



*His Imperial Majesty PAUL I.
Emperor of Russia.*

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THE
SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,

AND

FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1797.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY PAUL I. EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

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THE
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BRIEF BIOGRAPHY
OF
HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, PAUL I.
EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

TO swell the record of splendid actions, or to rank conspicuous as a warrior or legislator, is the lot of but few monarchs even after the period of a long reign. The short period, however, for which Paul the First has governed Russia, has been graced with as many worthy deeds as have been performed in an equal space of time, by the greatest monarchs who have appeared on the vast theatre of the world.

PAUL PETROWITZ THE FIRST was born on the 1st of October 1754. The fate of his unfortunate father is well known; and the ambition and intrigues of his mother, prevented his accession in his childhood to that throne which belonged to him by inheritance and the laws of his country. Excluded, therefore, from a crown to which, as he advanced in years, he became sensible of his right, and holding in abhorrence the promoters of the abdication and death of his father, he lived for the most part in retirement; and seldom interfering in the politics of the empire, waited only for the death of the empress to enable him to resent his own wrongs, and those of a parent. At length, on the eighteenth of October 1796, Catharine the Second paid the great debt of mortality; and on the following day, Paul the First took possession of the throne of his father.

The first act of the new Emperor's reign, after receiving the oaths of allegiance from his subjects, was to nominate Count Ostermann Chancellor of the Empire, and to dismiss some of the favourites of the late Empress. Among these was Count Marcaff, who had been her principal adviser, and Prince Subow. The natural benevolence

of his heart, however, forbade his resentment to proceed farther than their dismissal.

But justice to the memory of his father seemed to be the ruling principle of his actions; and to testify his sense of his wrongs, he ordered his corpse to be taken from its sepulchre, in the church of Novieski, in Petersburg, in order that it might be interred with that of his mother in the family vault of his ancestors. Thus were the remains of the proud Catharine mingled, in death, with those of a husband, whom her ambition had reduced to the shameful necessity of abandoning his throne, and whose life had been probably shortened by her intrigues.

In the latter part of her life Catharine had entered into the league against the French republic, and for that purpose had begun to levy recruits, to act in concert with those of Francis, emperor of Germany; but immediately on his accession, Paul ordered the edict to be revoked. This, perhaps, is a proof that the disposition of the Court of Russia is by no means favourable to the allied powers. But what must place the character of Paul the First in a more favourable point of view, is the regard he has shewn for the happiness of the lower ranks of his people, by reducing the tribute of forty roubles, which each lord had a right to exact from his vassal, to five; and promoting the agriculture of the country, by preventing too great a number of horses being employed in the luxury of the capital.

The generosity of the conduct of the Emperor towards the gallant Kosciusko merits the highest praise, and must endear him to every one who feels for the sufferings of Poland.

In his politics Paul is said to be strongly partial to Prussia. This may, perhaps, be accounted for from the great friendship which existed between the great Frederick and Peter the Third, whose partiality certainly saved Prussia from the most eminent danger to which it was ever exposed. In 1762, when that unhappy prince mounted the Russian throne, he immediately relinquished the system of his predecessor, the Empress Elizabeth, withdrew his victorious armies from the Prussian territory, made peace with Frederick, and changed the whole face of affairs in Germany.

In person, the Emperor is rather short, but possesses a dignity in his manner, tempered with a degree of affability, which claims the respect and love of all who have the pleasure of his conversation. Having been surrounded by Frenchmen in his youth, he has acquired a considerable portion of that vivacity which so strongly marks the French character, and he has something in his gait and deportment which gives him the appearance of a native of France.

Upon a general Review of his character, we think, that he possesses every virtue of his unfortunate Father, (and virtues even his enemies allowed him) without any of his failings. Like him he has begun the works of legislation and reform; but with a more temperate and steady hand: and the natural benevolence of his heart is tempered by so strong a judgment, that he will avoid the rocks on which that unfortunate man split, and, we doubt not, rank in history, as one of those monarchs who have been the benefactors of mankind.

MEMOIRS
OF HER LATE
IMPERIAL MAJESTY, CATHARINE II.
EMPRESS AND AUTOCRATRIX OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, &c.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

AMONG the best of the regulations made by Peter I. must be mentioned, the endowment of some free towns with certain privileges, which were afterwards augmented by Elizabeth. But these privileges were confined to Petersburg, Moscow, Astracan, Tver, and a few other great provincial towns; and all the inhabitants, merchants not excepted, were liable to the poll tax, and to be draughted for the army and navy. Catharine the II. however, exempted the body of merchants from these two odious instances of servitude; and sensible that Commerce and Industry are the chief springs of national wealth increased the number and immunities of the free towns, and permitted every man to enrol himself into the class of merchants or burghers, who form the third order of the inhabitants of the empire.

The abolition of torture is a strong instance of the wisdom and humanity of Catharine II. In 1762, Catharine, soon after her accession, took away the power of inflicting torture from the Vayvodes, or inferior justices, by whom it had been shamefully abused. In 1767, a secret order was issued to the judges in the several provinces to abolish the use of it, and it has since been formally and publicly annulled. The abolition of this horrid species of judicature, throughout the vast dominions of the Russiau empire, forms a memorable æra in the annals of humanity.

As the patroness of the arts, Catharine has ever been conspicuous. The protection afforded to the institutions for the promotion of them founded by her predecessors, and the pensions bestowed on men of genius, will ever render her name dear to science and learning. The equestrian statue erected by her to the memory of Peter I. and many of the public buildings in Petersburg, are monuments of her fine taste. And it is to her unparalleled munificence that we are indebted for the labours of Professors Pallas and Matthæus, and a number of other scientific and learned men.

It now only remains to consider Catharine as a conqueror; and the accessions to the Russian empire by right of conquest, during her reign, are vast indeed. By the conquest of the Crimea and the country of Ockzakof, she has secured such a power in the black sea as leaves Constantinople dependent, even as to its very existence, on the will of the sovereign of the Russias, and must, in the event, effect the total overthrow of the Ottoman empire. By the completion of the conquest of the remote parts of Siberia and the shores of the

polar sea, she has opened a vast source of wealth by the trade with the natives of those inhospitable regions. And by the subjugation of the Cossacks and Tartars inhabiting the shores of the Caspian Sea and the river Oxus, she has opened a direct trade with India, and rendered the communication safe and complete between the frozen shores of Lapland and the frontiers of China. On her acquisitions in Poland, history would wish to be silent; but the pen that records the splendour of conquest, must not forget the achievements of rapine and injustice.

We have thus far considered Catharine in her public character; but as every particular relative to so extraordinary a woman must be interesting, we shall give a brief account of her person and manners in private life. Catharine II. was, in person, of a middle stature; during the latter years of her life rather inclined to be corpulent; in her deportment and manner she possessed much dignity and majesty; but they were tempered with a graciousness and affability which strongly impressed themselves on every beholder. Her countenance expressed all that vigour of intellect and all that comprehension of mind which she possessed. In a word she was great, and always appeared so.

Of the private life of Catharine, so good an account is given by an enlightened writer, Mr. Coxe, who was himself a witness to many of the facts he relates, that we cannot forbear extracting the whole of it from his Travels into Russia.

Her majesty usually rises about six, and is engaged till eight or nine in public business with her secretary. At ten she generally begins her toilet; and while her hair is dressing, the ministers of state, and her aid-de-camps in waiting, pay their respects and receive their orders. Being dressed about eleven, she sends for her grand-children, the young princes Alexander and Constantine, or visits them in their own apartment. Before dinner she receives a visit from the great-duk and duchess; and sits down to table rather before one. She has always company at dinner, usually about nine persons, consisting of the generals and lords in waiting, a lady of the bed-chamber, a maid of honour, and two or three of the Russian nobility, whom she invites. Their imperial highnesses dine with her three times in the week, on which days the party is encreased to eighteen persons. The lord of the bed-chamber in waiting, who always sits opposite to the empress, carves one dish and presents it to her; an attention, which, after once politely accepting, she afterwards dispenses with. Her majesty is remarkably temperate, and is seldom at table more than an hour. From thence she retires to her own apartment; and about three frequently repairs to her library in the Hermitage. At five she goes to the theatre, or to a private concert; and, when there is no court in the evening, has a private party at cards. She seldom sups; generally retires at half past ten; and is usually in bed before eleven.

The particulars of the death of this great woman must be too fresh in the memory of every one to need any recapitulation here; it is

sufficient, therefore to say, that she had been much indisposed during the month of October 1795; that on the seventeenth of that month her illness became very alarming; and that on the eighteenth she expired, being in the 67th year of her age, and 34th of her reign.

Upon a general review of the character of Catharine II. we cannot but consider her as the most illustrious sovereign, after the exit of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, on the theatre of Europe, for comprehension of mind, vigour of character, and lofty ambition: an ambition not merly directed to the extension and security of the empire by means of policy and war; but to the civilization and welfare of subject nations, by the introduction of arts, liberal and mechanical, and the improvement of manufactures and commerce: and all this by means more gentle and gradual than many of those employed by Peter the Great, and consequently more effectual. In all her wars she was successful; in all her regulations for the internal government of her mighty empire, there appeared that benevolence, which, for the honour of human nature, is usually found in conjunction with sublimity of genius. She wished, soon after her accession to the throne, to introduce civil liberty among the great mass of the people, by the emancipation of the peasantry. It was found impracticable to emancipate their bodies, without enlightening their minds. To this object she bent the powers of her inventive, yet prudent genius—Schools were instituted in all parts of her dominions, and a way was opened for the lowest of her subjects to liberty, by certain privileges within the scope of industry and merit. The code of laws drawn up by her own hand, was never exceeded in point either of sagacity or goodness: for, we are always to bear in mind that even Solon found it expedient not to dictate the best laws, but the best that the people for whom he dictated, were capable of bearing. Her military plans partook of the strength of simplicity. She did not feed the flame of war to no purpose, by throwing in, as it were, faggot after faggot, nor waste time in tedious detours, but, with a mighty and irresistible concentrated force, proceeded directly to her object. She had not the art of appearing affable, humane, and magnanimous, but the merit of really being so. She was not only a patroness, but a great proficient in literature; and had not her life been spent in great actions, it would probably have been employed, though with somewhat less glory, in celebrating the illustrious achievements of others.

Thus far we have considered the fair side of the character of this illustrious woman; and though it may appear invidious to pry with too much curiosity into her frailties, yet we cannot but consider her as seated on a throne, the foundations of which were laid in the blood of a husband. Self preservation it has been urged justified the deed; but successful ambition always finds the voice of adulation ready to sanctify enormity and crime. The mysterious tragedy which closed the life of the unfortunate Prince Ivan, will ever be a stain on Catharine; and perfidy was added to cruelty by the unjust execution of Colonel Mirowitz. On the partition of Poland we have already

spoken; but in the subsequent conduct of the Empress towards its virtuous monarch, justice and humanity were outraged, and the dearest rights of nature trampled on.

The last of her grand designs was, to curb the power and insolence of the French-republic. Orders were issued for a levy of 150 thousand troops, destined to act, in some shape or other, for the relief of the Emperor of Germany. It has been questioned whether it would not have been wiser policy in her imperial majesty, to have moved for the assistance of the confederates sooner. She, perhaps, entertained a persuasion, that the allies would stand firm together, and make a more successful opposition to the republic—She was, no doubt, well enough pleased to see almost all the other powers of Europe weaken themselves by war: whilst, at the same time, it must have been her intention, as has since appeared, to interfere more and more in the general conflict, in proportion as the party she detested gained ground on a sovereign prince, who, though a neighbour, and ancient enemy, yet possessed an hereditary throne, and had ceased to be a formidable rival. It is to be considered, also, that had she moved sooner, the Turks on the other side, instigated by French intrigues, might have moved also. The Czarina waited, too, until she should secure peace on the most formidable frontier by a marriage between her grand-daughter and the young king of Sweden.

It is of more importance to inquire, whether the measures of the Empress will be abandoned or pursued by her successor. History furnishes examples that seem to point to opposite conclusions. There are instances of the same system being pursued by successive monarchs, or of their ministers, in the case of their being minors. Thus the generals and civil officers of Gustavus Adolphus continued his plan, after his death, for preserving the liberties of Germany and the north of Europe. Thus the court of Berlin, before its strange conduct relative to the French republic, adhered to the maxims of the great Frederic; and thus too the views of Peter have been adopted, on the whole, by his successors. On the other hand, there is in sovereign princes, as well as in prime ministers, and governors of all kinds, a jealousy of the very shade, and a disposition to recede in their conduct from the maxims of their predecessors. Thus, on the death of Henry IV. of France, Mary of Medicis his queen, appointed regent, reversing his plans, formed alliances with the Austrians. Thus the quiet Leopold succeeded, on the Austrian throne, to the restless Joseph; and the warlike Francis to the pacific Leopold. Thus too, not to multiply instances, King George III. and his present minister, were on their accession to the throne and the administration of government, pacific. Instances of this kind are by far the most numerous. It is the more probable that the present Emperor of Russia will add to the number, that he has been kept at a distance from court, and treated with mistrust, and indeed a degree of aversion, by the late Czarina.

REFLECTIONS UPON TRAGEDY.FROM THE FRENCH.

AN Italian author says, ' If tragedy, to distinguish it from comedy ought to be the representation of some terrible action, made to rouse sensibility, it may be easily seen, that a tragedy, which contains neither an amorous intrigue, nor a marriage, but some atrocious deed; the cause of the greatest revolution that ever happened in the greatest empire of the world, is very far different from all the French tragedies, and mounted, if I may use the expression, upon a buskin much higher and much nobler than the rest.'

The rules of true tragedy are contained in these few words. The springs which set the grand passions of the soul in motion, if we except love, an engine so often employed, are, without doubt, politics and ambition. Fanaticism, also, may cause very great revolutions; but I except this motive, which is always violent, always sanguinary, and which can only cool people's zeal for religion, the first, the most sacred, and the most respectable of the duties of men.

These, then, are the springs which must be employed in tragedy, if one wishes to deviate from the beaten track, and to produce grand effects. What can be more insipid, and less marked with novelty, than those pieces in which love is the sole passion of all the heroes, and which, for the greater part, whatever the scene of action may be, contain nothing but a marriage either concerted, crossed, or dissolved? Our great modern geniuses have already said every thing that can be written on that subject. We must, therefore, deviate from their manner, if we wish to acquire reputation, or to be handed down to posterity: if we copy them, in a servile manner, we expose ourselves to a comparison which must always be disadvantageous to us.

Who has treated of love with more spirit and sensibility than Racine? Who has painted it with more force and grandeur than Corneille? And who has given it more fury and violence than Crebillon? If it be true that delicacy, impetuosity, and jealousy, are the characteristics of love, and if it be true that vengeance or generosity are its effects, who knew better than these three writers to represent it under those different points of view, and to describe its different affections?

It must indeed be allowed, as is the common opinion, that this passion is so general, and so varied, according to the different objects who are exposed to it, that it seems to be inexhaustible, and that it exhibits a multitude of pictures, each of which has its peculiar shades; tints, and colouring; but the principal traits in those pictures will always be the same, and the design will be monotonous; in a word, it will be the same subject, delineated by twenty painters: there will be nothing peculiar to each, but the details; the masses will be common to all.

It may, however, be objected, that if we banish love from our tragedies, we shall never see women in them, or they will only perform very trifling parts. What will become of us, if we banish from our pleasures that amiable sex, who are formed to inspire tenderness, to move and captivate us, and who make us share in the sentiments of those heroes who sacrifice their lives for them, or detest the cruelty of those tyrants who oppress them? Why banish women from our dramatic works? Why should we expel love entirely? This, indeed, is not to be wished; let it only be subordinate to the principal interest, and the end I have in view will be answered. If we open the books of every age, and search the annals of empires and republics, we shall there find that women have always been the most considerable agents. More ambitious and more violent, but less prudent than the men, they have almost always occasioned the greatest revolutions. Others, without causing the fall of their kingdoms, have governed them with the greatest wisdom; and some have exercised acts of justice or severity, which might afford matter for a thousand tragedies. The celebrated Elizabeth, (if we except her amours with the Earl of Essex), and some others, whose merit was not equal to that of this queen, have given proofs of the most heroic courage, and of the most intrepid firmness. Has not Russia had some valorous empresses? and at Rome, where the women were subordinate to their husbands, did they not distinguish themselves by instances of courage, patriotism, and greatness of soul? It is these heroines that ought to be produced upon the stage: we should then have bold characters, well delineated.

The death of Cæsar, and that of Philoctetes, are the only two modern tragedies in which there are no women. They are, however, no less interesting; the first, above all, is sublime; but this is not to be given as a model. It would be too difficult, and perhaps it might become tiresome.

It remains now to speak of the subjects which ought to be chosen: for the greater number of those exhibited on the stage, for some years past, are only subjects of invention or *amplification*. It cannot be denied, that a subject of invention, if it be interesting and well-treated, must afford pleasure; but many qualities must be united in it. Historical events, when treated in a languid manner, speak at least to our remembrance, whereas fabulous subjects speak only to the imagination: the first is the real figure, the second is only the mask.

We may hear authors every day complain of a scarcity of subjects, but let them only open the fourth book of the *Æneid*. They will there find a great abundance, which, by the help of a few alterations, necessary for preserving the exactness of theatrical rules, would open a field for the most sublime and emphatical expressions. If we turn over the history of the sovereigns of the universe, what incidents and plots! what murders, occasioned by love, glory, or ambition!—The lives of the eastern emperors seem to be a copious source, from which many interesting subjects might be drawn; and the empire of the Turks might likewise supply a great many. Have we not also the khans of Tartary, the emperors of China, Japan, Pegu, Calicut,

&c. ? All inexhaustible treasures, if authors would give themselves the trouble of making a choice.

It is true that our dramatic authors would be obliged to make considerable researches, both with respect to customs, and the ancient geography of the places in which their scenes happened; but in that they would only imitate the great authors of the *Cid*, *Electra*, *Phædra*, *Rhadamistus*, and *Mahomet*. As these authors were minute in their details, they considered no trouble too great to be exact. A mountain, a river, or even a small stream, would have stopped them, had they not been able to discover their names. Tragedy ought to paint; it ought to be a faithful representation of customs, climates, laws, and dresses; and on that account every care should be employed to be exact.

ON THE NATIONAL MANNERS
OF THE
FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

BY W. HUNTER, ESQ.

THE French (I mean to speak of them as they were, for I hope their fit of insanity will not last long) are a polite, affable, easy, thoughtless, ingenious, and frivolous people.—They have an exterior appearance which immediately engages the attention, and generally captivates at first sight. They can talk, and dance, and sing for ever; but with the sobriety of steady reflection they are little acquainted. They have brilliancy of wit; but are deficient in solidity of judgment. The feelings of their hearts are warm; but not durable. Their learning is general, but not profound; and most of them have read a great deal, but studied very little: so that their conversation is sprightly and airy, well furnished with materials; but only with those materials, which lie on the surface, and which are consequently acquired with little trouble. On subtle or abstruse points they seldom converse; and are better calculated for the giddy flutter of a drawing-room, than the learned disquisitions of the closet. Their natural taste for dissipation and amusements, has introduced among them an almost endless variety of each; and the great object of their lives seem to be, to enjoy the present, and to banish totally from their thoughts the recollection of the past, or the probable occurrences of the future.

Their society is always cheerful and agreeable; and they certainly have, beyond every other people, discovered the art of trifling time pleasantly away. To strangers they are courteous and hospitable; but their professions must never be understood in their full extent, and must very frequently be considered as mere sounds, without any meaning whatever.—Their friendship is easily gained, and as easily lost.—Whilst you are with them they are kind, attentive, and polite;

when you are gone, you are thought of no more; for such is the versatility of their minds, that the same train of ideas seldom lasts long, and, unless revived by something very striking, does not often recur.

In their address and deportment they are easy, familiar, and graceful; and are never at a loss for conversation, when they first accost you.—Initiated early into the mysteries of etiquette, and accustomed, from their cradles, to company, they always know what rules and ceremonies to observe, and are scarcely ever disturbed by the dreadful and perplexing agitations of bashfulness.—The French, in short, are an agreeable people, and their society is always cheerful and entertaining.

The character of the English is, perhaps, less brilliant; but it is more respectable. It does not excite so much of our astonishment; but it commands more of our veneration. It does not so immediately amuse the fancy; but it lays a stronger hold of the heart.

An Englishman, when you are introduced to him, receives you politely, without overloading you with compliments and professions. If he likes your society, he tells you so; and when once you have made an impression on his feeling, that impression is lasting, and his friendship is sincere.—Both by habit and education, being accustomed to think for himself, and not to adopt the opinions of others (unless after reflection and scrutiny, he finds them superior to his own), he is, on important matters, a long time determining; but when he has once determined, he does not readily change.—His mind being thus frequently occupied in the solution of intricate and knotty problems, it is perhaps on this account, that he possesses not that facility of expression and volubility of tongue, for which the French are so remarkable.—What, however, he loses in number of words, is abundantly made up in weight, and no language furnishes more modes of forcible expression than our own.

Not naturally much addicted to pleasure or to public amusements, the English have acquired, from their long and close intercourse with their neighbours, an artificial taste for them, which has progressively increased with the riches and luxury of the country.

In society they are cheerful, without straining their spirits to the highest pitch of elevation; and they go into company, as much for the promotion of friendship as for immediate enjoyment.—Our manners used to be coarse and abrupt; but they are now, I conceive, quite sufficiently polished, and I could wish that they may not make nearer approaches to what is, improperly, called refinement.

Such are the distinctions which I have been able to make between the characters of these two rival nations: which is the most valuable, I shall leave you to determine.

After having said so much about the men, I cannot, especially as I am writing to you, with any propriety, altogether desert the ladies.—Their characters, however, are soon drawn.

The French women, like the men, are thoughtless, lively, and dissipated; bewitching companions; but for wives, my fair countrywomen may challenge the whole female creation. The French women captivate for a day; the English women for life.

With regard to the real intrinsic comforts of existence, I think they are unknown in every country but our own. We are not ostentatiously splendid; but what we have is good, and a mere external glare would not, in our opinion, render it more valuable.—In cleanliness, articles of convenience and utility, we certainly surpass every country on earth. Step into the house of any foreigner, and afterwards into the house of an English gentleman, and this point is immediately determined. The accommodations on our roads for travellers are likewise, beyond all comparison, superior to those which are to be met with elsewhere.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE SEASONS

ON

THE MENTAL POWERS.

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE.

WITH whatever air of triumph a sturdy moralist may exclaim *Sapiens dominabitur astris*, and bid defiance to the hand of winter; yet the man who is composed of elements less hardy, courage less haughty, and limb less heroic (see Milton's *Par. Lost*, IX. 484), and who, with conscious humility, confesses the imbecility of his 'terrestrial mold,' must acknowledge the influence of season over his body and mind to be very considerable and powerful. It is observed by Naturalists, that, in the gradual ranks of beings which belong to our system, each class ascending partakes of some property peculiar to the class immediately below it. For instance, the herb which rises next in order above lifeless matter, has in it material substance and vegetating qualities; the beast has material substance, vegetating qualities, and loco-motion; man has material substance, vegetating qualities, loco-motion, and the highest portion of reason assigned to any inhabitant of this globe: and thus is there a connection which unites the several orders in one system; and as that connection proceeds from participation of similar component principles, it is unavoidable but that what affects one order, should also, in some measure, affect all. Amidst the rigorous severity of winter we see the inanimate and irrational parts of creation in a state of torpid languor. The earth is hardened into an iron clod; the waters are become 'a frozen continent' (*Par. Lost*, II. 587); the power of vegetation is checked in every plant; domestic animals are contracted in their limbs; and the wilder inhabitants of the woods are subdued into tameness, by intense cold:—It is therefore obvious to conclude, that man, in his animal part, must be unable to resist the force of the atmosphere so entirely, as not to feel it either in a less or greater degree, according to the strength or weakness of his frame.

