



Author jr.

His Imperial Majesty
KIEN LONG,
Emperor of China.

THE
SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,
 AND
FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1798.

EMBELISHED WITH AN ENGRAVED PORTRAIT OF

K I E N - L O N G,
 EMPEROR OF CHINA.

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THE
SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE
AND
FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY

FOR FEBRUARY, 1798.

ACCOUNT
OF
KIEN-LONG, EMPEROR OF CHINA.

[WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT.]

THIS great prince, undoubtedly the most puissant monarch in the world, is of the Tartar race, who conquered China in the year 1645. He is the son of the Emperor Yong-ching, who is said to have succeeded his father Kang-hi the Great, by suddenly entering the palace in the last moments of his predecessor, and substituting his own name in a testament intended for the exaltation of another.

Yang-ching died in 1736, and was succeeded by Kien-Long, who was born in 1710. The reign of this Emperor has been distinguished by great glory. He has invariably conducted himself with a strict attention to the duties of his high station, and with a steady regard to the interests of his people.

When Earl Macartney was at his court, though he was then eighty-three years of age, he was so hale and vigorous, that he scarcely appeared to have existed as many years (fifty-seven) as, in fact, he had governed the empire; and when he descended from his throne he marched firm and erect, and without the least symptom of infirmity, to the open chair that was waiting for him. A very high character is given of his penetration and genius by those who have had the best opportunities of being informed respecting him, and he is said to have put such order in the investigation of public affairs, and to have made such an excellent distribution of his time, as to have found leisure to cultivate some of the polite arts, without neglecting the concerns of his crown; he has even written poems, which indicate taste and fancy, with an attentive view of nature. They are less remarkable for invention than for philosophical and moral truths; and resemble more the epics of Voltaire than those of Milton. He presented a few stanzas to the British Ambassador for his Majesty.

The intelligent narrator of that interesting embassy has made the following observations, materially connected with our present subject: 'The Emperor divides his time according to the seasons; the winter in his Chinese, the summer in his Tartar territories. Moukden is the capital of the antient possessions of his family, which he has greatly embellished and enlarged, and where he is supposed to have accumu-

lated vast treasures, as if he still distrusted the hold he has of China, where, indeed, he is considered as a stranger. Throughout Asia, men are not so much distinguished by the places of their nativity, as by the races from which they sprung. Though the Emperor Kien-Long be the fourth in descent from him who successfully invaded China in the last age, and though the last three succeeding generations were all born in Peking, yet they are universally regarded by their subjects, and they regard indeed themselves, as Tartars. Their principal ministers, their confidential servants, the chiefs of their armies, most of their wives, concubines, domestics, and eunuchs, are of that race. Every male in China, of Tartar parents or descent, is allowed a stipend from his birth, and is registered among the servants of the prince. These form his body-guards, to whom his personal safety is confided. Such a preference of Tartars, apparently partial and impolitic, was deemed absolutely necessary in the commencement of the dynasty, when the conquest of the country was not complete, and little reliance was to be placed on the fidelity of those who had been vanquished. It became, however, the source of additional disaffection, which, in its turn, called for the continuance of the measure which produced it.

It is still a common saying in the provinces of China where those invaders most abound, that not half a dozen natives are assembled together for an hour, before they begin to clamour against the Tartars. The sovereigns of the present dynasty have, hitherto, ostensibly conformed to, rather than exclusively adopted, the Chinese manners, laws, and language. It is, perhaps, scarcely to be expected that it will continue long enough upon the throne to melt entirely into Chinese. The present dynasty has already lasted almost as long as the average of those which preceded it. As each, indeed, owed its origin to talents and activity, taking advantage of favourable circumstances, so it seldom survived the weak struggle of indolence and incapacity against calamity or disturbance. The principle of hereditary right, so long the support of other thrones, does not appear to have been ingrafted into the minds of the Chinese, who seem to look to power only, which is a less stable tenure, as the foundation of authority; but hitherto the Tartar Princes, of the present dynasty, have continued to maintain their's with a steady and strict hand; and the desire of perpetuating the stability and uniformity of their government has directed them to the choice of their successors, with a view to effectuate their purpose with the greater certainty. The present Emperor determined some time since upon a measure, which might not be attended with a similar consequence in other countries; that of resigning his crown, at a period, which, though at that time distant, his vigorous constitution rendered it probable he should survive: thus enabling him to place beyond risk the accession of him whom he might appoint to be his heir; and whom, whether his son, by nature or adoption, the sentiments of filial piety, which in China, are not to be shaken even by a throne, as well as those of gratitude and affection, would engage to follow the example and advice of his predecessor. And it is likely that Kien-Long will have had the gratification of enjoying, in another, the dignity and power he has communi-

