenheim, as they could get their guns to bear. At twelve, having passed the rear of the enemy, the Culloden tacked per signal; observed the five sail, six frigates, a store-ship, and a brig of the enemy to leeward, to tack to the Northward.

‘ At six minutes past twelve, the Blenheim tacked and closed with the Culloden. The Prince George and Orion tacked and formed in her rear.

‘ At nineteen minutes past twelve, the Colossus carried away her fore and fore-top sail-yard in stays and missed stays, but wore immediately and came to the wind on the larboard tack—the enemy’s fleet bearing N. by E. distant about two or three miles, going large with the wind abaft their beam. At twenty minutes past twelve, the Culloden’s signal to alter her course, one point to starboard. At twenty-two minutes past twelve, the signal when having the weather gage of the enemy, the Admiral meant to press between them for obtaining the weather gage.

‘ At thirty-nine minutes past twelve, the Spanish Admiral with five sail in the S. E. opened their fire on the Victory and centre of our fleet in passing them. At thirty-three minutes past twelve, observed the Spanish Admiral’s ship all a-back, the five sail wore and stood to the Southward, the Victory in stays. At thirty-five minutes past eleven, observed the Captain steer and make sail to the Northward on the larboard tack. At forty-two minutes past twelve, the Captain took her station in the van, a-head of the Culloden. At forty-

three minutes past twelve, the Captain and Culloden began to engage the centre of the enemy, who appeared to be in confusion, not having their line formed in any order; some of their ships with their main-sails set, others with their yards square. At fifty-two minutes past twelve, the enemy hauled their wind on the larboard-tack; the Britannia's signal was made to tack; observed the five sail of the enemy in S. E. under a press of sail on the starboard tack; one of the enemy's line of battle ships nearly a-breast of us, with the main-sail and main-top-sail a-back. At two minutes past one, A. M. the signal for ships to take suitable stations for their mutual support, and engage the enemy, as arriving up with them.

' At thirteen minutes past one, the signal for the Minerve to take the Colossus in tow. At twenty-five minutes past one, the signal to come to the wind on the larboard-tack in succession. The Culloden and Captain, with their mizen-top-sails a-back, their sails and rigging appearing to be much cut. At thirty-six minutes past one, the Prince George made the signal to make sail after laying by. At forty minutes past one, the Captain took her station in the line a-stern of the Culloden, at about three cables distant, and opened her fire on the enemy. At fifty-minutes past one, the signal to haul the wind on the larboard tack.

' At two, one of the enemy's ships had her main-top-masts shot away. At thirty-minutes past two, a four deck'd ship on the Blenheim's larboard beam, two two-deckers nearly a-stern of her, and a two-decker to windward of all, kept up a constant fire. The smoke clearing away a little, observed one of the enemy's ships with her mizen-masts gone. At twenty-seven minutes past three backed our main-top-sail, close back to the Captain, she being in close action with three of the enemy's line. At thirty-seven minutes past three, the Captain lost her fore-top-mast; one of the enemy's ships nearly on board of the Captain, the ship with her mizen-mast gone on her weather-bow, firing a few guns now and then;—observed the Excellent pass the Captain, take her station on our weather-quarter, and bring-to.

' At forty minutes past three, observed the Captain, the ship she was engaging, and the ship with her mizen-mast gone, on board of each other. At forty-five minutes past three, observed the Culloden take her station again in the line, a-stern of the Excellent. Left off firing—the Excellent being on our larboard beam—began to repair our rigging, &c.

' At four, the smoke cleared away a-stern—observed a three-decker and a two-decked ship had struck, besides the two on board the Captain: the signal for the fleet to bring to—eleven minutes past four; the enemy's four-decker lost her main-top-mast—the headmost of our ships in close action with the enemy—observed the five sail who were cut off in the morning standing into the fleet, under a press of sail to windward, and firing in passing our fleet.

' At twenty minutes past four, the signal for the frigates of the fleet to take ships in tow;—at twenty-seven minutes past four, the signal

to come to the wind on the starboard tack ;—at forty-nine minutes past four, wore.

‘At fifty minutes past four, the firing ceased on both sides—the enemy’s ships veering and securing their disabled ships.—The four-decker, who apparently had struck her colours, getting away under her fore-sail, part of her main-sail, fore-top-sail, with the sheets cut away, and yard down, and mizen-top-sail, the yard down, the sheets cut away.

‘At eleven minutes past five, signal to form the line in close order—Frigates securing the prizes, and taking them in tow. The enemy, at sun-set, on the larboard tack, standing to the Northward, under all sail—the wind S. W. by W.’

To commemorate individual merit, where every one so nobly fought, and so well deserved, may appear an invidious task ; but the conduct of Commodore Nelson was so unexampled, that we cannot forbear bestowing on him that praise which is his due. In an early part of the action, being in the Captain of 74 guns, he engaged the *Salvador del Mundo* of 112 guns, and was shortly after laid on board by the *San Nicolas*, of 84 guns. In this emergency he determined to board them both ; which he executed in so gallant and decisive a manner as shortly to compel them to strike to him. The following letter, from an Officer on board the *Captain*, gives a particular account of the proceedings of that ship during the engagement.

Feb. 15, 1797.

‘At one P.M. the *Captain* having passed the sternmost of the enemy’s ships which formed their van, and part of their centre, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, they on the starboard, the English on the larboard tack, the Admiral made the signal to tack in succession ; but Commodore Nelson perceiving the Spanish ships all to bear up before the wind, or nearly so, evidently with an intention of forming their line, going large (joining their separate division, at that time engaged with some of our centre ships, or flying from us), ordered the ship to be wore, and passing between the *Diadem* and *Excellent*, at a quarter past one o’clock, was engaged with the headmost, and of course leewardmost of the Spanish division ; the ships known were the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 126 ; *San Josef*, 112 ; *Salvador del Mundo*, 112 ; *San Nicolas*, 80 ; another first rate, and a 74, names not known.

‘We were immediately joined, and most nobly supported by the *Culloden*, Capt. Troubridge. The Spanish fleet, not wishing, it is supposed, to have a decisive battle, hauled to the wind on the larboard tack, which brought the ships aforementioned to be the leewardmost and sternmost ships in their fleet. For near an hour did the *Culloden* and *Captain* support this apparently, although not really, unequal contest, when the *Blenheim* passing between us and the enemy, gave us a respite, and sickened the *Dons*.

‘At this time, the *Salvador del Mundo*, and *San Isidro*, dropt astern, and were fired into in a masterly style by the *Excellent*, Capt. Col-

lingwood, who compelled the San Isidro to hoist English colours; and, it was thought, the large ship Salvador del Mundo had also struck; but Captain Collingwood disdainful of the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to appearance, in a critical state; the Blenheim being a-head, and the Culloden crippled and a-stern, the Excellent ranged up within ten feet of the San Nicolas, giving a most tremendous fire; the San Nicolas luffing up, the San Josef fell on board her, and the Excellent passing on for the Santissima Trinidad, the Captain resumed her station abreast of them, and close alongside.

‘At this time, the Captain having lost her foremast, not a sail, shroud, or rope left, her wheel shot away, and incapable of farther service in the line, or in chace, the Commodore directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and calling for the boarders, ordered them to board. The soldiers of the 60th regiment, with an alacrity which will ever do them credit, and Lieutenant Pearson of the same regiment, were amongst the foremost on this service. The first man who jumped into the enemy’s mizen chains was Captain Berry, late Commodore Nelson’s first lieutenant (Captain Miller was in the very act of going, but Commodore Nelson ordered him to remain;) he was supported from the spritsail-yard, which hooked in the mizen rigging of the enemy. A soldier of the 60th regiment having broke the upper quarter gallery window, jumped in, followed by the Commodore and others, as fast as possible. We found the cabin-door fastened, and some Spanish officers fired in their pistols; but having broke open the door, the soldiers fired, and the Spanish Brigadier (commanding with a distinguishing pendant) fell, as retreating to the quarter-deck, on the larboard-side, near the wheel. Having pushed on the quarter-deck, the Commodore found Capt. Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. He passed with his people, and Lieutenant Pearson, on the larboard gangway, to the fore-castle, where he met two or three Spanish officers prisoners to the seamen, and they delivered him their swords.

‘At this moment, a fire of pistols and musquetry opened from the Admiral’s stern-gallery of the San Josef. The Commodore directed the soldiers to fire into her stern, and calling to Capt. Miller, ordered him to send more men into the San Nicolas, and directed the people to board the first-rate, which was done in an instant—Capt. Berry assisting Commodore Nelson into the main chains. At this moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said, that they surrendered. From receiving this most welcome intelligence, it was not long before the Commodore was on the quarter-deck, when the Spanish Captain, with a bow, presented him his sword, and said, the Admiral was dying of his wounds below. Being asked on his honour, if the ship was surrendered, he declared she was; on which the Commodore gave him his hand, and desired him to call to his officers and ship’s company to tell them of it, which he did; and on the quarter-deck of a Spanish first-rate did Commodore Nelson (extravagant as



it may seem) receive the swords of vanquished Spaniards, which, as he received, he gave to William Feurney, one of his bargemen, who put them with the greatest *sang froid* under his arm. The Commodore was surrounded by Capt. Berry, Lieutenant Pearson, of the 60th regiment, John Sykes, John Thomson, Francis Cook, all old Agamemmons, and several other brave men, seamen and soldiers.— Thus fell their ships.

The following is an exact Statement of the Spanish and English Force.

		SPANISH.			
		Guns.		Guns.	
Santissima Trinidad	- -	130	Pelayo	- -	74
Mexicana	- -	112	San Genaro	- -	74
Principe de Asturias	- -	112	San Ildephonso	- -	74
Conception	- -	112	San Juan Nepumoceno	- -	74
Conde de Regla	- -	112	San Francisco de Paula	- -	74
Salvador del Mundo	- -	112	San Isidro	- -	74
San Josef	- -	112	San Antonio	- -	74
San Nicolas	- -	84	San Pablo	- -	74
Oriente	- -	74	San Firmin	- -	74
Glorioso	- -	74	Neptuna	- -	74
Atlante	- -	74	Bahama	- -	74
Conquistador	- -	74	Name unknown	- -	74
Soberano	- -	74	Name unknown	- -	74
Firme	- -	74			

SHIPS NAMES.	BRITISH.	COMMANDERS.
Victory	100	{ Admiral Sir John Jervis, K. B. First Captain, Robert Calder. Second Captain, George Grey.
Britannia	100	{ Vice-Admiral Thompson. Captain Thomas Foley.
Barfleur	98	{ Vice-Ad. Hon. W. Waldegave. Captain James Richard Dacres.
Prince George	98	{ Rear-Admiral Parker. Captain John Irwin.
Blenheim,	90	Captain Thos. Lenox Frederick.
Namur,	98	Captain James H. Whitshed
Captain	74	{ Commodore Nelson. Captain R. W. Miller.
Goliath	74	Captain Sir C. H. Knowles.
Excellent	74	Captain C. Collingwood.
Orion	74	Captain Sir James Saumarez.
Colossus	74	Captain George Murray.
Egmont	74	Captain John Sutton.
Culloden	74	Captain Thomas Troubridge.
Irresistible	74	Captain George Martin.
Diadem	64	Captain G. H. Towry.

Such are the principal facts relative to a victory as glorious and important as any in the English annals; a victory which, as it rescued the independence of the country from the danger which threatened it, Englishmen must ever think of with exultation, and history find pleasure in recording.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS

RELATIVE TO

IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,

DURING the present convulsed state of Ireland, every particular relative to that country must be interesting to your readers, the more so when its importance to England is considered. The following letters were written by a friend of mine who made the tour of Ireland in the year 1795; and if you think them worthy of insertion, they are quite at your service.

I am, Sir, your's, &amp;c.

March 14.

H. S.

## LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*Sliebb-an-Erin.\**

YOU are surprized, no doubt, that instead of wafting you this on the pinions of a grey goose quill, as Tom Pipes says, I don't prune my wing, and pay you a visit, one of these fine mornings; for you know a great number of our countrymen imagine that the *wild Irish*, as they affect to call them, are all winged, and that as I have been so long amongst them, I could borrow a pair till my own grew; but I have enjoyed such an uninterrupted state of health for some timè past, that I may say with the poet:

No weak, no common wing *can* bear,  
My rising body through the air.

So much for wings and health.—I landed in Dublin, and must do the custom-house officers the justice to say, that they behaved with more politeness to me than I expected. You have heard that *Eblanaf* is a fine city: so it is. Architecture is raising her head in almost every street; trade, industry, &c. seem to be written on a good many countenances. I had not much time to ramble through the outlets, but I am told they are very well worth visiting. The lower class of citizens are just as fond of whiskey as ours are of gin. The newsmen are a perfect nuisance, and the shoe-boys are almost as bad. The latter take their stands usually on *Essex-bridge*, and scarce ever fail to make their remarks on the passengers: some of them are witty. About eleven or twelve o'clock in the forenoon, it is no uncommon thing, especially if the day is fine, to see them stretched on the flags in the arms of sleep. An Irish poet alludes to this circumstance, in one of his *City Eclogues*, in which the forlorn fair addresses her faithless lover (one of this class) in these words:

\* The Mountain of Iron.

† The ancient name for Dublin.

How oft, when peaceful whiskey clos'd thine eyes,  
 Thy basket had become the rabble's prize,  
 Had not thy careful, thy much-injur'd maid,  
 Watch'd o'er thy slumbers, and thy stock in trade.

I was so impatient to visit the country, that I think I staid but two days in the city—two or three, it makes no great difference. You have heard of the county of Meath; if you have not, I shall tell you more of it hereafter: it is called the granary of Ireland, and with great propriety too. Carolan, the Irish Orpheus, as Handel called him, was born in it. His countrymen say, that he evinced the same genius in music that our immortal *Willy* did in poetry. As you are fond of Heraldry, I shall just wait to tell you, that the arms of the see of Meath are, Vert three mitres, with labels argent. This see also boasts some remarkable privileges, as, that the bishop thereof is always a member of the privy council, and takes place of all other suffragan bishops of Ireland. It is filled at present by Dr. Maxwell, whose excellent qualities recall to mind the primitive days of Christianity.

Now I must put on my seven-league boots, for I long to listen to the songs of Cucullin, and the love-sick strains of Jeremy Dignum, a celebrated Irish bard; and I am told that the nymphs of *Rosclogher*, in the county of Leitrim, never fail to chaunt them, and that their voices would charm the dull adder, if there was one in the country. Well, I have gained one of the highest mountains in the kingdom: let me draw my breath a little; the prospect is delicious; the lowing of kine in the vallies, the humming of bees, and the melodious lapse of limpid rills, invite to sleep—but I must resist the soft influence till I finish my letter at least.

So, you call these wild Irish! I never met with such civil inoffensive creatures in my life; and as for Hospitality, she (will you permit me to personify it) stands at every door.

Dr. Johnson says, if I mistake not, that the luxury of a Highland cottage is a pinch of snuff. I can say, for I know it to be true, that the luxury of an Irish cottage is a pipe of tobacco—men, women, and children smoke, and if you give them a piece of tobacco, there's a petition in an instant sent up to all the saints for your safety. St. Patrick, above all, is requested to take you under his holy tutelage, for he's the favourite on the list.

You have read the description of an Icelandic cottage. Well, if you have not, I cannot help it; but I was just going to tell you that an Irish one is built on the same model;—a few sticks or trees, or whatever you please to call them, inserted in the ground, at the distance of ten or twelve feet from each other, in two rows, and fastened at the top; the interstices are filled with sods, to the height of about six feet, and the top or roof is covered with thin parings of the grassy surface of the earth, which they call *scraws*, quasi *scrolls*, because they are rolled up in that form as they are cut: some are covered with straw and reeds, but very few. Though the fire is in one end of the house, the chimney is commonly in the middle; and this said

chimney is neither more nor less than a hole or aperture, through which the smoke seldom or ever deigns to glide, as it finds an easier transit through the door, so that their very hair is covered with it; and the moment you enter, if you are a stranger, they are always sure to hand you the lowest stool; requesting, at the same time, that 'you will sit out of the smoke,' which they conceive you may be sitting low, and which, in a great degree, you do. Some of their cottages are built of clay, but very few; I have seen three or four of them, however, since I came to the mountains, and I think, if I mistake not, I saw one with a glass window: I am sorry I did not go in, but I certainly shall before I leave the place. Their furniture in general consists of a pot, half a dozen trenchers, a few horn spoons; and, if the family is very large, a couple of beds; on which, I am told, they sleep very soundly, though they are composed of heath, or straw, shook on the ground, and a couple of blankets: a sheet is a luxury. The women all go bare-footed, even in the depth of winter.

May no rude blast deform the tender maid,  
Or pointed ice her snowy feet invade.

Each has a pair of shoes, however, in which they appear on holidays, but seldom on any other occasion. They are excessively modest, and I think rather handsome; and when they wash themselves, exceedingly fair. Those that cannot sing, compose songs. Love is the darling theme; and I have met with many of them in which the wiles of Cupid are painted with great delicacy: all their similes are taken from nature. When I have time, I will send you a few of their ballads, as I have luckily met with a person who has promised to translate as many into English as I please. The Irish language is said to be spoken in its purity in this place; I did not like the twang of it in the beginning, but I must confess, I have met with some that speak it with a softly flowing accent. They are naturally eloquent, and very ready to enter into conversation with you. My interpreter has just paid me a visit. 'Pray, Sir, is not the Irish tongue said to be spoken with greater purity in this province, than any other part of Ireland?' 'Yes, Sir, that's a point no longer disputed, and there is an old verse which confirms it. This is the English of it: 'In Ulster they speak Irish with correctness, but without the true accent. In Munster, the accent without correctness; In Leinster, neither correctness nor accent; and in Connaught both.' But now that I recollect, I can give you what your friend Peter Lambard says on the same subject.—"Et dialecti quidem varatio ita se habere passim æstimatur, ut cum sint quatuor Hiberniæ provinciæ Momonia, Ultonia, Lagenia, Conactia, penes conactes sit et potestas rectæ pronunciationis & phraseos vera proprietas; penes Momonienses potestas sine proprietate; penes Ultones proprietas sine potestate; penes Lagenios nec potestas pronunciationis, nec phraseos proprietas."—I will tell you more in my next. Adieu!

## LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*Dublin.*

THE inhabitants, in general, of this kingdom; are far from what they have too often and unjustly been represented by those of our country who never saw them, a nation of wild Irish. Miserable and oppressed, as by far too many of them are, an Englishman will find as much civility in general, as among the same class in his own country; and, for a small pecuniary consideration, they will exert themselves to please you as much as any people, perhaps, in the king's dominions. Poverty and oppression will naturally make mankind sour, rude, and unsociable; and eradicate, or at least suppress, all the more amiable principles and passions of humanity. But it should seem unfair and ungenerous to judge of, or decide against, the natural disposition of a man reduced by indigence and oppression almost to desperation. Let commerce, agriculture, and arts, but call forth the dormant activity of their genius, and rouse the native spirit of enterprize, which rather lies torpid within them; let liberal laws unfetter their minds, and plenty cheer their tables; they will soon show themselves deserving to rank with the most respectable societies in Europe.

The bogs wherewith Ireland is overgrown, are not injurious to health, as is commonly imagined; the watery exhalations from these are neither so abundant, nor so noxious, as those from marshes, which become prejudicial from the various animal and vegetable substances which are left to putrify as soon as the waters are exhaled by the sun. Bogs are not, as one might suppose from their blackness, masses of putrefaction; but, on the contrary, they are of such a texture, as to resist putrefaction above any other substance we know of. A shoe, all of one piece of leather, very neatly stitched, was taken out of a bog some years ago, yet entirely fresh; from the very fashion of which, there is scarce room to doubt, but it had lain there some centuries. Butter called rouskin, hath been found in hollowed trunks of trees, where it had been hid so long, that it was become hard and almost friable, yet not void of unctuousity. That the length of time it had been buried was very great, we learn from the depth of the bog, which was ten feet, that had grown over it. But the common phenomenon of timber-trees dug out of these bogs, not only sound, but also so embalmed as afterwards to defy the injuries of time, demonstrates the antiseptic quality of them. The horns of the moose-deer must have lain many centuries in a bog: for the Irish historians do not recognize the existence of the animal whereon they grew. Indeed, human bodies have, in many places, been dug up entire, which must have lain there for ages. The growth of bogs, however, is variable in different places, from the variety of conditions in the situation, soil, humidity, and quantity of vegetable food; in some places it is very rapid, in others very slow; and therefore their altitudes cannot afford any certain measure of time. In the manufacturing counties of the north, peat-fuel has become so scarce, that turburies let from five to

eight guineas an acre. In some places they are so eradicated, there does not remain a trace of them, the ground being now converted into rich meadows and sweet pastures.

If we trust to authorities, we must conclude that Ireland was not originally inferior to England, either in the fertility of the soil, or salubrity of the climate. When this country shall have felt the happy effects of the late concessions and indulgences of the British parliament, by repealing several acts which restrained the trade of the kingdom with foreign ports, and allowing the exportation of woollen manufactures and glass, and shall have received farther indulgences from the same authority; and when the spirit of industry shall be infused, in consequence of it, into the common people; their country will not be inferior to any other on the globe under the same parallel. It is very difficult to say, whether foreign or domestic causes have operated most powerfully in laying waste this fruitful country; which, by being relieved from their prohibitions, will be enabled to furnish a grand proportion of supplies to Great Britain, and will unavoidably become of vast importance, by its reciprocal trade, in restraining the increase of that of France, who cannot carry on this important branch of traffic without the assistance of Irish wool. The wool of France is short and coarse, being, in the language of manufacturers, neither fine in the thread nor long in the staple. This obliges them to have recourse to the wool of Ireland, which possesses both these qualities. Assisted by a pack of Irish wool, the French are enabled to manufacture two of their own; which they will no longer be able to procure, as the Irish will now work up their own wool, which they used to export; great part of which found its way to France, and enabled them to supply other markets to the great prejudice of Britain. Adieu!