The *crepilans dentibus algus* of Lucretius, b. V. 745, and Spenser's 'Winter clad in frize, chattering his teeth for cold,' b. VII. c. 7. st. 31,

we know to be drawn from the actual effect of cold on the human body. Now, so intimate is the connection between body and mind, and so reciprocal the influence of each on the other, that it is impossible for either to be affected without occasioning some corresponding feeling in the other. When that genial warmth, which is essential to the vigorous exercise of our imagination, is abated by the influence of external causes operating on the body, the poet's eye no longer rolls in 'a fine phrenzy,' the sallies of genius are no longer lively, the 'noble rage is repressed,' the 'current of the soul is frozen.' (See Shakspeare and Gray). So truly, as far as cessation of the poetic spirit is concerned, does Vida say,

Interdum exhaustæ languent ad carmina vires,
 Absumptusque vigor; studiorumque immemor est mens;
 Torpescunt sensus, circum præcordia sanguis
 Stat gelidus.

VIDA *Poet.* l. ii. 474.

Is man then, it may be asked, a mere machine, actuated by external impressions of physical causes as variable and uncertain as changes of the air? In that which constitutes his chief part, *the moral sense*, he is not a machine, so long as his reason continues undisturbed. For, whether that moral sense be the connate gift of Nature, or the acquired effect of education, its powers to distinguish between right and wrong, between good and evil, continue in full force; its irresistible propensity to condemn or applaud human actions, is not in the least retarded, be the climate or atmosphere what it may. Hence the propriety of passages like these:

————— Quid terras alio calentes
 Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
 Se quoque fugit?

HOR. b. ii. od. 16.

And,
 Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

HOR. b. i. ep. 11.

The mind, with its affections and passions, its hopes and fears, its good or evil tendencies, is the same under all pressures of ethereal elements, and follows the man through climes the most opposite. But the case is not the same with the creative faculties of invention and imagination. The moral sense depends on the mind's internal operations on itself:

————— Intus agit vivata facultas,
 Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repente
 Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
 Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
 Percipit IMPERIO gaudens: neque corpora fallunt
 Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

GRAY'S *Fragment of some vigorous Hexameters* 'De Principiis Cogitandi.'

The faculties of invention and imagination depend much on the texture of the body, the finest organs and temperament of which are apparently affected by the external influence of air and atmosphere.

Whence comes it that poets speak with so much rapture of returning Spring? Whether they are writing from impressions made by gay

objects, visible at the instant, or from the recollection of what they have repeatedly experienced, their language intimates that Winter's benumbing chillness is less favourable to imagination, than the vivifying warmth diffused through every part of nature in the vernal months; and we should condemn as frigid any description of Spring, which did not indicate a renovation of animal spirits, a resuscitation of the *ignea vis* in the writer:

—In these green days
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young eyed Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world.

THOMSON'S *Spring*, 838.

The real sensations excited by Nature in the various changes of the year, are by no poet whatever more attentively observed, or more forcibly painted, than by Thomson.

In the history of the Fine Arts it is a fact not to be controverted, that the temperate climates have been most productive of poets. With all the mutability of weather which we experience, we are, nevertheless, in a situation peculiarly happy for the fostering of genius. Witness not only the works of those who were either prior to the time included by Dr. Johnson, or who were criticised by him, but also the writings of such as are still living, or not long since dead. If, however, we ascend to higher latitudes, we shall find the inhabitants of those quarters better calculated for the chase or war, than for poetic composition. The severe coldness, which strings their nerves, is too intense for the cherishing of that temperament which is requisite for a poetic spirit. It is true, indeed, Bartholinus, Scheffer, and Olaus Wormius, give us specimens of Lapponian and Runic poetry. The assertion, that climate influences imagination, is not, therefore, to be so understood as admitting of no exception. There is a Hecla in Iceland; and it may occasionally happen that,

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.

GREY'S *Progr. of Poet.* 2. 2.

Still, however, the general characteristic of nations lying in regions far northern, is rather a capacity for bodily exertion, than a promptitude in works of imagination. And from this effect of continued coldness on nations at large, it may fairly be concluded, that, in climes more temperate, the vigour of imagination may be checked in individuals, by an occasional severity of weather.

But if man will view the seasons, as they operate on this island, with a philosophic eye, he may in their variety discern much utility thence arising to his intellectual pursuits, and derive from it also much moral instruction. The inclemency of hybernal months creates an inclination for domestic retirement; in that state the thoughts become collected, the time is spent in reading and meditation; former ideas are revived, a fund of new images is accumulated. Not only to the husbandman, but to the man of letters also may it be said,

—————Si quando continet labor,
 Multa, forent quæ mox cælo properanda sereno,
 Maturare datur. VIRG. *Georg.* I. 259.

And not only the earth, but the mind also may 'gather vigour for the coming years' by an interval of repose from production of any fruits.

In his usual strain of moralizing, Horace has taught us the application of vicissitude in weather to the consolation of anxieties in life:

—————Informes Hiemes reducit
 Jupiter: idem
 Summovet: non, si male nunc, et olim
 Sic erit. B. ii. *Od.* 10. v. 15.

And our own Thomson draws an inference still more important to human happiness, 'the certainty of a future life;' in confident expectation of which change,

—————Ye good distress!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
 The storms of WINT'RY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all:
THOMSON'S *Winter*, 1663.

Your's, &c.

Jan. 23.

O. S. T.

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Montesquieu, being one day at the house of a Jew, who was a rich banker, found him busily employed in sharpening a knife destined for performing some act of Jewish discipline. Montesquieu having asked him why he sharpened his knife with so much care, he replied, because Moses had commanded that it should have no teeth. Montesquieu then bid him continue his operation; and when the scrupulous Jew was satisfied, the president took out a magnifying glass; and shewed him abundance of large teeth, where the naked eye could discover nothing but a fine edge. 'Ah, Sir,' cried the frightened Israelite, 'it is a real saw; I am quite unhappy; I must begin my labour again. 'Be easy,' replied Montesquieu, 'and consider your knife as properly sharpened; he who made your laws did not use spectacles.'

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LATE COLONEL FREDERICK.

THIS gentleman, whose melancholy end has lately been so much a subject of public discussion, was the only son of the unfortunate Baron Nieuhoff, afterwards better known to the world as Theodore,* king of Corsica. Frederick followed the fortunes of his father, when the former was obliged to abandon a crown with which he was invested by the free consent of the people. They took refuge in England; and Frederick remained with his father during the whole of his residence in this country, and principally contributed to support him, while the Corsican king was confined for debt in the Fleet prison. He was afterwards patronized by the late Duke of Wirtemberg, to whom he was distantly related; and he was allowed a pension from the court of Wirtemberg till the Duke's death. Before he threw himself wholly on the patronage of the Duke of Wirtemberg, he lived at the court of Berlin, as a kind of Reading-Secretary to the late king of Prussia; but, not being treated with the kindness he had reason to expect, he attached himself to the Duke of Wirtemberg. When he asked the king's permission to enter into the service of the duke, the king made a faint attempt to retain him; but finding that he was resolved, the king haughtily said, 'Well, it is right that one beggar should live with another.'

The colonel, if we are right in our recollection of his own story, married a maid of honour to the great Maria Theresa, empress of Germany. Frederick had made application to the court of Vienna for some employment, through the medium of a recommendation to this lady, who was so struck by his person, manners, and good sense, that, as she afterwards acknowledged, she had purposely delayed to urge his application, in order to prolong his attendance, and have more frequent interviews with him. At length they married, but the union did not tend to advance his interest, but, on the contrary, seemed likely to overwhelm him with the cares of a family. The lady did not long partake of his misfortunes, but died, after having produced a son and a daughter. The son was killed in America, as he was gallantly fighting in the service of his country: he was a very handsome and intelligent youth. The daughter is now alive, and is the heiress of nothing but the misfortunes of her family. She has been married many years, and is now in very untoward circumstances, with three daughters and one son to support. The daughters, we understand, are very fine and accomplished young women. One of them is said to possess literary talents of no inferior order. The son is about sixteen, and as they all naturally feel the reasonable and be-

* For Memoirs of Theodore, vide our Magazine, Vol. IV; p. 310. and Vol. V. p. 103.

coming pride of their descent, they have not engaged in any of those occupations generally assigned to children of a lower origin.

For some time Frederick was employed by the East India Company to raise German recruits; and under a former administration of Lord Shelburne (now marquis of Lansdowne), he was involved in some difficulties respecting a regiment of German troops that landed in this country. Frederick presented many memorials, as we have heard, to Lord Shelburne on this subject, desiring an opportunity of vindicating his conduct, but never could obtain a proper hearing, and, as the noble Lord went soon after out of office, the affair was dropped. About the year 1791, he was employed upon a certain loan that was negotiated at Antwerp, and his expences attending three or four visits to that place, were defrayed by his employers; but, as the matter could not be settled for want of proper authority, it ended without any advantage to Frederick, who indeed never could return to that place, where he had many powerful friends, because a part of the money intended for the loan had been put into the hands of bankers, and consequently Frederick, as ostensible agent in the business, would have been called upon for the interest, which he had no means of paying. Of the curious circumstances of this transaction, which excited much conversation at the time, it was his intention to publish a full account.

In the year 1768, he produced a short history of Corsica, which he dedicated to his patron the late duke of Wirtemberg. It was written at the desire of the late duke of York, and presented to his Royal Highness in manuscript; but copies having been circulated, Frederick published it under his own name.

This work was republished, with considerable additions, soon after Corsica became annexed to the British crown; but he declared, that he never derived the least advantage from the new edition, and was, as he stated, even afraid to insist upon an account of the sale from the bookseller, lest a bill should be brought against him, and his inability to discharge it only plunge him in additional necessity.

He was the chief companion of the present king of Poland (if we may still call the amiable and unfortunate monarch by that name), while in this country, and used to relate a curious anecdote of dining with the king, then count Poniatowski, at an obscure coffee-house in the city, where each relied upon the other for money to pay the expences of a very moderate dinner; but both were too necessitous, and Frederick was obliged to pledge his watch to liberate himself and the future monarch of Poland.

Frederick was well acquainted with human nature, and personally knew most of the distinguished characters who have figured on the continent for the last fifty years. He was very polite and communicative in his manners, and, at times, assumed a certain degree of dignity very impressive. He abounded in anecdotes respecting the secret history of most of the courts of Europe, but more particularly relative to all military characters of any celebrity in his time.

The misfortunes of Theodore involved Frederick, and deprived

him of the goods of fortune, which he was very unfit to acquire, being intirely estranged from the spirit of an age, divided between the pursuit of pleasure, a taste for trifles, and an immoderate desire to attain riches and honours at any rate whatsoever. He did not seek to intrude himself on the great, to intrigue, and to make one in every company and festival; on the contrary, serious and recollected, he retired within himself, there to dwell with virtue, of which he made no parade, because he preferred the solidity of the one to the emptiness of the other. He was plain in his proceedings, reserved in his manner, and sparing of his words: he used to say, that it is useful to know every thing, though it is neither expedient nor civil to tell all that one knows; *Omnia scire, non omnia exequi*, was his favourite maxim. He was inclined to independence, incapable of sacrificing to meanness, and of purchasing favour by offering incense to the foibles of grandeur and opulence: he courted merit only, and his whole study was to excel in the duties of humanity, and to render himself worthy of esteem, leaving to others the care of doing him justice. He honoured learning, and dedicated his days to it: he set up for an author, he endeavoured to get a subsistence by his pen in his time of distress and calamity, and even taught for some time the Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages, the better to support his own children, and assist his unfortunate father. He did not brave his fate with haughtiness, but he bore it with fortitude and courage; he was never heard to complain of Providence; nor to reproach mankind, or attribute to them the cause of his misfortunes and necessities. For, whatever wrongs he suffered, he never let resentment enter into his heart; knowing that if it once gets possession, it cannot be driven out at will. In a word, he submitted himself with a perfect resignation, and a mind ever uniform, to the decrees of heaven. To shew still more this submission, and accommodate himself in every respect to his present state, he cast off the tinsel of vain titles, and would bear no other than his christian name, of which he made a surname. By this he was willing also to obviate the ridicule and contempt which nobility, fallen from its greatness, is almost ever exposed to; and to decorate himself with his own qualities alone; the only patrimony of which neither the rage of fortune, nor the malice of men, could deprive him.

The following account of Theodore, his father, is extracted from the memoirs of Corsica, written by Frederick.

‘Theodore lost his liberty for having attempted to defend that of the Corsicans: he was confined in a shameful prison, where he suffered a thousand indignities, without murmuring; he knew the inutilty of complaints, and the necessity of submitting to his fate. Without sceptre, without dominion, without possessions, without friends, he found resources only in Providence, and in the tender affection of his son, who came over to England to accompany him to Corsica, whither Theodore had flattered himself he should return by the help of Great Britain.

‘Theodore, besides the little helps that his son afforded him,

found also some assistance in the compassion of the humane; but oftentimes they made a barbarous sport by insulting his misfortunes, and accompanying their benefits with abusive jests. Those who in his elevation admired him as a superior genius, born with the happiest dispositions of body and mind, adorned with every science, formed by frequenting the greatest personages in Europe, consummate in political, civil, and military affairs, in his misfortunes looked upon him as a man that had neither greatness of soul, nor sensibility of heart; as one that was beholden for his elevation to the caprice of fortune, rather than to his own merit. The vulgar regard nothing but appearances; they judge by the event only; and there are few in the world besides the vulgar.

Theodore, at length, came out of prison by an act of insolvency, after having dragged on a most dismal life during seven years; so that, being quite debilitated by the length and weight of his misfortunes, he died soon after, in extreme indigence; disparaged, despised, discredited by all the world; pitied and regretted by his son alone, the only admirer of his virtues and the fatal heir of his misfortunes. His death happened on the 11th December, 1755.

We understand that Colonel Frederick had, for some time, estranged himself from his family, merely because he could not bear to behold a distress he was wholly unable to relieve.

We would through a veil over the act that ended his life, which, there is too much reason to believe, was the result of hopeless embarrassment, if not the effect of what he deemed a philosophic resolution, derived from his favourite study of the Roman character.

NEW OXFORD GUIDE:

OR

HUMOROUS SUPPLEMENT TO ALL FORMER ACCOUNTS OF
THAT ANCIENT CITY AND UNIVERSITY.

ANTIQUARIANS, in general, seem to have mistaken the etymology of *Bellositum*, the reputed Roman name of the city of Oxford. The Rev. Mr. Pointer, in his manuscript notes on Rishanger, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Third, writes this word *Bulositum*, and derives it from the Greek *βουλον*, i. e. *The city of Wisdom*. This derivation I cannot entirely approve; but must own, that it has suggested, a manner of spelling the word, which I take to be right, viz. *Bullositum*.—Mr. Hearne informs us, and indeed the common name Oxford implies the same, ‘that the part of the river *Isis*, near the town, was the most considerable ford in England for the passage of oxen.’ And why not likewise for bulls?—I readily agree with that judicious author, that Oxford is never written *Ouseford*, or *Iseford*, in the Saxon annals, or in William of Newburgh; and that the adjacent parish of Binsey, where the principal ford is supposed

to have been, ought to be called, according to its ancient Latin name, *Busuicia*, Busney, from the Greek *βουσ*, an *ox*. But it should be remembered, that there are many kindred appellations in and about Oxford, which conduce to illustrate and confirm my hypothesis. Need I mention Bullington hundred, in which Oxford is situated, Bullock's Lane, and Bullstock Bridge?—Are not our frequent bull-baitings in Oxford standing memorials of this original denomination? The same antiquarian, in his learned preface to Robert of Gloucester, has certainly given a wrong interpretation of the origin of a custom still subsisting at Oxford, which plainly regards the point in question. His words are these: 'Tis no wonder that in the jollities of the first of May, formerly the custom of blowing with, and drinking in horns, so much prevailed: which, though it be now generally disused, yet the custom of blowing them prevails at that season, even to this day, at Oxford, to remind the people of that part of the year, which ought to create mirth and gaiety, such as is sketched out in some old books of offices, such as the Primer of Salisbury, &c. I leave it to the reader to draw the proper inference from this passage, and shall add, that I do not mean, by what I have advanced, to exclude Mr. Hearne's hypothesis. Why may we not suppose, by way of reconciling both opinions, that the ford was common to horned cattle in general? Nay, that even cows had more concern in this case than is commonly supposed, seems very probable from the name of the neighbouring village, Cowley.

Having thrown new light on a circumstance which has occasioned so much dispute, the discussion of which was a proper introduction to the ensuing history, I now proceed to a particular description.

It is well known, that before colleges were established, the students were lodged in private houses: at length, places were set apart for their reception, under the appellation of *hospitia*, or *hostels*; in other words, inns, or *tippling-houses*; or, as our colleges are at present, places of entertainment. Many of these still subsist, and retain their original occupation. Modern writers, indeed, mention no more than twenty colleges, and five halls, in this extensive seat of learning: But from a diligent enquiry, I have discovered no less than twelve halls, never yet enumerated or described, namely, Tit-up Hall, Clay Hall, Cabbage Hall, Caterpillar Hall, Stump Hall, Lemon Hall, Fox Hall, Feather Hall, Kettle Hall, Tripe Hall, Westminster Hall; lastly, to these we must add Kidney Hall, which has been long in esteem as a noted seminary, and has lately been re-founded by the name of Diamond Hall.

With these halls we must mention a thirteenth, formerly distinguished by the name of Redcock Hall: this house has been for some years unhappily alienated from the purposes of literature, and is at present inhabited by two widow gentlewomen.

The notion is equally erroneous with regard to the number of our libraries. Besides those of Radcliffe, Bodley, and the private colleges, there have, of late years, been many libraries founded in our

coffee-houses, for the benefit of such of the academics as have neglected, or lost, their Latin and Greek. In these useful repositories, grown gentlemen are accommodated with the Cyclopædia, in the most expeditious and easy manner.—The Magazines afford history, divinity, philosophy, mathematics, geography, astronomy, biography, arts, sciences, and poetry.—The Reviews form the complete critic, without consulting the dry rules of Aristotle, Quintilian, and Bossu; and enable the student to pass his judgment on volumes which he never read, after the most compendious method.—Novels supply the place of experience, and give lectures of intrigue and gallantry.—Occasional poems diffuse the itch of rhyming, and happily tempt many a young fellow to forsake logic, turn smart, and commence author, either in the pastoral, lyric, or elegiac way.—Political pamphlets teach the inexpediency of continental connections; that for the punishment of French perfidy, we should wage perpetual war with that nation; and that our conquests in America will raise the jealousy of all Europe.

As there are here books suited to every taste, so there are liquors adapted to every species of reading. Amorous tales may be perused over arrack punch and jellies; insipid odes, over orgeat and capillaire; politics, over coffee; divinity, over port; and defences of bad generals, and bad ministers, over whipt syllabubs. In a word, in these libraries instruction and pleasure go hand in hand; and we may pronounce, in a literal sense, that learning remains no longer a dry pursuit.

The most ancient and considerable of these is that in New-College-Lane, founded by the memorable Mr. Johnson. He was accordingly constituted the first librarian, and upon his retiring to the Isle of Wight, for the private pursuit of his studies, was succeeded by librarian Hadley, who, though now removed, still accommodates students on their way to London: and a female librarian at present fills this important department with applause.

With regard to the manuscripts of these libraries, they are oblong folios, bound in parchment, lettered on the plan of Mr. Locke's Common-Place Book; are written by, and kept under the sole care of, the librarian. These manuscripts, which in process of time amount to many volumes, are carefully preserved in the archives of each respective library.

That the reader may not be surprised at our mentioning a female librarian in Oxford, (which indeed would be less extraordinary if fellows of colleges were allowed to marry) it must be remarked, that the other libraries, established on this plan, viz. James's, Tom's, John's, &c. are also conducted by females, who, though properly the sub-librarians, have usurped the right of their husbands in the execution of this office.

The schools of this university are also more numerous than is commonly supposed; among which we must reckon three spacious and superb edifices, situated to the southward of the High-Street, 100 feet long, by 30 in breadth, vulgarly called Tennis Courts, where

exercise is regularly performed both morning and afternoon. Add to these, certain schools, familiarly denominated billiard tables, where the laws of motion are exemplified, and which may be considered as a necessary supplement to our courses of experimental philosophy. Nor must we omit the many nine-pin and skittle alleys, open and dry, for the instruction of scholars in geometrical knowledge, and particularly, for proving the centripetal principle.

Other schools, and places of academical discipline, not generally known as such, may be mentioned.—The peripatetics execute the courses proper to their system, upon the parade. Navigation is learnt, on the Isis; gunnery, on the adjacent hills; horsemanship, on Port-Meadow, Bullington-Green, the Henley, Wycombe, Woodstock, Abingdon, and Banbury roads. The axis in Peritrochio is admirably illustrated by a scheme in a phaeton.

Adjoining to the east end of Carfax church are to be found the imperfect traces of a place properly dedicated to the muses, and described in our statutes, by the familiar, but forbidding, denomination of Pennyless-Bench. History and tradition report, that many eminent poets have been benchers here. To this seat of the muses we are, most probably, indebted for that celebrated poem, the Splendid Shilling of Phillips: and that the author of the Panegyric on Oxford Ale was no stranger to this inspiring bench, may be concluded from these verses, where he addresses the god, or goddess of Ticking,

‘Beneath thy shelter, pennyless, I quaff
‘The cheering cup.’———

We wish some future genius may arise, to lament the change which modern barbarism has produced in this valuable antiquity.—Nothing which formerly belonged to it now remains, except two ferocious warriors, clad in coats of mail, originally placed above, to admonish the loiterers, by their significant strokes at just intervals, of the rapid flight of time.

The original pavement of the classic ground beneath, has not indeed been destroyed; but the seat itself has been rudely torn away, and the hospitable covering, which formerly protected the sons of contemplative indigence, is at present abridged to an useless scanty border, which looks like an apology for the devastation committed upon the former venerable canopy.

At no very great distance, in the High-street, we find an antique column of a tetragonal construction, opposite to a venerable gothic building, called the Black Pot House. This column, at present, supplies the neighbouring inhabitants with water, by means of an engine artfully inclosed in the midst of it; and, as it still retains on its top two distinct heads, or bustos, has acquired the vulgar appellation of the two-faced pump.—Various have been the conjectures of the learned concerning this inestimable piece of antiquity. The late industrious and indefatigable Dr. Rawlinson affirms it to have been a complete and genuine Roman Priapus, but suspects that the members have been impaired *vilio temporis*. Others imagine that the double

front indicates a statue of Janus: but the most reasonable hypothesis seems to be that of the truly ingenious author of the Mallard, who has discovered that this column is a just matrimonial emblem, as it plainly exhibits the faces of a man and woman, but of a very sour aspect, and reverted from each other. This hieroglyphic, he conceives, is coeval with the university, and justly supposes, that it was here erected, in the most public part of the place, as a monitory memento to the gownsmen, recommending celibacy and a monastic life.

Besides these curious particulars, observable in the principal streets, there are many others in the remote parts of the town, which equally deserve illustration.—Science diffuses its benign influence over the suburbs of Oxford: in which stands a famous college, founded as early as the conquest, where wisdom may be truly said to preside. The students of this house are always resident, and are lectured in ethics alone, on the subjects of temperance, humility, patience, and other virtues proper for the class.—Before the college-gates is the place where the first process is performed on bodies intended for the anatomical lectures.