cated to him, without being himself deprived of either.* This event is said to have taken place; and it is reported that it has been followed by a great revolution in the government of China, and that the old Emperor and his successor sided with opposite parties. This is not improbable, when we consider the mutual animosity that subsists between the Chinese and the Tartars, and the spirit of sedition which prevailed in secret at the time our Ambassador was there.

Of the several sons of the Emperor only four are now alive—the eighth, the eleventh, the fifteenth, and the seventeenth. The eleventh being Governor of Peking, continued there during his father's absence. The others were at Zhe-hol: of these, the two youngest were understood to be the most promising. They were likewise courteous in their manners, fond of acquiring information about other countries, and curious in examining the inventions and improvements imported from thence. †

Notwithstanding the good sense of Kien-Long, he is said to be such an enthusiast in the religion of Fo, as to have brought himself to believe that his favourite deity had vouchsafed to become incarnate in his person.

NOTICE OF SIR ANDREW DOUGLAS.

THE distinguished character of the late Sir Andrew Douglas is well known to the public. His tomb, on which is the inscription which follows this account, was raised by gentlemen high in the estimation of the country; they felt his worth, and paid it this tribute.

At a moment when our naval heroes are receiving their well-earned honours, it is painful to reflect that he has been passed over, if not unnoticed, at least undistinguished by particular marks of favour. The justice of this country is too well known, to suppose; for a moment, that his being no longer able to claim reward will prevent his family from meeting with that distinction to which they are entitled by his very important services, and their own merit. His success in his profession has secured them from wants of a pecuniary nature; but it would, no doubt, be one of the highest gratifications they can experience, to find these services acknowledged. Sir Andrew's undaunted firmness, skill, intrepidity, and coolness, on the memorable days attended to in the epitaph, will ever be remembered by those who had an opportunity of witnessing them with the most enthusiastic admiration. He has a son: that son would have succeeded to his father's honours, had not a premature death deprived the country of one of her ablest protectors, before she had shewn her gratitude. It is one of our strongest incentives to great and noble actions, to reflect that, whether we survive or perish, we are equally secure in that gratitude.

INSCRIPTION.

Within this vault are deposited
The Remains of
Sir ANDREW SNAPE DOUGLAS, Knight,

* Staunton's Account of the British Embassy, vol. iii. p. 80. † Page 83.

Late Captain of his Majesty's Ship QUEEN CHARLOTTE,
 And Colonel of Marines ;
 Who was born the 8th day of August, 1761 ;
 And died on the 4th of June, 1797.
 Of a life so short in duration,
 But full of public usefulness and glory,
 Seventeen years were spent in the station of a Captain
 In the British Navy.
 Among various most essential services,
 Which signalized his zeal and abilities in his profession,
 His valour and conduct,
 On the first of June, 1794,
 And the twenty-third of June, 1795,
 Two of the proudest days
 Which the Naval History of Britain has to record,
 Were equally conspicuous and important.
 His ardour and bravery as an Officer
 Were tempered with those gentler virtues,
 Mildness, Affection, Benevolence, Piety,
 Which distinguished his Character as a Man.
 His Memory will long be cherished
 Amidst the affliction and tender regrets
 Of his Family and Friends ;
 It will live in the Gratitude and Applause of his Country.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE LITERATURE OF 1797.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 13.]