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#### ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO THE BASTILLE.

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**S**AINTE Foix, in his Essay on Paris, justly observes, that though not a strong hold, the Bastille is the most formidable castle in Europe. It is impossible to say to a certainty what has been done in the Bastille; what number of persons have been or are now buried alive within its walls. Yet how is it possible, without that knowledge, to give a faithful history of the three last reigns? The most interesting occurrences will for ever be concealed from us: for nothing transpires from that pit of darkness, no more than from the abode of the dead. The French Antoninus, the good Henry the IVth. locked up in this place his treasure; the modern Sardanapalus, Louis XV, determined to cut off the tree of useful knowledge, root and branch, ordered the repository of universal science, the Encyclopedia, to be clapped in the Bastille—*risum teneatis!*

When a prisoner dies within the walls of this prison, he is buried at St. Paul's. In the middle of the night a number of turnkeys, instead of clergymen, accompany the corpse, and the staff officers of the garrison assist as witnesses to this clandestine interment.

The following anecdote is so singular, that we deem it worthy pre-

ervation:—At the accession of the late Louis XVI. his new Ministers, actuated by humanity, signalized the beginning of their promising administration by an act of justice and mercy, ordering the registers of the Bastille to be laid before them; when a great number of prisoners were set at large.

Among them was a venerable old man, who for forty-seven years had remained shut up between four walls. Hardened by adversity, which steels the heart when it does not break it, he had supported his long and tedious captivity with unexampled constancy and fortitude, and he thought no more of liberty. The day is come—The door of his tomb turns upon its rusty hinges, it opens not a-jar, as usual, but as wide as for liberty; when an unknown voice acquaints him that he may now go out. He thinks himself in a dream; he hesitates, and at last ventures out with trembling steps; wonders at every thing; thinks to have travelled a great way before he reaches the outer gate. Here he stops awhile; his feeble eyes, long deprived of the sun's chearing beams, can hardly support its first light.

A coach waits for him in the streets; he gets into it; desires to be carried to such a street; but unable to support the motion of the coach, he is set down, and by the assistance of two men reaches the part of the town where he dwelt formerly; but the spot is altered, his house is no more; his wandering eye seems to interrogate every passenger, and ask him with the heart-rending accents of despondency—where shall I find my wife? where are my children? All in vain—the oldest man hardly remembers to have heard his name; at last a poor old decrepid porter is brought to him; this man had served in the family, but knew him not. To the gentleman's queries, however, he answered with all the indifference that accompanies the recollection of events long passed; that his lady was dead above thirty years ago in the utmost misery, and that his children were gone into foreign countries, and had not been heard of for many years.

Struck with grief and astonishment, the old gentleman, with eyes riveted to the ground, remains for some time motionless; a few tears would have eased his deep-wounded heart; but he could not weep. At last, recovering from his trance, he hastens to the minister, to whose humanity he was indebted for a liberty now grown a burthen. 'Sir,' says he to him, 'send me back to my dungeon: who is it that can survive his friends, his relations, nay, a whole generation? Who can hear of the death of all he held dear and precious, and not wish to die? All these losses, which happen to other men by gradation, and, as it were, by detail, have fallen at once upon me, Ah, Sir, it is not death that is dreadful, but to be the last survivor.'

The minister sympathised with this truly unfortunate man; care was taken of him, and the old porter given him for his servant, as he could speak with him of his wife and children, the only comfort now left for this aged son of sorrow, who lived some time retired, though in the midst of the noise and confusion of the capital. Nothing, however, could reconcile him to a world quite new to him, and to which he remained a perfect stranger, till friendly death came at last to his relief, and closed his eyes in peace.

### RISE AND FALL OF BEARDS.

VARIOUS have been the ceremonies and customs of most nations in regard of the beard. The Tartars, out of a religious principle, waged long and bloody war with the Persians, declaring them infidels, merely because they would not cut their whiskers after the rite of Tartary; and we find, that a considerable branch of the religion of the ancients consisted in the management of their beard. The Greeks wore their beards till the time of Alexander the Great; that prince having ordered the Macedonians to be shaved, for fear it should give a handle to their enemies. According to Pliny, the Romans did not begin to shave till the year of Rome 454, when P. Ticinius brought over a stock of barbers from Sicily.—Persons of quality had their children shaved the first time by others, of the same or greater quality, who, by this means, became godfather, or adoptive father of the children. Anciently, indeed, a person became godfather of the child by barely touching his beard: thus historians relate, that one of the articles of the treaty between Alaric and Clovis was, that Alaric should touch the beard of Clovis to become his godfather,

As to ecclesiastics, the discipline has been very different on the article of beards; sometimes they have been enjoined to wear them, from a notion of too much effeminacy in shaving, and that a long beard was more suitable to the ecclesiastical gravity; and sometimes again they were forbid it, as imagining pride to lurk beneath a venerable beard. The Greek and Roman churches have been long together by the ears about their beards: since the time of their separation, the Romanists seem to have given more into the practice of shaving, by way of opposition to the Greeks; and have even made some express constitutions *de radendis barbis*. The Greeks, on the contrary, espoused very zealously the cause of long beards, and are extremely scandalized at the beardless images of saints in the Roman churches. By the statutes of some monasteries it appears, that the lay-monks were to let their beards grow, and the priests among them to shave; and that the beards of all that were received into the monasteries, were blessed with a great deal of ceremony. There are still extant the prayers used in the solemnity of consecrating the beard to God, when an ecclesiastic was shaven.

Le Compte observes, that the Chinese affect long beards extravagantly; but nature has balked them, and only given them very little ones, which, however, they cultivate with infinite care: the Europeans are strangely envied by them on this account, and esteemed the greatest men in the world. Chrysostom observes, that the kings of Persia had their beards wove or matted together with gold thread; and some of the first kings of France had their beards knotted and buttoned up with gold.

Among the Turks, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off, than among us to be publicly whipt or branded with a



hot iron. There are abundance in that country who would prefer death to this kind of punishment. The Arabs make the preservation of their beards a capital point of religion, because Mahomet never cut his. Hence the razor is never drawn over the Grand Signior's face. The Persians, who clip them, and shave above the jaw, are reputed heretics. It is likewise a mark of authority and liberty among them, as well as among the Turks. They who serve in the seraglio, have their beards shaven, as a sign of their servitude. They do not suffer it to grow till the sultan has set them at liberty, which is bestowed as a reward upon them, and is always accompanied with some employment.

The most celebrated ancient writers, and several modern ones, have spoken honourably of the fine beards of antiquity. Homer speaks highly of the white beard of Nestor, and that of old king Priam. Virgil describes Mezentius's to us, which was so thick and long as to cover all his breast; Chrysippus praises the noble beard of Timothy, a famous player on the flute. Pliny the younger tells us of the white beard of Euphrates, a Syrian philosopher; and he takes pleasure in relating the respect mixed with fear with which it inspired the people. Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Lacedæmonian, who, being asked why he let it grow so, replied, "Tis that, seeing continually my white beard, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness." Strabo relates, that the Indian philosophers, the Gymnosophists, were particularly attentive to make the length of their beards contribute to captivate the veneration of the people. Diodorus, after him, gives a very particular and circumstantial history of the beards of the Indians. Juvenal does not forget that of Antilochus, the son of Nestor. Fenelon, in describing a priest of Apollo, in all his magnificence, tell us, that he had a white beard down to his girdle. But Persius seems to outdo all these authors: this poet was so convinced that a beard was the symbol of wisdom, that he thought he could not bestow a greater encomium on the divine Socrates, than by calling him the bearded master, *magistrum barbatum*.

While the Gauls were under their sovereignty, none but the nobles and Christian priests were permitted to wear long beards. The Franks, having made themselves masters of Gaul, assumed the same authority as the Romans: the bondsmen were expressly ordered to shave their chins; and this law continued in force until the entire abolishment of servitude in France. So likewise, in the time of the first race of kings, a long beard was a sign of nobility and freedom. The kings, as being the highest nobles in their kingdom, were emulous likewise to have the largest beards: Eginard, secretary to Charlemain, speaking of the last kings of the first race, says, they came to the assemblies in the Field of Mars in a carriage drawn by oxen, and sat on the throne with their hair dishevelled, and a very long beard, *crine profuso, barba submissa, solio residerunt, ut speciem dominantis effingerent*.

To touch any one's beard, or cut off a bit of it, was, among the first French, the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence.

For a long time all letters that came from the sovereign had, for greater sanction, three hairs of his beard in the seal. There is still in being a charter of 1121, which concludes in the following words: *Quod ut ratum et stabile perseveret in posterum, presentis scripto sigilli mei robur apponi cum tribus pilis barbe meae.*

Several great men have honoured themselves with the surname of Bearded. The Emperor Constantine is distinguished by the epithet of Pogonate, which signifies the Bearded. In the time of the Crusades, we find there was a Jeffery the Bearded: Baldwin IV. Earl of Flanders, was surnamed Handsome-beard; and, in the illustrious house of Montmorenci, there was a famous Bouchard, who took a pride in the surname of Bearded; he was always the declared enemy of the Monks, without doubt because of their being shaved.

In the tenth century, we find, that King Robert (of France) the rival of Charles the Simple, was not more famous for his exploits than for his long white beard. In order that it might be more conspicuous to the soldiers when he was in the field, he used to let it hang down outside his cuirass: this venerable sight encouraged the troops in battle, and served to rally them when they were defeated.

A celebrated painter in Germany, called John Mayo, had such a large beard that he was nicknamed John the Bearded: it was so long that he wore it fastened to his girdle; and, though he was a very tall man, it would hang upon the ground when he stood upright. He took the greatest care of this extraordinary beard; sometimes he would untie it before the Emperor Charles V. who took great pleasure to see the wind make it fly against the faces of the lords of his Court.

In England the famous chancellor Thomas More, one of the greatest men of his time, being on the point of falling a victim to court intrigues, was able, when on the fatal scaffold, to procure respect to his beard in presence of all the people, and saved it, as one may say, from the fatal stroke which he could not escape himself. When he had laid his head on the block, he perceived that his beard was likely to be hurt by the axe of the executioner; on which he took it away, saying, "My beard has not been guilty of treason; it would be an injustice to punish it."

But let us turn our eyes to a more flattering object, and admire the ever-precious beard of the great Henry IV. of France, which diffused over the countenance of that prince a majestic sweetness and amiable openness; a beard ever dear to posterity, and which should serve as a model for that of every great king, as the beard of his illustrious minister should for that of every minister. But what dependence is there to be put upon the stability of things in this world? By an event, as fatal as unforeseen, the beard, which was arrived at its highest degree of glory, all of a sudden lost its favour, and was at length entirely proscribed. The unexpected death of Henry the Great, and the youth of his successor, were the sole cause of it.

ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES  
WHICH RENDER THE  
RETROSPECT OF PAST AGES AGREEABLE.

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WHILST in the lapse of ages successive generations are passing away, we dwell with pleasure on the contemplation of any circumstances, which connect us that are now existing with those who have preceded us in more ancient days: for the mind is gratified not more with the prospect of future, than the retrospect of past years.

In the most limited view of this subject, lineage or consanguinity first meets our consideration. Pride in ancestry is universally prevalent. The native inhabitant of Peru, of China, of Tartary, of Arabia; will each glory in tracing his respective origin to Mango Copac; to Fo-hi, to Tamerlane, to Mahomet. To be animated with the minutest portion of blood derived from illustrious progenitors, creates a degree of high spirit inconceivable to the generality of those whose annals are more short and simple. Nor in the intercourse of the world is this spirit discouraged. Whether it be from a persuasion that mental qualities and characters are in some measure propagated from ancestors to posterity, or that we naturally look with admiration on the remains of antiquity; whatever be the cause, the fact is, we conceive a partial veneration for men of high and long-continued descent.—Rome held in esteem the posterity of her Decii and Fabii: Britain looks with reverence on the families of her Percy, Bruce, and Llewellyn. It is true indeed that, in the strict judgment of impartial wisdom, to him, who by signal services for public weal ennobles himself, is the first place of honour assigned; yet a just estimation of rank in society will not withhold respect from hereditary title; much less will benevolent philosophy diminish the gratification which must arise, from recounting, through a series of years, the names and exploits of eminent men, with whom, by lineage or consanguinity, their posterity are so immediately connected.

To be called after the same name with men, who have heretofore signalized themselves, is a circumstance so connecting, that it has been deemed a powerful inducement to action! Valerius and Horatius thought it peculiarly their duty to oppose the iniquitous measures of the Decemviri, because by the Valerii and Horatii of the last century the Tarquinii had been banished: and Brutus was impelled to form a conspiracy against Cæsar, by *Dormis, Brute! Non es Brutus!*

To live in the same country, and to enjoy the same laws, are further circumstances connecting us with our fore-fathers. Our own Shakspeare, not less than Homer, and more so than Virgil, has happily availed himself of these circumstances, and thereby rendered his historical dramatic writings particularly interesting to us. When our own kings, and the principal people of their times, are presented to our view, every action engages our most fixed attention, every word comes home to our bosoms: for, in seeing and hearing them, we feel

ourselves to be in company with men who are compatriots, of manners and sentiments corresponding with our own. How does a British audience applaud language of this kind,

England never did, nor ever shall  
Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror ;  
But when it first did help to wound itself !

K. JONS.

The forcible effect produced by such passages arises from our perceiving at once, that we of this country are still the same with those of past ages, that we think the same, and talk the same. The Araucana of Ercilla, and Luciad of Camoens, must, no doubt, be highly interesting to the Spaniard and Portuguese, for the same reasons which operate on our minds at the representation of subjects from our national history.

When we reflect on the constitution under which we live, we glory in the thought that we of this age are as our ancestors who effected the Revolution ; that is, who asserted the just rights of the people at large. From the memorable period of the Revolution we are at once carried back to the Barons, who bravely compelled an oppressive tyrant to ratify that basis of English liberty, the 'Magna Charta': thence we pass to the days of Edward the Confessor, and seem to live with our countrymen who from him received

The law of Freedom, which to Britain's shore,  
From Saxon Elva's many-headed flood,  
The valiant sons of Odin with them bore,  
Their national, ador'd, inseparable good.

*West's Institution of the Garter.*

To be engaged in the same cause with men of past ages is another connecting circumstance. When Demosthenes broke out into that animated and sublime apostrophe, " You cannot, you cannot possibly have done wrong, you men of Athens, in hazarding your lives for public liberty: no; by your ancestors, who encountered the same dangers at Marathon, by those who were marshalled in battle-array at Plataea; by those who at Salamis, by those who at Artemisium, gained naval victories, I swear it." When the Grecian orator thus justified his fellow-citizens, at least for imitating their ancestors in endeavouring, like them, to repel an insolent invader, the heart of every Athenian must have beat high, and every man present must have felt as though the soul of his forefather had been transfused into his own breast. Shakspeare, with great propriety, makes the king of France exhort his soldiers to vigorous exertion, by reminding them that Henry was ' a stem of that victorious stock' of warriors who had fought at Cressy :

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain  
That haunted us in our familiar paths.  
Witness the too much memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
And all our princes captur'd, by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward black Prince of Wales.

*Henry F. act. II. sc. 4.*

Words to this effect would immediately produce, in the minds of a French army ready to engage with English enemies, a comparison of situation similar to themselves and ancestors before engagement; and would stimulate them to strive hard for victory, lest their national honour should a second time be stained with infamy. The disgrace of their progenitors would appear as a disgrace on themselves; but the glory of victory gained by themselves would reflect glory on their progenitors. So, much the same with their ancestors, would posterity feel themselves to be, under such circumstances, nearly the same.

To be employed in the same literary pursuit is another connecting circumstance. Hence the mind of Lucretius is naturally carried back to Epicurus in

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem  
Quod te imitari aveo----- *Lucr. iii. 5.*

Hence too the allusion of Virgil to Hesiod in

Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen. *Georg. ii. 176.*

And his compliments in

Felix qui potuit, &c. *Georg. ii. 490.*

to Lucretius, whom, as a descriptive poet, Virgil frequently imitates. If to similarity in literary pursuit be added likewise any resemblance in condition, the connection seems still more close; hence Milton says,

----- Nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides. *Par. Lost, b. iii. 32.*

A farther circumstance connecting us with antiquity is the use of the same language. By this we know familiarly Bacon, Spenser, and Shakspeare, in the sixteenth century; and are not altogether strangers to Chaucer, Lydgate, and Gower, in the fourteenth. With writers of original English, higher than that period, the generality of us cannot converse freely. But men of learned education carry their connexion with past ages to times very far remote. The reader of Latin can laugh with Plautus; the Greek scholar can with admiration hear the strains of Homer; the Hebrew can feel the influence of that divine inspirer, "who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire." The Romans have entire writings two centuries antecedent to the Christian æra; the Greeks at least eight hundred years; the Hebrews, of date so ancient as not to be ascertained. If these languages had nothing to recommend them but their antiquity, they would surely, on that account only, be at least as valuable as old coins, or decayed ruins, which are sought with so great avidity; but when it is considered that the ancient languages convey to us the aggregate knowledge of innumerable ages, that they perpetuate "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," they are of inestimable price: and the pleasure experienced by an ingenuous mind in understanding them, apart from any consideration of the influence which ancient learning has on religion, manners, and liberty; apart from any view of respect and encouragement in civilized society to be derived from sound erudition;

the bare pleasure of understanding ancient languages, and of conversing with men of enlightened souls, dead, indeed, to the illiterate, but still living to the learned, is of itself abundant compensation for the labours of study. If, moreover, they in a manner are always children, who are ignorant of facts which happened before they were born, it should seem that, by carrying our researches regularly back, and by collecting the most valuable parts of knowledge from antiquity, we lengthen the term of our lives as intellectual beings.

There is yet another circumstance connecting us with those of ancient days, a circumstance which should be universal in its influence as it is universal in its extent. The race of man from the beginning of the world, be that beginning fixed either 6000 years ago, or from eternity, is all kindred derived from the same Almighty Creator, God, the Father of us all: for we of the present age, as the Primitive Parents, are alike His offspring; sent into this world to carry on the same great, though inscrutable, plan; in accomplishing which divine appointment, whether we are born a thousand years sooner or later, we are still but one species of beings, connected and concerned in one system, for the completion of the same purpose, that purpose which was the object of our creation, which will be the end proposed in our existence. In this point of view the mind passes from the first moment that gave man life to the present hour, with rapidity; it comprehends mankind through every age, and in every clime, with facility: all that have been, and all that are, it includes in one fraternal tie; and, in consideration of that tie, it should glow with universal philanthropy, it should exult in exercising the most unbounded benevolence,

Yours, &c.

O. S. T.

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ON THE FASCINATING POWER

OF

SERPENTS.

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BY M. LE VAILLANT.

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OUR eyes were naturally attracted by the objects before us. Mine indeed, by an involuntary impulse, are sure to be directed to whatever trees are in sight. We perceived the branches of one near us to move. Immediately we heard the piercing cries of a shrike, and saw it tremble as if in convulsions. We first conceived that it was held in the gripe of some bird of prey; but a closer attention led us to discover, upon the next branch of the tree, a large serpent that, with stretched-out neck, and fiery eyes, though perfectly still, was gazing at the poor animal. The agony of the bird was terrible; but fear had deprived it of strength, and, as if tied by the leg, it seemed to have lost the power of flight. One of the company ran for a fusee; but before he returned the shrike was dead, and we shot only the serpent.

I requested that the distance between the place where the bird had experienced the convulsions, and that occupied by the serpent before it was shot, might be measured. Upon doing so, we found it to be three feet and a half, and we were all convinced that the shrike had died neither from the bite nor the poison of its enemy. I stripped it also before the whole company, and made them observe that it was untouched, and had not received the slightest wound.

I had my reasons for what I did. Extraordinary as the fact may appear, and though the persons who had been the witnesses could hardly believe, even after having seen it; it was to me not new. A similar adventure had happened to me in the canton of the Twenty-four Rivers, and I instantly related it, to confirm what we had just seen.

Hunting one day in a marshy piece of ground, I heard all at once, in a tuft of reeds, a piercing and very lamentable cry. Anxious to know what it was, I stole softly to the place, where I perceived a small mouse, like the shrike on the tree, in agonizing convulsions, and two yards farther a serpent, whose eyes were intently fixed upon it. The moment the reptile saw me, it glided away; but the business was done. Upon taking up the mouse it expired in my hand, without its being possible for me to discover, by the most attentive examination, what had occasioned its death.

The Hottentots, whom I consulted upon this incident, expressed no sort of astonishment. Nothing, they said, was more common; the serpent had the faculty of attracting and fascinating such animals as it wished to devour. I had then no faith in such power; but some time after, speaking of the circumstance in a company of more than twenty persons, in the number of whom was Colonel Gordon; a captain of his regiment confirmed the account of the Hottentots, and assured me it was an event which happened very frequently. "My testimony," added he, "ought to have the more weight, as I had once nearly become myself a victim to this fascination. While in garrison at Ceylon, and amusing myself, like you, in hunting in a marsh, I was in the course of my sport suddenly seized with a convulsive and involuntary trembling, different from any thing I had ever experienced, and at the same time was strongly attracted, and in spite of myself, to a particular spot of the marsh. Directing my eyes to this spot, I beheld, with feelings of horror, a serpent of an enormous size, whose look instantly pierced me. Having, however, not yet lost all power of motion, I embraced the opportunity before it was too late, and saluted the reptile with the contents of my fusee. The report was a talisman that broke the charm. All at once, as if by a miracle, my convulsion ceased; I felt myself able to fly; and the only inconvenience of this extraordinary adventure was a cold sweat, which was doubtless the effect of my fear, and of the violent agitation my senses had undergone."