Westward of this college is the dentific elaboratory of the celebrated professor Webb. The portico is decorated with a symbolical painting, and an explanatory inscription. This distinguished dentist and dentologist co-operates with his brother professors in the arduous and important business, according to Mr. Paul Jullion's phrase, of rectifying deficient heads.

In this quarter of the town the curious are likewise invited to visit an antique pot-house, known by the historical sign of Whittington and his Cat. Here that laborious antiquarian, Mr. Thomas Hearne, one evening, suffered himself to be overtaken in liquor: but it should be remembered, that this accident was more owing to his love of antiquity than of ale. It happened that the kitchen where he and his companion were sitting, was neatly paved with sheep's trotters, disposed in various compartments. After one pipe, Mr. Hearne, consistently with his usual gravity and sobriety, proposed to depart; but his friend, who was inclined to enjoy more of his company, artfully observed, that the floor on which they were then sitting, was no less than an original tessellated Roman pavement. Out of respect to classic ground, and on recollection that the Stansfield Roman pavement, on which he had just published a dissertation, was dedicated to Bacchus, our antiquary cheerfully complied: an enthusiastic transport seized his imagination; he fell on his knees, and kissed the sacred earth, on which, in a few hours, and after a few tankards, by a sort of sympathetic attraction, he was obliged to repose for some part of the evening. His friend was probably in the same condition; but two printers, accidentally coming in, conducted Mr. Hearne, betwixt them, to Edmund Hall, with much state and solemnity.

In the northern suburb there is a structure dedicated to Hymen, whose votaries are here introduced to the mysteries of that deity, and receive their first passport. The keeper of this hallowed edifice has emblematically decorated the entrance with a pair of fetters.

YORICK AND ELIZA.

THE variety of surface gives a charm to the landscape, the change of seasons adds beauty to the year. The dress that covers Eliza would, without its folds, despoil the perfect symmetry of her form. The stiff, unruffled, encircling robe may do well enough for a Queen of Sheba in a Dutch puppet show, but it will not become Eliza. Even her angelic face, were it always gay with smiles, though they are the smiles of a cherub, would cease to please.

The same variety, my dear girl, is necessary to mind, character, and existence: what is called evil is as essential to the general system of life as good. Sorrow is necessary to our joy, and misery to our happiness. The hemlock yields medicine, and he is a poor chemist who cannot extract it. The science of happiness is no secret;—for that which is intended for the good of all, is withheld from none:—we are involved in a grand, incomprehensible, but perfect system of things, of which our very sufferings are not only a necessary, but a beautiful part.

The laurel is not worth the wearing, if it is not obtained by contest: an unopposed victory gives but a tinsel honour.

Go, live beneath the genial clime where winter freezes you not with cold, and summer melts you not with heat;—where the earth gives its harvest without culture, and nature hangs her garlands on every thicket.

Attune your lyre beside the stream, which the rude wind never ruffles—crown your brow with the myrtles of your own bowers, while evening sheds spontaneous roses on your couch, and let unarmed Cupids draw the purple curtains of night around you. I envy not your calm, unvaried, tiresome joys:—give me hopes and fears, the bitter anxious pang, the starting tear, and the throbbing heart.

It is thus, my Eliza, that I pour forth my rhapsodies before you—The animate and inanimate world are types of each other.

How sweet is the landscape before us!—the distant mountains mingle with the azure, and all between is the finest pencilling of nature. The verdant lawn, the tufted grove, the dusky tower, the hanging wood, the winding stream, and trembling waterfall, compose the lovely picture before you. The air is perfumed, and gives the senses new power to enjoy the inanimate scene.—Bend then, Eliza, for a moment over the crystal fountain, and, in the reflection of your own form, behold the loveliest picture of animated nature.

But the black clouds gather together—the forest bends beneath the blast—the rain descends—and nature's dusky mantle o'erspreads the prospect. This scene too has its beauties, this also has its resemblance in intellectual nature.

Behold that faithful youth, clasping the marble urn of her whose memory fills his heart. Think you, that the vigils of his mourning love have no pleasure in them? Eliza! those fond, faithful duties are worth a world of joys, and turn his tears to rapture!

Look now on that naked rock, where a forlorn shepherd searches in vain to pasture the only lamb the storm has left him. That is the cold, flinty heart, petrified by insensibility, which hears not the cry, nor heeds the tears of craving innocence.

Let your eyes wander through the valley before you, rich in varied harvests, and glowing with all the splendour of cultivation. That, Eliza, is the generous mind whose joy is the communication of good, and would not suffer, if such a power could be given to human benevolence, a weeping eye, or an aching heart in the world.

Turn, now, I beseech you, towards the desert that forms the dreary landscape behind you, and behold a forlorn, solitary being who is wandering over it. The flints have wounded his feet, his staff scarce supports his steps, and the cutting blast pierces his tattered raiment. He sometimes throws his meek eye to the gates of heaven, and, as if he received comfort from thence, he proceeds on his way.

At this moment, a female form meets the weary traveller, turns him aside from the inhospitable path, and conducts him to a sunny hillock, where verdure springs, where the fountains murmur, and the myrtle grows. She covers him with her mantle, and washes his wounds with her tears;—she opens her wallet, and, with a celestial beneficence, spreads a table for him in the desert.

Am not I that mournful traveller? and is it not Eliza who has guided my woe-worn steps to the sunny hillock, where I now place my weary spirits?

This is a strange rhapsody—is it not? But some how or other, I love rhapsodies—for the best possible reason—because, with all their irregularities, their struts, and wild emotions, they come from the heart.

ON THE IMPASSIBILITY OF INSECTS.

FROM M. LE VAILLANT.

BESIDES the experiments I prosecuted as to the power, more or less extensive, that certain animals have of subsisting without food, I engaged in others as to the impassibility, so to express myself, of certain kinds of insects, an impassibility by means of which beings, the term of whose existence is six months, or even less, appear to have received from nature the gift of being indestructible through the medium of those sensations commonly called painful; which are ordinarily destructive of every thing that has life.

I took a large red-winged locust of the Cape, opened its belly, and, pulling out its intestines, filled the cavity with cotton; and in that state I fixed it to the bottom of a box with a pin, which passed through its thorax. It remained there for five months; and at the end of this period it still moved both its legs and its antennæ.

I transfixed other locusts in the same manner, without, however,

opening their bellies as in the former case; and, to try if I could stifle them, I put into the box in which they were enclosed camphor and spirit of turpentine, and they lived there, notwithstanding, several days.

‘If you tear a leg from a fly,’ says the philosophical author of *Etudes de la Nature*, ‘it moves about as if it had sustained no loss. When deprived of so considerable a member, it neither faints nor is convulsed; emits no cry, nor shews any symptom of pain. Children of a cruel disposition amuse themselves with thrusting long straws into the anus of these insects; and, thus impaled, they fly into the air, or walk and perform their usual movements, without seeming to be in the least affected by it. Reaumur, one day, cut off the fleshy and muscular horn of a large caterpillar, which continued to feed as if nothing had happened to it.’

I have sometimes attempted to drown in spirits of wine certain kinds of insects. The most robust carnivorous kind would have been stifled by it in less than two minutes; whereas these insects were often alive after an immersion of twenty-four hours. It is well known that Dr. Franklin recovered flies which he found in some bottles of wine that had been sent to him from Madeira, and which he had kept in his cellar for upwards of six months.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF MERMAIDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING read in your valuable miscellany (Vol. I. page 388.) some proofs of the existence of Mermaids, as adduced by Lord Monboddo; and presuming that any farther facts relative to those generally believed fabulous monsters, must prove entertaining to your readers, I have sent you for insertion the following, which I have lately met with.

‘In the month of June, 1761, two girls of the island of Noirmontier, on the coast of Brittany, in France, seeking shells in the crevices of the rocks, discovered, in a kind of natural grotto, an animal of a human form, leaning on its hands. One of the girls, having a long knife, stuck it into the animal, which, upon being wounded, groaned like a human person. The two girls cut off its hands, which had fingers and nails quite formed, with webs between the fingers. The surgeon of the island, who went to see it, says, it was as big as the largest man; that its skin was white, resembling that of a drowned person; that it had the breasts of a full-chested woman; a flat nose; a large mouth; the chin adorned with a kind of beard, formed of fine shells; and over the whole body tufts of similar white shells. It had the tail of a fish, and at the extremity of it a kind of feet.

Mercur de France, April 1762.’

Another instance of the like kind I shall produce, said to be taken from an old record, the words of which are these :

‘ In the sixth yeare of king John’s raigne at Oreford in Suffolke a fishe was taken by fishers in theyre nettes, as they were at sea, resembling in shape a wilde or sauage man, whom they presented vnto Sir Bartholemew de Glanuille, knt. that had then the keeping of the castell of Oreford in Suffolk. Naked he was, and in all his limmes and members resembling the right proportion of a man. Hee had heares also in the vsual partes of his bodie, albeit that on the crowne of his head hee was balde : his beard was side and rugged, and his breast uerie hearie. The knight caused him to be kept certaine dayes and nightes from the sea ; meat set afore him he greedily deuoured ; and eate fishe both rawe and sodde. Those that were rawe hee pressed in his hande tyll he had thrust out all the moysture, and so then hee did eate them. Hee woulde not or coulde not utter any speeche, although to trye him they hung him vppe by the heeles, and miserably tormented him. He woulde gette him to his couche at the setting of the sunne, and ryse agayne when it rose.

‘ One day they brought him to the haven, and suffered him to go into the sea ; but, to be sure he shoulde not escape from them, they sette three ranks of mightie strong nettes before him, so as to catche him agayne at their pleasure, (as they ymagined) but hee streight wayes dyuing downe to the bottome of the water, gotte past all the nettes, and coming vppe shewed himself to them agayne, that stood wayting for him, and dawning dyuerse tymes vnder water, and coming uppe agayne, he behelde them on the shore that stooode still looking at him, who seemed as it were to mocke them, for that he had deceiued them, and gotte past theyr nettes. At length, after hee had thus played him a great while in the water, and that there was no hope of his returne, hee came to them agayne of his owne accorde, swimming through the water, and remayned wyth them two monthes after. But finallie, when he was thus negligently looked to, and nowe seemed not to be regarded, hee fledde secretly to the sea, and was neuer after seene nor hearde of.’

As I am no naturalist, I neither pretend to affirm or deny the truth of these things ; but this much I can avert for certain, that about 40 years ago, I myself saw what was called a sea monster abroad, the upper parts of which, quite down to the navel, resembled those of a child, excepting that the fingers of both hands were webbed, and the hair of the head rather coarser and more weedy than that of an infant. Beneath the navel it terminated into a fish. The account given of it was, that it was taken on the coast of Manilla in New Spain, where it was discovered sporting in the water, in company with its dam. The mariners who caught it, preserved it alive in sea water for a few days, but still pining after the dam, it soon expired. When I saw it, it was in a glass vase, filled with spirits, about two feet long, and had all the appearance of being no imposture. I have been further told, as a proof of its reality, that it was examined by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, who, on opening the body, found part of the

entrails still remaining in it, which those who had been employed to embowel it before, had left, it seems, behind.

If I may venture to trespass farther on the patience of your readers, I beg to add to the facts I have already produced, a singular relation of an amphibious monster, which is related by Padre Feijoo. For the truth of this relation I will not pretend to vouch. I give it, however, in an exact translation of his own words.

‘ In the month of June, in the year 1674, some young men walking upon the sea-side in Bilboa, one of them, named Francis de la Vega, of about fifteen years of age, suddenly leaped into the sea, and disappeared presently. His companions, after waiting some time, and he not returning, concluded he was drowned. They then made the event public, and sent an account of it to de la Vega’s mother, who lived at Lierganes, a small town in the archbishopric of Burgos. At first, she did not give credit to his death; but her son not appearing at her house, nor in the city wherein he lived before his misfortune, her doubts vanished, and she gave him up for lost.

‘ About five years afterwards, some fishermen, in the environs of Cadiz, one day perceived the figure of a man sometimes swimming, and sometimes plunging under the water. On the next day they saw the same, and mentioned it as a very singular circumstance to several people. They threw their nets, and baiting the swimmer with some pieces of bread, they at length caught him, and to their astonishment found him to be a very well-formed man. They put several questions to him in various languages, but he answered none. They then had recourse to another method; they took him to the convent of St. Francis, where he was exorcised, thinking he might be possessed by some evil spirit. The exorcism was as useless as the questions had been. At length, after some days, he pronounced the word *Lierganes*.

‘ It so happened, that some person belonging to that town was present, when he uttered the name, as also the secretary of the inquisition. He wrote to his friends at Lierganes, with a view to obtain some particulars relative to this very extraordinary man. He received for answer, that a young man of Lierganes had some time since disappeared on the coast of Bilboa, but nothing had been heard of him since. It was then determined that this marine-man should be sent to Lierganes; and a Franciscan friar, who was obliged to go there upon some other business, undertook to conduct him. It was not however done until the following year.

‘ When they came within a quarter of a league of the town, the friar ordered the young man to go before, and shew him the way to his house. He made no answer, but conducted the Franciscan to his mother’s house. She recollected him immediately, and embracing him, cried out, *This is my son that I lost at Bilboa!* Two of his brothers, who were present, also knew him immediately, and embraced him with equal tenderness. He, however, did not evince the least sensibility, or seem in the smallest degree surprized. He spoke no more at Lierganes than he had done at Cadiz, nor could

they draw from him any thing relative to his adventure. He had entirely forgot his native language, except the words, *pan, vino, tabaco*, 'bread, wine, tobacco;' and these he uttered indiscriminately, without any application. They asked him, if he would have either of these articles; he could make no reply.

'For some days together he would eat large quantities of bread, and for as many days following he would not take the least food of any kind. If they directed him to do any thing, he would execute the commission very properly, but without speaking a word. He would carry a letter to where it was addressed, and bring an answer back in writing. They sent him one day with a letter to St. Ander: to get there, it was necessary to cross the river at Padrenna, which is more than a league wide in that spot; and Francis de la Vega not finding a boat in which he could cross it, threw himself in, swam over, and delivered the letter as directed.

'This young man was nearly six feet in height, well formed, fair skin, and red hair, which was as short as a new-born infant's. He always went bare-footed, and had scarcely any nails either on his hands or feet. He never dressed himself but when he was told to do it. The same with eating; what they offered him, he accepted, but never asked for any. In this way he remained at his mother's for nine years; he then again disappeared, and no one could assign a reason for it.

'It is easy to suppose that the cause which occasioned his first disappearance, influenced the second.

'It was reported, that an inhabitant of Lierganes some time after again saw Francis de la Vega in some port in Asturias; but this was never confirmed, or even well attested.

'When this very singular man was first taken out of the sea at Cadiz, it is said that his body was entirely covered with scales, but they fell off soon after his coming out of the water. They also add, that different parts of his body were as hard as shagreen.'

To this account Padre Feijoo adds many philosophical reflexions on the existence of this phenomenon, and on the means by which a man may be enabled to live at the bottom of the sea, &c. He observes, that if Francis de la Vega had preserved his reason, and the use of speech, he would have given us more instruction and information than all the combined works of the greatest naturalists.

I am, &c.

O. S. T.

BON MOT OF A SPANIARD.

A SPANISH gentleman, who had but one eye, used frequently to attend a tennis-court, whenever any match of skill was played there. One day the ball was so violently struck against the other eye, as in a moment to deprive him of the use of it. He bowed to the company; and, without apparent emotion, left the court, saying, 'Buenas noches!' Good night, gentlemen.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

ADDISON TO A LADY.

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, opposite soever as an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice.—This expression, madam, I am highly sensible may appear a little too coarse in the mouth of a polite man; but I hope is no disgrace to the behaviour of a sincere one. When we are to talk upon matters of importance, delicacy must give way to truth, and ceremony be sacrificed to candour: an honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to a willingness to flatter.—Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself, is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness, or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, madam, that were I capable of such an action, at the time that my behaviour might be rewarded by your passion, I must be despised by your reason; and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I must be hated as a man.

‘Highly sensible, madam, of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my reputation may be for ever lost.—You have passions, you say, madam; but give me leave to answer, that you have understanding also: you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to wake it, above an unwarranted indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, that no giddy impulse of an ill-placed inclination may induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your honour, and repugnant to your virtue.

‘I, madam, am far from being insensible: I too have passions, and could my situation a few years ago have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should have legally solicited that happiness which you are now ready to bestow. I had the honour, madam, of supping at Mr. D—’s, where I first saw you, and shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, or a manner so excessively engaging: but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side; and though I burned with a flame as strong as ever filled human breast, I laboured to suppress, or at least studied to conceal it.

‘Time and absence at length abated an unhoping passion, and your marriage with my patron and my friend effectually cured it. Do not now, I beseech you, madam, rekindle that fire which I must never think to fan; do not now, I beseech you, destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, or blast your own honour, which has been hitherto spotless and unsullied.—My best esteem is ever your’s; but

should I promise more? Consider, I conjure you, the fatal necessity I am under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous, and in any other commands dispose of your most humble and devoted,

J. A.

*DESCRIPTION OF AN UNFREQUENTED CAVE,
NEAR BESANCON, IN FRANCE.*

THIS cavern has never yet been described by any English traveller. It is about half a league from the Abbey of God's Grace, near Besancon, and situated in a very narrow valley. The extent from the entrance to the extremity, which is terminated by a rock, is 364 feet; its greatest width is 135; and its height about 40 feet. What is most remarkable, is the cold that is felt herein. M. De Cossigny of Besancon, who visited this cavern in the months of August and October, in comparing his observations on the different degrees of heat in it, with those of another gentleman who had formerly examined it, says, that his thermometer stood at half a degree below the freezing point, whilst that of the other gentleman, in the same month of August, was nine degrees below it; he therefore cannot conceive how the above mentioned gentleman could find upon the floor, which is generally an entire sheet of ice, a small quantity of rain water which had fallen some days before, and was not then frozen, as he never thought that an inch or two of water upon a vast piece of ice could be so long in freezing. But it was no ways astonishing that he should find, in so mild a season as that when he was there, a little clear water here and there above the ice, on the floor in other parts of the cavern; and that he was often incommoded in taking the profile and dimensions of the cavern, by the drops, which fell in abundance upon his paper from different parts of the roof. He also remarks, that he found it much colder in August than in October; and, that though he was well wrapt up in a thick great coat, and his hands covered with a pair of warm gloves, he was scarcely able to stay long enough, nor was his fingers capable to hold the pen, to take the dimensions of it; yet in October he staid an hour and an half there, and felt very little cold, though without a great coat. The most remarkable thing he met with in this cavern, was a vein of fine brown clay, which was very soft and moist, and adhered to his fingers like paste, while every thing around it was frozen. Of this clay he took two lumps with him to Besancon, with which he made the following experiments. He put a piece of it into a still from which he obtained nothing but common water, which made him think it was no more than common earth, divested of its active principle. Some he put in a crucible, and calcined it, which became red, and having afterwards put it in a still it yielded a very clear water; he next reduced it to powder to make a lye of it, which did not yield the least particle of salt. Lastly, he calcined it a second time in order to make another lye, and had nothing from it but simple water.

 FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.

 MASONRY FOUNDED ON SCRIPTURE.

A SERMON,

PREACHED BEFORE THE LODGES OF GRAVESEND;
ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1752.

BY W. WILLIAMS, M. A.

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God. MICAH vi. 3.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

AND thus, notwithstanding the obloquy and reproach Masonry has met with, at its first introduction into some places, it has spread itself into the most distant parts of the earth; and now from East to West, between North and South, there is scarce a nation, people, or kingdom, among whom a Lodge has not been held.

And doubtless, there must have been some motive to induce men thus to propagate and spread abroad this science: there must have been somewhat more than barely a desire of participating of a frivolous secret: there must have been *some greater inducement for persons of the greatest sense and religion, as well as rank, not only to be members of this society, but also to endeavour to enhance its credit, as well as increase the number of its members: there must have been something very good and desirable that has induced parents of the greatest wisdom and abilities to introduce their own children into this society. And indeed there could be no excuse for Christians being ranked among any sect of men, who held tenets, or practised actions that are contrary to the commands of the gospel: but so far are Masons from so doing, that by their very constitutions and principles they are bound to the strictest justice, not only in fact, but also in their very words. They are by them taught that Masonry depriveth no man of the honour that was his due before he became such, or may be his due after he was raised such: they enjoin sobriety and moderation: they teach men that they must subdue their passions: they acquaint them that they must abstain from every thing ludicrous, or that may give anxiety to any one: that they must be subject to all in power, * *whether to the king as supreme, or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well*: they enjoin all relative duties, they teach men to be good children, parents, servants, masters, husbands: they instruct*

* 1 Pet. ii. 13.

us that we must, according to the Scriptures, *love our wives even as Christ loved the church—and that every one must love his wife even as himself.**

They teach us that to the strictest justice we must add mercy: for they not only enjoin it, but there is scarce a Lodge but practises it, by relieving the necessities of their brethren in distress. To confirm the truth of this I may not only appeal to you, my brethren, but I am persuaded the world in general is well acquainted with this our practice, and few indeed but do us the justice to acknowledge it.

But still farther, our constitutions and principles enjoin us to walk humbly with our God: for they acquaint us that we must always make the Holy Bible the rule of our faith, and the standard of our actions: so that in short, it will be impossible to be a good and exact Mason, and at the same time be an atheist or irreligious person.

But I am already aware of an objection, viz. that there are Masons, who live not up to these laws, but permit scandalous vices in themselves; to enumerate which it were needless and disagreeable. Sorry I am, my brethren, that any one, who claims the honour of being a Free and Accepted Mason, should thus act contrary to the principles and constitutions of that society: but must still insist on it, that this is no conclusive argument against the truth of what I have here asserted, nor any proof that these contaminated persons are good Masons. That they are nominal Masons, must be admitted: but, I must add, they are a scandal not only to that society, but even to the religion they profess; and it would be as unreasonable to condemn Masonry, on their account, as it would be impious to conclude, that because bad men profess themselves Christians, therefore the Christian religion does encourage or permit gross vices or scandalous enormities.

However, let their lives and conversations be never so infamous abroad, we have a law, and by that law they ought, and never fail to be punished: as far as our social engagements and jurisdiction will enable us to proceed, we admonish them to avoid evil, and to do good: we reject their conversation, and refuse with such a one to have any communication, no, not so much as to eat with him, or to bid him God speed, † as the Apostle exhorteth us to behave to incorrigible members. Therefore I heartily recommend it to you, my brethren, as your duty (if it should at any time be your misfortune to meet with such) immediately to expel them from your fraternity: let neither the wealth nor figure of any man deter you from performing this real service to the craft in general: let neither interest sway, nor friendship blind you: regard no man's person nor fortune; but, provided his life be immoral, immediately reject him; if he be not already a brother, however desirous he may be of becoming such, however strongly recommended to you, receive him not into your secrets, unless he promise, and give signs of amendment; and if he be already a brother, and refuse to listen to reproof, or neglect to amend, let him be

* Ephes. v. 25. 33.

† 1 Cor. v. 11.---2 John ver 10.

cut off as a rotten member, whose longer continuance with you would endanger the whole constitution.