HISTORY.

THE first work that engages our observation under this head is the ' Voyage of Nearchus,' by the learned and industrious Dr. Vincent, of Westminster School. This is such a performance as, for learning and curious research, does not often appear. The astronomical observations appended to the narrative by the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Wales, and M. De la Rochelle, give additional value to the work.

It is of little moment whether we mention here, or under the head of politics, the Abbe Barruelle's ' Memoirs, illustrating the History of Jacobinism,' which has deservedly attracted great notice. The first part of the Abbe's performance contains a developement of the Antichristian conspiracy; and many great names appear in this impious association—Voltaire, D'Alembert, Frederic II. King of Prussia, the Emperor Joseph II. the Empress Catharine II. many modern philosophers, and other illustrious persons. Part the second discloses the *antimonarchical conspiracy*, and here a curious account is given of Free-Masonry, the great secret of which is said to be *liberty and equality*. The third part unfolds the principles of the *Illuminati*, a secret society said to have sprung from masonry about thirty years since in Germany. It is remarkable that Professor Robison of Edin-

burgh should have published at the same time a work exactly similar, entitled, 'Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the Secret Meetings of Freemasons, Illuminati, and Reading Societies.' This is a very perplexed and ill-written work, and contains many unfounded assertions and many contradictions. The French Revolution is so important a subject, that it must be ever presenting some new light and matter to the observing mind. Publications on it, therefore, cannot fail being numerous. The 'Memoirs relating to the French Revolution' by the Marquis de Bouille, is a curious and interesting work, abounding with much important information. The 'Secret History of that Revolution,' by M. Pages, is a performance of less interest, though it contains many curious particulars.

M. Rulhiere's 'History of the Revolution in Russia,' by which the grandson of Peter the Great lost his crown, and the late Empress ascended the throne, is a book of great credit, and very amusing.

A good translation has appeared of the 'History of the New World,' by Don Juan Baptista Munoz. This valuable performance was undertaken at the command of the late King of Spain; and though the subject appears to be trite, yet the present work, of which the first volume only has been published, promises to afford much novel information.

An 'Account of Portugal, as it appeared in 1766,' has been translated from the French of General Dumourier, and deserves to be mentioned with respect.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE life of 'Archbishop Secker' has been detached from his works, and republished by the author, the Bishop of London, in order to refute the charges brought against that celebrated prelate by the Bishop of Worcester. It is a most valuable piece of biography. The 'Life of Dean Stanhope,' by an anonymous writer, is also a well-written tribute of respect to a most excellent man. Dr. Haweis's 'Life of the Reverend Mr. Romaine' presents a good picture of a valuable divine. Dr. Tissot's 'Life of Dr. Zimmerman' is written with great fidelity and with much neatness.

Mr. Malone's 'Account of the Life and Writings of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' prefixed to his works, is but a meagre piece of biography when the dignity of the subject is considered. M'Cormick's 'Memoirs of Mr. Burke,' though pompously announced to the public, contains little but what every one already knew of that illustrious man. The 'Life of William late Earl of Mansfield,' by Mr. Holliday, is an extensive and well-written narrative. A curious work has appeared, entitled, 'Memoirs of the Life of Lord Lovat, written by himself,' which illustrates part of the English history, though it is a laboured attempt of the author at his own vindication.

The 'Biographical Anecdotes of the Founders of the French Revolution' contain much original, and at the present moment, interesting matter.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Mr. Hutchinson's 'History of the County of Cumberland' is a

very valuable addition to our stock of county histories. Mr. Maton's 'Observations on the Western Counties, illustrated with a mineralogical Map and Views,' evince equal good taste and accuracy of judgment. Mr. Price's 'Ludlow Guide' is as good a thing of the kind as we recollect to have seen.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

THE first work in this branch of literature that has appeared for many years is Sir George Staunton's 'Account of the British Embassy to China,' of which having given a copious analysis in our Review, we shall say nothing more here, than that it abounds with curious information respecting that wonderful empire. Dr. Townson's 'Travels in Hungary' is a valuable acquisition to those who are desirous of gaining a knowledge of various countries and their inhabitants. 'Sketches and Observations made on a Tour through various Parts of Europe,' is a lively and ingenious work, but too rapidly written. A good translation has appeared of 'Baron de Wimpfen's Voyage to St. Domingo,' which is a piece of considerable interest. Mr. Southey's 'Letters in Spain and Portugal' do him credit as an observer, as his former publications have done as a poet.