Such was the account given me by this officer. I do not pretend to vouch for its truth; but the story of the mouse, as well as of the shrike, I aver to be fact. I will add also, that, since my return to

France, having had occasion to talk with Blanchot upon the subject, an officer who succeeded Boufflers in the government of Senegal, he assured me with confidence, that both at Goree and in Senegal, the opinion was universal; that ascending the river of that name, as far even as Galam, three hundred leagues from its mouth, it equally prevailed among the Moors, at the right, and the Negroes, at the left; that among these people nobody doubted this power in certain species of serpents, of fascinating both animals and men; and that the tradition was founded upon long experience, and the many misfortunes they are continually witnessing.

Here again let it be remembered, that I am only the historian, and that I take upon me neither to validate nor explain these reports. With respect to the two instances I have adduced, and of which I am at once the recorder and the evidence, they will probably be regarded by many of my readers, as the pure effect of that extreme and involuntary terror which every animal experiences by instinct, at sight of an enemy that has power over its life; and they will allege, perhaps, in support of this supposition, the example of the setter, who retains in their place a partridge or a hare, by the mere circumstance of his presence and look.

To this I reply, that if a partridge or a hare remain quiet before the dog, it is not so much from a sudden impulse of fear as from deliberate cunning. While close upon the ground they imagine themselves to be concealed from the enemy. What confirms this conjecture is, that if the dog approaches near enough to seize upon his prey, the bird instantly takes wing, and the hare scampers away. It will certainly not be denied me, that it is fear which makes them fly. Such is the powerful effect of instinct in every animal at the appearance of danger. But why do not the hare and partridge, at sight of the dog, remain fixed and motionless with terror, like the shrike and the mouse in presence of the serpent? Why should fear give to the former new strength, while the others die on the spot, under all the increasing symptoms of agony, and without the power of escaping, as if retained by some invincible force? The rat does not remain stationary upon the approach of the cat, but hastens away the moment he perceives her. May not then the look and presence of a serpent, and the nature of the corpuscles that emanate from its body, produce a very different effect from the emanation and look of the cat?

How few are our opportunities of observing nature? Let us study her more closely, and we shall perhaps find, that she has many particular laws of which we are yet ignorant. Before the discovery of electricity, had an author ventured to assert that there existed fish, which, though small in themselves, could give to a number of persons at once so violent a shock, as to make them feel particular pain in all the articulations of the body, the assertion would have been regarded as the most absurd fable. This supposed fable, however, is become an indisputable truth. Without speaking of the torpedo, with which every body is acquainted, I shall content myself with citing, in proof



of this fact, the *Beef-aal*, or electrical eel of Surinam. I had for many years an opportunity of observing this species of fish; as my father, for the purpose of experiment, kept one continually in his house. Upon touching a fringed sort of membrane, situated under the belly, and extending the whole length of the body, I have always observed a very violent shock immediately follow. My father was desirous of ascertaining, if the shock would be diminished by being communicated to a number of individuals at once; and, for this purpose, he collected together about ten persons, who formed a chain by the junction of hands. No sooner had they touched the membrane of the eel, than they felt themselves equally struck at the same moment. Nor was this all. To convince the spectators that the imagination had nothing to do in producing this effect, he had placed a dog as a link between two of the persons composing the chain, who held him, one by the right, and the other by the left foot. At the instant of contact the animal gave a loud cry; and his pain, which was the cause of this cry, proved beyond dispute that that of the rest of the party was not less real.

Reasoning physically upon this subject, I acknowledge that a considerable difference ought to be made between an effect visibly produced by the immediate action of a body, and another effect operated without any apparent contact, any visible medium, like that of the serpent upon the animals in question. But who will affirm that, in presence of its prey, the serpent does not act physically upon it? Perhaps this death-dealing quality belongs only to some particular sorts of serpent. Perhaps it is not enjoyed by them, unless at particular seasons, and in certain countries. The ancients have described the basilisk as killing with its look. This is certainly a fable; but is it not a fable, absurd as it may appear, that originally had some truth for its foundation? No doubt, in remote periods, circumstances may have been observed similar to those of my shrike and my mouse; or, perhaps, even to that related by the captain. Hence they might have concluded that a serpent, impregnable himself, and always conqueror, since he could kill by a look, could be no other than the king of his race. From his royalty they would naturally have called him basilisk; and as a sovereign must have some particular sign, to attest his pre-eminence, the poets, who often exaggerate by wishing to adorn nature, may have added the wings, the feet, and the crown.

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### ANECDOTES.

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MR. de Malezieux, speaking one day to the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, respecting a treaty of peace that had been just concluded, observed, that it would have been prudent to insert some obscure clause in it, the interpretation of which might, at a convenient opportunity, furnish a pretence for renewing the war. 'That,' replied the prince, 'is not necessary; when people have money enough to go to war, they need not care a farthing for a pretence.'

The Deys of Algiers are never ashamed to mention the meanness of their extraction, as they think that the distinction conferred on them by the power which they exercise, is a sufficient title to nobility. Dr. Shaw relates, that the Dey of Algiers who was upon the throne when he travelled in that country, replied to the deputy consul of a neighbouring nation, who had offended him, 'My mother sold sheep's trotters, and my father neats' tongues, but they would have been ashamed to expose for sale such a bad tongue as thine.'

A Spaniard who was established in a small town of Holland, and who must have died of hunger had he not had a servant who spoke Dutch and Spanish, said, one day, to a Spanish traveller, who came to see him, "How stupid the people are in this country!—I have resided here twenty-five years, and yet nobody understands what I say."

The clergymen, who performed service in the Lutheran church, at Potsdam, which Fouga, a celebrated architect, ornamented with an elegant facade of cut stone, represented to the late King of Prussia, that it obscured the interior part of the church so much that the people could not see to read the psalms. The building; however, being so far advanced that this inconvenience could not be remedied, his majesty wrote the following answer at the bottom of the memorial, 'Blessed are those who believe, and who do not see.'

Under the ministry of Cardinal Fleury, some rewards were granted to all the officers of a certain regiment, except to the Chevalier de Ferigouse, one of the lieutenants. This gentleman, who was a Gascon, happening one day to be present at the minister's audience, thought proper to address him in the following words: 'I do not know, my Lord, by what fatality it happened that I was under cover when your eminence was showering down your favours on the whole regiment.' The cardinal was so well pleased with this singular expression, that the chevalier soon after obtained what he wished for.

A gentleman, of a very extraordinary disposition, having heard the fable of the harpies read in the Court of Alphonso V. King of Arragon, imagined it was done with a view to ridicule him, because the poets pretend that these monsters inhabited a certain isle near Sicily, from which his family originally sprung. The monarch observing that he seemed to be much offended, said to him, 'Be not uneasy, Sir, the harpies no longer reside in that place; they are now dispersed throughout the courts of princes, and it is there that these ravenous birds have for some time fixed their abode.'

John Raulin, of the order of Cluny, in his *Sermones quadragesimales*, speaking of fasting, says, 'A coach goes faster when it is empty—by fasting a man can be better united to God: for it is a principle with geometers, that a round body can never touch a plane surface except in one point; but God is this surface, according to these words, *Iustus et rectus Dominus*. A belly too well fed becomes round; it cannot therefore touch God except in one point; but fasting flattens the belly, and it is then that it is united with the surface of God in all points.'

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 FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.
 

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A SERMON,  
 PREACHED BEFORE  
 THE ROYAL ARCH LODGE, DUBLIN,  
 DECEMBER 27, 1794,  
 BY THE REV. JONATHAN ASHE,  
 CHAPLAIN TO THE SAID LODGE.

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A Friend loveth at all times, and a Brother is born for adversity. PROV. xvii. 17.

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**A**MONGST all those pleasures which have the sanction of reason to warrant, and the seal of innocence to guard and protect them, there is not, perhaps, one whose sensations are so exquisite, and whose joys are so refined, as that of Virtuous Friendship: there is not, in all earthly gratifications, one so becoming the dignity, so suitable to the frame and disposition, so productive of the happiness of our natures. With the most elegant propriety, therefore, doth the wise-man call it the *medicine of life*.

That mankind were formed for society, that we were born to serve and love one another, doth sufficiently appear, both from the frame and structure of our bodies, and also from the internal qualities and passions of our minds. Man was purposely made too ignorant to know, and too indigent to supply, his own necessities, that he might be forced, in spite of himself, to require the aid and assistance of his fellow-creatures.

To keep up and maintain that harmony and good-will amongst men, so instrumental to their happiness, God hath graciously implanted, in every breast, the great and universal principle of *benevolence*; filled our hearts with social affections, with that diffusive spirit of humanity, and that sympathetic tenderness, which incline us to partake of all the joys and sorrows, the good and evil, which is dispensed to our *fellow-creatures*.

The Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who openeth his hand, and filleth with blessing every living creature, in providing abundantly for all the inhabitants of the earth, hath not bestowed separately on each individual that which is sufficient for him, so that he can enjoy it, as it were, concentrated within himself, and detached from all community; but to some hath imparted an abundance of one kind of blessings, to others blessings of another kind, to the end that his creatures, by communicating to each other their respective advantages, might be formed together into one compact body, of which each member depends on another, each is necessary to the other, and all jointly contribute to the harmony, to the happiness, and perfection of the whole. It is evident, therefore, that the blessings which we individually possess are not intended for ourselves exclusively; but are designed to be shared with those of our fellow-creatures who are unprovided of the same blessings. The obligation, consequently, of assisting each other,

is legible in the very frame of our being, and is demonstrated by the view of our natural condition on the earth.

Without participation there is no enjoyment, and with it there are very few evils but are supportable. A small share of the good things of this life, with the advantages of society, are far more worthy of our acceptance than all the treasures, than all the kingdoms of the earth without it. True Christian benevolence is not confined within narrow limits; but exerts its social qualities, expatiates with freedom in the wide field of generosity, takes in the whole range of nature, and, like the perfumes of the East, diffuses its sweetness over every thing within the compass of its influence: this doubles every pleasure, and lessens every calamity. It hath, indeed, the same effect upon the mind of man, as the light of the sun on the various parts of the world: it throws a lustre on every object, gilds the face of nature, gives a glow to every colour, and brightens and beautifies the whole visible creation. God has endowed the human heart with the softest feelings, with tender affections and compassionate cares; hence we behold, pervading the actions of liberal men, an earnest commiseration, and a prompt inclination to relieve the distresses of their brethren. From the exertion of this charitable temper flow the most chaste and solid pleasures. God, however, left not this social principle to the operation of nature alone, but secured it, by his express and determinate command, in the revelation of Jesus Christ, and annexed to its practice the most magnificent rewards. He, then, who resists the dictates of sympathy, counteracts the laws of nature, and violates the designs of Heaven. If we look around us in the world, abundant opportunities will present themselves, for the manifestation of this brotherly temper. To-day we may be called to the house of mourning, to mingle our tears with the widow and the orphan; to-morrow we may be summoned to the bed of languor and sickness; here we may go, to pour the balm of consolation to the bleeding heart, and there to cheer a neighbour drooping with recent misfortunes; we shall never want objects to show our humanity. Let us, therefore, be ever charitable and benevolent;—obliging, if we expect to be obliged; forgiving, if we expect to be forgiven.

If the father expects duty and obedience from his children, he must behave with parental tenderness and affection towards them; if the master would be served with care and fidelity, he must be just, compassionate, and kind to his servants; if the husband expects love, constancy, and affection from the partner of his bed, he must be faithful, tender, and affectionate towards her; if from our neighbours, from those who are in the same sphere of life with ourselves, we expect cheerfulness, good humour, and complacency, we must exert the same social qualities towards them. The principal qualification which fits a person to become an object of friendship, is moral goodness; he must be competently endued with probity and integrity, with modesty and ingenuousness, with meekness and humility, with an extensive soul, a tender heart, and a cheerful disposition. A true friend is a brother, born for adversity; he is so fitly qualified, that he will stick the closer under the adverse assaults of fortune.

There are friends enough to be found, who are born for prosperity, who will feed on our plenty, and share in our joys; but it is the most deplorable fate of adversity, that when we are under the greatest need of friends, it often puts them farthest from us. While prosperity shines upon a man, crowds of insects will flutter about him, to bask in his heat, and suck the warm influence of his rays; but those friends are too excellent to be many, who can stand firm and unshaken, and cling to us amid the storms and tempests of adversity.

‘Give me a friend,’ saith Seneca, ‘for whom I may die, whom I may follow into banishment, for the rescue of whose life I may expose my own;’ and our blessed Saviour conceived so exalted an idea of friendship, that he said, ‘a man may even lay down his life for a friend.’ True friendship, then, like that virtue on which it is founded, will grow brighter and stronger by the conflicts of adversity, and encrease its love, as fire doth its heat, by the sharpness of the season. To see a worthy friend, bowed under the weight of an unjust oppression, will force modesty to speak in vindication of his innocence, and humility to contend for his just praises. It will arm the timorous in his defence, and instruct the modest tongue to be the most eloquent advocate. Such, and so great is the admirable force of friendship! Such a friend was Jonathan to David, whom neither the hatred of a father, nor the flattery of a crown, could corrupt; who would not yield up his friend, though Saul, with armed fury, stormed the bosom that entertained him; nor would he let go his friendship, though he knew it would cost him the reversion of a kingdom; but, with an unshaken resolution, he persisted to plead David’s cause, to the prejudice of his own; to advance his praise, though to the diminution of his own; and to secure his friend, though with the hazard of himself.

Happy, thrice happy, is the man that is strengthened with such an alliance; who is provided against an evil day; who is secure of a faithful friend to adhere to him, when all others forsake him; to condele with him, when others insult over him; to plead his cause amid the loudest calumnies, and solicit his interests when most desperate and deplorable. But to crown the glory of friendship, to set this grand specific against every human evil, in its true and highest light, let us add, that it is, as it were, an attribute of the Deity, an emanation of the Divine Being. God’s friendship towards man is visible throughout his whole divine dispensation; but, above all, in that signal instance of friendship to mankind, so eminently shewn by sending down his beloved Son—that Son, who became man only that he might be a friend, that he might intercede for us, with his Almighty father, might bear our burthens, and suffer for our iniquities; and, as he was a real friend to us, he expects us to be such to one another.

The religion of Jesus is, indeed, so much a religion of love, that its divine Founder has established it as the badge, and distinguishing characteristic, of his genuine followers. *A new commandment I give unto you, that as I have loved you, ye also love one another.*

Saint John, our patron saint, is described to us, as that disciple whom alone Jesus particularly loved; on whose bosom he leaned;

and in whose breast he reposed trust and confidence. Amongst many other instances of the mutual tenderness and affection between them, let us call to mind that melancholy scene, where, with the utmost filial piety, we find our gracious Redeemer, in his last, his expiring moments, recommending his mother to the care and protection of his friend; and that disciple took her to his own home. Friendship is the ornament of our prosperity, the relief of our adversity, and the highest improvement of humanity. These are precepts, the practice of which is within the power of every individual; but more particularly applicable to such of you, my friends, who are of the MASONIC ORDER, and have been initiated in those sacred rites, by which the moral obligations of society are so strictly enforced, in an institution, ancient as it is honourable. MASONRY is a moral science, calculated to bind men in the ties of true friendship, to extend benevolence, and to promote virtue. It passes, and is understood, under two denominations; it is operative and speculative. By the former we allude to the useful rules of architecture, whence structure derives figure, strength, and beauty; and whence results due proportion, and just correspondence, in all parts: by the latter we learn to subdue the passions, act upon the square, keep a tongue of good report, maintain secrecy, and practise charity. A mutual chain of dependence subsists throughout the whole creation; hence the utility of MASONIC BENEVOLENCE. It unites men of the most opposite religions, of the most distant countries, and of the most contradictory opinions, in one indissoluble bond of unfeigned affection, and binds them by the strongest ties to secrecy, morality, and virtue. Thus, in every nation a Mason may find a friend, and in every clime he may find a home. Such are the benefits arising to mankind from this institution; such are its maxims and principles. We need not then hesitate to declare, that it redounds to the honour of the Great Parent of Nature, and Architect of the Universe; and is therefore worthy of the sanction of the wise and good, in all ages, nations, and places.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

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### ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

*Montego-Bay, July 9, 1796.*

LAST Wednesday the St. James's and Union Lodges of Free-Masons, joined by the Hauover Lodge, and a respectable number of visiting Brethren, commemorated the High Festival of St. John the Baptist,

The same day being fixed on, by the Corporation of the Close Harbour, for laying the first stone of the Mole, the President and Directors signified their wish to the Fraternity that the commencement of this great design, which embraces every object interesting to the feelings of humanity, the preservation and security of property

in marine concerns, might be executed in Masonic form, which accordingly took place, with a solemnity and splendour equal to the important occasion.

At nine o'clock the Lodges convened at the Court-House, and the Corporation, &c. &c. assembled at the house of their Treasurer; when a grand procession was formed, in the following order:

Peace Officers  
 President of the Corporation  
 Directors, two and two  
 Treasurer  
 Secretary  
 Contractors for building the Close-Harbour Mole  
 Harbour Master, bearing the Union Flag  
 Band of Music of the 83d Regiment  
 Two Tylers, with swords  
 Stewards of the St. James's and Union Lodges, two and two, in their  
 Regalia, with White Staves  
 The Holy Bible, carried by an entered Apprentice, and the symbolic  
 Flag of Craft-Masonry, borne by another  
 Clergy  
 Entered Apprentices  
 Fellow Crafts  
 Book of Constitution carried by a Fellow-Craft, and the Royal Arch  
 Banner borne by a Brother of that Order  
 Master Masons  
 Brethren of the higher Degrees  
 Knights Templars' Banner borne by a Knight, and the Book of Sacred  
 Truths, with Seven Seals, carried by a M. E. of N.  
 Knights Templars  
 Past Masters  
 Secretaries of the three Lodges  
 Treasurers of ditto  
 Junior Wardens of ditto  
 Senior Wardens of ditto  
 Masters of ditto  
 His Honour the Custos  
 Magistrates and Gentry, two and two  
 Masters of Ships, headed by the Senior Master  
 Members of the Corporation and Inhabitants.

On the music playing God Save the King, the procession moved from the Court-House into Market-street, through the Parade, onward to Mr. Ismay's wharf, when as many of the procession as could be accommodated, with the band of music, embarked in sixteen boats, the shipping firing a salute. The pinnacle, with the President and Directors, steered by Captain Greig, led, coasting the Bay to Gun-Point, then, by gradually bearing away, drew the whole into a crescent, which form, with the respective colours and banners the boats displayed, presented a sight highly gratifying to an admiring multitude of spectators on shore; they then crossed the Bay, without the shipping (which were handsomely decorated on the occasion,) and

wheeling up to the Eastward, arrived at the great Flat, that had been previously moored on the middle shoal. After the Right Worshipful Master of the St. James's Lodge had applied the proper instruments to the stone, and invoked the aid of the Almighty to prosper and complete this humane and necessary work, an interesting pause succeeded:—and the words being given, *Drop the First Stone of the Mole* (a rock of considerable magnitude and solidity,) it was done by the principal operative Mason, who discharged it with astonishing facility, by a touch of the chain in which it was suspended; instantly the honours of Masonry were given, and the air resounded with the joyful acclamations of all present, which were re-echoed from the shore by the most lively shouts of applause. To this succeeded the discharge of cannon from the shipping, and a royal salute from the fort, under which the aquatic procession was re-commenced, proceeding round the intended Close Harbour, and landed at Mr. Winn's Quay. The procession was again formed, and walked to church, where divine service was performed by the Rev. Brother Little, and an excellent discourse, adapted to the purposes of the day, was delivered by the Rev. Brother Ricard, and an anthem sung. Divine service being ended, the procession returned, in the same order, from whence they first moved, when the President addressed the Fraternity, the Custos, Magistrates, and Gentry, and the Body of Sea Captains, respectively, to which very polite and cordial replies were severally made.

The weather was most favourably auspicious; and the ceremony happily completed without any interruption or accident.

We do not remember to have seen, at any time, so great a collection of people in this town, or any occasion in which so general and unanimous an approbation was manifested. One soul seemed to actuate the whole;—every person, whether immediately appertaining, or not, to the bodies who had been classed in the procession, demonstrated the great interest they felt, by every mode of expression, and increased the procession to a considerable extent, in its progress from the water-side to the church. This undertaking, by a private set of individuals, must be allowed to be the first essay of its kind ever attempted in the West Indies. From its happy commencement, every prospect is in view of completing the laudable end of its institution.

No room in the town being large enough to contain so numerous an assemblage, the Fraternity and Corporation dined separately.

At four o'clock, nearly one hundred Brethren sat down to an elegant entertainment, provided at the Court House. The King and the Craft were announced by a royal salute from the ship Princess Royal; a collection was made for the relief of the poor; and the remainder of the day spent with that order and decorum which has ever characterized the meetings of the Fraternity.

The Corporation, and their guests, were handsomely regaled at Griffin's; after dinner many loyal and liberal toasts were drunk, the evening spent with cordial hilarity, and the company parted in perfect harmony and satisfaction.