I imagine it will be expected that before I quit this head I should say something concerning what are generally called the Secrets of Masonry, which have been so loudly exclaimed against, and so greatly misrepresented. But though I am bound to hail and conceal those Secrets, I trust I shall be believed, when I declare I speak the truth before God, and lie not; when I affirm that as to their nature they are strictly decent, innocent, well contrived, and rational, consisting in mere notes of distinction and emblematical signs and words, serving to put us in mind of that obligation we Masons lay under, never to reveal any of these Secrets touching Masonry; and are designed only to discover a true brother, when we meet him, as well in the dark, as in the light; and to guard against the intrusions of the artful, designing, and reprobate part of the world, to the end that the good principles of Masonry, so far as human prudence and wisdom can contrive, may not be prostituted to the dishonour of God, and the ridicule of that Friendly Society; since it has been, for some time, so much the polite taste to ridicule every thing that is sober, serious, and religious. This then may serve as an answer to that common question put to Masons, viz. ‘If your secrets be so innocent and rational, why then should you be so exceeding cautious of their being divulged?’

Another question also I have had frequently put to me, viz. ‘If there were not some terrible Secret concealed, which none of you dare to reveal, how comes it to pass that Masons of the most profligate lives, who have not the least regard to the strongest obligations, have never divulged it?’

To this I answer, Masonry is a progressive science, and not to be attained in any degree of perfection, but by time, patience, and a considerable application and industry: for no one is admitted to the profoundest Secrets, or the highest honours of this fraternity, till, by time, we are assured he has learned secrecy and morality; and then, and not till then, he is admitted to participate of all the Secrets belonging to that good-fellowship.

Hence you may easily perceive, that it would be as impossible for a fresh made brother to reveal all the Secrets of Masonry, as it would be for an apprentice, just entered on his apprenticeship, to perform the work of one who has already served his master seven years; or, for such a one to disclose all the secrets of the craft, he was just bound unto, which are seldom entrusted to his knowledge, till by a faithful servitude he has proved himself worthy of that trust and confidence.

I come now, in the last place, to make an application of what has been said.

And first to you, my brethren!

Since you are governed by such wholesome laws, let your lives correspond with that purity which they enjoin. Consider that you are brought out of *darkness* into *light*. * *Let therefore that light* which

* Ephes. v. 8.

is in you so shine before all men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.* Let the whiteness of the clothing, † wherein you now appear, prove a true emblem of your inward purity and innocence. Let those jewels, the badges of honour and tokens to what master you belong, wherewith you are now adorned, always put you in mind of that jewel of great price, ‡ which you are bound to purchase, even with the sale of all that you have. And let the regularity, sobriety, and piety of your lives shew that you walk humbly with God. Let your justice and mercy, your integrity and charity to all men, prove that good Masons are clothed with humility, adorned with good works, and in all things act worthy of the name of Christ: then shall all they, who have spoke evil of you, as of evil doers, seeing your good works, be ashamed of having falsely accused your good conversation in Christ; § and then shall they perceive that Masonry is founded and raised on such pillars as shall never fail: for this will prove that it is contrived with the wisdom which is pure, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy; || supported with the strength of sound reason, assisted by Revelation, so as to be able to confound all its adversaries, and to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; ¶ and adorned even with the beauty of holiness itself:* consequently Masonry is founded on that sure rock, † against which let the waves and billows of temporal persecution never so strongly dash, it will stand erect and secure; because that rock is Christ. †

And as the statuary or operative Mason hews, squares, and moulds a rough block of marble, till at length he has formed the resemblance of a perfect man, so are you, my brethren, taught to hew away all those rough and unseemly passions which obscure and deform the natural man, that when you are tried and proved by the square of God's word, you may not be disproved, but each of you found a perfect man unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. §

And lastly to you, who are not of this fraternity!

Since you have all the moral certainty and assurance you can possibly have, that this society (which some have in times past suspected of evil) is not deserving the ridiculous censure of a deceived populace; since you may be convinced, if you do not wilfully stop your ears, || that there is nothing practised in their lodges, but what is decent, innocent, rational. Let me intreat you to do so much justice to their members as to cast away all evil surmisings about those secrets, which you cannot comprehend, and to have such a love of mercy, or charity, as bopeth all things and believeth all things; ¶ such a one as may distinguish you to be, what you all profess yourselves, Christians. By this let all men know that ye are Christ's disciples, that ye have love one to another; * and walk so humbly with your God as to regard

* Mat. v. 16.
 § 1 Pet. iii. 16.
 † Mat. vii. 25.

† White Aprons and Gloves.
 || Jam. iii. 17.
 † 1 Cor. x. 4.
 ¶ 1 Cor. xiii. 7.

‡ Mat. xiii. 46.
 * Psalm. xxix. 2.
 || Psal. lviii. 4.

§ Eph. iv. 13.
 * John xiii. 35.

and honour his commands: and therefore, according to the advice of the Apostle, *Let all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking be put away from you with all malice.**

Consider that if these men do evil, vengeance is the Lord's, † and to him alone it belongs to repay. If you choose not to be joined with them in this friendly society, let them remain free, so long as they use not *their freedom for a cloak of maliciousness: but as the servants of God, follow the steps of Christ, who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; ‡* reflect that in doing otherwise, you neither do justly, nor love mercy, nor walk humbly with your God.

Which that you may all do, God of infinite mercy grant, through the merits of Christ Jesus our Lord.

ROYAL ARCH.

A.L. 5800, A.D. 1796.

GRAND PATRON OF THE ORDER,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

PATRONS IN GERMANY,

HIS MOST SERENE HIGHNESS

FERDINAND DUKE OF BRUNSWICK,

HIS MOST SERENE HIGHNESS

CHARLES DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

THIS is a very superior degree of what is termed Free-Masonry, and consists of a greater number and variety of officers.

His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, was appointed Grand Patron of the order, upon the demise of his royal uncle, the late Duke of Cumberland.

In this order there are three Grand Masters annually elected, who preside as the head, (in lieu of the Grand Master and his two Wardens in the Grand Lodge.) They are of different degrees and are distinguished by the following letters set after their names.

To the first	Z.
——— Second	H.
——— Third	J.

Neither the second or the third can sit in the place of the first, nor can the third sit in the place of the second. It is, therefore, usual to elect a Grand Officer to the third office. After he has presided in that station once, he is eligible to be elected to the second office; and then, to the principal, or first.

Any officer having gone through the duties of the superior, may (for the time being) be placed in either of the three stations, in case of absence of either of the three chiefs.

* Eph. iv. 31.

† Rom. xii. 19.

‡ 1 Pet. ii. 16, 21, 22.

Beside these three officers, there is a council, consisting of a certain number, and a variety of other officers, viz.

President of the Council.	Past Grand Masters, Z.
Inspectors General, and Commissioners of the Great Seal.	Past Grand Masters, H.
Correspondent General.	Past Grand Master, J.
Treasurer.	Master of the Ceremonies.
Scribes.	Chaplain.
Recorder.	Organist.
Sojourners.	Sword Bearer.
Superintendants of Provinces.	Standard Bearer.
	Janitor.

In this order there is none that bear the title of secretary; but he is stiled the Grand Recorder, who keeps the grand register, makes out all warrants to constitute chapters, grants certificates, &c.—for the common business of the chapter is done by the Scribes.

The number of chapters is now in all one hundred and four.

The superintendants of provinces, counties, &c. preside over their respective divisions: one of these superintendants is His Royal Highness Prince Edward; whose attachment to the principles of this order, and every other branch of Free-Masonry does both himself and the fraternity the greatest honour.

In January, 1797, His Highness Prince William Frederick of Gloucester was initiated into this order; and by his strong pursuit of every part of the science, he appears emulous to equal, at least, his royal cousins. In consequence of the decease of the much to be lamented Lady Raneliffe, whose lord is the principal officer of the supreme Grand Chapter, his Highness Prince William was appointed to preside *pro. tem.* in his place.

The supreme Grand Chapter hold but two regular chapters in the year, at Freemasons' Tavern, London; the first in May, on the Friday immediately following the grand feast of craft Masonry;—the other on the third Thursday in December; at which times (somewhat like the quarterly communications of the Craft *with* the Grand Lodge) the three principal officers of every chapter in the order are summoned to attend; but unlike the craft in this only—that no substitute *can* be admitted, unless he is a Past principal officer of the Chapter he represents.

Thus formed—the supreme Lodge (as it maybe termed) transact all public business of the order:—such as in December they elect the three grand officers and the treasurer;—and at each they order the distributions for charity, attend to and investigate all public charges against any chapters, their officers, or members. As an high court of justice, any offences committed against the ordinances of the order are brought forward before them, and the parties attend in person.

There have been very few expulsions in this degree:—the general attention of all its members being, to keep away all such persons as are of immoral conduct, or that have no scientific taste;—and we trust that, its present respectable character will continue to invite all Freemasons of such taste to become members.

The next higher order of Masonry is that of Knights Templars—of which we *shall treat* in some future number of our work.

REVIEW
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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.

TWO volumes of Travels by Mr. Le Vaillant were translated into English, some years since, and read with great avidity. With the contents of those volumes, we doubt not, many of our readers are well acquainted. The three volumes now under review continue the narrative from where the two former left off. In the former part of his travels, Mr. Le Vaillant stated, that he was born in the Dutch settlement of Surinam; and that his infant wanderings in the woods there, first gave him a taste for forming collections of natural history. This taste was strengthened by a variety of events; and, at length, led him on to the arduous enterprize of exploring the interior parts of Africa. How singular are the propensities of man! Mr. Le Vaillant, with a heart formed to benevolence and philanthropy, at an early period of his life, forsook the refinements of civilized society, to wander amid the scenes of uncultivated nature. Yet philosophers have declared man to be a social animal. How then shall we reconcile the seeming incongruity? Minds of superior cultivation and goodness, disgusted with the vices which are inseparable from a high degree of civilization, look in a rude and unpolished state of society for that simplicity and integrity of manners, which are hardly to be found among the nations of modern Europe. Such seem to be in part the sentiments of Monsieur Le Vaillant. We extract the opening of his travels, in support of our opinion.

‘ I sit down at last to discharge my debt. Different as are the circumstances under which I resume my pen, the impulse to write is become the more powerful. The benefit of my long and wearisome travels shall not be lost. If the first fruits have been devoured by merciless oppressors, the misfortune is amply repaid by the spectacle of public liberty. A sufficiently fine harvest still remains to make me anxious of offering it to my country; and this portion, at least, of the only presents I am able to bestow, will neither be debased by tares nor weeds. In the situation in which I live, I find the image of my early independence. I have no obstacles to overcome, and no corrupt beings to deal with, that I may pay to nature the tribute of adoration, which she has a right to expect from the most faithful of her lovers. I re-enter the deserts of Africa once more to visit her. I shall paint her as she is. She cannot but be pleased at seeing me, when she learns the efforts that, in this happy portion of the earth, have been made to revive her worship, and rebuild her altars. I will shew her her portraits. She will not despise the dress in which they will be seen. Can she be offended if, at so great a distance from the country where she first appeared to me without either paint or attire, a slight veil be thrown over her charms? or rather has she not herself fixed the limits where change of temperature and greater wants imperiously demand a modification of her essence? Let it then excite no astonishment if, in the relation of my adventures, and desirous of preserving my sincerity, a sigh escape me at the sight of her first image. She had my whole affections; I

owe to her an account of all the secrets of my heart ; and this predilection, which I cannot forego for the remote asylum in which I am destined to take up my residence by her side, is an additional homage that I render to the people still worthy of practising her lessons.

‘ Land of repose, of ignorance, and of felicity ; land that without toil hast so long nourished me ; ye silent rocks, where I deposited all remembrance, and all regret of the past ; ye enchanting solitudes, troubled by no sigh, and soiled by no tyranny ; should some Frenchman chance to wander upon your borders, open to him your delightful retreats, and render still more august the inestimable blessings which his exertions have obtained for him !’

It appears, from some subsequent parts of the first volume, that it was the intention of our Author to proceed northward from the Cape, and after pursuing his journey across the whole Continent of Africa, to descend, by the course of the Nile, to the Mediterranean. This intention, however, was never accomplished ; nor can we think possible to any individual, however enterprising he may be.

During his stay at Cape Town, Mr. Le Vaillant had an opportunity of observing much of the manners of the Dutch colonists, of which he gives frequent details. In the course of a short tour into Hottentot Holland he obtained some curious information as to the tenure of lands in the neighbourhood of the Cape.

‘ I can no where so properly relate, as here, the manner in which grants of land were formerly made in this so long uncultivated country, and the usages that still take place upon the subject. I could wish the reader to be particularly attentive to this account, in which he will discover something of the origin of human possessions and establishments. I owe it to chance, which directed my steps to the Rooye-Zand, or Red-sand colony.

‘ Fatigued with the extreme heat of the weather, and desirous of resting myself, I one day at noon entered an habitation that offered itself, where it was my intention to remain till the cool of the evening. There was nobody in the house but a young woman, of a charming figure, and who appeared to be about sixteen years of age. I paid my respects to her, and, agreeably to the customs of the country, saluted her. My eyes involuntarily wandered round the room. Conceiving that my astonishment arose from the circumstance of her being alone, she anticipated what she imagined I was about to say, by telling me that her father and mother were absent upon business. Surprised they should be from home in the burning heat of the day, I asked by what accident they had been compelled to leave her. “ Why,” said she, “ we were told this morning that somebody had planted a baaken (a stake) upon our estate ; and my parents, alarmed at the intelligence, immediately set off to enquire upon the spot into the truth of the report.” At a loss to conceive how a stake driven into the ground could be of so much importance as to oblige these planters, contrary to their usual custom, to expose themselves to the intense heat of the sun, and even to abandon their daughter, I replied very simply, that if one man, passing by, had planted this stake, the next comer would perhaps take it away again, and that there was nothing in the circumstance so extremely urgent. I even offered, if her parents did not succeed in discovering it, to pull it up myself if I passed that way. The business, she said, depended neither upon them, upon me, nor any other person. But her father, she added, would shortly be at home, who would give me a more particular history of the baaken. Meanwhile she invited me to take some refreshment, and to bear her company.

‘ Her parents, as she had supposed, soon arrived. The father caressed her for detaining me, and I was loaded with civilities on the part of the mother.

We sat down to table. An unrestrained cheerfulness presided at the meal. The melancholy affair that had occasioned such alarm was arranged, and all parties satisfied.

‘I longed for the promised history of the stake. These good people are slow in their motions, and it was not till after many preambles, in which, however, I gave myself up to the most charming distractions, that my host began as follows.

“You must know,” said he, “that, in this country, to see and to possess are nearly the same thing. When an inhabitant of the Cape wants to obtain a spot of ground in the colony, whether for agriculture or for grazing, he traverses different cantons, to look out for a situation that may suit him. When he has found it, he sets up what is called a baaken, as much as to signify to any one who may be looking out with a similar purpose, that the spot is already occupied. Then he returns to the Cape, and applies to the government for a regular permission and title. This sort of solicitation is seldom refused; but, as the grants of uncultivated ground made by the company are usually a league square, it happens, sometimes from mistake and sometimes from malice, that the baaken has been set up upon the ground of a former proprietor; or that in the circumference granted him, of which the baaken is the centre, some part of another man’s land is included. In this case, to terminate the dispute, arbitrators are sent for, and a decision obtained. If the question be not much involved, a compromise is easily made; but in many cases it happens otherwise. Then commences a regular suit at law, and an eternal subject of variance and hatred between the two parties. Another misfortune in such cases is, that the original proprietor is rarely at liberty to quit his farm, and to undertake the management of his own cause, which assuredly he is the person to understand best. The trial, however, goes on, and the advocate, who has frequently never seen the spot, acquits himself as well as he can. The judge, who is equally in the dark, gives sentence accordingly; and thus your Europeans, who think that no people have understanding and reason but themselves, forget that they have not less a monopoly of corruption and vice. The simplest disputes often terminate in the ruin of families, while nobody gains by them, except it be the judge, whose trade thrives upon this species of nourishment. The planters, on the other hand, whose condition removes them from the bustle, subtlety, and intrigue of large towns, settle these things in the clearest and most sagacious manner, with no other instructor but good sense, and no other guide but reason.” Philosopher as my host affected to be, and though his countenance, which became animated at every stroke of satire that escaped him against the institutions of society, was expressive of considerable energy, candour, and good sense, I have taken the liberty of abridging his narrative, leaving it to the reader’s imagination to supply what I have omitted.’

The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents, a Romance. By Ann Radcliffe. 3 vol. 12mo. Price 15s. Cadell and Davies.

THE elegant authoress of this Romance, is well known to the world for her former productions of the Romance of the Forest, and the Mysteries of Udolpho. With a genius peculiarly calculated to work on our imagination and our fears, she has long been unrivalled in this kind of composition. The Italian, though, in our opinion, it does not much add to, yet certainly takes little from, the fame she has so justly acquired. There is one fault which is carried farther in this than in Mrs. Radcliffe’s former Romances, viz. the too frequent descriptions of the scenery of Italy. Mrs. Radcliffe, it cannot be denied, is, in general, rich and correct in the descriptive; but to us, it

seems too frequently made use of. The more flowing parts of composition have their beauties; but ought to be used sparingly :

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
Assuitur pannus; cum lucus et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amânos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus :
SED NUNC NON ERAT HIS LOCUS :—

The outline of the story is, that Ellena di Rosalba, living with her aunt in retirement near Naples, is seen and beloved by the young marquis Vivaldi; but the ambition of Vivaldi's mother urges her to prevent a union, which she thinks beneath the dignity of her family. In her endeavours for this purpose, she is assisted by Schedoni, a monk, and her confessor; by whose machinations, Vivaldi, at length, is immured in the Inquisition, and Ellena conveyed to a lone house on the shore of the Adriatic, for the purpose of being assassinated. Schedoni, however, when on the point of murdering her, discovers, by means of a miniature picture, that she is, as he then thinks, his own daughter; but, in the event, she proves to be only his daughter-in-law. After some events which naturally follow this discovery, the two lovers, Ellena and Vivaldi, are made happy.

Many parts of this Romance are beautifully written. In proof of this, we extract the scene in which Schedoni is about to murder Ellena.

‘ Again he ascended, nor stopped till he reached Ellena’s door, where he listened for a sound; but all was as silent as if death already reigned in the chamber. This door was, from long disuse, difficult to be opened; formerly it would have yielded without sound, but now Schedoni was fearful of noise from every effort he made to move it. After some difficulty, however, it gave way, and he perceived, by the stiltness within the apartment, that he had not disturbed Ellena. He shaded the lamp with the door for a moment, while he threw an enquiring glance forward, and when he did venture farther, held part of his dark drapery before the light, to prevent the rays from spreading through the room.

‘ As he approached the bed, her gentle breathings informed him that she still slept, and the next moment he was at her side. She lay in deep and peaceful slumber, and seemed to have thrown herself upon the mattress, after having been wearied by her griefs: for, though sleep pressed heavily on her eyes, their lids were yet wet with tears.

‘ While Schedoni gazed for a moment upon her innocent countenance, a faint smile stole over it. He stepped back. “ She smiles in her murderer’s face!” said he, shuddering, “ I must be speedy.”

‘ He searched for the dagger, and it was some time before his trembling hand could disengage it from the folds of his garment; but, having done so, he again drew near, and prepared to strike. Her dress perplexed him; it would interrupt the blow, and he stooped to examine whether he could turn her robe aside, without waking her. As the light passed over her face, he perceived that the smile had vanished—the visions of her sleep were changed, for tears stole from beneath her eye-lids, and her features suffered a slight convulsion. She spoke! Schedoni, apprehending that the light had disturbed her, suddenly drew back, and, again irresolute, shaded the lamp, and concealed himself behind the curtain, while he listened. But her words were inward and indistinct, and convinced him that she still slumbered.

‘ His agitation and repugnance to strike increased with every moment of delay, and, as often as he prepared to plunge the poniard in her bosom, a shuddering horror restrained him. Astonished at his own feelings, and indignant at what he termed a dastardly weakness, he found it necessary to

argue with himself, and his rapid thoughts said, "Do I not feel the necessity of this act? does not what is dearer to me than existence—does not my consequence depend on the execution of it? Is she not also beloved by the young Vivaldi?—have I already forgotten the church of the Spirito Santo?" This consideration re-animated him; vengeance nerved his arm, and drawing aside the lawn from her bosom, he once more raised it to strike; when, after gazing for an instant, some new cause of horror seemed to seize all his frame, and he stood for some moments aghast and motionless like a statue. His respiration was short and laborious, chilly drops stood on his forehead, and all his faculties of mind seemed suspended. When he recovered, he stooped to examine again the miniature, which had occasioned this revolution, and which had lain concealed beneath the lawn that he withdrew. The terrible certainty was almost confirmed, and forgetting, in his impatience to know the truth, the imprudence of suddenly discovering himself to Ellena at this hour of the night, and with a dagger at his feet, he called loudly "Awake! awake! Say, what is your name? Speak! speak quickly!"

Ellena, aroused by a man's voice, started from her mattress, when, perceiving Schedoni, and by the pale glare of the lamp, his haggard countenance, she shrieked, and sunk back on the pillow. She had not fainted; and believing that he came to murder her, she now exerted herself to plead for mercy. The energy of her feelings enabled her to rise and throw herself at his feet, "Be merciful, O father! be merciful!" said she, in a trembling voice.

"Father!" interrupted Schedoni, with earnestness; and then, seeming to restrain himself, he added, with unaffected surprise, "Why are you thus terrified?" for he had lost, in new interests and emotions, all consciousness of evil intention, and of the singularity of his situation. "What do you fear?" he repeated.

"Have pity, holy father!" exclaimed Ellena in agony.

"Why do you not say whose portrait that is?" demanded he, forgetting that he had not asked the question before:

"Whose portrait?" repeated the confessor in a loud voice.

"Whose portrait!" said Ellena, with extreme surprise.

"Ay, how came you by it? Be quick—whose resemblance is it?"

"Why should you wish to know?" said Ellena.

"Answer my question," repeated Schedoni, with increasing sternness.

"I cannot part with it, holy father," replied Ellena, pressing it to her bosom: "you do not wish me to part with it!"

"Is it impossible to make you answer my question?" said he, in extreme perturbation, and turning away from her—"has fear utterly confounded you?" Then, again stepping towards her, and seizing her wrist, he repeated the demand in a tone of desperation.

"Alas! he is dead! or I should not now want a protector," replied Ellena, shrinking from his grasp, and weeping.

"You trifle," said Schedoni, with a terrible look,—“I once more demand an answer—whose picture?”—

Ellena lifted it, gazed upon it for a moment, and then pressing it to her lips said, "This was my father."

"Your father!" he repeated in an inward voice—"your father!" and shuddering, turned away.

Ellena looked at him with surprise. "I never knew a father's care," she said, "nor till lately did I perceive the want of it.—But now"——

"His name?" interrupted the confessor.

"But now" continued Ellena—"if you are not as a father to me—to whom can I look for protection?"

"His name?" repeated Schedoni, with sterner emphasis.

"It is sacred," replied Ellena, "for he was unfortunate!"

"His name?" demanded the confessor, furiously.

"I have promised to conceal it, father."

"On your life, I charge you tell it; remember, on your life!"

Ellena trembled, was silent, and with supplicating looks implored him to desist from enquiry; but he urged the question more irresistibly. "His name then," said she, "was Marinella."

"Schedoni groaned and turned away; but in a few seconds, struggling to command the agitation that shattered his whole frame, he returned to Ellena, and raised her from her knees, on which she had thrown herself to implore mercy.

"The place of his residence?" said the monk.

"It was far from hence," she replied; but he demanded an unequivocal answer, and she reluctantly gave one.

"Schedoni turned away as before, groaned heavily, and paced the chamber without speaking; while Ellena, in her turn, enquired the motive of his questions, and the occasion of his agitation. But he seemed not to notice any thing she said, and, wholly given up to his feelings, was inflexibly silent; while he stalked, with measured steps, along the room, and his face, half hid by his cowl, was bent towards the ground.