POLITICS.

IN this extensive field the harvest is superabundant. In fact it is impossible for us to notice all the pieces which this eventful period has brought forth upon public men and public measures. The 'Historical Essay on the Ambition and Conquests of France' is a work that fully answers the idea conveyed by the title. Mr. Mitchell's 'Principles of Legislation' is a performance of considerable profundity, and abounds in good argument. Mr. Burke's Posthumous Tracts need only to be mentioned to command respect. His 'Three Memorials on French Affairs' will be reverted to with eagerness and profit by the historian of the present momentous crisis. The 'Vindiciæ Regiæ, addressed to Lord Stanhope,' is a pamphlet very superior to the general run of political discussions. The 'Sketch of Financial Affairs, by Sir Robert Herries, is a tract of great interest, and written with moderation.

On the subject of the poor we have to notice several publications of various merit. The new edition of Mr. Ruggle's 'History of the Poor' is abundant in valuable information on a topic of great moment. Mr. Sabatier's 'Treatise on Poverty' may be read with advantage, though many of his observations are fanciful. Dr. Buchan's 'Observations on the Diet of the Common People,' and the 'First Report of the Society for bettering the Condition and encreasing the Comforts of the Poor,' are eminently entitled to a general regard.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

MR. Howard's 'Scriptural History of the Earth' is a philosophical vindication of the Mosaic history, of considerable merit. Dr. Okely's 'Pyrology; or the Connexion between Natural and Moral Philosophy,' is an ingenious, but in many respects confused, performance. The first part of the 'Philosophical Transactions of the

Royal Society of London for the year 1797' need only be noticed: It contains but few papers of scientific consequence. Mr. Nicholson's *Journal of Natural Philosophy* is a work of considerable promise, from the specimens already published, and the known character of the editor. Dr. Bourne's *'Introductory Lectures to a Course of Chemistry, read at the Laboratory in Oxford,'* is a work of utility to young persons who are inclined to make this science their study. We may well connect with *Natural Philosophy* *Natural History*; under which class we have to notice, with satisfaction, Mr. Donovan's *'History of British Insects,'* which is carried on with spirit and improvement. The *'Botanical Dialogues,'* and Mrs. Wakefield's *'Introduction to Botany,'* are pleasing and useful manuals for learners.

MEDICINE.

THIS is also an ever-fruitful field. The *'Annals of Medicine,'* by Dr. Duncan of Edinburgh, form an interesting and valuable treasury of physical cases, observations, and improvements. The *'Medical Tracts and Observations'* also continues to merit the reputation which it has obtained. Dr. Turton's *'Medical Glossary'* is a work of some utility, notwithstanding its magnitude and expensiveness. Dr. Rollo's treatise on the *'Diabetes Mellitus,'* gives some small promise of a radical cure of a fatal disease. Dr. James Hamilton's *'Select Cases in Midwifery,'* and *'a Collection of Engravings,'* intended to facilitate the study of that science, are performances of merit. Dr. John Bell of Edinburgh *'on Wounds'* is a practical book of great usefulness. The same may be said of Mr. Home's *'Observations on Ulcers in the Legs.'*

LAW.

Mr. Hargrave's *'Judicial Arguments and Collections'* display that sound legal knowledge and elaborate research, for which that able writer has so long been distinguished. Mr. Plowden's *'Treatise upon the Law of Usury and Annuities'* is a miscellaneous work, discussing not only law but antiquities, history, and politics, and with considerable shrewdness.