## REVIEW

07

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Essays, by a Society of Gentlemen at Exeter.* 8vo. Cadell and Davies.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 43.]

WE resume, with pleasure, the review of this very respectable and interesting volume. The sixth essay is entitled, 'Historical Outlines of Falconry,' which shews extensive reading, an acute judgment, and lively genius, in the author. He supports, with considerable ingenuity, the position of this diversion coming to Britain from the East, and that too, much earlier than the existence of the Turkish Empire. Here we find a remark to prove the colonization of this island by the Asiatics, which, if not conclusive, is striking and powerful: 'The Aborigines of Britain, according to the vulgar opinion, were a colony from Gaul. But they resembled the Gauls in few particulars. In their religion, their language, their usages, and their diversions, they were very unlike the Gauls, and indeed the European tribes in general. But I could prove, that in all these points, they approached very nearly to the Asiatics. The British war-chariot had its prototype in the east. It was too incommodious a vehicle in an island, almost every where rising into hills, or declining into vallies, to have been first invented in Britain. It was certainly imported into Britain by its primitive inhabitants; and the perseverance of the Aborigines, in still using this chariot for the purposes of war, after they had colonized the island, notwithstanding the inconvenience of their new situation, seems, itself, to point out their origin. In the same manner, our love of falconry, notwithstanding the inequalities of ground I have just remarked, so ill-suited to the sport, strongly speaks our descent from the eastern nations, whose fine champaign countries may be ranged by the falconer without interruption, and with little danger.

This is followed, by a profound, but dry, 'Chronological Essay on Ptolemy's Mode of Computation,' in which the author labours to shew that this antient author always ascribes the year of a king's death to his successor, and thereby to clear the difficulties which have hitherto perplexed the Ptolemaic canon. We do not believe this to be a new position.

The next essay is a very valuable one, 'On the Contraction of the Iris,' and must be read with peculiar satisfaction by every student of medical science. It is clearly the production of a skilful experimentalist.

We are next presented with a pleasing and well-written paper on 'The Mythology and Worship of the Serpent,' the origin of which the author traces to the Egyptians.

A poetical piece follows 'To the Gods of India, on the departure of Sir John Shore, and Hubert Cornish, Esq. from England.' There is great feeling and elegance in this address, united to an extensive knowledge of the Oriental Mythology.

Essay XI. is 'On Literary Fame, and the Historical Characters of Shakspeare,' in which there is very little novelty of remark, though a few illustrations of particular passages in the immortal bard, are happily ingenious.

We have next 'Some Cursory Remarks on the Present State of Philosophy and Science,' in which the observations on modern Chemistry are the most valuable.

The thirteenth essay is 'Of Sculpture in general, and Sepulchral single Stones erect.' This is a curious subject, and the author has treated it, as far as he goes, with much ingenuity and learning. It is illustrated with a neat view of the monument over young Siward, slain by Macbeth.

Essay XIV. is a most excellent moral disquisition, 'On Benevolence and Friendship as opposed to Principle,' in which affected sensibility is well exposed, and the tendency of sentimental novelists, particularly Marmontel, proved to be inimical to sound morality. Fielding's and Richardson's writings are also judiciously animadverted on, and their imaginary personages shewn to possess 'qualities that win our affection, and steal us, by a soft attraction, to the side of vice, before we perceive the slightest change in our sentiments or feelings.'

We are next relieved by five Sonnets in blank verse, which we should have been better pleased to have read in rhyme.

Again we enter the labyrinths of antient learning, in a laboured 'Essay on the Aramick Character,' which may be amusing to the etymologist and profound antiquary, but which does not appear to us calculated to serve any important purpose, or to clear away any literary difficulty.

This is followed by 'Reflections on the Composition and Decomposition of the Atmosphere, as influencing meteorological Phænomena.' This paper is evidently the production of a vigorous and penetrating mind, long versed in the study of nature. The doctrine of the solution of water in air, and subsequent deposition in rain, first started by Dr. Halley, is recommended by its simplicity, its perspicuity, and the ease with which it seems applicable to the most important phenomena.

In the eighteenth, and last essays, we have 'Apologies for the Characters and Conduct of Iago and Shylock,' and both from the same pen. There is great discernment and ingenuity displayed in these parts; but we conceive the author to be far more successful in his vindication of the Jew, than in that of Iago.

Essay XIX. is a Venetian story, very affectingly told: but though the author professes only to have filled up a meagre outline of this event, as told by Mrs. Piozzi, in her travels, yet the same narrative has been related in a separate form, and in a more ample manner, than is here done.

We are next presented with a beautiful 'Ode to Victory,' in commemoration of the First of June, and complimentary of the gallant Howe.

This is followed by 'Observations on Hesiod and Homer, and the Shields of Hercules and Achilles,' which will be perused with exquisite satisfaction by the classical reader. The author has given translations of Hesiod and Homer's descriptions, which are exact, but not elegant.

Essay XXII. is 'On the Valley of Stones, and the Country near Linton.' This description of a surprising curiosity in the northern part of Devonshire, has afforded us great pleasure; but we only wished that the author had been more diffuse on the subject, as he hath not told us half its wonders. We have visited the same spot, and can venture to say, that a more romantic one is not to be found in the kingdom. The picture here given is perfectly just as far as it goes. 'Advancing into the valley, the more was seen of objects to admire: the rocky eminences impressed a reverential kind of awe, their sloping sides often terminating in headlong precipices. I marked the variety of their stupendous, rugged forms, and the many fragments, which, shivered from them through a succession of ages, had rolled into the narrow plain. Surrounded by them on all sides, except towards the sea, at the bottom of the valley (for the entrance was now concealed by the curvature of the path) I seemed as if secluded from society by impassable barriers. Silence

heightened the illusion; at times indeed interrupted by the cries of the kite and hawk, imparting an additional wildness to the scene.—‘At its lower extremity, where the valley was widest, about four hundred feet, in the very centre, stopping up as it were the outlet, arose a large bulwark, like some gigantic building in part demolished. More than half of the valley was shut up from the sea by its broad base. Lessening by degrees, it rose to a considerable height, and terminated in a conical form. While gazing on this majestic pile, an adventitious circumstance, resulting from the weather, presented itself, and was productive of the finest effect; the sky had been dark and lowering, the whole morning, attended by violent gusts of wind; the clouds now broke, and sweeping in a pitchy volume around the lower part of the rock, terminated about two-thirds upwards, and left the more elevated summit beaming with a bright stream of sun-shine. Nothing, in a picturesque light, could exceed this most beautiful appearance. Of this mass, my description will convey but a faint notion; for the imagination would be at a loss to figure to itself a ruder congeries than was here beheld. Rocks piled on rocks, at one time in unequal and rough lazirs; at another, transverse, and diagonally inclined, against each other; in short, in every possible form that can be conceived; threatening, however, every moment to be disjoined, and to precipitate themselves either into the valley, or beyond it, into the depth of waters. At this spot also objects were more discriminated; and the scenery, comprising the grandest features, at once, charmed and astonished the spectator. To have justice done it, would require the pencil of a Salvator: for it is in unison with all that is sublime and romantic. It is the sequestered spot, which, in a barbarous clime, would have been a den for wild beasts, or the retiring place of a banditti. On the left side, one rock only attracted my notice. This projected boldly from the inclining steep, and thrusting itself forward, opposed the Severn sea with its broad perpendicular front, checquered by ivy, and tinted with variegated moss. The valley lost itself rapidly, on either side the conical mountain, in the sea. Beyond, the cliffs rose higher and higher, upright from the water, and at times being elevated above the farm lands within, protected them from the north-wind, which, where its blasts had been unresisted, appeared to have checked the harvest, and impeded the progress of every kind of vegetation. The woods scattered over these parts, intermingled with the corn and pasture grounds, though seen at a distance, yet formed a pleasing and striking contrast with the scenery on this side, which had nothing of the picturesque in it; but comprised every thing that was wild and magnificent. In the central part of the valley, which in general was about three hundred feet broad, were several circles of stone, above forty feet in diameter. Unless these are druidical remains, no vestige of that superstition is here to be discovered.’

Essay XXIII. contains ‘Observations on Light, particularly on its Combination and Separation as a chemical Principle.’ ‘Accumulated facts appear clearly to prove the mutual repulsions, the antagonizing powers of heat and light, and to elucidate, often very strikingly, many chemical facts, and many natural phenomena. These proofs are enforced by some meteorological phenomena, and the astronomical observations of Mr. Herschel.’

We are again presented with some elegant effusions of the Danmonian muse, in ‘An Ode to the Genius of Dammonium,’ and ‘Three Sonnets in blank verse.’ The first is a vivid and most beautiful composition, from which we could extract some passages with pleasure, but that our limits are too contracted. The latter are pleasingly picturesque, though we think blank verse not suited to this species of poetry. We now conclude our review of this very valuable collection, indulging the hope of soon seeing a continuation from the same quarter.

*New Travels into the Interior Parts of Africa, by the Way of the Cape of Good Hope, in the Years 1783, 84, and 85. Translated from the French of Le Vaillant. 3 vol. 8vo. pages about 1000. Price 21s. boards. Robinsons.*

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

WE resume, with much pleasure, our account of the new travels of the philanthropic M. Le Vaillant. The recent acquisition of the Cape of Good Hope to the British empire, induces us to allot more room to our review of this work, than we, perhaps, might otherwise do; though we must confess that, independent of that circumstance, no notice we could bestow would express a higher sense than we really entertain of its merits.

Our traveller examined whatever he met with, as a philosopher and a scholar; and his account of the various classes of colonists at the Cape, and their domestic manners, must prove instructive to our readers, who now regard that place as a British Colony.

The following is M. Le Vaillant's account of the classes of the inhabitants:---'The planters of the Cape may be divided into three classes; those who reside in the vicinity of the Cape, within a distance of five or six leagues; those who live farther off, in the interior parts of the colony; and, lastly, those who, more distant still, are found at the extremity of the frontiers, among the Hottentots.

'The first, who are opulent proprietors, and have handsome country-houses, may be likened to what was formerly called in France *petits seigneurs terriers*, and differ extremely from the other planters in ease and luxury, and particularly in their manners, which are haughty and disdainful. Such is the result of wealth. The second, simple, kind, hospitable, are cultivators, who live upon the fruits of their labour. Here we have an example of the good effects of mediocrity. The last, poor enough, yet too indolent to derive subsistence from the soil, have no other resource than the produce of some cattle, which they feed as they can. Like the Beduin Arabs, they think much of the trouble of driving them from canton to canton, and from one pasturage to another. This wandering life prevents them from building any settled habitations. When their flocks oblige them to sojourn for a while in the same place, they construct, in haste, a rude kind of hut, which they cover with mats, after the manner of the Hottentots, whose customs they have adopted, and from whom they in no respect differ, but in their complexion and features. And here the evil is, that there is no precise situation in social life to which these miserable beings belong.

'These sluggish tribes are held in horror by their industrious neighbours, who dread their approach, and remove as far from them as they can; because, having no property of their own, they steal without scruple that of others, and, when in want of pasturage for their cattle, conduct them secretly to the first cultivated piece of ground that comes in their way. They flatter themselves they shall not be discovered, and they remain till every thing is devoured. If detected in their thefts, squabbles and contentions ensue, and afterwards a suit at law, in which, recourse is had to the magistrate (*droisart*), and which commonly terminates in making three men enemies, the robber, the person robbed, and the judge.

'Nothing can be so mean and cringing as the conduct of the first description of planters, when they have any thing to transact with the principal officers of the company, who may have some influence over their lot; and nothing so absurdly vain and so superlatively insolent as their behaviour to persons from whom they have nothing to hope and nothing to fear. Proud of their wealth, spoiled by residing near a town, from whence they have imbibed only a luxury that has corrupted, and vices that have degraded them,

it is particularly towards strangers that they exercise their surly and pitiful arrogance. Though neighbours to the planters who inhabit the interior of the country, you must not suppose they regard them as brethren; on the contrary, in the true spirit of contempt, they have given them the name of *Rauw-boer*, a word answering to the lowest description of clown. Accordingly, when these honest cultivators come to the town upon any kind of business, they never stop by the way at the houses of the gentry I am speaking of; they know too well the insulting manner in which they would be received. One might suppose them to be two inimical nations, always at war, and of whom some individuals only met at distant intervals, upon business that related to their mutual interests.'

Of the hospitality of the colonists, of the second class, M. Le Vaillant gives a very flattering account.

'What proves still farther the extreme good-nature and benevolence of these people, is, that a stranger, the moment he is received by the master of the house, becomes in a manner a member of the family. Accustomed to a family life, they delight in ties of affinity, and consider in the light of a relative every person they love. The children who climbed my knees, either for the purpose of caressing me, or to admire and count my buttons, called me their grandfather. I was the cousin of the parents, and the uncle of the daughters; and among my nieces, I frankly confess, there was more than one whose artless importunities and eloquent eyes have frequently made me forgetful of the hour I had fixed for leaving them.

'Upon entering a house, the form of salutation is, to shake hands first with the master, and then with every male person in the company, arrived at years of maturity. If there happens to be any one whom we do not like, the hand is refused to him; and this refusal of so common a testimony of friendship, is looked upon as a formal declaration that the visitor considers him as his enemy. It is not the same with the females in the company. They are all embraced one after another, and to make an exception would be a signal affront. Old or young, all must be kissed. It is a benediction with the duties attached to it.

'At whatever time of the day you enter the house of a planter, you are sure to find the kettle and tea-things upon the table. This practice is universal. The inhabitants never drink pure water. If a stranger presents himself, it is tea they offer him for refreshment. This is their common liquor in the interval of meals, and in one season of the year, when it often happens they have neither beer nor wine, is their only beverage.

'If a stranger arrives at dinner time, before the cloth is taken away, he shakes hands, embraces, and immediately seats himself at the table. If he wishes to pass the night, he stays without ceremony, smokes, drinks tea, asks the news, gives them all he knows in his turn; and the next day, the kissing and shaking hands being repeated, he goes on his way, to perform elsewhere the same ceremony. To offer money on these occasions would be regarded as an insult.'

The strength of our traveller's imagination and his sensibility on contemplating the grander parts nature, give a great richness and delicacy to his descriptive scenes. His account of an evening prospect, from the summit of Table Mountain, is poetical and sublime.

'The approach of night made me some amends for this disappointment, by presenting a very different picture, less uncommon, indeed, but more sublime than the grand tempest with the sight of which I had flattered myself. The picture I mean, was the sun setting in the ocean. One might

have said, that it was the arrival of the master of nature at the boundaries of the world. I saw this globe of fire plunge with majesty below the waters, and vanish from my sight. How enchanting was the spectacle he presented to my astonished eyes; when, sweeping the surface of the deep, he seemed all of a sudden to embrace the abyss, in order to regain, as Ossian says, the vast palace of darkness. On his approach, the waves raised their agitated heads to be gilded by his light; but their colours, illuminated by his rays, insensibly died away, and totally vanished the instant he disappeared. The ocean was no longer enlightened, but the immense veil of clouds which had collected on the east, still reflected his flames from its upper surface. Their whole mass represented mountains of snow, and their top displayed a zone resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow. This spectacle lasted only for a moment; but at the distance of about thirty leagues to the north, the Piquet mountains, still higher than the Table mountain, retained, for some time, the light on their majestic tops, that seemed to project from the purple and violet ground of the sky. They might have been styled light-houses, destined to enlighten the interior parts of the continent during the obscurity of the night. How little is man to this exalted height, and how wretched are his passions, when he compares himself with immensity!

‘ On the approach of darkness, the baboons had retired to their holes; the vultures had quitted the plain, and returned to the rocks; some small birds only still fluttered around me, and, scattered over the shrubs and the bushes, were celebrating with their concerts the close of so beautiful a day. Their song died away with the twilight; obscurity gave up the mountain to funereal birds of prey; and I, thoughtful and melancholy, returned to my tent, which my people had already surrounded with a large fire, for the purpose of keeping at a distance, noxious and destructive animals that shun the light.’

In the beginning of his principal excursion, M. Le Vaillant passed through a district of the colony, on which his observations are not only just, but highly important in their relation to the commercial interests of the possessors of the Cape.

‘ I have already said that the colony of the Twenty-four Rivers, owes its name to a current that flows through it, and which receives into its channel a great number of smaller streams that discharge themselves along with it into the Berg-river. This assemblage of rivulets, by the ready means which it affords of watering the lands, is the circumstance that has most contributed to fertilize the district. As the mode of culture requires scarcely any labour, the inhabitants enjoy a peaceful and happy life. The population, however, is far from being numerous; a considerable part of the land is still uncultivated; and there are scarcely to be seen more than forty or fifty plantations, whereas the number ought to be infinitely greater.

‘ Such of my readers who know that man is sure to multiply wherever he finds the means of living commodiously, will not fail to lay this deficiency in population to the charge of the government: for myself, I blame not the government, but the numerous abuses introduced, and continually increased, by the inferior agents it is obliged to employ. Government, undoubtedly, wishes for the prosperity of its colonies; its own interest must naturally inspire that wish; but in vain will it make wise regulations; in vain will it create numerous establishments, if those to whom it entrusts its powers employ them only to its own detriment and the detriment of the colonies.

‘ Without pretending to detail or examine these charges, which might be as imprudent as useless a task, I shall content myself with indulging a hope,

that a town may be one day founded in the district of the Twenty-four rivers. Situated in the most fertile part of the colony, it would soon, from the pleasantness of its situation and climate, surpass the Cape itself; and having the ready means of exportation, the cultivation of lands would necessarily increase with the population of the country. Its grain and its fruits, as well as the grain of a part of Swart-Land, might be conveyed in flat-bottomed boats by the Berg-rivier to the Bay of St Helen; and it would be easy to establish store houses on the banks, and at the mouth of the Berg. At the Bay itself there might be a magazine for the coasting trade; and this trade might be carried on with the Cape by means of sloops, which, embracing the moment of favourable winds, would soon get thither with their merchandise, and would thus supply with provisions, very advantageously, and at a cheaper rate, both the town itself, and all the ships from India and Europe which might put into Table Bay. From the abundance of pastures in the district, great numbers of cattle might also be raised in it. This fertile country, so highly favoured by nature, would furnish even timber for building; since the trees, having less to suffer in this quarter from the violence of the south-east winds, could not fail to thrive, if the inhabitants would only take care to form proper plantations. Saldanha Bay might serve likewise as a central magazine for all that part of Swart-land which lies near it, and which is too far from the Berg to send its grain down that river. This magazine, besides the utility it would be of the planters in the interior parts of the settlement, would become a real benefit to the ships of all nations, which, driven from their course by the contrary winds, and unable to enter Table Bay, might take shelter in that of Saldanha, certain of finding there the refreshments necessary to enable them to continue their voyage.

The wish which I here form for the conveniency of the planters, and the benefit of navigators in general, will doubtless long remain unaccomplished; for has the commercial policy of privileged companies ever been known to unite their private interest to the interest of the public, when that ardent thirst of gold, which rules so powerfully the merchants of all nations, commands them, in so imperious a manner, to oppose, from mistaken selfish motives, every thing that does not tend to increase the advantages which their greedy avarice leads them to expect? It is also, for another reason, scarcely to be expected that the East India Company will soon carry into execution either the establishment in question, or those I have mentioned respecting the bays of the delightful country of Auteniqua, however evident it may appear that they would promote the good and prosperity of the colonies; since from the fear it is continually under, that the captains in its service may sell, for their own behoof, a part of its commodities, and particularly the spices with which the ships that return from India are loaded, the Company obliges them to touch at the Cape, where it is supposed they are watched more narrowly than they could be at any of the other adjacent bays. This suspicion, which certainly does little honour to the officers it employs, is even carried so far that a captain dares not take upon him to touch at a foreign port, without the most urgent reasons; and every person desirous afterwards of commanding a vessel, would be obliged, in this respect, to be still more scrupulous. I have myself experienced a melancholy proof of the severity of these orders: for on my return from the Cape, during a most unfortunate passage, having struggled nearly six months against contrary winds, and being in want of provisions, our captain would not venture to stop, even for a moment, at one of the Canaries, which we passed within cannon shot.

One day, however, the Company may perhaps deign to examine my plan, and order it to be put in execution; but till it is accomplished, I shall sincerely regret that so fine a country should be suffered to remain almost a desert; and that for want of hands and cultivation it should lose the benefit of

every thing that nature has done for its fecundity. I am persuaded that sugar-canes, cotton and indigo, would grow extremely well in the district of the Twenty-four Rivers.'

We trust that the liberality and extensive commercial views of the British Government, will second every thing M. Le Vaillant has here suggested; and that they will not be so blind to their own interests as the Dutch seem to have been. We may then shortly hope to see the Cape and its dependencies the most wealthy and important of all our Colonies.

In our next number we shall conclude our account of these volumes.

*A View of the Causes and Consequences of the Present War with France.* By the Hon. Thomas Erskine. 8vo. Price 2s. Pages 138. Debrett.

The abilities of this eloquent popular Advocate, which have so long adorned the English bar, are, in this pamphlet, brought forward to prove that an immediate change of Ministry can alone rescue this country from the ruin which impends over it. He begins with an enquiry into the Causes of the War, which, he insists, was produced by the misconduct of Ministers, and the ambition of our allies, and not by any aggressions on the part of the French Republic, which might not have been amicably arranged by negotiation. He proceeds to take a general view of the conduct of the war on the part of the Court of London, and, after describing the condition to which Great Britain is now reduced by the continuance of the contest, insists, with all the force of eloquence and reason, that peace alone can ensure the safety, and even the very existence, of the country.