"Ellena's terror began to yield to astonishment, and this emotion increased, when, Schedoni approaching her, she perceived tears swell in his eyes, which were fixt on her's, and his countenance soften from the wild disorder that had marked it. Still he could not speak. At length he yielded to the fulness of his heart, and Schedoni, the stern Schedoni, wept and sighed! He seated himself on the mattress beside Ellena, took her hand, which she, affrighted, attempted to withdraw, and when he could command his voice, said, "Unhappy child!—behold your more unhappy father!" As he concluded, his voice was overcome by groans, and he drew the cowl entirely over his face."

Upon the whole, we think the Italian a very unequal performance; some parts are exquisitely fine, others not above mediocrity. And we cannot but be of opinion, that it is inferior both to the Romance of the Forest, and the Mysteries of Udolpho.

Sappho and Phaon. In a Series of Legitimate Sonnets; with Thoughts on Poetical Subjects, and Anecdotes of the Grecian Poetess. By Mary Robinson, Author of Poems, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Boards. Hookham and Carpenter.

THESE sonnets, forty-four in number, turn upon the different changes of sentiment and situation, incident to the heart—which is under the tender passion. To form them into a whole, the author has connected them by the classical name of Sappho, who is supposed to be the relator of her own passionate fondness, conflicts, and despair. Of the talents of Mrs. Robinson, our readers have had frequent specimens. She certainly possesses a brilliancy of fancy, and command of poetical language; but the ear is oftener addressed than the heart in her productions,—a fault particularly striking in verses which are given under the name of the impassioned Sappho. It is however to her praise, that the sonnets are perfectly chaste; they are, moreover, as she takes care to tell us, legitimate sonnets. An engraving of the Lesbian poetess is prefixed to the publication, which, on the whole, may be called an elegant trifle. The sixth sonnet, though the idea is not perfectly original, we select as the most interesting—

'Is it to love, to fix the tender gaze,
To hide the timid blush, and steal away?
To shun the busy world, and waste the day
In some rude mountain's solitary maze?

Is it to chant one name in ceaseless lays,
 To hear no words that other tongues can say,
 To watch the pale moon's melancholy ray,
 To chide in fondness, and in folly praise?
 Is it to pour th' involuntary sigh,
 To dream of bliss, and wake new pangs to prove?
 To talk, in fancy, with the speaking eye,
 Then start with jealousy, and wildly rove?
 Is it to loath the light, and wish to die?
 For these I feel,---and feel that they are love.'

Poems, by Robert Southey. Crown 8vo. Pages 220. Price 5s. Robinsons.

MR. SOUTHEY, the elegant author of this volume of Poems, is already well known to the public for his Epic Poem of *Joan of Arc*. From that lofty and dignified species of composition he has stooped to more humble and artless strains; and we think it but justice to acknowledge, that the same lively fancy, delicacy of sentiment, strength of judgment, and melodious flow of language, which distinguished that production, are to be found almost throughout the Publication now before us. It opens with the following sonnet:

' With wayworn feet, a pilgrim woe-begone,
 Life's upward road I journeyed many a day;
 And hynning many a sad yet soothing lay,
 Beguil'd my wandering with the charms of song.
 Lonely my heart, and rugged was my way,
 Yet often pluck'd I, as I past along,
 The wild and simple flowers of poesy;
 And, as beseem'd the wayward Fancy's child,
 Entwin'd each random weed that pleas'd mine eye.
 Accept the wreath, BELOVED! it is wild
 And rudely garlanded; yet scorn not thou
 The humble offering, where the sad rue weaves
 'Mid gayer flowers its intermingled leaves,
 And I have twin'd the myrtle for thy brow.'

Next follows an historical poem, in varied measure, entitled, *The Triumph of Woman*, founded on the third and fourth chapters of the first book of Esdras. Mr. S. has done justice to the subject, and followed the original with as much accuracy and as little superfluous embellishment as possible.

While numerous are the bards who degrade their talents with chanting the song of flattery, and disdain to celebrate the charms of Freedom, it gives us pleasure that Mr. S. has recalled our attention to the sorrows of our sable brethren, and tuned his harp to the mournful accents of the African. Six sonnets on the slave-trade are introduced by a short preface, in which he laments, that the enthusiasm of those who once disused the West-Indian productions was of so transitory a nature; and in which he conceives the only remaining alternative for the abolition of the traffic, to be the introduction of maple sugar, 'or the just and general rebellion of the negroes.' The fifth is a spirited sonnet on a prospect of the latter; a dreadful prospect! Some of our readers will prefer the following picture of a patient African: p. 35.

' Oh he is worn with toil! the big drops run
 Down his dark cheek; hold---hold thy merciless hand,
 Pale tyrant! for beneath thy hard command
 O'erwearied nature sinks. The scorching sun,
 As pityless as proud Prosperity,
 Darts on him his full beams; gasping he lies
 Arraigning with his looks the patient skies,
 While that inhuman trader lifts on high

The mangling scourge. Oh ye who, at your ease,
Sip the blood-sweeten'd beverage! thoughts like these
Haply ye scorn: I thank thee, gracious God!
That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
Of indignation, when beneath the rod
A sable brother writhes in silent woe.'

Remarks on the Conduct of the respective Governments of Great Britain and France, in the late Negotiation for Peace. By Elias Taunton, Esq.

THIS pamphlet is written by a gentleman, who, we are informed, was educated at Oxford. It is one more, to the many melancholy proofs already extant, that a liberal and classical education is not sufficient to form a good writer. Of its matter it would be impossible to give even a tolerable account, without assigning it more room and more attention than it seems to deserve. Its great merit (if it should be deemed a merit) consists in viewing facts in a particular light (the justness of which would be completely denied by his adversaries), and then reasoning upon them in a flippant ready manner.— After all, were it purged of its great incorrectness of stile, though the author would deserve but little credit, he would not merit our censure. The following half of the fifth page will, we doubt not, justify our report of this composition. Speaking of the late decisive message of the Executive Directory, which crushed all our hopes of peace, he goes on thus;—

'It is of service, in unfolding to us the *disposition of mind* with which the Rulers of France have been uniformly actuated. It tends to ascertain, in the question of insincerity, which some have affected to make as of uncertain applicability on the late occasion of pacific advances, to which Government that charge is most justly due. And in proportion as it fixes on France the reproach of a wanton and unjustifiable rupture of the negotiation, it confirms the repeated assurances of a conciliatory disposition, which, throughout the present contest, his Majesty's Ministers have constantly affirmed, and as far as circumstances would permit them, faithfully fulfilled.

'But the measure, it should be observed, is only so far beneficial, as it puts beyond possibility of cavil or suspicion, by those whom prejudice and interest may mislead, the motives which have respectively influenced the Governments of Great Britain and France. The circumstances themselves are too strong to admit of doubt with the fair and unbiassed. However the increasing necessities of France may have induced the friends of peace in this country to hope, that the unfavourable symptoms in the anterior proceedings of the Executive Directory, would, in the end have been conquered by a due sense of those necessities, and a desire to relieve them, yet the proceedings considered by themselves are sufficiently explicit.'

Before this gentleman publishes again, we would advise him to consider the attention which Gibbon, Robertson, Franklin, and all good writers, however different their excellence, have uniformly paid to stile and true criticism. From the just corrections made by Blair, in several papers selected from the Spectator, this gentleman might perceive the absolute necessity of submitting his labours to the judgment of a few judicious and critical friends, before he sends them forth to the world. Stile may be bad, and yet admit of no correction. But that stile must be bad indeed, which may be amended in every page, by shortening or dividing the sentences, by a different arrangement of the members, and by verbal corrections.

An Examination of Events, termed Miraculous, as reported in Letters from Italy. By the Rev. J. Berington, 8vo. price 1s. Booker.

Some Letters from Italy, containing an account of Miraculous Events,

said to have happened during the Invasion of the Papal Territories by the French, having been published in England, Mr. Berington, who is well-known to the Public by his former labours, comes forward to examine and refute their claims to belief. The prodigies he writes against are as follows :

‘ At Ancona, a sea-port town in the papal territories, on Saturday between the 25th and 26th of June last, certain women, alarmed by the report of a conspiracy for the plunder of the town and massacre of its inhabitants, ran in crowds to the cathedral, where was a picture of the Virgin Mary, reported to work miracles, and to which these women, it is said, were particularly devout. While they were here fervently praying before the picture, a little child, whose unusual composure had been remarked, cried out to its mother, “ That the Holy Virgin moved her eyes,” or, as another account states, “ That the Holy Virgin had heard her mother’s prayers.” Thus was the impression made. The mother looked, and beheld the prodigy. Others beheld the same; a general cry among the spectators ensued; soon the whole town was in motion; all flocked to the cathedral; and the most incredulous, even the ringleaders of the conspiracy, returned, convinced, from inspection, of the reality of the prodigy. Thirteen days the picture continued to move its eyes, and it was only on the 8th of July, that the door of the church was closed. During that period, the French gentleman who writes the letter, an emigrant, and formerly a canon of Lyons, on the 28th, at mid-night, was admitted to a near sight of the picture, the motions of the eyes of which he describes minutely. They moved first horizontally; then opened wider than was their ordinary position; and finally closed. These changes happened twice, during the quarter of an hour he remained before the picture. On the following day, at noon, he returned to the same spot, and beheld the same motion of the eyes, which he is ready to attest on oath.—On the 6th of July, three painters, men of probity, were introduced by authority, when the vicar-general, attended by his officers, directed them to take down the picture, and examine it. This they did; and as their hands passed over the face, they observed the eyes to open; and one of them afterwards assured the writer, that what struck him most was, to feel the eyes, as if they had been animated, move under his fingers.

‘ Such is the relation from Ancona; and on the 10th, other accounts, which confirm the above, state, that the prodigies had not then, or only then, ceased, and that a statue of St. Ann, the mother of our lady, had joined the daughter, and also moved its eyes. This statue, to remove all suspicions of fraud, was examined by the same painters.

‘ We come now to Rome. About the time that the prodigies at Ancona ceased, a series of the same commenced in the capital. On the 9th of July, as some pious persons were praying before a picture of our lady, called of Archetto, it was observed to open and shut its eyes. The report soon spread through the city, while other persons, equally impressed with devotion, in the same street, before another picture, were heard to exclaim, “ Most Holy Virgin, favour us with a miracle.” Scarcely were the words uttered, when the eyes moved; and presently, all the pictures, which are numerous in the streets, exhibited the same phenomenon, moving their eyes in various directions, and almost without interruption. The contagion, within a few days, reached to the churches, where the same prodigies took place. The streets, meanwhile, incessantly resounded with the cry of *Vive Maria!* and canticles and hymns were sung.—Some similar motions were likewise observed in pictures of our Saviour, and in crucifixes; and the wonders did not confine themselves within the walls of Rome, but extended to Civita Vecchia, and to other towns

in the neighbourhood. Many miraculous cures, it is added, on the blind, the dumb, and the lame, particularly at Perugia, were operated.

‘A new prodigy now presents itself. Three lilies, by way of decoration, had been placed near to a picture of the Virgin, where they had remained so long, as to be completely withered and dry. But on the 9th of July, a bud, perfectly fresh and green, was seen on one, and soon after three other buds on others, which promised a speedy expansion, while the stalks remained in their withered state. These, however, grew green; and in this state, for nearly fifteen days, the renovated plants continued, though the heat of the weather was intense, and no rain or vapour fell to refresh them.—At Viterbo, meanwhile, the body of St. Rose was covered with abundant perspiration.—Near Mandola, an illumined cross, with three lilies, was seen in the air, which moved and rested over the celebrated chapel of Loretto.—At Perugia, three stars of a refulgent brightness appeared on the cheeks of the Virgin, and on the forehead of the infant Jesus, whom she holds in her arms. In other places, some statues of saints altered their positions.’ p. 7.

These ridiculous stories our author very sensibly accounts for, from the illusions to which the sense of sight is liable; from the time of the occurrence of some of them, viz. in the dusk of the evening, and from the circumstances of the witnesses.—Some of them, as that of the lilies for instances, he does not hesitate to ascribe to a trick played off upon the credulity of the people. This pamphlet is well written, and bears marks of a liberal and inquiring mind.

The Art of making Gold and Silver, or the probable Means of replenishing the nearly-exhausted Mines of Mexico, Peru, and Potosi; in a Letter to a Friend. By Richard Pev. To which are added, some Observations on the Structure and Formation of Metals, and an Attempt to prove the Existence of the Phlogiston of Stahl, the Principle of Inflammability, &c.

THOSE who contemplate, in a philosophical and moral view, the mischiefs brought on the human race by the discovery of the Spanish West-Indies; would not wish the mines there to be replenished in the rapid manner our author here proposes. ‘If,’ says he, p. 10, ‘we could place such a quantity of the metallizing principle in the course of the waters flowing through the mine as should be sufficient to saturate all the particles dissolved, we should be able to produce more gold, in one hour, than has, perhaps, been produced by the unassisted operations of matter upon matter from the creation to the present time.’ Could the nations of Europe introduce the *metallizing principle* into their rivers, France need not any more plunder her neighbours, nor England subsidize them, or lament the deficiency of her own ways and means.

Fortune's Fool; a Comedy, in five Acts. As performed at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. Price 2s. Longman.

AMONG the writers of *modern Comedy*, who write with a view to the acting of a particular performer, Mr. Reynolds claims pre-eminence. *Fortune's Fool* is one among the many proofs of the corruption of public taste in dramatic representation. An audience who had listened to the sterling wit of Congreve, Wycherly, Steele, or Hoadley, we should imagine, would turn with disgust from the flippancy and inconsistencies of our modern dramatists; but this is not the case, or the present comedy could not be *tolerated*. The chief merit of the author consists in some extravagant caricatures of existing characters, among these a *match-making Dutchess*, an *ignorant Virtuoso*, and an *aquatic Duke* (who buffets the billows of the Thames, and makes a voyage of discovery from Whitehall to Windsor) hold a conspicuous rank. Still we cannot but think, that Mr. Reynolds possesses considerable abilities, as a dramatic writer, if they were properly applied.

POETRY.

PROLOGUE,

TO FORTUNE'S FOOL,

WRITTEN BY

W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. TOMS.

TO each new Play a Prologue must appear,
 Like Poet Laureat's Ode to each New-
 But here, at once, the simile must end,
 Chance is the Laureat's, not the Prologue's
 Friend :

He may anticipate the coming hour,
 By the prophetic Muse's magic pow'r ;
 But we, like shewmen, trumpet forth our
 ware, [Fare ;

Promise you feasts ; but shew no Bill of
 Bound down to secrecy, we must not say
 One word upon the subject of the Play.

Yet for our Author this I dare impart,
 He bears your former favours next his
 heart--

And though the course he steers to-night
 be new,

He fears no quicksands, piloted by you ;
 Whose powerful aid, and still sustaining
 hand,

Have ever brought his little bark to land,
 And moor'd her where his hope begins and
 ends,

Safe in the haven of his gen'rous friends.

Perhaps these crowded benches may con-
 tain

Some who've been fool'd in Fortune's
 giddy train !

Some who, with ceaseless toil, pursuing
 wealth,

Have gain'd their object, but have lost
 their health ; [bestow

And prov'd, at length, that gold can ne'er
 A balm for sickness, or a shield for woe :

Some, who ambitious of a fleeting name,
 Have barter'd Happiness, and Peace for
 Fame ; [school

And found too late, in Disappointment's
 How oft Ambition makes us Fortune's
 Fool.

Our Author on Thalia's treasury draws---
 An annual candida e for your applause !

Which, like the fresh'ning dews of rising
 morn,

Hangs, through his life, a gem on ev'ry
 thorn !

To-night, once more, his fate on you de-
 pends, [friends !

His gen'rous patrons, and his pow'ful
 VOL. VIII,

'Twas you who brighten'd up his early
 day,
 And now to independence lead the way !
 The curtain dropp'd, he'll prove, if you
 have smil'd,
 Not Fortune's Fool, but Fortune's fav-
 ritie Child !

EPILOGUE,

TO THE SAME,

WRITTEN BY

M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

[A Chair, Table, and Lady's Work-bag.]

ONCE more I come, your favouring smile
 to catch,

Myself I offer now---say, is't a match ?
 No partial flame I feel, for great or small ;
 I love you roundly---and will take you
 all :---

Perhaps you think me bold, to court the
 men ;

if so, I do but copy nine in ten ;
 Like high-drest mis-es, to attract the beaux,
 Each grace of Art, and Nature too expose ;
 Yet, as I only trust to mental charms,
 And bare no elbows, bosom, knee, or arms ;
 My frankness, I without a blush may boast,
 You can but say, that I'm bare-fac'd at
 most.

But hold, true woman, fond of selfish
 prattle,

I fight my own, but not our Author's battle ;
 He, trembling Dramatist, of Notoriety,

To Speculation fears to add satiety ;
 Oft he has tried your patience heretofore ;
 Shall he not try it now a little more ?

Of that, and of your kindness, nothing
 loth,

He gives you ample room to practise both :
 Sweet Patience ! long they exercise thy
 pow'rs,

In other houses, full as much as ours :---
 See anxious Trepidation, how it flashes,

The virgin member, with his maiden
 blushes !

He takes his seat [sits down in chair] and
 all his troubles past,

The long expected moment comes at last ;
 He rises, [gets up] twirls his hat, hems,

strokes his chin,
 Probes his cravat, and ventures to be-
 gin---

' Sir, I am sensible'---some titter near him---
 ' I say, I'm very sensible'---all, ' hear him, hear him'---
 He bolder grown, for praise, mistaking pothor, [other---
 Tea-pots one arm, and spouts it with the
 ' Once more, I'm very sensible indeed---
 ' That though we should want words, we must proceed---
 ' And for the first time in my life, I think---
 ' I think---that no great Orator should shrink---
 ' And therefore, Mr. Speaker, I, for one,
 ' Will speak out freely, Sir, and so---I've done.'

Peace to his eloquence---to banish that, Suppose we have a little female chat---
 Vulgar Miss Bull, and Lady Serag Lopsidle, [never idle:
 Whene'er they meet, their tongues are
 Miss Bull begins---
 ' Lark, what a bonnet! why, it looks quite scurvy. [vey;'
 ' It's like a coal-skuttle turn'd topsy-tur-
 ' It's like some heads then, Miss---all smoke and smother---
 ' So one good turn, you see, deserves another; [resist?'
 ' But your strait-forward taste, who can
 ' Some taste, my Lady, seems to have a twist;
 ' If women will forget that they grow older,
 ' And wear like children, straps across the shoulder: [snicks,
 ' Why not like children, give them playful
 ' And let the straps be laid across their backs.'

' Miss, you're severe---
 ' But here's my comfort [goes and takes work-bag] this I'll fondly hug---
 ' Your favourite work?--- No, Miss, my favourite Pug---
 ' This is its kennel, [takes dog out of work-bag] oh, the pretty creature!
 ' How neat and elegant in every feature!
 ' It drinks uoyau, and dines upon boil'd chicken, [picking---
 ' But ragou'd sweetbread is its favourite
 ' Lest the hot sun should tan the charming fellow,
 ' When it walks out, I carry this umbrella;
 ' But when cold frosty weather comes to nip it,
 ' It wears a little spencer and a tippit---
 ' Come, Pug, to bed---Lord who could think it dear,
 ' To pay five shillings for thee every year!
 Her La'ship's kindness must be praised, which brings
 Such useful lessons from such useless things;
 And Folly never can be out of date,
 While puppies may grow up to help the state---
 If here, this night, Good-nature smiling rules, [Fools.
 We shall be Fortune's Favourites, not her

EPILOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF
 A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE,
 WRITTEN BY

MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ. M. P.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

SHAKESPEARE, a shrewd old quiz in his dull age,
 Said, very gravely, ' all the world's a stage.'
 But if the poet to our times could drop,
 He'd rather own that all the world's a shep.
 And what's the trade? exclaim the critic railers; [TAILORS.'
 Why, ' men and women all are merely Nay, frown not, Beaux; and Ladies, do not pout; [out.
 You've all your cuttings-in and cuttings-And first, Miss Hoyden, just escap'd from school,
 Slighting Mamma, and all domestic rule;
 If she, in Fashion's road, should chance to trip,
 What, says the world? why, Miss has made a slip:
 And if, a falling character to save, [grave,
 She weds with age, just tottering o'er the
 The sportive world will still enjoy the joke,
 And spouse at home, at once is made a cleak.
 The Politician next, who, when in place,
 Views public measures with a smiling face;
 Croaks, when he's out, a discontented note;
 Sure he's a Tailor---he has turn'd his coat.
 Oft have I measur'd you, when closely sitting,
 To see what twist, what shape, what air,
 was fitting; [ance;
 Once more I'll try, if you'll make no resist-
 Mine's a quick eye, and measures at a distance.
 [Produces the sheers and measures.
 Great Mr. Alderman---your Worship---
 Sir,
 If you can stomach it, you need not stir;
 Room you require, for turtle and for haunch---
 'Tis done---two yards three quarters round the paunch. [Poet,
 Slim Sir, hold up your arm---O you're a
 You want a coat, indeed---your elbows shew it.
 Don't tremble, man, there's now no cause for fears,
 Tho' oft you shirk us gemmen of the sheers.
 Genius stands still, when Tailors interpose:
 'Tis like a watch---it ticks---and then it goes. [draw,
 The needle dropt, the warlike sword I
 For e'en our sex must yield to martial law.
 Lady Drawcansir came to me last night---
 ' O! my dear Ma'am, I am in such a fright;
 ' They've drawn me for a man; and, what is worse,
 ' I am to soldier it, and mount a horse---

'Must wear the breeches.' Says I, 'Don't deplore
[wore :
'What in your husband's life you always
'But that your La'aship's heart may cease
from throbbing, [dobbin ;
'Let your fat coachman mount upon fat
'And for the good old pair, I'll boldly say,
'Nor man, nor horse, will ever run away.
'Run---arrah---what is that---don't fear
betray,'
Cries patriot Paddy, hot from Bantry Bay.
[Assuming the brogue.
'The Frenchmen came, expecting us to
meet 'em, [em,
'And sure we all were ready there to beat
'With piping hot potatoes made of lead,
'And powder that would serve instead of
bread, [of frogs,
'Then for the meat---Oh, such fine legs
'With warm dry lodging for them in the
bogs.'
'They came, alas,' cried I, of terror fill,
'They made a conquest'---'No, they made
a bull.' [battle,
But softly---what with measures, balls, and
You must, I'm sure, be tir'd of my dull
prattle; [clever,
But while you look so pleasant, kind, and
Had I the way, I'd talk to you for ever.

MARY, the mad

A TALE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WHO is she, the poor maniac, whose
wildly fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she
sighs, [plies
She never complains, but her silence im-
The composure of settled distress.
No aid, no compassion the maniac will
seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care :
Thro' her rags do the winds of the winter
blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom half bare,
and her cheek
Has the deathly pale hue of despair.
Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the
day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been ;
The trav'ler remembers who journey'd
this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay
As Mary the maid of the inn.
Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with
delight
As she welcom'd them in with a smile :
Her heart was a stranger to childish allright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark
aisle.
She loved, and young Richard had settled
the day.