POETRY.

AN uncommon degree of attention has been excited by the publication of a poem in parts, called *'The Pursuits of Literature,'* in which the author has shewn great powers as a satyrist, and directed them in a right cause. The variety of learning displayed in the notes will, however, cause more wonder than pleasure in the reader. Mrs. Smith's second volume of *'Elegiac Sonnets'* will not detract from her well-earned reputation. Mr. Bidlake's poem, entitled *'The Country Parson,'* will be perused with real pleasure by every admirer of simplicity.

DRAMATIC.

THE stage has undergone a great, and, we fear, a very bad change of late years. Few modern plays will bear perusal, and those which are the most successful are generally the worst. Mrs. Inchbald's *'Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are'* is, however, a pleasing

exception to this charge. Mr. Boaden's 'Italian Monk,' Mr. Morton's 'Cure for the Heart-Ache,' Mr. Reynold's 'Will,' *cum multis aliis*, have had their day, and to mention them is honour enough.

NOVELS.

IN this prolific class the greatest difficulty is to determine what ought to be noticed, rather than what ought to be rejected. If the whole mass of novels and romances were consigned to eternal oblivion, the public would be *no losers*.

Mr. Holcroft has completed, at last, his 'Hugh Trevor,' and who will thank him?—Not those who have any regard for good order, virtue, or religion. The 'Church of St. Siffrid' is a well-written and interesting novel; which is a character also due to Mrs. Gunning's 'Love at first Sight;' 'The Count de Santerre, by a Lady;' 'Henry Somerville;' The 'Letters of Madame de Montier;' Mrs. West's 'Gossip's Story;' Mrs. Robinson's 'Walsingham;' and the Posthumous Daughter.' We have mentioned these, because they are the best within our recollection.

EDUCATION.

THE first performance that claims our notice under this head is Dr. Darwin's 'Plan for the Conduct of Female Education in Boarding-Schools,' which is a treatise answerable to the magnitude of the subject. The 'Dialogues in a Library' are written in an amusing and easy manner. 'A Short History of Insects' is an useful and pleasing manual. Dr. Mavor's 'Literary Miscellany for Youth' is an agreeable collection of essays, and well adapted for those for whose use it was compiled.

MISCELLANIES.

UNDER this comprehensive class we have a great variety of publications. Professor Richardson's 'Essays on the Dramatic Characters of Shakespeare,' though a republication, is a work of great merit, and will be read by the admirers of that immortal bard with pleasure. Mr. Hole's 'Remarks on the Arabian Tales' are entertaining and ingenious. Mr. Seward's 'Supplement to his Anecdotes' will add much to the gratification afforded by the former volumes. This is the most elegant collection of anecdotes in any language. The 'Selections from the French Anas' is a work of nearly the same kind, and done with great judgment. Dr. Dawson's 'Prolepsis Philologiae' is a performance of great merit, and abounding in ingenious observations. The 'Philanthrope,' written after the manner of a periodical paper, discusses a variety of important subjects, in an able and novel manner. The 'Fragments, in the Manner of Sterne,' is a successful imitation of that lively but eccentric writer. Mr. Dallas's 'Miscellanies' are very indifferent.

We here close our report of the State of Literature for the year that is gone, again expressing our wish that our next task of this kind may be more grateful to our feelings, from the excellence of the subjects to be noticed.

WISDOM AND FOLLY:

A VISION.No. II. *

A LADY of a very grotesque figure next paid her court to Folly. My Guide told me, she was principal Lady of the Bedchamber to her Majesty, and also chief Governess to the young Princesses. She had been once Maid of Honour, when her name was Miss ROMANCE; afterwards she had taken the name of Mrs. *Novel*. In her early years she had patronized publications which were honoured with her own name. These, such as *Amadis de Gaul*, *Don Belianis of Greece*, *Felix of Hyrcania*; and afterwards *Cassandra*, and *Cleopatra*, were books which Folly honoured with her most serious perusal, and recommended to her daughters, with the truly maternal wish of seasoning their young minds with the best literature. Miss Romance, who was of a very amorous constitution, had many intrigues; and though most of her lovers were loyal to the Stultan Sovereign, yet were there a few creatures of Wisdom among the number.