These positions are maintained by a variety of arguments that appear to us incontrovertible. The motives alledged by Ministers, at different periods since the beginning of the war, are proved to be either not their real ones, or, if real, to be fallacious; and the failure of the mission of Lord Malmesbury (to whose abilities as an Ambassador Mr. E. pays a very just tribute), is imputed to a want of sincerity on the part of the British Government.

To make extracts from a performance which must have been so generally read, from the number of editions it has undergone (we review the twenty-fourth), may appear superfluous; but we cannot forbear introducing to such of our readers, as may not yet have perused the pamphlet itself, the following comparison of the state of this country at the present period, with her probable condition, if she had avoided the miseries resulting from the war. Her present state he describes thus:—

'Left almost single as we are upon the theatre of war—asking for peace, but asking for it in vain, upon terms which without war were not only within our reach to obtain, but left to us to dictate—asking for peace in France under the pressure of a necessity created by our own folly—asking it of the regicide Directory, whose existence (I appeal to Mr. Burke and Lord Fitzwilliam) was pronounced to be perpetual war. Silent upon the subject of religion, without any atonement to its violated altars—and seeking by a thousand subterfuges and artifices unworthy of a great nation (and which must and will certainly be unsuccessful) to restore peace without humbling the pride of the ministers who provoked the war, by consenting to terms which nothing but their own imbecility could have raised France to the condition of offering, or have reduced England to the mortification of accepting.'

Such is the picture of what we are. With this Mr. E. contrasts what we might have been:—

'To estimate rightly the extent of this responsibility, let us look at the comparative condition of Great Britain, if even fortitude and patience can bear to look at it, had the present war been avoided by prudent councils; and if the one hundred millions of money absolutely thrown away upon it,



or even half of that sum, had been raised by a vigorous and popular administration for the reduction of the national debt. Fancy can hardly forbear to indulge in such a renovating scene of prosperity; a scene which, unhappily, it is now her exclusive and melancholy privilege to resort to.

‘ We should have seen a moral, ingenious, and industrious people, consenting to an increase of burden to repair the errors of their fathers, and to ward off their consequences from crushing their posterity; but enjoying under the pressure of them the virtuous consolation, that they were laying the foundation of a long career of national happiness; seeing every relaxed and wearied sinew of the government coming back to its vigour; not by sudden rest, which is an enemy to convalescence, but by the gradual diminution of the weight which over-pressed them. Observing new sources of trade and manufacture bursting forth like the buds of the spring as the frosts of winter are gradually chased away, and seeing with pride and satisfaction, in the hands of a wise and frugal government, a large, and growing capital for the refreshment of all its dependencies. To encourage and to extend marine establishments, our only real security against the hour when ambition might disturb the repose of nations. To give vigour to arts and manufactures, by large rewards and bounties. To feed and to employ the poor, by grand and extensive plans of national improvement. To remove by degrees the pressure of complicated revenue, and with it the complicated and galling penalties inseparable from its collection. To form a fund, to bring justice within the reach and to the very doors of the poor, and, by a large public revenue at the command of the magistracy, to ward off the miseries, the reflection of which, under the best system of laws in the world, and under their purest administration, have wrung with frequent sorrow the heart of the writer of these pages. And, finally, to enable this great, benevolent, and enlightened country, with a more liberal and exhaustless hand, to advance in her glorious career of humanising the world, and spreading the lights of the gospel to the uttermost corners of the earth. All these animating visions are, I am afraid, fled for ever. It will be happy now if Great Britain, amidst the sufferings and distresses of her inhabitants, can maintain her present trade, and preserve, even with all its defects, her present inestimable constitution.’

We leave our readers to indulge their own reflections, and form their own conclusions, on contemplating these two pictures; but we think every Englishman must see that that they are not more forcibly drawn, or more highly coloured, than the subject requires.

*An Appeal to the Moral Feelings of Samuel Thornton, Rowland Burdon, Hawkins Brown, Esqrs. and the several Members of the House of Commons, who conscientiously support the present Administration. In a Letter to W. Wilberforce, Esq. 8vo. Price 1s. Johnson.*

This pamphlet is a very fine appeal to the conscience and the feelings of our countrymen, upon two subjects—Parliamentary Reform, and the *manner* in which the war has been conducted against France. It is grounded upon this assumed truth, that morality is essential to the well being of society, and may not be dispensed with, though a fancied *necessity* require it.

In the outset the author declares himself unconnected with any party, unprejudiced in favour of any political characters, but attached to the firm and inviolable principles, on which was reared the noble fabric of the British constitution. But he fears the vessel hath of late changed her steerage, and that her faithless pilot, is now guiding her headlong amidst rocks and quicksands.

The practices at elections—the evasion and the breach of the most sacred of obligations, the obligations of an oath, he deems subversive of all moral and religious principle; and in its consequences, therefore, destructive of the

virtue and the happiness of society. Upon these grounds he infers the absolute necessity of a Parliamentary Reform.

The author, whether with too much candour it is not for us to judge, apologizes for the conduct of Mr. Wilberforce with respect to the present war, by ascribing it to the influence of terror, and to his attention having been artfully attracted and assiduously rivetted to the astonishing scenes exhibited in France.

Waving the question as to the necessity of the war with France, he proceeds to consider merely the mode in which it has been conducted; and he prefaces his observations on this head in a very judicious and elegant manner.

The pamphlet is of a popular nature, and if generally read, is calculated to have a strong influence in *determining* public opinion;—but they who are already *determined*, are not likely to change their opinion in consequence of the few arguments, however cogent, adduced in this publication. Indeed, party men (on which ever side they may be) seldom read to be *convinced*. They are always of too positive, too dogmatical, and decisive a temper and way of thinking, to change their sentiments by trifles; and there are few, very few, who take the trouble to read any thing but trifles, of a political nature, and especially if it come from their adversaries. Powerful and momentous events, which reach every ear, can alone sway this great body of the people, especially in these days of torpid tranquillity.

*Poems. By William Mason, M. A. Vol. III. 8vo.*

THIS venerable bard, after delighting the public more than half a century, full of years and literary fame, at the age of near 72, offers to the world the present volume, consisting of a few Occasional Odes, &c. which he had before published separately, but which could not be inserted in the last edition of his Poems, in two volumes, 1796, without too much increasing their size. To these are added such as have stolen into the world surreptitiously, and others (chiefly juvenile compositions), which he was aware existed in manuscript in the hands of different persons; and two dramas, which had received the approbation of certain poetical and critical friends of unquestioned judgment, many of them since dead. Most of these pieces will be received with pleasure by every reader of taste. The dramas are, first, ‘Sappho,’ a lyrical performance in three acts, which, we have heard, was formerly set to music by Giardini: it has not, however, been represented on the stage. The second, entitled, ‘Argentile and Curan,’ is a legendary drama, written about the year 1766 on the old English model, and is taken from Warner’s ‘Albion’s England.’ This piece, though probably intended for the stage, has never been offered to it; though we think, with some alteration, it would be not unlikely to succeed.

*A Letter to the Subscribers and Non-Subscribers to the Loan of Eighteen Millions. By John Martin, Attorney and Solicitor of the English and Scottish Courts. 8vo. Pages 28. Price 1s. Jordan.*

Mr. Martin, the author of this pamphlet, is already well-known to the public by a well-written treatise on the ‘Judicial Polity of Scotland,’ and some other tracts; and was one of the persons confined in the Tower, on a charge of treasonable practices, but liberated shortly after the acquittal of Messrs. Hardy, Tooke, &c. The letter now before us, contains many judicious observations on the state of the finances of this country, which, he proves, have been strained to a pitch which they cannot bear; and points out the ruinous consequences which must result from the late Loyalty Loan. Mr. Martin wrote before the recent stoppage at the Bank; but that circumstance, he declared, to be inevitable; and the event has shewn him to be right. He throughout evinces clear and solid reasoning, and an accurate knowledge of his subject.

# POETRY.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF

### A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

WRITTEN BY

T. W. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

WHEN invalids possess both faith and wealth,  
They'll find a nostrum to restore their health;---

A panacea advertised to cure  
Each ill the human body can endure;  
But our bold author claims a nobler art,  
And advertises to relieve---THE HEART.  
So many patients he expects to see,  
That I'm appointed as his deputy.  
Now, then, your mental maladies explain,  
And I'll remove, or mitigate the pain;  
Does Love or Jealousy your peace molest,  
Revenge inflame, Ambition gnaw your breast?

For Jealousy, a sovereign balm behold,  
The husband's certain cure, a pill of gold;  
This dose administer'd with prudent care,  
Dispels at once the frailties of the fair;  
Deprives the Proctor of his crim-con fee,  
And tunes the chord that jars to harmony;  
Should Love torment some Romeo's heated brain,

Or agonize a Juliet's breast with pain,  
Let them my potent remedy apply, [sigh];  
The maid shall cease to pine, the youth to Gold  
shall restore each drooping lover's health,

And passion find a substitute in wealth.  
But let not ill-tim'd ridicule degrade  
What Heaven, when well applied, a blessing made.

To foster merit wheresoever found,  
And with improvement cheer a country round;

To feed the hungry, and to clothe the poor,  
And send the beggar happy from the door;  
To mitigate the horrors of despair,  
And make the family of want our care;  
To succour genius drooping in distress,  
Making the business of our lives---to bless:  
When the rich man can such employments find,

We wish his purse as ample as his mind.  
For one poor patient I've an anxious fear,  
And you must be his kind Physicians here:  
Our Author has to-night so much at stake,  
He fud: his throbbing heart inclin'd to ache;  
But should his Play a liberal audience please,  
Your warm applause will set his heart at ease.

## AN HYMN ON MASONRY, BY BROTHER LINNECAR.

LET there be light! the Almighty spoke,  
Refulgent streams from Chaos broke,  
T' illumine the rising earth!  
Well pleas'd the Great Jehovah stood,  
The Power Supreme pronounc'd it good,  
And gave the Planets birth!

In choral numbers Masons join,  
To bless and praise this Light Divine.  
Parent of light! accept our praise,  
Who shed'st on us thy brightest rays---  
The light that fills the mind!  
By choice selected, lo! we stand,  
By Friendship join'd, a mystic band  
That love, that aid mankind!

In choral numbers Masons join,  
To bless and praise this Light Divine!

The Widow's tears we often dry,  
The Orphan's wants our hands supply,  
As far as pow'r is giv'n;  
The naked clothe---the pris'ner free---  
These are thy works, sweet Charity!  
Reveal'd to us from Heav'n!

In choral numbers Masons join,  
To bless and praise this Light Divine!

### SONG.

This said to have been written by the late King of Prussia, for an Order in Germany, called PHILIPPIAN MASONRY.

FROM Macedonia's confines haste,  
To Philippi repair;  
Your trials then will all be past,  
No doubt they were severe;  
But at our Philippi you'll find  
A sweet reception, good and kind.  
If any mean, ignoble, knight,  
Our fortress should assail,  
We'll straight deprive him of his sight,  
His hearing too shall fail:  
For sure in this we all agree,  
That Cowans should not hear or see.  
The great St. Paul shall be our guide,  
Under our Master Grand;  
In Timothy we will confide,  
With Paphrodus stand:  
The ne plus ultra of all good  
We've gain'd at last with loss of blood.  
In friendship then let us unite  
Our hearts and hands around,  
Each man's a most exalted knight,  
Who stands on holy ground:  
May no misfortune e'er depress  
Our friendship or our happiness.

HYMN,  
TO THE  
GENIUS OF ODOURS:

BY BOCAREZ,

*The famous Arabian Poet.*

Translated by the celebrated WILLIAM JOHNSON.

WHAT musky grove can now confine  
Thy burnish'd tresses' silver twine,  
While breathing beauty fills the vale,  
And Mirza's kisses greet the gale?  
Soft Pow'r of Sweetness! she shall tear  
Fresh spices from thy hanging hair;  
Her ruby lip the odour breathes  
Of Laro's choicest Cassia wreaths.

Soft Pow'r of Sweetness! hither blow,  
Mix with my goblet's purple glow;  
So shall the liquid breezes bear  
To Rafab's tomb a Lover's care;  
Thy scented hands the garland bind,  
To deck Somara's silken wind,  
Which dares to rest on Mirza's cheek,  
When first its morning blushes break.

But do not touch those piercing eyes,  
Whence unrelenting lightning flies,  
For, ah! 'midst those destructive fires  
The bird of Araby expires;  
Amid those flames again revives,  
And, lo! a new-born Phoenix lives,  
To seek thy blest salub'rous throne,  
And pass a rapt'rous age alone.

Soft Pow'r of Sweetness! Mirza's breast  
Shall bring thy balmy pinion rest;  
Not always shall it fluttering go,  
But stop where Love's young lilies blow.  
Yield to desire--Oh! quit restraint,  
In life's delicious Eden faint,  
While Aloey fans the gales employ,  
And odours heighten Nature's joy.

Bliss to the wild unconquer'd bands,  
Who dwell on Arab's desert sands!  
Who nobly seize, in gallant train,  
Balsora's merchants on the plain:  
May loaded camels swell their store,  
And sparkling gems, and valued ore!  
For wealth Bocarez ne'er shall rove,  
The plunder that he seeks--is Love.

Fair Selma walks the citron brake,  
When tuneful nightingales awake;  
She moves, a rose in all its charms,  
To win the warblers to her arms;  
They come amidst her locks to hide,  
Or seek her beauty's central pride;  
They taste her fragrant breath, which pours  
An amb'ry fountain's lucid stores.

Rich Ethiop myrrh Taloz'a bears,  
And fondly scents the roving airs,  
Which bow in homage to the beam  
That yonder violet-tinctur'd stream  
Steals from the Moon, as slow she glides  
Her pearly bark across the tides,  
Which fill the blue expanse of Heaven,  
In many a shining current driven.  
Taloz'a's smiles are all deceit,  
And Selma shews fictitious heat,

But Mirza is thy full-veil'd bride,  
Sul ana dear! and Odour's pride:  
Whene'er she comes the grove to tread,  
The blushing Loria lifts its head,  
The Milbo's gauzy leaves unfold,  
And fragrant Ancoz drops its gold.  
Soft Pow'r of Sweetness! tell my fair,  
The fierce consuming flame I bear,  
Euphrates' waves could ne'er controul,  
With all its full impetuous roll,  
Faithful in love is still my boast,  
To love, of humankind, the most,  
My wish a Hour's kiss to try,  
I live but on the hope to die.

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

ACT V. SCENE I. OF CATO IMITATED.

*The Maid alone, with Milton in her hand, opens at the following celebrated passage:*

---Hail wedded love! mysterious law!--&c.  
Our Maker bids--concease: who bids abstain,  
But our destroyer, foe to God and man?

I F must be so--Milton, thou reasonest well,  
Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after something unpossess'd?  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of dying unespous'd? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on itself and startles at virginity?  
'Tis instinct, faithful instinct, stirs withinus,  
'Tis Nature's self that points out an alliance,  
And, in'imates an husband to the sex.  
Marriage, thou pleasing, and yet anxious thought!

Thro' what variety of hopes and fears,  
Thro' what new scenes and changes must  
we pass!  
Th' unchanging state in prospect lies before  
me,  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest  
upon it.

Here will I hold. If Nature prompts the wish,  
(And that she does is plain from all her  
works)

Our duty and her int'rest bid indulge it,  
For the great end of Nature's laws is bliss;  
But yet--in wedlock woman trust obey--  
I'm weary of these doubts--the priest shall  
end them.

Nor rashly do I venture loss and gain,  
Bondage and pleasure meet my thoughts at  
once

I wed, my--liberty is gone for ever.  
But happiness from time itself secur'd,  
Love first shall recompense my loss of  
freedom,

And when my charms shall fade away, my  
eyes

Themselves grow dim, my stature bend,  
with years,

Then, virtuous friendship shall succeed to  
love;

Then, pleas'd I'll scorn infirmities and  
death,  
Renew'd, immortal, in a filial race.

## YRAN AND JURA.

FROM THE NORSE.

BY E. S. J. AUTHOR OF WILLIAM &amp; ELLEN.

YRAN.

YON Brian Dell to me is Hell,  
 Why should I seek him there?  
 The owl that flies throp' midnight skies,  
 Oft bad him to beware;  
 The bullfinch hops 'mong cheerless' drops,  
 Which bend the willow bough;  
 The raven croaks, among the oaks,  
 Or nestles in the yew.

Where rests his head,  
 On chilly bed,  
 Beneath the willow shade.

JURA.

Yon russet lawn, where oft at dawn,  
 In fresh'ning morning air;  
 The deep mouth'd bounds, at distance sound,  
 To fright the friendless Hare;  
 With misty shroud of hanging cloud,  
 The list'ning meads were clad:---  
 'Tis there I'll mourn till he return,  
 His absence makes me mad.

Where rests his head,  
 On chilly bed,  
 Beneath the willow shade.

YRAN.

What hope have I to weep and sigh,  
 Beside the root hung pool;  
 All floating there my careless hair,  
 To tell my tale of dule?  
 Vain hope, away, he's cold as clay,  
 And still upon the plain;  
 Where he did fig't the sturdy Knight,  
 Who hath my lover slain.

Where rests his head  
 On chilly bed,  
 Beneath the willow shade.

JURA.

Oh! sorrow sad! all dismal clad!  
 Oh! curse the fatal day!  
 Oh! fatal strife! Oh fury rife!  
 To snatch his life away!  
 The *bojing* Owl did fright my soul,  
 And told me of his doom;  
 That he should die, that I should sigh,  
 And incur my life to come.

Where rests his head,  
 On chilly bed,  
 Beneath the willow shade.

MINSREL.

Full high in air, the Pates sat there,  
 And smil'd upon their end;  
 Among the shades, the weeping maids  
 Their forlorn tresses rend;  
 Beside the stream, as in a dream,  
 Stretch'd on the chilly ground,  
 In close embrace, with tear-worn face,  
 They sunk them in and drown'd.

Beside the deep,  
 Where they did weep,  
 Beneath the willow shade.

## THE SOUL.

BY THE SAME.

THE days of man are but a span;  
 But then the soul, we cry,  
 Will live eternal---wrapt in bliss,  
 The soul can never die.

What is this little thing, the soul?  
 Or where its secret court?  
 'Tis here and there, and every where,  
 And wise men are its sport.

In this it is a lordling too,  
 To keep so many fools;  
 Yet none but fools in this are wise,  
 They seek not for their souls.

What is its nature? Who can tell?  
 Or in the heart or head?  
 Or is it in the pineal gland  
 It makes its little bed?

It is in child as well as man;  
 What calf a soul has not?  
 But whether, when the glutton has,  
 Or butcher, cut thy throat;

Or whether, when some doctor rude,  
 Jus' pricks a virgin's arm,  
 Her soul comes sporting thro' the wound,--  
 No more it keeps her warm.

When we upon our pillow sleep,  
 Thou tak'st a little nap;  
 When we lie down on mother earth,  
 Thou noddest on her lap.

Why canst thou not in Bedlam dwell,  
 With these who once thee had?  
 Because man is not just the thing,  
 The soul sure can't run mad.

Why, then there is no soul at all,  
 We've only learnt to think;  
 And memory, and all the rest,  
 Began with meat and drink.

For when we neither eat nor drink,  
 The soul cries, 'I'll away;  
 If you won't give me meat and drink,  
 Hang me if I will stay!'

For all your philosophic clash,  
 The soul is still at home;  
 The stomach is its country house,  
 The head it is its town.

But yet the head and stomach are,  
 Just like to man and wife;  
 While they agree, they make a thing,  
 And it is called life.

A soul, a life, or what you will,  
 In ev'ry thing you'll grant,  
 From mighty man, down to a mouse;  
 'Tis even in a plant.

The life of man is but a span,  
 The life of dog the same;  
 When tyrant Death doth come and call,  
 Each dog doth know his name.

LOUISA:  
A FUNERAL WREATH.

Said to be written by Du Rognac, the French Commander  
in Chief in Italy.

SONNET I.

O YE groves! where so oft with LOUISA  
I've stray'd, [shade!--  
Then, lovely thy grottos and grateful thy  
Alas! with LOUISA no longer I stray,  
But lonely I wander, and woeful my lay;  
For, my Love I lament, in the dust lowly  
laid-- [shade.  
And thy grots are ungrateful, and sad is thy  
Thy songsters, late warbling the love-  
labour'd lay, [spray:  
Now droop sadly mute, on the woe-wither'd  
Save the Nightingale, wailing her widow'd  
estate, [her mate.  
And the Dove, lonely mourner! bemoaning  
Oh! ruthless the sportsman that aim'd the  
fell blow! [low!  
Oh! Fate, cruel Fate! thus to lay my Love  
But where, O ye groves! are the myrtles  
so gay, [brief day?  
Where blest with LOUISE oft I pass'd the  
Sad the scene I survey, and no myrtle I see,  
But each shade, each dun shade seems a cy-  
press to me! [laid--  
For my Love I lament, in the dust lowly  
And sad are thy songsters, funeral thy  
shade!

SONNET II.

O! HEAVY and sore fell the storm on  
my head!  
From their wintry caves bursting, the  
warring winds groan!  
Nor a shrub kindly tender'd a sheltering  
shade,  
As thro' the wide desert I wander'd alone!  
A myrtle at length cheer'd my languishing  
view;-- [it grew!  
On the blighted heath lonely, but lovely  
O sweetest of myrtles that e'er bloom'd on  
ground! [thy fair shade!  
How I bless'd! how I prais'd! how I lov'd  
And while thy fond branches enfolded me  
round, [head.  
Unheeded the tempest pass'd over my  
But a blast, a fell blast from the fatal East  
blew, [threw!  
And ruthless, alas! my lov'd Myrtle o'er-  
Now heavy and sore falls the storm on my  
head!  
From their wintry caves bursting, the  
warring winds groan!  
Nor a shrub kindly tenders a sheltering  
shade, [alone.  
As thro' Life's weary desert I wander  
Oh! LOUISA! my Love! how severe is the  
blow!  
Oh! my Love! Oh! LOUISA!--untimely  
laid low!