And she hoped to be happy for life ;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and
they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary,
and say
That she was too good for his wife.
'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark
was the night,
And fast were the windows and door ;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt
bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight,
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.
'Tis pleasant,' cried one, 'seated by the
fire side.
'To hear the wind whistle without.'
'A fine night for the abbey!' his comrade
replied,
'Methinks a man's courage would now
be well tried
'Who should wander the ruins about.
'I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble
to hear
'The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
'And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by
fear,
'Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
'For this wind might awaken the dead !'
'I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cried,
'That Mary would venture there now.'
'Then wager and lose!' with a sneer he
replied,
'I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
'And faint if she saw a white cow.'
'Will Mary this charge on her courage al-
low ?'
His companion exclaim'd with a smile ;
'I shall win, for I know she will venture
there now, [bought
'And earn a new bonnet by bringing a
'From the elder that grows in the aisle.'
With fearless good humour did Mary com-
ply,
And her way to the abbey she bent ;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was
high, [sky,
And as hollowly howling it swept thro' the
She shiver'd with cold as she went.
O'er the path so well known still proceeded
the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight,
Through the gate-way she enter'd, she felt
not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and
their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.
All around her was silent, save when the
rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless
she past,
And arriv'd in the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder tree grew in the aisle.
Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly
drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough :

When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise
on her ear,
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to
hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over
her head;

She listen'd,---nought else could she hear
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her
bosom with dread,

For she heard in the ruins distinctly the
tread

Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with
fear,

She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud
shone clear,

And she saw in the moonlight too ruf-
fians appear,

And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood
curdl'd cold!

Again the rough wind hurried by,---
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it
roll'd,---

She felt, and expected to die.

'Curse the hat!' he exclaims, 'nay come
on and first hide

'The dead body,' his comrade replies.

She beheld them in safety pass on by her
side,

She seizes the hat, fear her courage sup-
plied,
And fast thro' the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at
the door,

She gaz'd horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint
burthen no more,

And exhausted and breathless she sunk on
the floor,

Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;---

Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For---oh God what cold horror then thrill'd
thro' her heart,

When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands, on the com-
mon hard by,

His gibbet is now to be seen.

Not far from the read it engages the eye,
The trav'ler beholds it, and thinks, with a
sigh,

Of poor Mary the maid of the inn.

SONG.

SWEET Rosalind! forbear to chide,
Alas! I can no longer hide
What long my heart would have disclos'd,
Had modest Fear not interpos'd.
Whene'er I view thy heav'nly face,
My wond'ring eyes new beauty trace;

My glad'ning soul with rapture burns,
And love to adorati'n turns.
Thy ever-blooming cheeks disclose
The lily blended with the rose.
And Cupid wantons, while he sips
The flowing fragrance on thy lips.
Those ringlets that so neatly deck
Thy comely face, and graceful neck,
With those proportion'd limbs combine
To form thee, fair one! all divine.
Who can resist thy matchless charms!
Oh! take me, clasp me in those arms!
Regale me on thy spicy breast,
And lull my ravish'd soul to rest.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

SUNG BY

THE CHILDREN OF THE FREE-
MASONS' FEMALE CHARITY,

FEBRUARY 9, 1797.

[The words by a Young Lady, Daughter of a Free Mason.
The Music by Dr. Arnoold.]

WHEN wand'ring, comfortless and low,
In Poverty's dark vale of woe,
Expos'd to error, want, disease,
And vice, more fatal still than these,
Your fost'ring care our bosoms cheer'd,
Our infant minds with learning rear'd.

CHORUS.

For you our hands to heav'n we raise,
With grateful hearts, in pray'r and praise.

O may our bosoms doubly know
The joys your lib'ral acts bestow;
And long, through years revolving, prove
The blessings of Fraternal Love;
That to the heart humane is giv'n
A foretaste of the bliss of heav'n.

CHORUS.

For you our hands to heav'n we raise,
With grateful hearts, in pray'r and praise.

SONNET.

GO, place the swallow on yon turfy bed,
Much will he struggle, but can never rise;
Go, raise him even with the daisy's head,
And the poor witt'ner like an arrow flies!
So, off' thro' life the man of pow'r's and
worth,

Haply the cat'er for an infant train,
Like *Bacchus* must struggle on the bare-worn
earth,

While all his efforts to arise are vain!
Yet, should the hand of relative or friend
Just from the surface lift the suff'ring
wight,

Soon would the wings of industry extend,
Soon would he rise from anguish to
delight!

Go then, ye *Affluent*, go, your hands out-
stretch,
And from *Despair's* dark verge, oh! raise
the woe-worn wretch!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Feb. 9. **A** NEW Comic Opera, in two Acts, entitled a "Friend in Need," was brought forward at this Theatre, said to be from the pen of Mr. Hoare, to whom the public are already indebted for several favourite productions.

The fable of the piece is as follows:

Count Solano has killed his adversary in a duel, and is obliged to fly from his country (Naples); but anxious to see his wife and children, he returns in disguise, though his estates are confiscated, his appointments disposed of, and his person proscribed. It appears that some soldiers have an intimation of his intended return, and are upon the watch to seize him the moment he arrives, in hopes of having a reward for apprehending him. In the same city Jack Churly, who had formerly been an English Sailor, is now the porter of the Gaol. Churly gets into a quarrel with three Neapolitan soldiers, who seem disposed to lay violent hands on him; but at the moment when he is likely to become the victim of their fury, the Count arrives, and finding he cannot save Churly without being known, he discovers himself to the soldiers, and they retire.—Churly is so impressed with gratitude for this generous protection at such a perilous time, that he pants for an opportunity of serving the Count in return. The other soldiers, who had been on the watch for the Count, follow him close, and at length get possession of their prey. The Count is thrown into the prison of which Churly is the porter. The Countess visits her husband in confinement, and his children are brought to the prison, and all are sunk into the deepest dejection, on account of his impending fate. Churly, however, advises the Count to change cloaths with him, in order to escape as porter of the prison; but the Count, conceiving that Churly would then suffer instead of himself, resists all attempts to make him leave another to suffer a death intended for himself. At length, however, Churly prevails, the Count receives proper directions how to pass the guard, and he gets safely out of prison. Churly then desires the Countess to bind his arm behind him, and fix him with the rope to the staple in the wall. This done, he sets up a loud cry to call the guards, who enter, while the Countess, counselled by Churly, holds a stiletto over him, as if she had been an accomplice in the escape of her husband. The guards take Churly into custody to account for his conduct: but the money which Churly finds in the pocket of the Count's coat, enables him to escape with the Countess to a farm belonging to her husband, within the limits of the Roman States, where they are all safe. Churly, of course, is received by the Counts's tenants with the most cordial zeal. He finds his wife among them, and the Count promising to give him a reward for his generous services, the Piece concludes with the happiness of all parties.

The Dramatis Personæ were as follows:

Count Solano,	Mr. Kelly.
Jack Churly, formerly an English Sailor,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Pazzarello, a Miller,	Mr. Suett.
Belmont,	Mr. Dignum.
Morado, Steward to Solano,	Mr. Wathen.
Carlo,	Mr. Sedgwick.
Two Informers,	Messrs. Maddocks and Trueman.
Lieutenant,	Mr. Caulfield.
Children, Sons of Solano,	Master Welsh and Master Chatterley.
Gaoler,	Mr. Webb.

Bernardo,	- - - - -	Mr. Banks.
Neapolitan Sailor,	- - - - -	Mr. Hoflingsworth.
Soldiers belonging to Solano's Regt.	- - - - -	Messrs Cooke, Welsh, and Evans.
Emilia,	- - - - -	Mrs. Crouch.
Plautina, Governess to Solano's Children,	- - - - -	Miss Decamp.
Ellen, Wife to Churly,	- - - - -	Mrs. Bland.

The Piece was throughout well received; and announced for repetition with the most unbounded applause.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

Feb. 9. THIS Theatre was opened for the benefit of Mrs. Yates, whose husband was unfortunately killed last Summer, at Pimlico; a catastrophe still recent in the public recollection. This indeed was proved by the eagerness of the Public to succour the distresses of the Widow and Orphan Children. The House was exceedingly crowded, and the produce must consequently have been very considerable.

The play was the *Earl of Warwick*. Mrs. Yates herself appeared in *Margaret of Anjou*, and was received with much feeling and approbation by the audience. She spoke an address after the play, in allusion to the melancholy deprivation which she had sustained.—The subject nearly touched the feelings of the audience, and drew tears from almost every eye. We feel great satisfaction in stating that, upon such an occasion as this, the kindness of friends has been so liberally seconded by the sympathy and generosity of the public.

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Feb. 18. A NEW Musical Piece of one act, under the title of "BANTRY BAY," was brought forward at this Theatre. It is said to be the production of Mr. Cross, and though evidently written in great haste, possesses considerable merit.

To the great credit of the Manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, he never loses the opportunity that national events may suggest of rousing the feelings of Englishmen; and the late intended invasion of the sister-kingdom furnished a very proper occasion for such an appeal to the characteristic spirit of Britons.

Compositions of this kind, though highly meritorious in their object, are in general written on the spur of the moment, and are, consequently, too hastily prepared, to possess much merit in themselves. The present Piece, however, deserves a more favourable notice, than the praise of mere tendency, as there is diversity of character, and a general pleasantry and interest, throughout the whole.

The songs are well suited to strengthen the general design of the Piece; and two or three of them were extremely successful. The music is by Reeve; and possesses much spirit and effect.

FREEMASONS' CONCERT, FREEMASONS' HALL, FEB. 9.

THE annual Concert for the Benefit of the Freemasons' Charity School, in St. George's Fields, was performed at this place. The music was under the direction of Brothers Arnold and Cramer, and the selection reflected infinite credit on their taste and judgment. Owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Leak, Miss Dufour kindly undertook, at a very short notice, to sing the songs allotted to that lady, and acquitted herself admirably well. Signora Storace sang Purcell's Cantata of *Mad Bess* with great science and feeling; and Master Welsh's *Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty!* charmed every ear. It is but justice, indeed to say, that every part of the performance deserved great praise. For the occasional address sung at this Concert, see our Poetry.

REPORT
OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE EIGHTEENTH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14.

REVERSED the Decree of the Court of Session in the Appeal, *Fringle v. Dove*. Adjourned to Friday.

Friday, 16. Read a first time a Naturalization and two Inclosure Bills. Adjourned to Monday.

Monday, 19. Their Lordships, in the Scotch Appeal, *Mackenzie v. Scott*, affirmed the judgment of the Court of Session, and attached 100*l.* costs to the appealing party.

Read a first time the Bill for the better raising the Militia in the Tower Hamlets, the Mutiny Bill, &c.

Read a third time, and passed, the Loan Bill; the Dutch Property Bill; the Scotch Distillery Bill.

Tuesday, 20. Petitions were read from the prisoners confined for debt in different goals in the kingdom, stating the hardship of their condition, and applying to their Lordships' mercy for relief, &c.--Ordered to be laid on the table.

Lord Grenville then moved the Order of the Day, for taking his Majesty's message into consideration, which being read---

Lord Grenville rose, and after a preamble, in which he set forth the utility of strong Continental Alliances, and the propriety of vigorous preparations to prosecute the war, moved,

'That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, to return his Majesty thanks for his gracious communication; to assure his Majesty, &c.' (reverberating the Message in the usual form.)

The Duke of Bedford said he should suffer the address to pass without opposition; but in doing so he did not mean to assent to the Minister's conduct in giving pecuniary aid to the Emperor without consent of Parliament.

The question being put, it was then carried *nem. dis.* Adjourned.

Wednesday, 21. The Marquis of Bute was introduced between the Marquises Cornwallis and Hertford, and took the oaths and his seat, he having been raised to the dignity of a Marquis of Great Britain.

Thursday, 22. The Bill for imposing additional duties on certain Exciseable Goods, the Scotch Distillery Bill, &c. were read a first time.

The Order of the Day, for the House to go into a Committee upon the Loan Bill, was then read.

The Duke of Norfolk rose, and after observing that it would be very desirable to know whether the sum now about to be raised would be sufficient for the whole purposes of the year, he said he should be obliged to the Noble Secretary of State for information upon that head. He next proceeded to show the great inconvenience it might be attended with, to pay the subscribers in three per cents at 75, or in money at their option, in the year 1798, should a new war break out at that period. He therefore moved, That a clause should be inserted in the Bill to enable the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to delay the payment due upon such contributions till the three per cent. stocks were at 75.

The Duke of Bedford seconded the motion.

Lord Grenville said, that it was impossible for him to foresee whether the present loan would suffice for the whole year: and that as to the motion, he must oppose its adoption.

After a few words from the Duke of Norfolk in reply, the motion was negatived.

The Bill was then read a third time and passed. *Adjourned.*

Friday, 23. The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Loan Bill, the Annual Indemnity, and the Neutral Ship Bills.

The Commissioners were, the Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Earl Spencer.

The Commons brought up the additional duties on the Customs, Receipts, &c. and several other Bills, some of which were read a first time.

Adjourned till to-morrow.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WEDNESDAY, October 31, (Continued.)

MR. Pitt moved for leave to bring in a Bill to explain the Cavalry Act, and Mr. Bidolph, as an amendment, to repeal it.

The question being put, the House divided:---For the amendment 27. Against it 148.

Read a first time a Bill for more effectually securing Stamp Duties on Indentures, Bonds, Leases, and other legal instruments; and also the Bill for granting a duty on goods conveyed by inland navigation.

Wednesday, 14. Lord Stopford brought down the Answer of his Majesty to the Address of the House, thanking him for his most gracious communication relative to the war with Spain.

Mr. Fox rose to make his promised motion. He had no hesitation in saying that the Constitution had been grossly violated; nor should he have any difficulty in proving that the benefits arising from a form of government which gives the management of the public purse to Parliament, are greater than those experienced under despotic sway. This general principle might afford instances of inconvenience to the Executive Power; and it must be admitted also that in an estimate it was impossible to foresee all possible expences. To make good any deficiencies, a Vote of Credit was granted to the Minister; but in no case was he permitted to appropriate money to particular purposes, without the consent of Parliament. He had numberless constitutional authorities to bear him out in this assertion, among which he should avail himself of passages in that inestimable work, entitled *Precedents of Proceedings in Parliament, by the Clerk of the House of Commons.* He then read a long quotation, the sum of which, contained in the last sentence, was as follows: 'It is therefore incumbent upon the House of Commons, not only to make this supply of credit as small as possible, but, in a subsequent session, to enquire into the particular expenditure of the sum granted, and to be assured that it is strictly applied to those purposes for which it was intended, and not squandered loosely, improvidently, wantonly, or perhaps corruptly.'

After paying some compliments to the author he had been quoting, Mr. Fox resumed. He asked what gentlemen would say, when they found that the sum of 1,200,000*l.* remitted to the Emperor was voted for the extraordinaries of the year? and why the supplying the Prince of Conde with money was not before stated to the House? If it consented to sanction such proceedings, its privileges would become a ridiculous mockery. The present attack on them he considered as more dangerous than any ever made before; and if it should be approved of by the vote of that night, he freely declared, that we should have no constitution at all. Never did the crown exercise its authority against the rights of the people more effectually than during the last two years. It had created new crimes, and new treasons, abridged the liberty of the subject, and assumed a military power at

which our ancestors would have shuddered. If in addition to this, the Minister were empowered to dispose of the public money without the consent of Parliament, where was the smallest safeguard for the constitution? Mr. Fox then handed to the chair a motion, conceived in the following words: 'That his Majesty's Ministers having authorised and directed, at different times, without the consent, and during the sitting of Parliament, the issue of various sums of money for the service of his Imperial Majesty, and also for the service of the army under the Prince of Conde, have acted contrary to their duty, and to the trust reposed in them, and have thereby violated the constitutional privilege of this House.'

It was seconded by Mr. Alderman Combe.

Mr. Pitt then rose, and justified the measure in question, by the advantages that had accrued from it; gave it as his opinion, that the Vote of Credit covered every expenditure for every assignable purpose, even to persons not previously named; admitted the responsibility of Ministers; and acknowledged their culpability in case of their concealing a foreseen emergency from Parliament when it could be divulged with safety; but in the present instance he contended, that publicity would have had a pernicious effect upon public credit. Such was the opinion of leading men in the city, and of the Directors of the Bank. Besides, he justified his conduct by various precedents.

Mr. Bragge opposed the motion, and moved the following amendment: 'That the measure of advancing the several sums of money, which appear from the accounts presented to the House in this Session of Parliament, to have been issued for the service of the Emperor, though not to be drawn into precedent but upon occasions of special necessity, was, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, a justifiable and proper exercise of the discretion vested in his Majesty's Ministers by the Vote of Credit, and calculated to produce consequences, which have proved highly advantageous to the common cause, and to the general interests of Europe.'

Mr. Sheridan adverted to the praise bestowed by the Minister on the last Parliament, and said it would have seemed more sincere if he had not sent so many of its Members to the Upper House, *there to hide their heads in coronets*. He expressed his surprise at hearing precedents taken for rules, which, if true, could at best only be exceptions. To prove that they were not true, Mr. Sheridan showed that those of 1706, 1742, and 1787, would not bear any application to the case in question. If the principle upon which the present measure was justified, were admitted, the Minister would become a judge of the extent, as well as of the mode of the public expenditure. This new Dictator, by what he called 'a delicate process,' would have it in his power to pay hordes of foreigners to extinguish every spark of British freedom. Under his administration Juries had already been reviled; Courts of Justice declared schools for treason by the first Pensioner of the Crown; the military separated from their fellow subjects; the mouths of the people stopped; and the guardianship of the public purse taken from the House of Commons. If the House did not check this career, he should consider them not only as accomplices in the crime, but as partakers in the effect of it.

Sir Wm. Pulteney said, that he believed the Minister was not aware, the other night, of the precedents he now quoted in his defence, which turned out to be nothing at all. Not one of them could give away the controul of Parliament. The money bills and mutiny bill, the power of the purse and the sword, were the two pillars of the constitution; and the way in which the Minister had weakened one of them called for the disapprobation of the House.

The House then divided on the amendment. For it 287.—Against it 83. Majority 204. Adjourned at half past three.

Thursday, 15. Dates of the Declaration of War were presented, and ordered to lie on the table.

Henrick's Naturalization Bill was read a third time, and several other Bills were read a second time. Adjourned.

Friday, 16. A committee was chosen to try the merits of Mr. Tierney's petition against the second election of Mr. Thelluson for Southwark.

General Fitzpatrick, after reminding the House that three years ago he had implored its clemency for M. de la Fayette and the companions of his flight, proceeded to state the circumstances of their confinement, and the increasing severity with

which they were treated. It was not, however, for M. la Fayette and his friends alone that his motion pleaded.--- There was a lady connected with him, whose unalterable virtues could only be equalled by her sufferings, which amounted to all that the cruelty of a Claudius or Nero could inflict, and which she bore with the fortitude of a Roman matron. Having escaped with much danger from France, she had, by extraordinary good fortune, obtained an audience of the Emperor, who gave her permission to see her husband. 'But with respect to his delivery,' said he, 'my hands are bound.' Of the Emperor's making this answer, he had the best evidence the case would admit of, the hand-writing of Madame de la Fayette. When admitted to his presence, what must have been her feelings to find him in a foul dungeon, and to hear that his first change of raiment was given him with the insult of saying, that since his rags would not cover him, the coarsest possible garb had been procured to supply their place! For herself no female attendant was allowed, and when she desired to visit Vienna for medical relief, she was told that on no account must she repair thither; but elsewhere she might go as she pleased. What a refinement of cruelty! what a diabolical condition! After sacrificing her health for the sake of her husband's society, she was told that the recovery of it could only be obtained by sacrificing that society. Her daughters were guarded in a separate cell, and allowed to visit their parents only as long as the day-light lasted, while the lady herself was denied, by those who pretend to be at war for religion, all those rites so positively prescribed by the Romish Church! 'The delicacy of the means by which my information was procured,' added the Hon. General, 'prevents me from disclosing the whole extent of the misery which I know to exist.'

After calling upon the House to vindicate the British character from the charge or suspicion of being concerned in such enormities, by interposing at this most seasonable moment, he concluded by moving 'That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, representing, that the detention of M. de la Fayette and his fellow sufferers, in the prisons of the Emperor, is injurious to the character of the Allies, and to the interests of humanity; and intreating his Majesty to take such measures for procuring their release as to his royal wisdom may seem fit.'

Mr. Sheridan seconded the motion.

Mr. Pitt said, that the question was wholly out of the cognizance of the House; and that he could solemnly, publicly, and implicitly declare, that the Emperor's hands were not bound by his Britannic Majesty or his council---no wish had been expressed by the British Court---no opinion given; nor had any communication on the subject taken place. On what grounds then were we to interfere? Suppose some power were to come forward, not reconciled to the horrors of the slave trade---and by habit alone could it be reconciled to our nature---could we bear a foreign interference in a business, carried on, in his opinion, in direct violation of every principle of humanity? But though we had no right to interfere, he should take care to have such representation made to the Court of Vienna, as should convince the world that we have no share in the transaction.

Mr. Fox was sorry that an appeal made to the best feelings of human nature, should be answered only by sophistry and chicane. A sufficient precedent was furnished, in his opinion, by the interference of France in the case of Captain Asgill. As to the Minister's argument drawn from the slave trade, it was truly an *argumentum ad hominem*. 'How can I,' the Minister may be supposed to say, 'expect to prevail on the Emperor to restore the freedom of an individual, when I cannot even prevail on my next neighbour, Mr. Dundas, to desist from his support of a business like the slave trade, so full of the blackest horrors? He concluded, by saying, that the adoption of the motion seemed to him the only way of rescuing the House and Nation from obloquy.

Mr. Wilberforce moved, as an amendment, 'That his Majesty should use his good offices towards effecting the liberation of the Marquis de la Fayette, and the other prisoners.'

The Master of the Rolls was for the original motion, but against the amendment; Lord Hawkesbury for the amendment, but adverse to the original motion.

Mr. Sheridan preferred the original motion, and expressed his regret that Mr. Windham had not been allowed to speak, as there was a *manly* indiscretion about

him, which tore the veil off every mystery. The hands of the Emperor and the tongue of the Secretary at War were, in his opinion, bound by the same spell. He hoped, however, that the Minister's enjoining silence to his friends, 'arose from a special necessity, and would not hereafter be drawn into precedent.' Mr. Sheridan proceeded to compare M. La Fayette to Hampden and Falkland; he was sure that his Hon. friend, the General, had the hearts of the House with him; and trusted that if the Minister were beaten, he would retire with a better conscience to repose.

Mr. Windham said, the person who called upon him to unveil a mystery, had himself disclosed the secret. La Fayette was held up as the hero of liberty, and that was the real ground of the feigned appeals that had been made to the humanity of the House. He then pronounced a violent philippic against the French General's political conduct; declared himself decidedly averse to any humanity being extended to a man who had been the cause of uncalculable calamities; thought it just he should be made an example; and that all men who commenced revolutions, should receive the punishment due to their crimes.

Mr. Fox said, if the sufferings of many individuals in France are to be set down to the account of M. La Fayette's conduct, what has the English Minister to answer for, when we consider the dreadful consequences of his conduct? He lamented that it should be maintained by a Member of that House, that the opposers of oppression in any country should be considered as objects of revenge for the British Parliament.

After a few words from Mr. Dundas, Mr. Jekyll, and General Fitzpatrick, the House divided. For the amendment 50.---Against it 132. Majority against any interference in behalf of La Fayette 82.

The original motion was afterwards put, and also lost. Adjourned.

Saturday, 17. Mr. Pitt brought up a Message from his Majesty, which was read from the Chair, as follows:

'His Majesty thinks proper to acquaint the House of Commons, that he is at present engaged in concerting measures with his Allies, in order to be fully prepared for the vigorous and effectual prosecution of the war, if the failure of his Majesty's earnest endeavours to effect a general peace, on secure and honourable terms, should unfortunately render another campaign unavoidable. And his Majesty will not fail to take the first opportunity to communicate the result of these discussions to the House. In the interval, his Majesty conceives that it may be of the greatest importance to the common cause, that his Majesty should be enabled to continue such temporary advances for the service of the Emperor, as may be indispensably necessary, with a view to military operations being prosecuted with vigour and effect at an early period; and his Majesty recommends it to the House to consider of making such provision as may appear to them to be most expedient for this purpose.'