One Miguel Cervantes, a tall, muscular Spaniard, was one of the lovers, a determined and powerful enemy of Queen Folly, beloved and admired by the Wise. By him she had a son, named Quixote, who (as Spaniards are fond of title) took the appellation of *Don*. This Don Quixote, and a fat servant, called Sancho, were dreadful foes to Folly, and all under the treacherous pretence of friendship. She afterwards became enamoured of a Frenchman, a Monsieur Le Sage, and by him had several children: of whom one, though a *lame little devil*, was a puissant combatant against Folly. She had another by the same, called GIL BLAS, one of the most redoubtable champions that ever encountered Folly and her subjects. Her physicians, her mountebanks; her clergy, her players; her lawyers, her thieves; her courtiers, her prostitutes; her lords, her pimps; her ministers, her robbers; all her subjects were assailed with overpowerful might by the Herculean Gil Blas: her very mitred *hierarchs* were not safe from his impious efforts.

On the death of Le Sage, his mistress, now called Mrs. *Novel*, kept loyal to Folly, until she fell in with one Richardson, a fat bookseller: by him she had several children, who, though they had more bulk than muscle, did not want strength, and fought against Folly with a good deal of vigour, and still more inclination. After this, she contracted an intimacy with two men at once, probably thinking two better than one:—the first, a very strong red-haired, raw-boned Scotchman; the second, a still stronger, finely proportioned, and very handsome Englishman.

* For No. I. see VOL. VIII. p. 301.

‘By Toby, the Scotchman, her first-born, Roderic, was a muscular, active fellow; and though not half so large, much cleaner-limbed, and stronger, than any of her children by the Bookseller. He never let slip an opportunity of annoying Folly and her subjects; especially her sea-captains, her land-officers, her schoolmasters, fox-hunters, parsons, barbers, and learned ladies. The other sons of Mrs. Novel by Toby fought valiantly in the same cause.

‘The strong, handsome Englishman was named Harry, a prime favourite with the Wise, and one of the most powerful and successful foes that ever mauled Folly. Often did her Majesty’s subjects endeavour to disguise themselves in the garb of Wisdom, to elude his observation—but in vain: no concealment could escape his eagle eyes. His children were worthy of such a father—strong, active, dexterous in arms, whether the arrows of wit, or the bayonet of reason. They could box, shoot, thrust, cut, batter, as answered their purpose. Joseph, his eldest, with his worthy friend, Mr. Abraham Adams, combatted forcibly against Folly; and tho’ honest Abraham would now and then wear the dress of a Fool, yet he never failed to shew, before he had done, that he was one of the Wise. Harry’s second son, Thomas, was (not excepting even Gil Blas) the son of Mrs. Novel, who gave the severest blows to the authority of Folly. Her squires, her lords; her ladies of quality and of no quality; her parsons, her schoolmasters, her philosophers, her attorneys, hypocrites and other rogues; her waiting maids and political ladies, her very chambermaids and hostlers, he sacrificed, without regard to age or sex, without mercy or moderation.—Even Harry’s daughter fought like an Amazon against Folly.

‘Repentance was never too late to reconcile the gentle bosom of Folly.—Her most zealous enemies she would forgive, on their simple promise never to do so any more. After the death of Harry and Toby, Mrs. Novel returned to her allegiance to Folly, and was graciously restored to favour by the accessible Queen.

‘Her Majesty, however, enjoined her to abstain from the converse of men, and confine herself to *her own sex*.

‘Mrs. Novel promised obedience; and, by steady performance, entirely regained her Majesty’s favour. The good-natured Queen took off her interdict as to man, from sympathy with the amorous constitution of Mrs. Novel, only limiting her to her own *subjects*, many of whom had an itching after her; telling her, that although she could not promise her, among those, any with the shoulders or calves of Le Sage or Harry, that she might have many *smart little dapper fellows* enough, and must make up by number for quality.