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO  
A YOUNG LADY,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN AFFEC-  
TIONATE WIFE.

THE brilliant tear in Virtue's eye,  
The force of generous sympathy,  
Sooths the mind oppress'd with care,  
Suspends the force of pale Despair:  
What tho' keen anguish rends my heart,  
Since I have lost my better part,  
Yet her blest spirit dwells above,  
Where glows the source of endless love:  
Would I then wish here to be,  
In state of chequer'd misery?  
Life's brightest views no joy impart,  
Without pure rectitude of heart:  
Gay smiling Innocence and Truth,  
The sweet companions of thy youth,  
True inward peace of mind bestow,  
And make each scene with beauty glow.

ON ETERNITY.

TRANSIENT as the glow-worm's fire,  
Are the objects we admire;  
Like th' ephemeron seen in May,  
Scarce existing through a day;  
Like the sun's reflected beam,  
Glittering on the lucid stream;  
Like the meteor in the sky,  
Pleasure strikes the gazing eye;  
Trifles shall we thus pursue,  
Dread eternity in view?  
When each radiant orb of light  
Shall be sunk in endless night,  
And our better part shall be  
In state of joy or misery.

SONNET.

THE purest love which fondest hopes could  
rear,  
In early days stole o'er my youthful  
frame;  
Regard more ardent, passion more sincere,  
Esteem more pure, did Lover ne'er pro-  
claim.  
The gentle graces of her form and mind,  
Whose image love imprinted on my heart,  
E'en with my growth, expanded, uncon-  
fin'd,  
There solely reign'd, pervading every part.  
Cherish'd with care, and foster'd unre-  
strain'd,  
Uncheck'd beneath the fair Eliza's eye,  
I thought the object of my soul attain'd  
Anticipated years of ecstasy.  
Ah sad reverse! the victim now I prove  
Of pure, unalterable, hopeless Love.  
Brighton.

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 PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.
 

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## THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Saturday, March 4. **A** New comedy was brought forward at this Theatre, under the title of *WIVES AS THEY WERE, AND MAIDS AS THEY ARE*:

This comedy is the avowed production of Mrs. Inchbald; and is intended to shew the mischievous effects of modern manners in female life; and this purpose is illustrated by the example of a wife brought up in the old school, and two young ladies, who are educated according to the dissipated manners of the present times. The wife, by a proper submission to her husband, and a due observance of domestic duties, is respectable and easy; while the modish fair, though in the bloom of life, is reduced, by extravagance, to poverty and a prison.

This play, which has two plots, sufficiently implicated for the purposes of the drama—is a play of incident and character—in one of its plots the incidents unfold the characters; in the other, the characters produce the incidents. The *Priorys* exemplify the latter position; the rest of the characters are comprised in the former. But the subject of the whole is distinctly anticipated in the title of the Comedy "*Wives as they were,*" "*Maids as they are*"—We wish the antithesis had been quite exact, as we feel an invincible repugnance to believe that the unmarried lady of honour and breeding can ever become acquainted with irresistible dissipation, and be hunted by the catchpole at the suit of a creditor: notwithstanding it is true that many of our higher circles are nurseries of profligacy to an alarming extent; and the passion for play is one in which the extremes of *fashionable* and *savage* life meet and join. We own we could have wished that we had received better proofs of amendment in Miss Dorrington, than a burst of filial affection—it is rather a palliative for crime, than a token of reformation; and unless the mind is thoroughly changed, her marriage and her deliverance only afford her means to follow her inclinations, and to do so under the impunity of a husband's protection.

There is no character, which is so distinctly the prey of the moralist as the profligate with what is termed a good heart—He substitutes transient feeling for steady justice; and, while he ruins all about him, preserves too great a portion of our esteem. But if this be a worthy object of censure, the character opposed to it is little entitled to esteem. The law of life seems to have given ascendancy to the man; but the submission of the woman is still dignified.

“ She with majestic energy approves  
 “ His pleaded reason.”

There is, to be sure, a *fashion* in amusements, and the aged naturally prefer the pleasures of their youth—but the passive submission of *Lady Priory* is not likely to have been the character of a wife of any age, and cannot be the first of merits in any character: for, although the deference to superior sense is natural and becoming; the allegiance to petulance and tyranny is a proof either of apathy, or of weakness.

This comedy, upon the whole, will not at all lessen that reputation which

Mrs. Inchbald has so deservedly acquired. It was very well received by a crowded audience, and is likely to become a favourite with the public. The characters were very well sustained. Lewis had hardly a part important enough for him; but he made it very pleasant. Quick, as usual, was correct and diverting. Munden was uncommonly able and impressive in delineating the agonies of parental tenderness and disappointment. Miss Wallis displayed great feeling and spirit in the *Modern Maid*; and Miss Chapman shewed, in the *primitive Wife*, talents that deserve greater scope than is generally allotted to her.

The Prologue modestly stated the former productions of the fair Author, as some plea for critical lenity on the present occasion. The Epilogue consisted of a few lines, in allusion to the recent Naval Victory.

The Dramatis Personæ were as follow:

Bronzeley, - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Lord Priory, - - -	Mr. Quick.
Sir George Evelyn, - -	Mr. Pope.
Sir William Dorilant, - -	Mr. Munden.
Mr. Norbury, - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Oliver, - - - - -	Mr. Fawcet.
Lady Mary Raffle, - - -	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lady Priory, - - - -	Miss Chapman.
Miss Dorilant, - - - -	Miss Wallis.

*Thursday, March 16.* A new grand pantomime ballet, interspersed with songs and chorusses, called *Raymond and Agnes, or The Castle of Lindenberg*, was brought forward, for the first time. It is taken chiefly from the celebrated Romance of the *Monk*, and forms an exhibition at once interesting and grand. The scenery is beautiful and picturesque; the dresses for the most part superb; and the machinery ingenious and well designed. Mr. Farley is the author. The correctness and taste displayed by him in dramatising the story do him infinite credit. The music, which is very pretty, is by Mr. Reeve. The piece has been got up at a great expence, but the liberality of the manager will not fail to be requited by the favour of the public. It went off with universal applause. The house overflowed in all parts at an early hour.

#### REVIVALS.

##### THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Shakspeare's tragedy of *CYMBELINE* has been revived, at Drury-Lane theatre, with all the splendour of decoration and superiority of talents, which that theatre affords. A Mrs. WORTHINGTON made her first appearance in the character of *Imogen*, and gave promise of abilities which must prove a valuable acquisition to the stage. Palmer was the *Iachimo*, and Kemble the *Posthumus*, and it is but justice to say, that they both sustained their parts with great correctness and judgment.

Rowe's tragedy of *TAMERLANE* has also been brought forward, after an absence of many years from the stage. Kemble's *Bajazet* and Palmer's *Tamerlane* were highly respectable; and Mrs. Siddons, great as she is known to be, went almost beyond her former reputation.



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REPORT  
OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE  
BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

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THE FIRST SESSION OF THE EIGHTEENTH PARLIAMENT.

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HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26.

**L**ORD Grenville delivered a Message from his Majesty. (See our Report of the Commons.) The Message being read, his Lordship said that the Papers alluded to, in it would be laid before the House the next day, and that he should move to take them into consideration on Friday next.---Ordered.

*Tuesday, 27.* Mr. Sylvester Douglas, and others from the Commons, brought up a Bill to postpone the payment of the instalments of the 2,050,000*l.* from the East India Company by way of Loan, which was read a first time. Adjourned.

*Wednesday, 28.* The Royal Assent was given, by Commission, to the Bill for additional duties on the Customs---for additional duties on the Excise---for additional Postage on Letters---regulating Stamp Duties on Bonds, &c.---the Scotch Distillery---the Stage Coach Duty---and five private Bills.

*Thursday, 29.* Read a third time, and passed, the amended Cavalry Bill, and other Bills on the Table. Adjourned.

*Friday, 30.* Lord Grenville moved, that his Majesty's Message to the House should be read.---it was read accordingly.

*His Lordship then entered into a long dissertation on the late negociation between Lord Malmesbury and M. de la Croix, in which he condemned the conduct of the Directory in very strong terms, insisting that they had not the smallest intentions of making peace, and their demand of an ultimatum at the commencement of a negociation, was a very strong proof of that fact. His Lordship spoke for a considerable length of time, and concluded with moving an Address to his Majesty, which Address was the echo of the Message from the King.*

Earl Guildford replied, and boldly asserted, that Ministers never had any serious intentions of Peace; and that the question now was, whether this country should or should not fight for the restoration of the Netherlands to the Emperor. His Lordship insisted, that what we offered to France was not, nor could seriously be deemed an equivalent to the enemy for the restoration of all his conquests.

Lord Liverpool replied, and defended the conduct of Administration: he insisted, that according to all the rules of negociation, when France refused the terms proposed by Great Britain, she should then have said what terms she would accept; but instead of that, she sent a message to our Ambassador to depart in forty-eight hours, an insult highly degrading to the Representative of this country.

Lord Derby made a spirited reply, on the same ground as Lord Guildford took. He said the war was the ruin of the country; and that in Birmingham, at this present time, out of 6000 houses, there were 4000 untenanted.

Lord Auckland denied this position, as war was always beneficial to the manufactures of Birmingham.

Earl Fitzwilliam contended, that this country should never make peace with France until a King was placed on the throne there, and religion and morality were restored. These were his sentiments four years ago, and he saw no occasion to alter them.

Lord Hay said a few words in favour of Lord Grenville's motion.

Earl Spencer strongly insisted on the propriety of the address. He severely reprobated the conduct of the Directory, who only could exist in war. Peace would be the utter ruin of the present Constitution of France.

The Lord Chancellor made a long speech, in which he contended that this country was in a flourishing state. He said there were, in this year, only 800 bankrupts; and that was considerably less than what happened, on an average, for the last twelve years.

At length the question was put on Lord Guildford's amendment; when there appeared, for it, Contents, 8---Non-Contents, 86---Majority, 78.

Earl Fitzwilliam then moved a long address to his Majesty, for a continuance of the war on those principles which first actuated his Lordship at the commencement of it. This motion was negatived without a division.

Adjourned to the 14th of February.

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## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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TUESDAY, December 20, (Continued.)

MR. NICHOLS pointed out the folly of squandering money, to preserve the Netherlands to the Emperor; and stated that the last money we sent him cost this country 100 per cent. by the consequent depreciation of government paper. Mr. Nichols then moved,

'That the Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank be required to attend at the Bar this day, when the Report of the Committee of Supply is to be taken into consideration.'

Mr. Grey seconded the motion, and the question being put, was negatived without a division.

The Report of the Committee of Supply being brought up,

General Tarleton rose, and comparing the situation of the Austrians, at the different periods at which they had received aid from this country, he concluded that they were in a worse state now than at the opening of the campaign. 'After all the pompous accounts we have heard of their successes,' said the General, 'they are in the situation of the Dutchman who had broke his leg, and congratulated himself upon its not being his neck.'

Mr. Dundas proposed the passing a temporary act exempting the Cape of Good Hope from the provisions of the Act of Navigation. He therefore moved, that the House should resolve itself into a Committee to consider the commerce between this country and the Cape.

Mr. Pitt seconded the motion.

Sir Francis Baring conceived the advantages of the Cape of Good Hope to be over-rated, and hoped it would be no obstacle to the negotiations for peace.

Mr. Dundas said, that at present, while his Majesty holds the Cape (which he hoped would be for ever) he was only to move for leave to bring in the Bill. Ordered accordingly.

### INDIA BUDGET.

The Order of the Day being moved to resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House to take into consideration the papers presented from the India House, &c. Mr. Douglas in the Chair,

Mr. Secretary Dundas said, that from the way in which the accounts had been prepared, he should be able to bring his subject into a much narrower compass than usual. There were few points which required any minuteness, the subject dividing itself into four general heads. First, the Result of the Accounts from the different Settlements. Secondly, the Result of the Accounts from all the Settlements combined in one view. Thirdly, the State of the Affairs of the Company. Fourthly, a combined View of the State of the Affairs of the Company at Home and Abroad.

From an investigation of the particulars comprised under them, he trusted that it would be found, that the expectations he had held out had been realized.

On a subject of finance, into the detail of which our plan does not permit us to enter, we think we cannot do better than lay before our readers Mr. Dundas's

Comparison of Accounts, presented this year, with Estimate on which the Arrangement of 1793 was formed.

Revenues.	Estimate February 1793	Actual 1794-5		Actual Account 1794-5 bet. than estimat.
Bengal, Ma- dras & Bombay	6,963,625	8,026,193	more	1,062,568
Charges of ditto	5,188,125	5,944,445	deduct	756,320
Revenues more	1,775,500	2,081,748		more 306,248
Supplies from Bengal to Bencoolen, &c.	50,000	74,857	more	24,857
Interest on debts	561,923	484,301	less	77,622
Deduct	611,923	559,158	less than estimate	52,765
Net Revenues	1,163,577	1,522,590	more than estimate	359,013
Receipts from sales of imports and from certificates --	350,000	562,177	more	212,177
Surplus --	1,513,577	2,084,767	more than estimate	571,190

The estimated surplus of 1795-6 is 1,795,166l. which exceeds the estimate of 1793 by 281,589l.

#### SALES AND RECEIPTS.

Receipts.	Estimate 1793	Actual 1795-6	
Goods Sold	4,988,300	6,191,894	
Profit on Private Trade	70,000	148,417	
Interest on Annuities	36,227	36,227	
	5,094,527	6,376,538	more 1,282,011
Payments.			
Customs	633,850	677,786	
Freight	690,670	1,250,520	
Goods and Stores exported	1,017,000	1,227,032	
Bills of Exchange or Bullion	644,580	913,290	
Charges on Merchandise	375,000	634,664	
Interest on Bonds and Dividends on Stock	528,000	722,172	
Indigo Contractors		10,485	
Teas purchased on Continent		54,492	
	3,889,100	5,491,041	more 1,601,941
Surplus	1,205,427	885,497	Less 319,930

The Right Honourable Secretary then proceeded to state a number of circumstances indicative of the prosperous state of our East Indian possessions. While speaking of this prosperity he expected it would be asked, When is the participation which you promised a few years ago? His answer was, that he never promised any; and in proof of this he read part of his speech in 1793, expressly declaring that it depended very much on the continuance of peace. But had not the public enjoyed that participation even in the war? In two different years they had received half that participation. In the present year nothing; but that was owing to the freight of shipping having been advanced no less than one million on account of the war. There was only one point more, on which he had any thing to say, and that was the deficiency of cash, which he accounted for by the fall in value of the Government Annuities possessed by the Company, and by their having had 500,000*l.* of their new bonds sent in upon them.

Mr. Dundas observed, that it would be more creditable for the Company to augment their capital than to increase the number of their bonds: nay, it was incumbent upon them; for the capital sufficient in 1793, must necessarily be insufficient now, when their trade was increased to the amount of near four millions, and when, from the state of Europe, we were likely soon to have no rival in that part of the world.

Several resolutions were then put and carried in the Committee.

*Wednesday, 21.* The House having resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, Mr. Rose moved certain Annual Grants, among which was the sum of 540,000*l.* for the relief of the suffering clergy and laity of France.

Mr. Elliott reported the opinion of the Committee appointed to try the second Southwark Election Petition, viz. that George Woodford Thelluson, Esq. was not duly elected; that George Tierney, Esq. ought to have been returned; that he was accordingly duly elected; and that neither the petition of Mr. Tierney, nor the opposition of Mr. Thelluson to it, were frivolous or vexatious. The report being read, the Clerk of the Crown was ordered to attend to-morrow, to amend the return for the Borough of Southwark, and to substitute the name of Mr. Tierney instead of that of Mr. Thelluson.

*Thursday, 22.* George Tierney, Esq. took the oath and his seat for the Borough of Southwark.

Mr. Biddulph said, that understanding a good effect had been produced by rendering the Penal Laws milder in some parts of India, he thought it would be humane to make that mildness a general system throughout that quarter of the globe. He should therefore move, that there be laid before the House copies, or extracts, of the correspondence between the Court of Directors of the East India Company and the Governor-General of Fort William, Bahara, and Orissa, for establishing Courts of Justice in India, and the directions which were given for procuring such proceedings, &c.

Mr. Dundas brought forward a number of reasons, to shew the inexpediency of complying with the Hon. Gentleman's Motion, and the inconvenience that would attend the execution of his plan; and concluded by saying, that he could not see how it was possible to comply with the motion in its present form; but if the Hon. Gentleman would withdraw his motion, he would undertake, upon his honour, to produce all the papers which tended to lead to the object of his wishes as to information upon the subject.

Mr. Biddulph said a few words in reply, which induced

Mr. Pitt to oppose the withdrawing of the Motion, in order that the House might meet it with a direct negative.

The Question was then put and negatived.

Mr. Pitt brought up his promised Bill for the support of the Poor, and wished it to be committed before the holidays, that gentlemen might have leisure to consider it during the recess.

The Bill was brought up, and read a first time.

*Friday, 23.* In a Committee of Supply, the sum of 600,000*l.* in Exchequer Bills, was voted for the relief of the Merchants and Planters of Grenada.

After several clauses had been received into the Bill for amending the Augmentation Militia Act,

Mr. Jolliffe, on the question for the third reading, said, that the whole tendency of the Act thus to be amended, and of the two others lately passed, for increasing the military and naval forces, was so unconstitutional, their effect would be so oppressive, and their operation so difficult, that he should, after the recess, avail himself of the clause which makes the repeal of them practicable during the session, to move that they be absolutely repealed. The Bill was then read a third time.

*Monday, 26.* Mr. W. Dundas brought up a petition from A. Morris, and moved that he be brought to-morrow to the Bar, and discharged. Ordered.

M. Secretary Dundas presented the following message from his Majesty :

‘ It is with the utmost concern that his Majesty acquaints the House of Commons, that his earnest endeavours to effect the restoration of Peace have been unhappily frustrated, and that the Negotiation in which he was engaged has been abruptly broken off, by the peremptory refusal of the French Government to treat, except upon a basis evidently inadmissible---and by their having in consequence required his Majesty’s Plenipotentiary to quit Paris within forty-eight hours.

‘ His Majesty has directed the several Memorials and Papers which have been exchanged in the course of the late discussion, and the account transmitted to his Majesty of its final result, to be laid before the House.

‘ From these Papers his Majesty trusts it will be proved to the whole world, that his conduct has been guided by a sincere desire to effect the restoration of Peace---on principles suited to the relative situation of the Belligerent Powers---and essential for the permanent interests of his kingdoms, and the general security of Europe---whilst his enemies have advanced pretensions at once inconsistent with those objects, unsupported even on the grounds on which they were professed to rest, and repugnant both to the system established by repeated treaties, and to the principle and practice which have hitherto regulated the intercourse of Independent Nations.

‘ In this situation his Majesty has the consolation of reflecting, that the continuance of the calamities of war can be imputed only to the unjust and exorbitant views of his enemies ; and his Majesty looking forward, with anxiety, to the moment when they may be disposed to act on different principles, places, in the mean time, the fullest reliance, under the protection of Providence, on the wisdom and firmness of his Parliament---on the tried valour of his forces by sea and land---and on the zeal, public spirit, and resources of his kingdom---for vigorous and effectual support, in the prosecution of a contest which it does not depend on his Majesty to terminate, and which involves in it the security and permanent interests of this country, and of Europe.’

The message being read, Mr. Dundas moved that it be taken into consideration on Friday next. Ordered. Adjourned.

*Tuesday, 27.* Read a third time, and passed, the Exchequer Bill, the Dunton Inclosure Bill, Bright’s Divorce Bill, and the Grenada Bill.

A new writ was ordered for the county of Derby, in the room of Lord John Cavendish, deceased : also for the town of Derby, in the room of Lord George Henry Cavendish, who has accepted of the Chiltern Hundreds.

Alexander Morris being brought to the Bar, was severely reprimanded for his conduct in the Southwark Election, by which the privileges of the House had been infringed, and the course of justice embarrassed. He was then ordered to be discharged, on paying his fees. Adjourned.

*Wednesday, 28.* Mr. Canning brought up the promised papers respecting the late Negotiation, which were ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. Grey did not perceive the instructions to Lord Grenville, and wished to know if there were any objection to their being produced.

Mr. Steele knew of no precedent to justify the request ; but if the papers on the table should appear insufficient, a motion might be made on another day for the production of the other.

*Thursday, 29.* The Bodmin Canal Bill was read a third time and passed.

The Militia Bill was brought down from the House of Lords, and some slight amendments were agreed to without opposition.

Mr. Long brought up the Poor Relief Bill, in consequence of Mr. Pitt's continued indisposition, and of that Right Hon. Gentleman's wish that it should be committed before the recess.

The Bill was read a first and second time, and ordered to be committed on Saturday. Adjourned.

Friday, 30. Mr. Whitbread enquired whether a Subsidiary Treaty did not exist between his Britannic Majesty and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and whether any money had been transmitted in consequence of that Treaty?

Mr. Pitt replied, that such a Treaty had been concluded so long ago as the 12th of June last, but from some inadvertency the ratifications had never been exchanged.

Mr. Whitbread moved for the production of a copy of that Treaty; which being agreed to, he followed up that motion by another, for an Account of the Sums of Money that had been issued (if any) in consequence of this Treaty. Agreed to.