Monday, 19. The Order of the Day for taking into consideration his Majesty's most gracious message being moved, and the message being read,

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that the advantages of the measure recommended by his Majesty's message, were so obvious, that he trusted the proposition would give occasion to no difference of opinion. His Majesty did not call upon the House for such a sum as it might be proper to grant to the Emperor, should the war continue; but for so much as might enable him to give temporary aid to that prince, while the negotiations are going on. He then declared his intention to move that the message should be referred to a Committee of Supply, and concluded by moving an Address for his most gracious communication, &c.

Sir Wm. Pulteney disapproved of the aid to the Emperor, and of the Address, both of which seemed intended to whitewash the conduct of the Hon. Gentleman. After severely blaming the way in which his Imperial Majesty's wants had before been supplied, and presuming that the Minister refused him a loan by way of keeping him in a needy situation, and consequently in his power, Sir William moved, as an amendment, that the whole of the address, after the words 'most expedient,' should be left out.

Mr. Bontine seconded the amendment.

Mr. Nichols considered it as dangerous to send money out of the country, during the present scarcity of specie.

Mr. Fox thought it incumbent upon him to notice the subject now before the House. The sum of money was in his mind a trifle, compared to the principle on which it was proposed to be voted; since after the vote, the Minister might send money to the Emperor without the consent of Parliament, as he had done before. Some might think this a proper way of conducting the affairs of Government; but as to him, he was highly averse to the House carrying on such a delusion, by pretending to have any thing to do with the ways and means, over which he had no controul. He did not mean to question the propriety of advancing money to the Emperor; but he could not help observing that it would be better to advance it in the shape of a subsidy than of a loan; since of a loan the repayment was very precarious, while it gave us no right to stipulate for an equivalent as if a subsidy were given. The House, instead of trusting to the Minister, ought to confide in its own judgment, and as this was in some measure the object of the amendment, he should vote for it.

Mr. Grey doubted the repayment of a loan with good reason, since the Emperor had failed in the first of his engagements, the promised remittance of 92,000*l.* never having taken place. This was an injury done to the public, and a material one to the holders of stock. He then asked what the Minister could say of the fraudulent account he last year laid before the House. When asked how the vote of credit was applied, he answered, part to the army, and part to the ordnance. It now appeared, however, that a very considerable portion had been applied to the support of Conde's army.

Mr. Pitt admitted, indeed, that the Emperor had not made good the stipulated instalments of the interest due upon the former loan; but surely under the circumstances of the present year, a failure of that sort did not argue a want of faith.

Sir W. Pulteney's motion was negatived without a division.

Mr. Sheridan rose, and, after a short introduction, proposed the following amendment at the end of the Address:—'*Your Majesty's faithful Commons having thus manifested their determination to enable your Majesty to give such assistance to your Majesty's Ally the Emperor, as may be indispensably necessary, in the unfortunate event of an unfavourable issue to the present negotiations for peace, cannot omit this occasion of expressing their deep regret, that your Majesty's Ministers should in recent instances have presumed to issue similar assistance without any previous application to Parliament so to do; thereby acting, as your Majesty's gracious message appears in a great measure to admit, in defiance of the established practice, and in violation of the Constitutional Privileges of this House.*'

Negatived without a division.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, when the following resolution was moved, and adopted.

'That a sum not exceeding 500,000*l.* be given to his Majesty to be applied to the service of the Emperor, to be issued at such times, and in such a manner, as his Majesty may see most proper.'

Mr. Fox made many pointed remarks upon the way in which the Minister applied the public money to purposes different from those for which they had been voted. In doing this he pursued a course of obscurity, concealment, and fraud. If the House suffered him to go on in the same way, he did not see how they could be of more service to the country, than a body of gentlemen of equal number, who should meet any where else for their amusement.

Tuesday, 20. Mr. Nichols thought that previously to the Report of the Committee of Supply being taken into consideration, the House ought to enquire of the Governors of the Bank their reasons for objecting to an Austrian loan. It had come out yesterday in conversation that the principal ones were the high price of bullion, and the rate of exchange. It was a fact that fifty guineas could be made by melting a thousand. It was therefore impossible that the specie could be kept up by coining; and consequently there was good reason to be cautious in sending money out of the country, especially as the measure in agitation was only the beginning of a system.

[TO BE REGULARLY CONTINUED.]

 MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

INTELLIGENCE OF IMPORTANCE

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

WHITEHALL, TUESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1797.

BY Dispatches received on Sunday evening from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, it appears that a part of the French Fleet, consisting of eight two-deckers, and nine other vessels of different classes, had anchored in Bantry Bay on the 24th ult. and had remained there, without any attempt to land, till the 27th in the evening, when they quitted their station, and have not since been heard of. The wind, at the time of their sailing, blowing hard at S. S. E.

From their first appearance, every exertion was made by General Dalrymple, the Commanding Officer of the District, and a considerable force was collected to repel the Enemy.

The accounts further state, that the Yeomanry and Volunteer Corps displayed the utmost zeal and alacrity, in undertaking the guards in those places from whence the Regular Troops were withdrawn; and the universal readiness, shewn by all descriptions of people to forward the preparations for defence, left no doubt of the event, in case the Enemy had ventured to make a descent. In particular, the spirit, activity, and exertions of Richard White, Esq. of Seafield Park, deserve the most honourable mention.

An Officer and seven men were driven on shore in a boat belonging to the one of the French ships, and were immediately made prisoners. The Gentleman was conveyed to Dublin, and, upon examination states, that the Fleet, upon its leaving Brest, consisted in all of about fifty sail, having an Army of 25,000 men on board, commanded by General Hoche, and that it was destined for the attack of Ireland.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JANUARY 3, 1797.

A Letter from Captain Sterling, of His Majesty's Ship Jason, to Mr. Nepean, dated off Cape Clear, the 24th of Dec. 1796, gives the following intelligence:

'I had the honour to inform you, on the 20th inst. by Le Suffrein, a French vessel, armé en flute, which we had taken with 230 troops, arms, &c. on board, that my intentions were to cruize some days, to endeavour to intercept any of her consorts.

'The prisoners have since informed me, that she sailed on the 16th, in company with sixteen sail of the line and transports, having 20,000 troops. As the wind has been Easterly since the date of my letter, and blowing very hard, I hope they have not reached a port; and as the troops had only ten days provisions, they must be badly off.

'I saw a large ship of war last night, and I am persuaded the body of the Fleet cannot be far from me. A rudder, and other pieces of wreck, have floated past us to-day.'

WHITEHALL, JAN. 7, 1797.

By dispatches received this day from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Mr. Pelham, dated the 3d and 4th instant; it appears that a part of the French fleet had returned to Bantry Bay, and that a further part had been seen off the mouth of the Shannon; but that both divisions had quitted their stations, and put to sea, on the evening of the 2d inst. without attempting a landing.

The accounts of the disposition of the country, where the troops are assembled, are as favourable as possible; and the greatest loyalty has manifested itself throughout the kingdom; and in the South and West, where the troops have been in motion, they have been met by the country people of all descrip-

tions, with provisions and all sorts of accommodations, to facilitate their march; and every demonstration has been given of the zeal and ardour of the nation to oppose the enemy in every place where it could be supposed a descent might be attempted.

WHITEHALL, JAN. 10, 1797.

By dispatches received this day from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, dated the 6th inst. it appears, that his Excellency had received accounts from Vice Admiral Kingsmill, stating that on the 3d inst. his Majesty's ship the *Polyphebus*, Capt. Lumsdaine, had captured and brought into the Cove of Cork, *La Tortue*, a French frigate of 44 guns, and 625 men, including troops; and that she had also captured a large transport full of troops, which being extremely leaky, and might coming on, with heavy gales of wind, Capt. Lumsdaine had been prevented from taking possession of; but which, from many signals of distress afterwards made by her, and his inability to render any assistance, he had every reason to apprehend must have sunk during the night.

It further appears, from the accounts of the prisoners on board *La Tortue*, that *La Scevola*, another large French frigate, had recently foundered at sea, with all her crew.

The *Impatiente* French frigate, carrying 20 four-pounders, 320 men, and 250 soldiers, came on shore near Crookhaven, on the 30th ult. and was totally lost. Seven of the men escaped on the rocks.

WHITEHALL, JANUARY 17.

An Extract of a Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, dated Dublin Castle, Jan. 10, 1797, states as follows:

‘ I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Grace, that since the information transmitted to Mr. Greville, that the French had entirely left Bantry Bay, there has been no re-appearance of them upon the coasts; so that I trust, from the violence of the tempest, and from their ships being ill found and ill victualled, their expedition is for the present frustrated.

‘ Upon reviewing what has passed during this expedition of the enemy, I have the satisfaction to reflect, that the best spirit was manifested by his Majesty's Regular and Militia forces; and I have every reason to believe, that if a landing had taken place, they would have displayed the utmost fidelity. When the flank companies of the Antrim regiment were formed, the whole regiment turned out, to a man, with expressions of the greatest eagerness to march; and the Downshire Regiment, to a man, declared they would stand and fall by their officers.

‘ At the time the army was ordered to march, the weather was extremely severe: I therefore ordered them a proportion of spirits upon their route, and directed an allowance of 4d. a day to their wives until their return. During their march, the utmost attention was paid them by the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they passed, so that in many places the meat provided by commissaries was not consumed. The roads, which in parts had been rendered impassable by the snow, were cleared by the peasantry. The poor people often shared their potatoes with them, and dressed their meat without demanding payment; of which there was a very particular instance in the town of Banagher, where no Gentleman or principal Farmer resides to set them the example. At Carlow a considerable subscription was made for the troops as they passed; and at Limerick and Cork, every exertion was used to facilitate the carriage of artillery and baggage, by premiums to the carmen; and in the town of Galway, which for a short time was left with a very inadequate garrison, the zeal and ardour of the inhabitants and yeomanry was peculiarly manifested, and in a manner to give me the utmost satisfaction. In short, the general good disposition of the people through the South and West was so prevalent, that had the enemy landed, their hope of assistance from the inhabitants would have been totally disappointed.

‘ From the armed Yeomanry, Government derived the most honourable assistance. Noblemen and Gentlemen of the first property vied in exerting themselves at the head of their corps.---Much of the express and escort duty was performed by them. In Cork, Limerick, and Galway, they took the duty of the garrison.

Lord Shannon informs me, that men of three and four thousand pounds a year were employed in escorting baggage and carrying expresses. Mr. John Latouche, who was a private in his son's corps, rode 25 miles in one of the severest nights, with an express, it being his turn for duty. The merchants of Dublin, many of them of the first eminence, marched 16 Irish miles with a convoy of arms to the North, whither it was conducted by reliefs of Yeomanry. The appearance in this metropolis has been highly meritorious. The corps have been formed of the most respectable Barristers, Attornies, Merchants, Gentlemen, and Citizens, and their number is so considerable, and their zeal in mounting guards so useful, that I was enabled greatly to reduce the garrison with perfect safety to the town. The numbers of Yeomanry fully appointed and disciplined in Dublin exceed 2000; above 400, of whom are horse. The whole number of corps amount to 440, exclusive of the Dublin Corps. The gross number is nearly 25,000. There are also 91 offers of service under consideration, and 125 proposals have been declined; and, in reply to a circular letter written to the Commandants of the respective corps, their answers almost universally contained a general offer of service in any part of the kingdom.

Many prominent examples of individual loyalty and spirit have appeared. An useful impression was made upon the minds of the lower Catholics by a judicious address from Dr. Moylan, the titular Bishop of Cork. I cannot but take notice of the exertions of Lord Kenmare, who spared no expence in giving assistance to the commanding officer in his neighbourhood, and who took into his own demesne, a great quantity of cattle which had been driven from the coast. Nor could any thing exceed the ardour of the Earl of Ormond, who, when his regiment of militia was retained as part of the garrison of Dublin, solicited with so much zeal a command in the flank companies, that I thought it a measure due to his Majesty's service to encourage his lordship's request.

The Gazette of Tuesday, Jan. 17, contains a Letter from Major General Charles Graham, to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, dated Head-Quarters, Martinico, October 16, 1796, from which the following are extracts:

Our affairs in Grenada wear the most favourable aspect: I may say, indeed, tranquillity is completely restored, as they enjoy it in the most comprehensive sense. The communication throughout the Island is perfectly open; there are some few stragglers, no doubt, in the woods; but they never molest even single passengers; and their number is so inconsiderable, and their state so wretched, that they rather deserve our contempt than merit our resentment.

I embrace with satisfaction the opportunity this affords me of having the honour to inform you, that a Negotiation has been opened, for a general exchange of prisoners, with the Commissioners of the French Republic at Guadaloupe; the Commissary sent here to treat on that business, has, in consequence, returned with two hundred: an equal number of ours are to be sent by the Cartel.

It affords me great satisfaction to have an opportunity of informing you of the entire reduction of the Brigands and Charibs in St. Vincent's.

Tarin Padre, (a negroe of St. Lucia) who has commanded the Brigands and Charibs since the capture of the Vigie, and who had great influence and authority over both, surrendered on the 2d instant.

The number of Brigands who have surrendered, or been taken since the 4th of July, amounts to 725; the number of Charibs to 4633, including women and children.

Inclosed you will receive a return of the killed and wounded of his Majesty's troops since the commencement of the Charib-war.

Return of the killed and wounded of his Majesty's Forces in the Island of St. Vincent, between the 20th of July and 15th of October, 1796.

26th Light Dragoons---1 Serjeant, 1 rank and file killed; 1 rank and file wounded.

Royal Artillery---1 Gunner wounded.

3d Foot, (or Buffs)---1 rank and file killed; 2 Serjeants, 19 rank and file wounded.

40th Foot---4 rank and file killed; 1 Lieutenant, 2 rank and file wounded.
 42d Foot---1 rank and file killed; 3 rank and file wounded.
 63d Foot---3 rank and file killed; 1 Serjeant, 6 rank and file wounded.
 2d East India Regiment---1 Serjeant, 4 rank and file killed; 1 Lieutenant Colonel, 1 Ensign, 3 rank and file wounded.
 Lewenstein's Chasseurs---4 rank and file killed; 2 Lieutenants, 1 Serjeant, 8 rank and file wounded.
 Lieutenant Colonel Hassey's St. Vincent's Rangers---1 Serjeant, 8 rank and file killed; 1 Lieutenant, 6 Serjeants, 16 rank and file wounded.
 Major French's St. Vincent's Rangers--- 2 rank and file killed; 2 Serjeants, 8 rank and file wounded.
 Total---3 Serjeants, 31 rank and file killed; 1 Lieutenant Colonel, 4 Lieutenants, 2 Ensigns, 12 Serjeants, 1 Gunner, 66 rank and file wounded.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Lieutenant Colonel Graham and Ensign Towes, of the 2d West India Regiment.
 Lieutenant Millar, of the 40th Regiment.
 Lieutenants Beausire and Roquier, of Lewenstein's Chasseurs.
 Lieutenant M'Kenzie, of Lieutenant Colonel Hassey's St. Vincent's Rangers.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, JAN. 20,

A letter from Rear Admiral Harvey, dated on board the Prince of Wales, Fort Royal Bay, Martinique, Dec. 4, 1796, gives the following intelligence:

‘ It appears that the French had landed about 300 men on the island of Anguilla, the 25th ult. and that, after having plundered the island, and burnt several houses, and committed every devastation possible, attended with acts of great cruelty, on the appearance of the Lapwing, they re-embarked their troops the night of the 26th, and the following morning early the Lapwing came in action with the Decius of twenty-six guns, and Valiant brig, mounting four thirty-two and twenty-four pounders, as a gun vessel; that after a close action of about an hour the brig bore away, and in half an hour after the Decius struck her colours. The brig ran on shore on St. Martin's, and by the fire of the Lapwing was destroyed; that on the Lapwing taking possession of the Decius, it was found she had about eighty men killed and forty wounded, being full of troops; that the following day the Lapwing was chased by two large French frigates and Captain Barton found it necessary to take the prisoners and his men out of the Decius, and set fire to her, when he returned to St. Kitts, and landed one hundred and seventy prisoners.

‘ The French troops employed on this service were picked men from Guadaloupe; and there is great reason to suppose the greatest part of them have been taken or destroyed. Many of the soldiers were drowned in attempting to swim ashore.

‘ The Lapwing had one man killed; the pilot and six men wounded.’

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JANUARY 21, 1797.

A letter from Sir Edward Pellew, Bart. Captain of his Majesty's frigate *Indefatigable*, to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated January 17, 1797, from which the following are extracts:

‘ Observing a large ship in the N. W. quarter, steering for France, I instantly made the signal to the *Amazon* for a general chase. At four P. M. the *Indefatigable* had gained sufficiently upon the chase for me to distinguish very clearly that she had two tier of guns, with her lower deck ports open, and that she had no poop.

‘ At fifteen minutes before six we brought the enemy to close action, which continued to be well supported on both sides near an hour, when we unavoidably shot a-head; at this moment the *Amazon* appeared a stern, and gallantly supplied our place; but the eagerness of Captain Reynolds to second his friend, had brought him up under a press of sail, and, after a well supported and close fire for a little time, he also unavoidably shot a-head. The enemy, who had nearly effected running me on board, appeared to be much larger than the *Indefatigable*, and, from her very heavy fire of musquetry, I believe was full of men; this fire

was continued until the end of the action with great vivacity, although she frequently defended both sides of the ship at the same time.

As soon as we had replaced some necessary rigging, and the Amazon had reduced all her sail, we commenced a second attack, placing ourselves, after some raking broadsides, upon each quarter; and this attack, often within pistol shot, was by both ships unremitting for above five hours: we then sheered off to secure our masts. It would be needless to relate to their Lordships every effort that we made in an attack, which commenced at a quarter before six P. M. and did not cease, except at intervals, until half past four A. M. I believe ten hours of more severe fatigue was scarcely ever experienced; the sea was high, the people on the main deck up to their middles in water, some guns broke their breechings four times over, some drew the ring-bolts from the sides, and many of them were repeatedly drawn immediately after loading; all our masts were much wounded, the main top-mast completely unrigged, and saved only by uncommon alacrity.

At about twenty minutes past four, the moon opening rather brighter than before, shewed to Lieutenant George Bell, who was watchfully looking out on the fore-castle, a glimpse of the land; he had scarcely reached me to report it, when we saw the breakers. We were then close under the enemy's starboard bow, and the Amazon as near her on the larboard; not an instant could be lost, and every life depended upon the prompt execution of my orders; we instantly hauled the tacks on board, and made sail to the southward. The lingering approach of day-light was most anxiously looked for by all, and soon after it opened, seeing the land very close ahead, we again wore to the southward, in twenty fathoms water, and a few minutes after discovered the enemy, who had so bravely defended herself, laying on her broadside, and a tremendous surf beating over her. The miserable fate of her brave but unhappy crew was perhaps the more sincerely lamented by us, from the apprehension of suffering a similar misfortune. We passed her within a mile, in a very bad condition, having at that time four feet water in her hold, a great sea, and the wind dead on the shore; but we ascertained, beyond a doubt, our situation to be that of Audierne Bay.

The sufferings of the Amazon are unknown to me; and I am singularly happy to say that my own are inconsiderable. The first Lieutenant, Mr. Thomson, a brave and worthy Officer, is the only one of that description wounded, with eighteen men; twelve of which number have wounds of no serious consequence, consisting chiefly of violent contusions from splinters.

N. B. Subsequent accounts state the total loss of the Amazon; but the crew were nearly all saved.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, JAN. 21.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Lord Bridport to Mr. Nepean, dated at sea, the 16th of January, 1797.

Captain Countess of the *Dædalus*, informs me, that on the 8th instant, off Ushant, in company with the *Majestic* and *Incendiary*, he captured *Le Suffrein*, a French transport, which had been taken by the *Jason*, and recaptured by *Le Tortue* frigate, and was going to Brést. She had two mortars, a quantity of small arms, powder, shells, and some intrenching tools on board, which he sunk, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.

ADDITIONAL SHIPS OF WAR CAPTURED FROM THE FRENCH.

The *La Didon* French Cutter Privateer, of four guns and thirty men, by the *Cerberus* Frigate, Capt. Drew, on the 30th of September; *Le Capitaine Genereux*, of three guns and twenty-five men, by his Majesty's ship *Adventure*, off St. Domingo, on the 18th of October; the *L'Esperance* French Brig, by the *Ance de Vauville*, Sir Richard Strachan, on the 9th of Jan. off Alderney; the *La Liberte*, French Lugger Privateer, of seven guns and eighteen men, off Yarmouth, by Admiral Onslow, in the *Nassau* Frigate, on the 23th of Jan.

DOWNING-STREET, JAN. 30, 1797.

Official accounts have this day been received from Mr. Robert Craufurd, of the surrender of Kehl, on the 10th instant, to the Austrians, after a siege of forty-nine days. It appears, that from the 31st of December to the 7th of

January, several attacks had been made by the Austrians upon the Enemy's principal outworks, in all of which the former were completely successful.

Mr. R. Craufurd speaks in the highest terms of the skill and perseverance of his Royal Highness the Archduke Charles, the gallantry and good conduct of Prince Frederic of Orange, and of the patience and chearfulness with which the troops submitted to the greatest hardships.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRENCH ARMIES OF THE RHINE AND ITALY.

BUONAPARTE TO THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY.

Head Quarters at Milan, Dec. 26.

The army of General Alvinzi is posted on the Brenta, and in the Tyrol: the army of the Republic extends along the Adige, and occupies the line of Montebello, Carona, and Rivoli. We have an advanced guard before Verona, and another before Porto Legnago.

Mantua is blockaded with the utmost strictness. According to a letter from the Emperor to General Wurmser, which has been intercepted, this place must be reduced to the last extremity; the garrison has no provisions but horse-flesh.

I repeat to you, with the greatest satisfaction, that the Republic has no army which wishes more than that of Italy, the maintenance of the sacred constitution of 1795, the only refuge of liberty and the French people.

We are ready and eager to fight the new revolutionists, whatever may be their designs.

Let us have no more revolutions; this is the hope most dear to the heart of the soldier; he requires not peace, which he sincerely wishes, because he knows that it is the only means not to obtain it; and those who do not wish it, loudly clamour for it, that it may not take place; but he prepares himself for new conflicts, that he may obtain it with more certainty.

MOREAU, GENERAL IN CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE RHINE AND MOSELLE, TO THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY.

I have only time to tell you that Kehl will be evacuated this day at four o'clock. We shall take every thing with us, even the pallsides and balls of the enemy.

BUONAPARTE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY, TO THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY.

Head Quarters at Roverbella. 28th Nivose (Jan. 17.)

There have occurred, since the 23d, operations of such importance, and which have been accompanied with so many actions, that it is impossible for me before to-morrow to present you with a detail of particulars; I shall now barely enumerate them.

Upon the 20th Nivose, the enemy attacked the division of General Massena before Verona, which produced the battle of St. Michel, where they were completely beaten. We took 600 prisoners, and three pieces of cannon. The same day they attacked the head of our line at Montebaldo, and produced the battle of Corona, when they were repulsed with the loss of an hundred and ten prisoners.

Upon the 23d at midnight, the division of the enemy's army, which had taken post at Bevelacqua ever since the 19th, when they compelled the advanced guard of the division of General Angereau to fall back, hastily threw a bridge over the Adige, a league from Porto Legnago, opposite Anguiani.