‘She had a child or two by one Dr. Truss, who were friends of Folly. This Dr. Truss had long been useful to her Majesty, by manufacturing sermons for her subjects. She afterwards fell in with one Moore from the regions of Wisdom.

‘Notwithstanding these deviations, Mrs. Novel is now so very great a favourite of Queen Folly, that she is appointed one of the supreme managers of her library, which is much more numerously stored

than that of Queen Wisdom. For the last twenty years it has received vast accessions from Mrs. Novel's female friends, and those males whom Folly marks as *her own*.

'The deputy-keeper of Mrs. Novel's department is a Militia Colonel, and is also superintendant of her press. That worthy person may proudly boast that never did man exert himself more to supply Fools with appropriate literature than he: in one thing, indeed, he is inconsistent, as he calls *his* the *Minerva-Press*, giving the name of the Goddess of Wisdom to the Forge of FOLLY.

'There are occasional surmises still to the disadvantage of Mrs. Novel's loyalty. She has an hankering after a Mr. Moore, though the enemy of Folly, and a Sapphic friendship with a lady of the name of Burney, a native of the higher regions of Wisdom. When reprimanded for this connection by the Queen, she pleaded in her defence, that if she had a friendship for two Wise, she patronised at least two thousand Fools: that the works of the said Fools being read through the whole territories of Folly, increased loyalty to the Sovereign: that, besides, they tended to increase population, by stimulating young readers. Queen Folly admitted the truth of this last assertion, and ordered that her thanks should be returned to governesses and teachers of boarding-schools, for instructing their young ladies in literature so productive.

'Besides Miss Burney and Mr. Moore, there were a few of the natives of Wisdom, though born much farther down, and indeed towards the frontiers, that had used Mrs. Novel's name: however, it was evident, from their productions, that they had passed much of their leisure at the court of Folly, which they could visit in a short time, *not having far to go*. A Mrs. Ratcliffe, from near the bottom of Wise-land, was a very great favourite with Queen Folly, and her works wonderfully admired by Fools. This Mrs. Ratcliffe always preserved her reputation for chastity, no one having ever accused her of bringing into the world NATURAL children. She, and many other female novelists, had been impregnated, like the quadrupeds described by Virgil, without any converse with males—"Sine ullis conjugii *vento* gravidæ—their progenies, begot by the wind, resembling the father in emptiness." Mrs. Ratcliffe had spent much of her time in the lower regions of Fancy, regions which, besides the productions before mentioned, were most plentifully stored with fiends, devils, and hobgoblins, a species of beings in very high request with Queen Folly and her subjects. As to collect fiends, devils, and hobgoblins, required very little trouble, Mrs. Ratcliffe, with great ease to herself, afforded a most plentiful supply of them to their amateurs, the Fools; and now and then, for a change, garnished them with side-dishes of monks, friars, nuns, thieves, and murderers, taken from the same quantity, and with equal ease.

'The proneness of certain animals to imitation was before remarked: asses contribute their mimetic efforts, without considering the utility of the object, even if practicable: if one sheep get through

a hedge, another is sure to follow: if one goose cackle, the flock cackle too; even more sagacious animals than either sheep, asses, geese, or romance-writers—dogs themselves bark upon hearing other dogs do the same, from the sympathetic spirit of barking. In a pack of hounds it is observed, that if a sagacious one gets a new scent, the rest follow. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Mrs. Ratcliffe scented out hobgoblins, the rest of the pack should open their throats. Laura Maria, and many other friends of Mrs. Novel, go to the same lower regions of Fancy, which is excellent sporting-ground for hobgoblins. Of late, however, such quantities of monks, hobgoblins, and devils, have been caught, that it is feared the breed is almost extinct. As sportsmen know well where to find a hare on her form, so do the novelists where to come upon a hobgoblin, on his form, which is commonly in some old castle, and in the tapestry of that castle.