The Order of the Day was then read for taking his Majesty's message into consideration. The message being read,

Mr. Pitt rose and said, that, in the discussion of this subject, a great variety of opinions would, no doubt, prevail; but all must concur in sentiments of regret at the abrupt failure of the Negotiation, and in the necessity of persevering in a contest undertaken, however, in consequence of complicated aggressions on the part of the enemy; for the independence of Great Britain, and the general security of Europe, the unavoidable alternative must be matter of deep sorrow, and a disappointment to our sanguine expectations for the restoration of Peace. These, no doubt, were the feelings of the House, but they were feelings of regret, unaccompanied by despondency or disappointment, unaccompanied by dejection; for there was nothing to regret but the obstinacy and extravagance of the enemy. If it should appear that Ministers were sincere, and desirous for peace, and that they had attempted it on the principles which ought to render it adequate and permanent, the attempt, though unsuccessful, would not be lost: it would convince Europe, that the enemy was the cause of the prolongation of the war; it would tend to unite England, and to divide France. He then made a great number of remarks upon the immoderate pretensions of our enemies, upon their objecting to offer any plan in the room of Lord Malmesbury's, and upon the sudden and unceremonious way in which they broke off the negotiation. Upon the whole, he contended, that the offer to France was fair, just, and liberal, an offer which shewed our anxiety for a speedy restoration of peace, and merited a fair and candid discussion from the enemy. He then reverted to the conduct of the negotiation, and repeated, that no expression of opinion on either side ought to be considered as definitive; and he desired that it might not be understood, that in voting for this Address, any individual pledged himself for the mode in which the work of negotiation might be resumed; and contended, that diplomatic history did not furnish an instance where the terms, at first proposed, were ultimately agreed upon. He noticed the captious demand on the part of the Directory to sign the credentials, and their peremptory mandate for his departure; whereas they ought to have renewed the discussion, with a view of explaining away discordances of opinions, and softening down extravagant demands. Their requisition for an ultimatum was therefore calculated to preclude all negotiation, and defeat and render abortive all attempts to a pacification. Having expatiated on the different topics of the negotiation, from its origin to the proposition to renew it through the medium of couriers, he said, he was convinced there was not a hand in the British Cabinet who would sign such a proposition, nor a heart in the country who would sanction so much infamy, nor a subject in the British dominions who would consent to be the courier of so much degradation. He concluded by moving the Address, which was a mere reverberation of the message.

[TO BE REGULARLY CONTINUED.]

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 MONTHLY CHRONICLE.
 

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## INTELLIGENCE OF IMPORTANCE

## FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

WHITEHALL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1797.

A LETTER, this day received by the Duke of Portland, from Lord Milford, Lord Lieutenant for the County of Pembroke, dated Haverfordwest, Feb. 23, five P. M. contains information, that two frigates, a corvette, and a lugger, appeared off the coast of Pembrokeshire the 22d inst. and on the evening of that day disembarked some troops, reported by deserters to be about 1200, but without field pieces.

It appears that the most active exertions were made by the Lord Lieutenant and gentlemen of the County, and its neighbourhood, in taking proper measures on this occasion; and that the greatest zeal and loyalty were manifested by all ranks of people, who crowded to offer their services against the enemy.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Orchard, commanding the North Devon Volunteers, to the Duke of Portland, dated Hartland Abbey, Feb. 23, 1797.

'I think it my duty to state to your Grace, that I yesterday received an express from Ilfracombe, mentioning that there were three frigates off that place; (the same vessels mentioned in the above letter of Lord Milford) that they had scuttled several merchantmen, and were attempting to destroy the shipping in the harbour. They begged that I would immediately order the North Devon Regiment of Volunteers under my command to march to their assistance. In consequence of this representation, I ordered the men to get ready to march as soon as possible. I have great satisfaction in saying, that in four hours I found every officer and man that was ordered on the parade at Bideford (fifteen miles from home), ready and willing to march to any place they should be commanded to go to. I cannot express the satisfaction I felt on seeing the men so willing to defend their King and Country; at the same time as silent, orderly, and sober, as might be expected at a morning parade of an old regiment. The greatest exertions were made by all descriptions of people to assist, and to render every service in their power. As I was preparing to march, I received an account from Ilfracombe, that the French ships were gone from the coast, and that tranquillity was restored again to the town. How far the report was well founded, I cannot possibly say; but as this affair may be misrepresented and exaggerated, I trust your Grace will excuse my troubling you with this letter; and I flatter myself it must give you pleasure to hear of the loyalty of this neighbourhood, and that the behaviour of the volunteers and inhabitants will meet the approbation of his Majesty.'

That this expedition was merely of a predatory nature, was obvious from its force; and therefore, little emotion was excited in the public mind, upon receipt of the intelligence of a landing having been effected by the enemy.

Sunday morning dispatches were again received in town, at the Duke of Portland's Office, from Lord Milford, brought by Mr. Mansel, the Commissary for French prisoners at Pembroke; and on the same evening a second Gazette Extraordinary was issued, as follows:

WHITEHALL, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1797.

Letters, of which the following are extracts, have been this day received from the Right Hon. Lord Milford, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Pembroke, by his Grace the Duke of Portland, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

*Haverfordwest, Feb. 24, Six o'Clock, A. M.*

' Since I had the honour of writing last to your Grace by Express, I have received information of the French ships having sailed, and left twelve hundred men behind, who have surrendered themselves prisoners. The great spirit and loyalty that the gentlemen and peasantry have shewn on this occasion, exceeds description. Many thousands of the latter assembled, armed with pikes and scythes, and attacked the enemy, previous to the arrival of the troops that were sent against them.'

*Haverfordwest, Feb. 24, Nine o'Clock, P. M.*

' I have the honour and pleasure to inform your Grace, that the whole of the French troops, amounting to near Fourteen hundred men, have surrendered, and are now on their march to Haverfordwest.

' I have taken the first opportunity of announcing this good news to your Grace, and shall have the honour of writing again to your Grace by to-morrow's post.'

WHITEHALL, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

A letter, of which the following is a copy, has been this day received from the Right Hon. Lord Cawdor, by the Duke of Portland.

' MY LORD,

*Fisguard, Friday, Feb. 24, 1797.*

' In consequence of having received information, on Wednesday night, at eleven o'clock, that three large ships of war and a lugger had anchored in a small roadstead, upon the coast, in the neighbourhood of this town, I proceeded immediately with a detachment of the Cardigan militia, and all the provincial force I could collect, to the place. I soon gained positive intelligence they had disembarked about twelve hundred men, but no cannon. Upon the night's setting in, a French officer, whom I found to be the second in command, came in with a letter, a copy of which I have the honour to inclose to your Grace, together with my answer. In consequence of which they determined to surrender themselves prisoners of war, and accordingly laid down their arms this day at two o'clock. I cannot at this moment inform your Grace of the exact number of prisoners, but I believe it to be their whole force: it is my intention to march them this night to Haverfordwest, where I shall make the best distribution in my power. The frigates, corvette, and lugger, got under way yesterday evening, and were this morning entirely out of sight.

' The fatigue we have experienced will, I trust, excuse me to your Grace for not giving a more particular detail; but my anxiety to do justice to the officers and men I had the honour to command, will induce me to attend your Grace, with as little delay as possible, to state their merits, and at the same time to give you every information in my power upon this subject.

' The spirit of loyalty which has pervaded all ranks, throughout this country, is infinitely beyond what I can express. I am, &c. CAWDOR.'

' SIR,

*Cardigan Bay, 5th Ventose, 5th Year of the Republic.*

' The circumstances under which the body of the French troops under my command were landed at this place, renders it unnecessary to attempt any military operations, as they would tend only to bloodshed and pillage. The officers of the whole corps have therefore intimated their desire of entering into a negotiation, upon principles of humanity, for a surrender. If you are influenced by similar considerations, you may signify the same by the bearer, and in the mean time hostilities shall cease.

Salut and Respect,

TATE, Chief de Brigade.'

' To the Officer commanding His Britannic Majesty's Troops.'

' SIR,

*Fisguard, Feb. 23, 1797.*

' The superiority of the force under my command, which is hourly increasing, must prevent my treating upon any terms short of your surrendering your whole force prisoners of war. I enter fully into your wish of preventing an unnecessary effusion of blood, which your speedy surrender can alone prevent, and which will



entitle you to that consideration it is ever the wish of British troops to shew an enemy, whose numbers are inferior.

‘ My Major will deliver you this letter, and I shall expect your determination by ten o’clock, by your officer, whom I have furnished with an escort, that will conduct him to me without molestation.’ I am, &c. CAWDOR.’

‘ To the Officer commanding the French Troops.’

Extract of a letter from Robert Craufurd, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lord Grenville:

*Head-quarters of the Austrian Army,  
Manheim, Feb. 7, 1797.*

‘ MY LORD,

‘ I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that in consequence of a capitulation, concluded on the 2d instant, between Lieutenant-General the Prince of Furstenburgh and the French General commanding the works of the Tete-de-Pont of Huninguen, and of the Island called the Shuster Insel, the said works and island have been evacuated by the enemy, and taken possession of by the troops of his Imperial Majesty.

‘ The French had bestowed very considerable labour on this post during the time that their armies were advanced into Germany. The Tete-de-Pont itself was supported and out-flanked by the extensive horn-work on the Shuster Island, as were both by the fire of the fortress of Huninguen, as well as of several temporary batteries on the left bank of the Rhine. But a considerable quantity of heavy artillery having been sent to the Upper Brigaw immediately after the reduction of Kehl, the attack, after its arrival, was carried on with effect, and, by its successful termination, the right bank of the Upper Rhine has been completely cleared of the enemy. I have the honour to be, &c. R. CRAUFURD.’

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1797.

Robert Calder, Esq. first Captain to Admiral Sir J. Jervis, K. B. arrived this morning with dispatches from him to Mr. Nepean, of which the following are copies:

‘ SIR,

*Victory, in Lagos Bay, Feb. 16, 1797.*

‘ The hopes of falling in with the Spanish Fleet, expressed in my letter to you of the 13th instant, were confirmed that night, by our distinctly hearing the report of their signal guns, and by intelligence received from Capt. Foote, of his Majesty’s ship the Niger, who had, with equal judgment, kept company with them for several days, on my prescribed rendezvous, (which, from the strong South-East winds, I had never been able to reach) and that they were not more than the distance of three or four leagues from us. I anxiously awaited the dawn of day, when being on the starboard tack, Cape St. Vincent bearing East by North eight leagues, I had the satisfaction of seeing a number of ships extending from South-west to South, the wind then at West by South. At forty-nine minutes past ten, the weather being extremely hazy, La Bonne Citoyenne made the signal that the ships seen were of the line, twenty-five in number. His Majesty’s squadron under my command, consisting of fifteen ships of the line, happily formed in the most compact order of sailing, in two lines. By carrying a press of sail I was fortunate in getting in with the enemy’s fleet at half past eleven o’clock, before it had time to connect, and form a regular order of battle. Such a moment was not to be lost; and confident in the skill, valour, and discipline of the officers and men I had the happiness to command, and judging that the honour of his Majesty’s arms, and the circumstances of the war in these seas, required a considerable degree of enterprize, I felt myself justified in departing from the regular system; and passing through their fleet, in a line formed with the utmost celerity, tacked, and thereby separated one-third from the main body, after a partial cannonade, which prevented their re-union till the evening; and by the very great exertions of the ships which had the good fortune to arrive up with the enemy on the larboard-tack, the ships named in the margin\* were captured, and the action ceased about five o’clock in the evening.

I inclose the most correct list I have been able to obtain of the Spanish fleet

opposed to me, amounting to twenty-seven sail of the line, and an account of the killed and wounded in his Majesty's ships, as well as in those taken from the enemy. The moment the latter (almost totally dismasted) and his Majesty's ships the Captain and Culloden are in a state to put to sea, I shall avail myself of the first favourable wind to proceed off Cape St. Vincent in my way to Lisbon.

'Captain Calder, whose able assistance has greatly contributed to the public service during my command, is the bearer of this, and will more particularly describe to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty the movements of the squadron on the 14th, and the present state of it. I am, Sir, &c.

J. JERVIS.\*

Total killed and wounded in Sir John Jervis's fleet.

Three officers, fifty-nine seamen, six marines, five soldiers killed; five officers, one-hundred and eighty-nine seamen, twenty-one marines, twelve soldiers, wounded.

OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Blenheim---Mr. Edward Libby, acting Lieutenant, wounded; Mr. Peacock, Boatswain, wounded; Mr. Joseph Wixon, Master's Mate, wounded, since dead.

Captain---Major William Norris, Marines, killed; Mr. James Godench, Midshipman, killed. Commodore Nelson, bruised, but not obliged to quit the deck. Mr. Carrington, Boatswain, wounded, in boarding the San Nicolas. Mr. Thomas Lund, Midshipman, wounded.

Excellent---Mr. Peter Peffers, Boatswain, killed. Mr. Edward Augustus Down, Master's Mate, wounded.

Orion---Mr. Thomas Mansell, Midshipman, wounded.

Culloden---Mr. G. A. Livingstone, Lieutenant of Marines, killed.

Irresistible---Serjeant Watson, Marines, killed. Mr. Andrew Tompson, Lieutenant, wounded. Mr. Hugh McKinnon, Master's Mate, wounded. Mr. William Balfour, Midshipman, wounded.

List of the killed and wounded on board the Spanish ships taken.

Killed 261---Wounded 342---Total 603.

Note.---Among the killed is the General Don Francisco Xavier Winthuysen, Chef D'Escadre.

ADDITIONAL SHIPS OF WAR CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY.

Captain Macnamara, of his Majesty's ship Southampton, cruising off Cape Dell Mell, captured the Corso, Don Antonio Ocaro, a Spanish brig of 18 guns and 136 men, on the 2d of December. She is a new ship, completely armed, and a prime sailer.

Commodore Nelson states, in a letter, dated at sea, in the Mediterranean, Dec. 20, that Capt. Cockburne, in the Minerva frigate, captured La Sabina, a Spanish frigate of 40 guns and 286 men, Capt. Don Jacoba Stuart, Commander, after a spirited action of two hours. She was, however, next day retaken by a Spanish ship of the line, at the same time that the Minerva was engaged by a Spanish frigate. In both actions the Minerva sustained considerable loss in men, and the ship was much damaged. Wounded 44, one of them Lieut. J. Noble; killed 7, one of them a midshipman; missing 4, supposed to be in the prize. On the 23d of Dec. the Minerva, after being refitted, captured a French privateer, called the Maria, of 6 guns and 68 men, off the south-end of Sardinia.

Capt. Marsh, of the King's Fisher sloop, captured a Spanish privateer, manned with 30 men, off Oporto, on the 23d of Jan. and drove another on shore, between Villa Conde and Vianna, mounting 12 guns and 60 men; the Victorieux French privateer, of 4 guns and 30 men, by Capt. Hargood, of his Majesty's ship Leopard, off Yarmouth, on the 18th of Feb. L'Aventurier French schooner privateer, of 40 tons, having on board 11 men armed with cutlasses and pistols, off the South

\* Salvador del Mundo, 112 guns; San Joseph, 112 guns, San Nicolas, 84 guns, San Isidro, 74 guns.

Foreland, on February 18, by Sir John Colleton, of the Swift cutter; two French privateers, L'Appocrate, of 14 guns and 65 men, and L'Hirondelle, of 6 guns and 45 men, off Scilly, on Feb. 18, by Capt. Yorke, of his Majesty's ship Stag; the Difficile French privateer, of 18 guns and 206 men, on the 20th of Feb. off Brest, by Lieutenant Sanders, of the Phoenix cutter; Le Fibustier French privateer, of 14 guns and 63 men, off Dunkirk, on Feb. 21, by Capt. Talbot, of his Majesty's ship Eurydice; La Tartane French privateer, of 16 guns and 60 men, off Beachy Head, on Feb. 28, by Capt. Young, of his Majesty's ship Greyhound; Le Ferret French privateer, of 14 guns and 50 men, besides 22 English prisoners, off the Land's End, on Feb. 28, by Capt. Glynn, of the Scourge sloop.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

## ARMY OF ITALY.

On commencing hostilities against his Holiness the Pope, the following proclamation was issued by Buonaparte, the French Commander in Chief:

*Head-quarters at Bologna, Feb. 1.*

'The French army is about to enter the Papal territory; it will be faithful to the maxims it professes. It will protect religion and the people.

'The French soldiers carry in one hand the bayonet, as a pledge of victory: with the other, they offer to the cities and villages, peace, protection, and security. Evil betide those who shall disdain this order, and who, in the folly of their hearts, seduced by profoundly hypocritical and wicked men, shall draw down on their houses war and its horrors, together with the vengeance of an army, which, in the space of six months, has made prisoners an hundred thousand of the Emperor's best troops, has taken 400 cannon, 110 flags, and destroyed five armies.

'Art. I. Every village or city, which, on the approach of the French army, shall sound the *tocsin*, shall be instantly burned, and the Magistrate shot.

'II. The commune in the territory of which a Frenchman shall be assassinated, shall be instantly declared in a state of siege. A moving column shall be sent thither, hostages shall be taken, and extraordinary contributions levied.

'III. All the Priests, Monks, and Ministers of worship, of every denomination, shall be protected and maintained in their present condition, provided they conduct themselves according to the principles of the holy Gospel. Should they be the first to transgress, they will have a military trial, and be more severely punished than the other citizens.'

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM BUONAPARTE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY, BY THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY.

*Head-quarters at Faenza, Feb. 3.*

The letter of this date, after stating that the wreck of the Austrian army were driven by the French Generals Massena, Joubert, and Vial beyond Trent, with the loss of 800 prisoners and double that number killed, proceeds to narrate the movements of the main body of the French army, commanded by Buonaparte himself in person, as follows:

'The division of General Victor lay on the 1st of February at Imola, the first town in the Papal territories. The army of his Holiness had cut down the bridges, and entrenched itself with great care on the river *Sento*, which it had lined with cannon. General Lasne, commanding the advanced guard, came in sight of the enemy, who began a cannonade on him: he immediately gave orders to the *ecclaireurs* of the legion of Lombardy to attack the Papal riflemen. The chief of brigade, Lahoz, commander of the legion of Lombardy, collected his grenadiers, whom he formed into a close column, in order to carry the enemy's batteries with fixed bayonets. This legion, which had never till now seen service, gained the highest glory. It carried fourteen pieces of cannon under the fire of 3 or 4000 men entrenched: while the fire continued, several priests, with crucifixes in their hands, exhorted these miserable troops. We took from the enemy 14 pieces of

cannon, 8 stands of colours, 1000 prisoners, and killed 4 or 500 men: the chief brigade, Lahoz, was slightly wounded. We had 40 men killed or wounded.

Our troops then immediately proceeded to Faenza: they found the gates shut. All the bells sounded the tocsin, and a deluded populace attempted to defend the entrance. All the principal inhabitants, particularly the Bishop, made their escape. Two or three discharges of artillery forced the gates, and our troops entered the city in the attitude of charge. The laws of war authorise me to subject this unfortunate town to pillage; but how could we resolve to punish a whole city for the crime of a few Priests! I sent to them fifty officers, whom I had made prisoners, in order to undeceive their companions, and to explain to them the dangers which such obstinacy would involve. I this morning sent for all the Monks and all the Priests. I reminded them of the principles of the Gospel, and employed all the influence which reason and necessity could have, to prevail upon them to behave properly. They appeared to me to be animated with good principles. I sent to Ravenna the General of the Carmelites, in order to open the eyes of this city to avoid the evils which a longer infatuation would produce. To Cezenna, the country of the reigning Pope, I sent Father Don Ignacio, Prior of Benedictines.

General Victor yesterday continued his route, and made himself master of Sorli. I gave him orders to proceed this day to Cezenna. I have sent you different papers, which will convince Europe of the folly of those who guide the Court of Rome. You will find annexed two other posing bills, which will convince you of the frenzy of these men. It is deplorable to think that this infatuation costs the blood of the poor people, the innocent instruments, and uniformly the victims, of theologians. Several Priests, and among others a Capuchin, who preached to the army of the Catholics, were killed on the field of battle.

*Ancona, Feb. 10.*

We have in a few days conquered Romania, the Duchy of Urbino, the March of Ancona, and taken twelve thousand prisoners belonging to the Pope. The latter were skillfully posted on the heights before Ancona. General Victor surrounded them, and made them prisoners, without a musket being discharged. The Emperor had just presented to the Pope 3000 very fine muskets, with nearly 120 guns of a large calibre. Fifty officers, whom we made prisoners, were dismissed, after taking an oath that they would never again serve the Pope. From Venice to the Adriatic, Ancona is the only port: it is in every point of view very essential to our correspondence with Constantinople. In twenty-one hours we can penetrate from hence into Macedonia. No government was so much despised, even by the people by whom it was obeyed, as this one. To the first sensation of terror, caused by the entrance of an hostile army, great joy, at their deliverance from a most ridiculous government, succeeded.

‘Six at night. We are in possession of Notre Dame of Loretto.’

EXTRACT OF ANOTHER LETTER, OF THE SAME DATE.

‘You will find annexed, Citizens Directors, the capitulation of Mantua. Our troops took possession of the citadel on the 15th inst. (Feb. 3) and this day the city is completely evacuated by the Austrians. General Kilmaine, who established the second blockade, rendered great services. It is he who ordered St. George to be fortified, and who served us so effectually afterwards. The garrison of Mantua consumed no less than 5000 horses: in consequence of which we found very few, &c.’