Upon the 24th in the morning, the enemy caused a very strong column to desfile by Montagna and Caprino, and thus compelled the division of General Joubert to evacuate Corona, and concentrate themselves at Rivoli. I had foreseen this movement. I repaired thither at night, and the battle of Rivoli ensued, which we gained upon the 25th and 26th; after an obstinate resistance; at which place we made 13,000 prisoners, took several stands of colours and 60 pieces of cannon, General Alvinzi, almost alone, with great difficulty escaped.

Upon the 25th General Guieux attacked the enemy at Anguiani, to attempt

to throw them into confusion before they had entirely effected their passage. He did not succeed in this object; but he made 300 prisoners.

Upon the 26th, General Angereau attacked the enemy at Anguiari, which produced the second battle of Anguiari. He made 2000 prisoners, took 16 pieces of cannon, and burnt all their bridges over the Adige; but the enemy taking advantage of the night, filed straight towards Mantua. They had already advanced within cannon shot of that place. They attacked St. George's suburb, which we had carefully entrenched, and they were unable to carry it. I arrived in the night, with reinforcements, which produced the battle of la Favourite, and I now write to you on the field of battle. The fruits of this battle are 7000 prisoners, a number of standards, cannon, all the baggage of the army, a regiment of hussars and a considerable convoy of provisions and oxen, which the enemy attempted to introduce into Mantua.

Wurmser tried to make a sortie to attack the left wing of our army; but he met with the usual reception, and was obliged to return.

Behold then, in three days, the fifth army of the Emperor entirely destroyed!

We have taken 23,000 prisoners, among which are a Lieutenant-General, two Generals, 6000 men killed or wounded, sixty pieces of cannon, and about twenty-four stands of colours. All the battalions of the Vienna Volunteers have been taken prisoners. Their colours are embroidered by the hands of the Empress.

The army of General Alvinzi was near 50,000 men, a part of which had come post from the interior of Austria.

The moment I return to head-quarters I will transmit you a detailed account, to inform you of the military movements which have taken place, as well as to acquaint you with the different corps and individuals who have distinguished themselves.

BUONAPARTE.

FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE EXPEDITION TO IRELAND.

The Paris Papers contain the following letters relative to this Expedition.

Brest, Dec. 23. General Hoche, who commands the troops embarked on board the Brest Fleet, reminds them, in a spirited proclamation, that they are called on to avenge the rights of humanity outraged in Ireland; and recommends respect for property, and order and discipline. On the 15th, the fleet was at anchor off Bertheaume, and was seen there on the 16th, at two in the afternoon. On the 17th it sailed. The wind was for some time favourable; but afterwards changed, though not so much as to interrupt their course. The fleet consists of seventeen sail of the line, six frigates, three corvettes, three ships armed en flute, besides transports. It has three divisions; the Van, commanded by Richery; the Centre, by Morard de Galles; and the Rear, by Vice-Admiral Nielly.

The Seduisant, of 14 guns, was lost in passing the Saints (rocks at the mouth of Brest Harbour); above 800 of the crew, however, were saved.

Brest, Jan. 2. We are in the utmost anxiety about General Hoche, Admiral de Galles, and Adjutant General Brioux, who were all on board the Fraterinte frigate, and have not been heard of since the second day after sailing. While Admiral Bouvet was out, the gales were such as to render it impossible to effect a landing. They talk, notwithstanding, of a second expedition.

6. Five ships of the line and three frigates, belonging to the fleet commanded by Admiral Morard de Galles, returned here on the 1st of Jan.

This Division was commanded by Admiral Bouvet, whose conduct does not appear to be free from blame. He has been provisionally suspended from all his functions, and the examination of his conduct is about to be referred to a military tribunal.

12. The Pegase and Phaeton ships of the line, with the Resolue frigate, entered our roads on the 11th of January.

The two former suffered considerable damage from the bad weather on the coast of Ireland. The Resolue, with Admiral Nielly on board, was dismasted, and after having been exposed to the greatest danger on a hostile coast, was towed into port by the Pegase.

15. The ships of the line, the Redoubtable, the Nestor, the Fougeux, the Tourville, and the frigates the Romaine, the Serine, the Fidelle, and the Cocarde, left Bantry Bay the 5th of January, and entered our roads on the 13th. In their course they met no enemy. The Admiral and General, in the Fraternite, kept the sea for twenty-nine days, almost always in the midst of storms, and sometimes in the midst of the English squadrons. The details of the expedition will prove, that it was neither the English nor the winds that prevented our landing; but a mistaken signal which divided and delayed the fleet.

20. The frigate the Fraternite, on board of which was the Admiral Morard de Galles and General Hoche, had moored in the road of Rochefort, on the 14th of January, accompanied by the ship of the line the Revolution.

27. Great preparations are making for a second important expedition, in which all the resources of Republican France will be called forth.

Of the last fleet, fifteen sail out of seventeen are come into port. The following summary statement of the fate of the whole is given in the *Eclair* of the 25th,

Ships which have entered port	33	-----Lost	5
-----Missing	2		---
-----Taken	4		---
	4	Total	44

AMERICA.

New York, Dec. 23. Three dreadful conflagrations have lately taken place in this country. In this city, on Dec. 9th, from sixty to seventy buildings were burnt down. At Savannah, on November 26th, 229 houses, being more than half the compact part of the city were consumed; and at Baltimore, on December 4th, the Methodists' meeting, their academy, seven houses, and a number of back-buildings, were in a blaze. These fires were at first attributed to French incendiaries, but this has since been denied by the American papers. It has been discovered that they were occasioned by some wicked incendiaries who were urged to it by the hope of pillage and plunder.

Philadelphia, Dec. 24. The Election for a President, and Vice President of the United States ended this day, when the numbers stood as follow:

For Mr. Adams,	71	Mr. Butler,	23
Mr. Pinckney,	65	Mr. Adams,	15
Mr. Jefferson	57		

Mr. Jay and Mr. Elsworth had 5 votes each; Mr. Clinton 3; Mr. Henry, Mr. Washington, and Mr. Johnson, 2 each.

Mr. Adams and Mr. Pinckney are therefore elected President and Vice-President of the United States, an official notification of which is to be made on the 10th of next month by the President of the Senate to both houses of Congress. Both those gentlemen are considered as well disposed towards Great Britain. Mr. Jefferson, one of the unsuccessful candidates, is supposed to be friendly to the interests of France.

The States of Kentucky and Tennessee, although attached to the Union, were not, from some informality, allowed to send Electors; and the returns from the State of Georgia did not arrive in the time limited by Act of Congress.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

London, Feb. 1. As the watchman belonging to Westminster-Abbey was going his nine-o'clock round, he observed, close under the West-gate of the Abbey, a man lying on the ground, who, on closer examination, proved to be Colonel Frederick, son of the late Theodore, King of Corsica, with his brains, and even one side of his face literally blown to atoms, appearing altogether a most mangled and shocking spectacle.

Various conjectures were assigned for the cause of this lamentable act; but from the most minute enquiry, there is much reason to fear it was his own deed.

The body was immediately conveyed to the workhouse adjoining for the Coroner's Inquest, which sat on Friday morning; and after an investigation of four hours, returned a verdict of lunacy.

On examining his pockets, 2s. only were found, and a copy of a letter directed to a Nobleman high in office, supplicating a small sum to prevent an arrest, which had driven him from his lodgings.

OBITUARY.

THE late Dr. Buller, Bishop of Exeter, whose Death we announced in our last, was a prelate whose moral qualities and talents, still more than his high rank and station, entitle him to an honourable distinction in the register of mortality. He was born at Morval, in Cornwall, in 1735, the son of John Francis Buller, Esq. and Rebecca his wife, daughter of the right reverend Sir Jonathan Trelaway, lord bishop of Winchester. He was educated first at Westminster school, and afterwards at Oriel college, Oxford. In 1762, he married Anne, second daughter of Dr. John Thomas, lord bishop of Winchester. In 1763, he was collated to a prebend in that cathedral, and soon after named to be one of the deputy clerks of the closet to his majesty. In 1773, he was appointed to a canonry in the church of Windsor, which he resigned in 1784, on being promoted to the deanery of Exeter. From that deanery he was removed, in 1790, to that of Canterbury. In all these stations, as well as in the capacity of a parochial minister, he left the most honourable tokens of himself; in every place, as a most useful member of society, declining no duties, but strenuously and cheerfully exerting himself to fulfil all. In the year 1792, on the death of Dr. John Ross, of learned and worthy memory, he was advanced to the see of Exeter, with great satisfaction to a church and diocese who were anxious for his return, and whose experience of his eminent virtues and ability, afforded them the strongest assurances of finding in him a pious, vigilant, and affectionate pastor; and in this expectation they were not disappointed. Their only object of regret is, that they were so soon deprived of his paternal care, and this at a period when much public benefit might still have been expected from his continued exertions, with equal zeal and prudence, to improve the service of parishes, and the condition of the inferior clergy. The dissolution of this excellent prelate (who was not more respectable in public than amia-

ble in private life) may, it is feared, have been hastened by distress of mind, for the loss of three sons within a short period! the eldest of whom, the gallant colonel Buller, died in consequence of a wound which he received in the service of his country, in January, 1795.

On the 2d of May last, at Calcutta, in Bengal, after a few days illness, Sir James Watson, kt. one of the judges of the supreme Court of Judicature. Sir James was the son of a Presbyterian minister, who was for many years connected with a congregation of Protestant dissenters, in the borough of Southwark. He was educated for the ministry, at the academy, then at Mile-End, under the care of Dr. Conder and Dr. Walker. When his academical studies were completed, he settled with a congregation at Gosport, and officiated for some years as its pastor. He there married a young lady of good fortune, either in possession or expectation. About the same time he entered himself at one of the inns of court, abandoned the ministry, and devoted himself to the study of the law. He was, in due course, admitted a barrister, received a diploma of Doctor of Laws, and was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society. In the exercise of his profession, he traversed the western circuit, and in consequence was chosen recorder of the borough of Bridport; and, about the commencement of Mr. Pitt's administration, its representative in parliament. His politics and those of his constituents were then in unison. He, however, maintained his attachment to Mr. Pitt long after his constituents were led to entertain an unfavourable opinion both of him and of his measures. Mr. Watson (who had been appointed a serjeant) directed his views to the Supreme Court, in India, and long aspired to the office of judge. In the pursuit of this object he was very zealous in his endeavours to attract notice at the India House, and uniformly devoted to the support of ministerial measures. On the death of Sir W. Jones, to whom he must have proved a very unequal

successor, he was appointed to the office of judge; but he died immediately after his arrival at Calcutta. What was the true cause of his death has not yet been ascertained; but the event was very unfortunate to a large family, that depended upon the attainment of an object which he had long pursued. His practice in this country was never very considerable; and as he had reason to expect the office of judge, when a vacancy occurred, he probably never paid much attention to it. His abilities were neither mean nor distinguished. He was never very assiduous in his application to business. Having *one* object in view, he laboured to attain it, by entering, on all occasions, with ardour, into India politics, and by an uniform support of the measures of administration. His natural disposition was amiable; and he appears to have been sincerely lamented at Calcutta.

On Jan. 13th, at the premature age of 22, Mr. John Geo. Cape, a native of the county of Leicester, late surgeon of the *Earl of Oxford East Indiaman*. He was a young man of promising genius, and of considerable acquirements. His taste and knowledge in the fine arts rendered his company highly agreeable. His sprightly manners and amiable disposition render his death a severe affliction to all his relatives and friends. He had lately returned, in the most perfect health, in the *Earl of Oxford*, to London, and while pursuing his anatomical studies, in the Borough, was attacked with a violent fever, which, in a few days, terminated an existence, the apparent dawn of an active and enterprising life.

On his late passage home from India, the vessel touched at Diamond Harbour, near to which the unfortunate Munro had been carried off by a tyger. It happened at this time that two adjacent villages were kept in continual alarm by one of these ferocious animals. Mr. Cape, however, and the third mate, Mr. Williamson, engaging a body of the natives to attend them, determined to go in search of him. Soon after they had sallied forth, Mr. Cape came upon him unexpectedly, as he lay basking in the sun in a field of standing rice. The tyger instantly sprung upon them, and a black man, at the side of Mr. Cape, fell a victim to his fury! alarmed, however, at the noise of the musquets and

the yell of the people, the animal dropped his prey, and faced his assailants; but after the discharge of a few pieces, he set up a horrid roar, and walked leisurely into the underwood. The poor man had his thigh bone stripped bare with one stroke of his paw, and was so much injured in his head, that notwithstanding the immediate medical assistance afforded him, he died in a few hours. This tyger was considered as one of the largest in size which the natives had seen. In his haunt was found the remains of a bullock whom he had recently destroyed.

Lately, at Leicester, aged 69, Mr. John Lewin. He was elected mace-bearer to the Corporation in the year 1787; which office he filled with equal credit to himself and utility to the Corporation, who, though for some years previous to his decease he was incapacitated from attending his public duty through illness, generously continued his salary as a testimony of their approbation of his integrity and worth.

Lately, in John-street, Bedford-row, Mrs. Amy Filmer, sister to Sir John F. bart.

Lately, in York Castle, John Wilkinson, one of the people called Quakers, who, with seven others, was committed to that prison upwards of twelve months ago, under an exchequer process, for refusing to pay tythes. The prosecution was instituted at the suit of the Rev. G. Markham, vicar of Carleton, in the county of York, and who possesses, exclusive of that preferment, a rich benefice in Cheshire. It was partly with a view to relieve these unfortunate sufferers that the benevolent Serjeant Anan has brought in his bill, now pending in parliament, for the relief of Quakers; and we hope the survivors may yet live to profit by his philanthropy.

Lately Mrs. Hastings, of Lewes, an old widow woman, who lived by herself in a hut, was found therein dead. It is supposed she was seized by a fit, and in her fall upsetting a pailful of water, it flowed about her and occasioned her body to be frozen to the floor, in which state it was when first discovered.

Lately at Newhaven, Mr. Henry Alderton, master of the sloop Lewes, belonging to the above port, and captured some months since, by a French privateer of Brighton, as mentioned in a former

account. The hardships of his imprisonment, and the difficulties he experienced in his escape, it is supposed, occasioned the illness, which so rapidly worked his dissolution. In his passage from the interior of France to Dunkirk, he lay concealed under a heap of straw, in an open cart, three days and three nights, in the late severe weather. From Dunkirk, he procured a passage in an American vessel, to England, where he had not been more than a fortnight prior to his death. The account Mr. Alderton gave of the treatment of prisoners in France, destitute of money to purchase indulgences, was shocking: the allowance to such, being, he said, only one pound and a half of very bad bread, and two ounces of pork, per day.

Lately, at Haydon, in Essex, the Hon. Mrs. Jane Boscawen, relict of the late Hon. and Rev. Dr. Nicholas Boscawen, prebendary of Westminster, who was brother to the deceased admiral of that name, and to the late Lord Falmouth. She was daughter of ----- Woodward, and relict of ----- Hatton, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, Esqs. and had by Dr. B. two sons; Hugh, born 1755, died the next year, and Nicholas, born 1756.

Feb. 10. At her house in Upper Grosvenor-street, Mrs. C. Pennant, of whose various virtues and most active benevolence the affliction of her relations, the regret of a circle of valuable friends, the tears of her domestics, and of a numerous poor, partakers of her ever bounteous and well-judged generosity, are now the sad, yet sincere and unerring record.

15. At her house near Hemel Hempsted, Elizabeth, Countess of Marchmont: She survived her husband, who made so distinguished a figure in the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, little more than three years. The retirement in which they had been for many years, will prevent their being missed in the circle in which they formerly lived; but the loss of both will be severely felt by those who could be relieved by their benevolence, and lamented by the few who shared their society.

On Sunday, the 7th August last, at the Government House at Madras, the Right Honourable Lady Hobart, wife of the Right Honourable Lord Hobart, Governor of our East India Possessions.

Her Ladyship had long been in a declining state of health; and had by the advice of her physicians, taken her passage in the Henry Dundas East Indiaman, to proceed to England.

Her Ladyship's funeral was attended by nearly the whole of the ladies and gentlemen in the settlement. Her remains were deposited in St. Mary's Church, in Fort St. George. The colours on the Fort and on the shipping were hoisted half mast high, throughout the day. Minute guns were also fired from the King's ships, and the Indiamen in the roads, during the whole of the procession and interment.

Lately the Right Honourable Lady Milsington. Her ladyship's remains were interred in the family vault of his grace the Duke of Ancaster.

19. At his house in Pall-Mall in the 74th year of his age, James Dodsley Esq. the celebrated Bookseller.

Lately, at Clayhills, Stirlingshire, John Wright, a common Beggar these thirty years, and has left the following sums, a 50l. bill, 24l. in half crowns 8l. in half-pence, one guinea note, and one half guinea---in all 83l. 11s. 6d.

Lately at her house in St. James-square, Jemina Marchioness Grey, Baroness Lucas of Crudwell, in the county of Wilts. Her ladyship was the granddaughter of Henry, last Duke of Kent; daughter of John, third Earl of Bredalbane, by the said duke's eldest daughter Annabel Jemina; and widow of Philip second Earl of Hardwicke, and by whom she has left two daughters, Annabel, widow of Lord Polwarth, and Jemina, widow of Lord Grantham; to the eldest of whom descend the estates belonging to the Duke of Kent, and the title of Baroness Lucas.

On her coffin-plate is inscribed:

"The Most Noble

Jemina, Marchioness Grey,
and Baroness Lucas, of Crudwell;
born October 9th, O. S. 1712;

married May 22d, 1740,

to the Right Hon. Philip Yorke,
2d Earl of Hardwicke;

died January 11th, 1797."

Lately in Jermyn street, aged 38, Henry Pelham. esq. brother to the Right Hon. Thomas Pelham, secretary to the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was born July 11, 1759, elected representative for Lewes, and appointed secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1782.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

- Dec. 31. J. Baird, Upper Guildford-street, distiller. J. Mobbs, Southampton, haberdasher. W. Mainwaring, Manchester, umbrella-maker.
- Jan. 3. A. Le Normand, Thomas-str. St. John, Southwark, merchant. M. Ahern, Tooley-street, cheesemonger. J. Bell, Strand, bookseller. T. Hutchins, St. Nicholas, Worcester, rope maker. J. Peole, Preston, Lancashire, grocer.
- Jan. 7. D. Mouchet and C. Lamborn, Gerrard-street, wine-merchants. J. Downey, South Shields, linen-draper. J. Denby, Leeds, linen-draper. J. Morley the younger, Coventry, mercer. W. Wilson and R. L. Jones, Manchester, cotton-spinners. W. Pryce, Eglwysilan, Glamorgan, malster. J. P. Richards, Liverpool, merchant.
- Jan. 10. W. Hodgson, Strand, confectioner. P. Addington, Hereford, haberdasher, R. Washington, Stockport, Chester, muslin-manufacturer. W. Green, Westhoughton, Lancashire, fastian-manufacturer.
- Jan. 14. R. MacLagan, Wood-street, Cheapside, merchant. D. Waterfield, Little James-street, Bedford-row, hackneyman. J. Lomas, Three Crane Wharf Queen-street, cotton-merchant.
- Jan. 21. J. Cadney and S. Lund, Greenwich, haberdashers. T. Jenkins, Manchester, innkeeper.
- Jan. 24. W. Harris, Alfred Place, Newington, Surry, carpenter. J. Ranger, of the Old Pay Office, Broad-street, wine merchant. Louis La Sabloniere, Leicester Fields, vintner. J. Seringeour, Gerard-street, shopkeeper. R. Keepe the elder, Cannon-street, stationer. T. Reeves the elder, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, wine-merchant. J. Carter, Kennington Common, cow-keeper. T. Johnson, Smithfield, victualler. R. Mill, Biddesford, Devonshire, linen-draper. J. Abraham, Houndsditch, warehouseman. E. Pope, Folkstone, Kent, tailor.
- Jan. 28. P. Oyens, Plymouth Dock, watch-maker. P. Clutterbuck, York-street, brewer. J. Elliott, Riding-house-lane, Marybone, builder. Z. James, Clapton, baker. J. Harrison, Paternoster-row, bookseller. R. Price, Mile End Old Town, corn-dealer. W. F. Woolmer, Hamilton-street, Piccadilly, picture-dealer. W. Dart, Basinghall-street, Blackwell Hall Factor. T. Elsworth, King-street; Tower-hill, hatter. J. Box, Westerham, Kent, innholder. J. Tierney, King-street, Portman-square, tailor. T. Thompson, Borough-market, potatoe-merchant. A. Munday, Strand, coffee-house keeper. H. Walker, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, upholder. T. Burnett, Leadenhall-street grocer. A. Dick, Manchester, embroiderer. B. Marsh, W. Houghton, and J. Heghton, Preston, cotton-manufacturers. Z. Kirkman and J. Kirkman, Manchester, cotton-manufacturers. W. Cozens, Southampton, biscuit-baker. D. Chandler, Sownmarket, Suffolk, merchant. T. H. Vernon, Dinaspowis, Glamorganshire, dealer. W. Richardson, Whitby, tanner.
- Jan. 31. C. Peacock and B. Hitchins, Chatham Place, glass-sellers. T. Mason, Barnard's Inn, money-scrivener. G. Dyson, Milk-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. J. Smith and W. Brown, Finsbury-square, carpet manufacturers. J. Cooper, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, upholsterer. T. Filmore Sercombe, Exeter, money-scrivener. J. Elwood and J. Fallows, Liverpool, merchants. R. Fairclough, Liverpool, corn and flour merchant. T. Owen, Manchester, vintner. G. Worthington, Manchester, merchant. J. Rowntree, York, money-scrivener. G. Rogers, Chester, nurseryman.
- Feb. 4. F. Linley, Holborn, music-seller. J. Haynes, Hind-court, Fleet-street, coal-merchant. R. Scadgell, Back Hill, carpenter. S. Jenkins, Great Knightrider-street, coach-master. L. Lockard, Manchester, manufacturer. J. Humphrey, Manchester, cotton manufacturer. J. Sunderland, Holt, Wilts, clothier. E. Banks, Birmingham, innholder. W. Nicholls, Birmingham, plater. T. Robinson, Stockport, Chester, linen-draper. S. M. Parsons, Cullinstock, Devon, mercer. P. Spence, Bromyard, Hereford, haberdasher. W. Maskrey, Rushton, Stafford, cotton-manufacturer.
- Feb. 7. H. Jones, Carnaby-str. cheesemonger. M. Payne, the elder, Coventry, money-scrivener. T. Hartley, Strand, hatter. E. Bracebridge, Epsom, innkeeper. J. Duncomb and J. Thompson, Whitechapel, cabinet-makers. H. Sabine, Houghton-street, factor. S. Dawson, Liverpool, pawnbroker. P. Healey, Salford, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer. J. Briddon, Hartington, Derbysh. hawker. T. Johnson, Liverpool, woollen draper.
- Feb. 11. J. Cambridge, Hammersmith, merchant. J. F. Nutt, Hyde Park Corner, tavern-keeper. E. Robinson, Mark-lane, cork-cutter. H. Nantes, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant. J. Thompson, Newgate-street, haberdasher. W. White, Worship-str. cabinet-maker. S. Wright, Methwold, Norfolk, dealer. J. Cary, St. Margaret, Westm. cowkeeper. G. Finch, Hurst Green, Sussex, shopkeeper. J. Tremlet, Exeter, dyer. J. Rowles, Witney, dealer. W. Hudson, Whitby, linen-draper. B. Beach and J. Beach, Manchester, merchants. M. Watson, Oxford, grocer. R. Twyford, Cornbrook, Lanc. brewer. W. Rees, Swansea, mercer.