The principal articles of the capitulation of Mantua are---That the garrison shall be prisoners of war, except Field-Marshal Wurmser, and all the other Generals, with their Aid-de-Camps; 200 cavalry, and 500 individuals, chosen by General Wurmser; that all the Officers shall keep their swords, horses, equipage, and property; and that the garrison shall be marched to Gisors, in the Frioul, and exchanged, by preference, for French prisoners of war.

The following is an account of the principal artillery found in the town and citadel, viz. 500 cannon, 17,115 musquets, 4484 pistols, 16,100 bars of iron, 184 carriages and waggons, &c.

*Head-Quarters at Ancona, Feb. 18, 1797.*

' Loretto contained a treasure of the value of about three millions of livres Tournois; but they have only left us about one million. I send you the Madonna, with all the reliques; the chest which contains them will be directed expressly to you, and you will make what use you please of them. The Madonna is of wood.

' The Province of Macerata, more generally known by the name of "the Marquisate of Ancona," is one of the most beautiful, and, without doubt, one of the richest of the estates of the Pope.

' Our troops have gotten possession of Umbria, and the country of Perugia. We are also masters of the small province of Canorino.

' At Ancona we found 99 cannon, 23,000 bombs and grenades, 2256 musquets, and 4 ammunition waggons.'

*Brussels, Jan. 26.* The counter-revolutionary movements in the environs of the Abbey of Affegheim were more serious than were at first imagined; it seems that they were connected with a vast plan of insurrection, the execution of which was prevented by the vigilance of the civil and military constituted authorities.

The designs of the insurgents were, it is said, to sound the tocsin in all the rural communes of the environs, and to proceed with a force of from 8 to 10,000 men to Brussels, and an equal number to Louvain. They had no doubt, that, if the first plan had succeeded, all the ci-devant province of Brabant would rise, and that the counter-revolution would then be organized in the whole of Belgium.

Several individuals who formed part of the armed assemblage have been taken up, and the Commission has condemned two of them to be shot; one, the servant of the Baron de Moorsal; and the other, an Austrian deserter. They were shot yesterday. The Baron de Moorsal himself has been taken up, tried, and shot. He fired upon one of the gendarmes, but missed him.

Letters from Verviers, of the 8th instant, announce, that on the preceding Monday a strong popular commotion took place at Malmedi. The Military Commandant, contrary to the Proclamation which allowed the public exercise of religious worship, would not permit the priests to carry about the Host. He ordered the priest to turn back with his procession; but the latter refused, and 700 inhabitants, of both sexes, armed themselves with pitchforks, and similar weapons, and desired the priest to go on. The soldiers fired, and killed several of the inhabitants, upon which the garrison was attacked, and obliged to evacuate the town.

#### FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE COAST OF WALES.

*Brest, Feb. 12.* A plan has been for some time in contemplation to form the galley slaves of this port into regiments. This plan, though disbelieved by some, is no longer chimerical: it is now on the eve of execution. A small detachment, composed of the frigates *La Vengeance* and *La Resistance*, the corvette *La Constance*, and the lugger *La Vautour*, are immediately to depart, under the orders of the Chief of Division, Castagnier. Yesterday, and the day before, twelve hundred galley slaves were embarked on board these vessels. They were chosen from amongst the thieves, deserters, and mutinous soldiers. They were organized into bodies, under officers chosen from amongst themselves, and are all armed, and dressed in uniform; their destination is not known.

*Feb. 18.* The division of frigates, having on board 1200 felons, and commanded by Castagnier, sailed this day. Its destination is still unknown.

#### EAST INDIES.

*Batavia, June 26.* A dreadful mortality prevails here: the island is nearly depopulated by the ravages of disease and death---every day the flag is to be seen, hoisted half-staff high, denoting the death of some person in office, Member of Council, or Captain of an Indiaman. This disorder attacks all ranks and ages, and generally proves fatal within twenty-four hours.

The troops and seamen at Batavia do not now amount to 1400 men.

#### WEST INDIES.

*St. Pierre, Martinique, Nov. 12.* We have been very nearly as sickly in these islands as at St. Domingo. The troops have suffered dreadfully. According to

the most accurate returns, we have lost 5000 men since the army sailed from Portsmouth, besides 101 Officers, the Hospital Staff, &c. not included. I am the only one of my department who has hitherto escaped the fever, and I also must expect to pay the tribute sooner or later. The order to take, sink, burn, and destroy the Spaniards, has given a new life to us at this dull season. I am a daily witness of captures from my window; but the vessels are chiefly small schooners with cattle. Sir Hyde Parker has sailed to leeward, and I have no doubt but that if he falls in with any thing worthy his notice, he will give a good account of it. We are anxiously expecting the arrival of a new General, as it seems decided that Sir Ralph will not return, and that the attack of Guadaloupe will be postponed.

#### DOMESTIC NEWS.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 27, 1797.

Yesterday morning, in consequence of the very great demands which for several preceding days had been made upon the Bank of England for cash, and of an order of the Privy Council, the money payments at the Bank were stopped. At the same time hand-bills (of which a copy is subjoined) were distributed at the doors. During the whole day no payments were made but of some fractional sums, on drafts; and no business was transacted in the Cashier's office but the changing of large notes into smaller, for which a great number of persons applied.

'BANK OF ENGLAND, FEBRUARY 27, 1797.

'In consequence of an order of his Majesty's Privy Council, to discontinue payments in specie till the sense of Parliament was obtained, notified to the Bank last night, the Governor, Deputy-Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England, think it their duty to inform the Proprietors of Bank Stock, as well as the Public at large, that the general concerns of the Bank are in the most affluent and prosperous situation, and such as preclude every doubt as to the security of its Notes.

'The Directors mean to continue their usual discounts for the accommodation of the Commercial Interest, paying the amount in Bank-Notes, and the Dividend Warrants will be paid in the same manner. FRANCIS MARTIN, Sec.'

*Saturday, March 4.* The Bank issued Notes of Twenty and Forty Shillings this day. They were not able, however, to prepare a sufficient quantity for the exigency of the day. Quantities were sent off to all the manufacturing towns; and the town banking-houses had only one hundred of each kind for the day.

*Thursday, 9.* There was an issue of Spanish dollars, this day, to which is affixed the Tower mark, and they are made current at 4s. 9d. each.

Immediately on the refusal of the Bank to pay in specie, an association was formed in the city, consisting of all the mercantile and trading interests, by whom it was resolved to accept of bank-notes in payment. The same spirit diffused itself over the whole kingdom, and associations of a similar nature were formed, to support not only the Bank of England, but also the respectable Country Banks.

#### FARTHER PARTICULARS OF THE FRENCH DESCENT IN WALES.

*Haverfordwest, Feb. 24.* The French troops were first discovered from a promontory above the Bay of Fishguard. Men, women and children, were all seen hastening to the place where they had landed: and this body, together with the few military and sailors, about 300 of the former, and 200 of the latter, formed near 3000 persons, whose numbers were hourly increasing. In the conflict which ensued three Frenchmen were killed---Five were seen attempting to carry off a calf---They were attacked by the same number of Welchmen, who killed two---the other three made off. Two Welchmen only, we believe, lost their lives. Many of the Frenchmen appeared to have the marks of fetters upon their legs, but they are described as being in general tall, good looking men. The cloathing these troops had on, is said to be the same which was sent from this country to La Vendée. Two General officers were with them, one of whom is represented as an Irishman. There is also an Irishman amongst the common soldiers.

## OBITUARY.

ON the 2d of March, at Strawberry-Hill, the Right Honourable the Earl of Orford.

This Nobleman, better known in the Republic of Letters by the name of Horace Walpole, was the youngest son of the famous Minister of this country, Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Lord Orford.

Horace Walpole was born about the year 1715. His mother, Catherine Shorter, was the first wife of Sir Robert Walpole. Horace was some time at Eton School, and afterwards some time at Cambridge. He was intimate with the celebrated Poet, Gray, and they went together on the Tour of Europe, in the years 1739, 1740, and 1741. Unhappily, they had a dispute in the course of their travels, which produced a separation. Mr. Walpole was able to make a splendid figure, during the remainder of his destined course; but poor Gray, after the separation, was obliged to observe a very severe œconomy. A reconciliation took place after their return to England; but the wound in their friendship left a scar that never was totally effaced.

Mr. Walpole was chosen Member for Callington, in Cornwall, in the Parliament which met on June 25th, 1741. He was a second time in Parliament, as Representative for Castle-Rising, in Norfolk, in 1747, and for King's Lynn, in 1754 and 1761; and, at the expiration of that Parliament, he finally retired from the stage of politics, and confined himself wholly to literary pursuits. Upon the death of his nephew, the late Lord Orford, Horace Walpole succeeded to the titles and estates.

He published a work, entitled *Noble Authors*, in which he has shewn much industry and judicious criticism. His *Historic Doubts respecting the Character, Conduct, and Person of Richard the Third*, is a work of ingenuity, argument, and knowledge; but it was, in a great measure, derived from Buck's *History of that Monarch*. The only dramatic work from his pen, was the *Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy, never

intended for performance or publication, which was printed at his own private press at Strawberry-Hill, and of which fifty copies only were circulated among his friends. The story is founded on a subject too horrid for the stage; but it is well worthy of perusal in the closet, as it forcibly paints the horrors of guilt, and exhibits a considerable knowledge of the human heart, supported by much poetic vigour. The *Castle of Otranto*, a Romance, by this Author, may be considered as the archetype of all that miserable trash which now deluges the press, and which is calculated to excite apprehension and surprise, without throwing one new light upon life or nature. The *Castle of Otranto*, as the only work of the kind, was acceptable to the Public, and produced an agreeable exercise of the severer passions; but, as the prolific parent of the compositions to which we allude, it is to be regretted that the author ever presented it to the world. Lord Orford also published *Anecdotes of Painters*; and the world is much indebted to him for many particulars relative to the Genius, the Works, and the *Life of the inimitable Hogarth*.

Lord Orford was one of the combination of wits who supported Moore, in his periodical Paper, entitled *The World*; and his contributions were among the most numerous and successful articles in that entertaining miscellany. His conduct, relative to the unfortunate Chatterton, was a source of so much regret to himself, that we forbear any animadversion on the subject. There are many pieces of Occasional Poetry, scattered through various publications, which might be formed into a volume, creditable to the taste and talents of this Author.

Lord Orford never was married; and, as far as we can learn, his chief Mistress, through life, was the Muse. Towards the close of his life, he offered to marry either of the two Miss Berrys, whom he patronized, with no other view, than of placing either of those ladies in such a situation as might give, to the virtues and accomplishments which they both

eminently possess, appropriate rank and fortune. To the honour of these ladies, it should be observed, that they both declined, without the least hesitation, an opportunity which, perhaps, but few in a similar situation would have had fortitude enough to reject.

Lord Orford was very fond of conversation; he was agreeable and communicative in his manners, and possessed a greater stock of literary and political anecdotes, perhaps, than any man in this country. During almost the whole of his life, he was the victim of the gout, which at last reduced him to a miserable cripple, and almost a skeleton; but it never impaired his faculties; and, to the very moment of death, his understanding seemed to bid defiance to the shock of nature.

His Lordship directed his body to be buried at Houghton, in the most private manner.

His Lordship died worth 95,000l. Three per Cents. and has given away 50,000l. sterling in legacies; which, in the present state of the funds, will leave nothing to the residuary legatee. His Lordship has bequeathed 12,000l. to the Dutchess of Gloucester; 5000l. to Lady Waldegrave; 4000l. to each of the Miss Berrys; 500l. to each of his Nephews and Nieces, and a variety of other Legacies. Mrs. Damer has Strawberry-Hill, and 2000l. a-year; and Mr. Berry all the manuscripts, and the Press, from whence will now come, most probably, his Lordship's Posthumous Works.

Lately, in Cumberland-gardens, Vauxhall, Mr. Joseph Booth, the ingenious inventor of the polygraphic art, and of the more important art of manufacturing cloth by a perfectly original process.

Mechanical invention is one of the great pillars that support the grandeur of the British constitution. It was reserved to Mr. Booth, the *Inventor of the Polygraphic Art*, to apply mechanical invention, and particularly the power of chemistry, to the diffusion, perpetuation, and, in some respects, the improvement of the most generally pleasing and captivating of the liberal arts. This ingenious artist actually invented a method of multiplying pictures in oil colours, with all the properties of the original paintings, whether in regard to outline,

expression, size, variety of tints, and other circumstances, without any touch or finishing by the hand, and without any injury of the painting. By means of this chemical process are produced such exact copies, as cannot, without difficulty, be distinguished from the archetype, and possess all the qualities, and produce the full effect of the most finished paintings; while the price at which they can be delivered to the public is commonly under the tenth part of the price of the original.

Lately at Stanton, Mrs. Church, aged 109 years. This venerable woman retained the use of speech, hearing, and memory, to the last; her voice being full, clear, and distinct, till within a short period previous to her decease. She had been blind, however, for some years past, and derived a part of her maintenance from Emanuel's hospital, in London, receiving a pension of 10l. per annum. She was a native of the county of Monmouth. She had a distinct recollection of the rejoicings which took place at the time of the accession of Queen Anne to the crown, in 1702. In one house lived the old lady, her daughter, her grand-daughter, and her grand-daughter's children, comprising *four generations*, under the same roof. It is singular, that her death was at last precipitated, in consequence of her falling down stairs, some weeks prior to that event; and but for this circumstance, her life might have been lengthened out to many more years.

At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs. Jane Falconer, daughter of David Lord Falconer, of Halkerton, and relict of James Falconer, of Monkton, Esq.

At Dover, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Doorne, who for many years past kept the Flying Horse Inn, and entertained a large and respectable set of farmers, inhabitants of that town, and others, not only with good fare, but with great variety of jokes and witty sayings, of which he had good store.

Lately, Mr. John Wood, of Brown-hills, near Burslem, whose death was attended by the following melancholy circumstances:---Mr. Oliver, a respectable surgeon and apothecary, of Burslem, had for a considerable time past entertained a strong attachment for Miss Wood; but the connection, on some account, being disagreeable to the family,



Mr. Wood some time since forbad Mr. O. to enter his house. Mr. O. could not bear with patience this rude behaviour and disappointment, and resolving to seek satisfaction, he went to Mr. W's house early on Friday morning, the 27th of January, before Mr. W. was up, and sent one of the servants to say, that he, Mr. Oliver, wished to speak with him. Mr. W. immediately dressed himself, went down into his counting house, and sent his clerk into the parlour, with the money to discharge a small bill he owed Mr. Oliver.---Mr. Oliver, however, informed the clerk, that the business he had to settle must be done by Mr. Wood himself; the clerk immediately delivered this message to his master, who went to Mr. Oliver, when the latter presented his bill, and soon after pulled out a brace of pistols from his pockets, while Mr. Wood's back was turned; the clerk seeing them, asked, what those were for? At that moment Mr. Wood turned towards Mr. Oliver, who instantly levelled one pistol at Mr. W. and the other at himself: that pointed at Mr. W. immediately went off, and shot him through the body. The clerk then knocked the other pistol out of his hand, before it was discharged.---Mr. Wood exclaimed, "Sir, you have killed me!" Mr. Oliver replied, "It is what I intended." The family being alarmed, a surgeon was sent for; Mr. O. told them it was useless, as Mr. W. would be a dead man in two hours: "and I too," said Mr. Oliver, "shall be dead before I leave this room."---At that instant he put something into his mouth, which it appeared afterwards was poison; but this second attempt to destroy himself was frustrated: for, although it made him extremely ill, yet the dose being too strong, he threw it off his stomach.---Mr. Wood languished till the following Monday, when he expired. Mr. O. was committed to Stafford jail.

Lately, aged 88, the Rev. M. Worthington, M. A. vicar of Childwall, and upwards of 60 years curate of Woodplumpton. Piety to God, benevolence to man, and charity to the poor, were the most striking features in his character, and few of his contemporaries outstripped him in these respects. He was well versed in the theory and practice of surgery, with which he often successfully assisted his neighbours, but always gratuitously. The last 20 years

of his life were rendered comfortable, by the presentation of the vicarage of Childwall, and an annuity of 20*l.* bequeathed him, solely from a regard to his worth, by the Hon. and Rev. J. Stanley, rector of Winnock.

Lately, at Unthank, aged 59, Mr. W. Forster; many years principal agent to the late Sir W. and the present Sir T. Blackett, at Allenheads, and considered as the most skilful person in the knowledge of lead-mines of any in the North of England.

Lately, at Surinam, Mr. Thomas Christie, of Finsbury-square, author of a Defence of the French Revolution against Mr. Burke. He had been bred to physic, and took a doctor's degree, but had abandoned the profession for several years.

This gentleman was a native of Montrose, in Scotland. He resided in France during the three first years of the revolution, and wrote an accurate and minute history of that memorable period. He is said to have first suggested the plan of publishing the Analytical Review; and, by his literary labours, he contributed greatly toward its establishment. He, together with Doctor W. Thomson, instituted the Literary Society, called 'The Westminster Library.' He is author of several anonymous pieces.

Lately, at Jamaica, Mr. Leoni, the celebrated singer. He appeared the first time on the stage at Drury-lane, in Kalliel, in Mr. Garrick's opera of The Enchanter, 13th Dec. 1766.

Lately, at St. Christopher's, the Hon. captain Dunbar Douglas, son of the Earl of Selkirk.

Lately, Thomas Longman, Esq. at Hampstead, aged 66, formerly an eminent bookseller in Paternoster-row.

Lately, Mr. William Brown, bookseller, corner of Essex-street, Strand.

The late Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller, whose death we announced in our last, was the brother, the partner, and successor in the business, of the late ingenious Mr. Robert Dodsley, author of 'Trifles,' 'The Economy of Human Life,' 'Cleone, a tragedy,' &c. At an early age, he was removed from his native place, Anston, in Nottinghamshire, to London, by his brother, who had settled as a bookseller in Pall-Mall; and from that time, till his death, a period of 60 years, he continued in

the bookselling business. In 1758, in conjunction with his brother, he started that well-known work, the 'Annual Register,' and continued to publish it till the year 1790. Mr. Dodsley was particularly fortunate in his literary connections, and, in consequence, realised a very handsome fortune. It is worthy noticing, as a literary anecdote, that he sold no less than 18,000 of Mr. Burke's famous 'Revolution,' with no considerable advantage, however, to himself, as the profits were exactly accounted for to the author. In the year 1782, he communicated to the Rockingham Administration the plan of the Tax on Receipts, which, though troublesome to the Trader, has been productive of considerable revenue to the State.

In Westminster, aged 67, Madame Barce, so named from dealing in Barcelona nuts and apples; a constant attendant in the lobby of the house of peers, where she served their lordships with fruit for upwards of 26 years.

Aged 79, J. Croft, Esq. Clerk of the journals and engrossments in the house of lords, for upwards of 40 years, to the duties of which employment he paid indefatigable attention.

C. A. Atkinson, Esq. alderman: of a worthy character. Walking, in company among his coal-works, at Dumfermline, Scotland, and proceeding to examine the mouth of an old pit, the timber on which he stood gave way, and precipitated him to the bottom, a depth of 40 fathoms. It was several hours before his mangled remains could be recovered.

Lately, at Edinburgh, General David Græme, of the 19th regt. of foot.

Lately, the Right Hon. Hugh Mackay, Lord Reay.

At his house in Argyle-street, Sir Francis Lumm, Bart. of Lumville, in the King's County, and Governor of Ross Castle, in the Kingdom of Ireland.

At Burleigh-house, the Right Hon. the Countess of Exeter.

Lately, at Boyndie, the Right Hon. Lady Catharine Booker, wife of Thomas Booker, Esq. and sister to the Duke of Gordon.

Lately, in the house of industry, Worcester, Joyce Pardoe, aged 105.

Lately, at Attleborough, Norfolk, aged 90, Mr. John Cole, Farmer, who has left 115 children and grand-children to bemoan his loss.

Lately, at his house in George-street, Hanover-square, Dr. Cadogan.

Lately, Mrs. Gray, wife of John Gray, Esq. Bloomsbury-square.

Lately, at St. Christopher's, the Hon. Archibald Esdaile, president of that island.

5. Much lamented, at her house in New Norfolk-street, Grosvenor-square, Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Harbrough, relict of Bennett, late Earl of Harbrough, and eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Cave, Bart. for many years one of the Representatives in Parliament for the County of Leicester.

7. At her apartments in the Queen's Palace, Mademoiselle Schwellenberg, keeper of the Robes to her Majesty. She came over with the Queen from Hanover in the year 1761, and has been in the service of the Royal Family, in the above capacity, ever since, to whom she was a very faithful attendant. From the emoluments of her place, she has left to her relatives a very comfortable fortune. She was a gentlewoman of much respectability, and greatly beloved by all the Royal Family.

Although often accused of extreme avarice, no one was more liberal to the unfortunate, nor more humane to the wretched, than this lady. She was both generous and charitable. And, notwithstanding she has been represented to have accumulated *two or three hundred thousand pounds*, it is said that she left *but a few thousands!*

By her demise, the greatest and the best woman in the country has lost a very faithful and accomplished old servant; and the junior branches of the Royal Family are deprived of the cheering presence of a lady, to whom, during their tender years, she acted with all the fond solicitude and cordial affection of a mother.

Madame Schwellenberg left the world quite suddenly. She had for a long time laboured under the infirmity of old age, but did not think her dissolution near. On the evening of her death, she said to one of her attendants, that she would divert herself with a game at cards, which were brought; and, drawing near the table, before she began to play, fell into a fit, and expired, without uttering a sentence.

Her remains were interred in the German Chapel, in the Savoy.