‘ The learning required to form a novelist is not very extensive. Two books, however, are indispensably necessary,—*Satan’s Invisible World*, and the *Gardener’s Catalogue*: the former as a magazine of fiends, the latter of trees. *Davidson’s Geography* may be also useful, as it teaches that the Pyrenees are between France and Spain; that the Alps are between France and Italy; that the Apennines run along Italy, and that Naples is South from Venice; mountains, monks, and murderers; trees, towers, and trap-doors; friars, fiends, and fairies, with castles and ghosts, mixed together at random, make an *olla porrida* very delightful to Fools.

“ A Mrs. Smith, born in Wiseland, though so near the frontiers that it was almost doubtful to which Sovereign her allegiance belonged, paid her court to Mrs. Novel; and received impregnation in the mode above mentioned. She, as to land of nativity, resembled one to whom she was very unlike in every thing else——

“ LUCANUS AN APPULUS ANCEPS.”

‘ Having the misfortune not to see very clearly, she supposed the hillock, by the place of her nativity, to be the highest pinnacle of Mount Wisdom. Her first child was a sprightly girl enough, but the rest were puny, peevish brats, and excessively vain; eternally dunning people with the praises and private affairs of their mother.

‘ Mrs. Cannon was a most zealous loyalist to Folly. Before she paid her court to Mrs. Novel, she much amused people by taking two stools, trying to sit upon both, to secure one; hitting neither, and so falling to the ground. She applied to Mrs. Novel to *help her up*. She is very prolific:—her children are all loyal subjects to Folly. They are not, however, addicted to the fashionable exercise of ghost-hunting; they satisfy themselves with monsters. She gives them all Quality names, that she and they may be supposed connected with Quality, a certain criterion of ability. One of them, under a feigned name, gave a history of the aforesaid misfortune of his Lady Mother’s fall, laying the blame upon a mischievous girl for kicking away the stools. That history was full of Lords, Earls, Marquises, and Dukes.

‘I shall not mention any more of the modern prodigees of Mrs. Novel: they are myriads in number. If you wish for particular information, read the register of *Folly’s* Deputy-Librarian.’

Just as my Guide had finished speaking, a person made his appearance in a party-coloured jacket and trowsers. Delight, I saw, overspread the countenance of the courtiers, but most of all, of the Sovereign. The party-coloured man jumped with great agility over the head of a very tall, awkward Fool, that stood with a white wand in his hand, and hit Mrs. Novel a slap on a certain part of her person which Fools frequently honour with a salutation.

Her Majesty burst out into a loud and long fit of laughter, which was joined by a louder and longer of the whole court. Jokes of equal ingenuity followed with equal applause. One I thought a little severe: a short fat woman, whom I had observed very dexterous in picking the pockets of other Fools, had hidden her acquisition in a box: *Harlequin*, for so the party-coloured man was called, pulled her box from her pocket, opened it, and publicly returned their own purses to the proprietors; thus depriving poor Fatty of the fruits of her dexterity. He then put her head into a curious wooden machine, and pelted her with rotten eggs. He called her some outlandish name, which, methought, sounded like one of the Kings of Egypt. My Guide told me she was one of a gang of thieves, and that instead of the joke which I thought severe, she would in due time probably meet, along with her accomplices, with another wooden machine that would effectually put an end to her depredations. This *Harlequin*, my Guide told me, was admitted by Wisdom to amuse children, as by Folly to amuse grown persons.

A gentleman now came forward, whose name was *Monsieur Ballet*. He had the singular art of teaching people to fight and kill each other to *jig* time.

Characters of a much graver appearance than any I had yet seen, paid their court, for I found that *gravity* was in great request with Folly, when a cover for *inanity*.

A personage with a remarkable heavy countenance, walking up with a slow and stately pace, addressed her Majesty with mixed pomposity and humility. ‘Behold, gracious Queen,’ he said, ‘the valuable acquirements of a life spent in the service of Folly.’ Here, with exulting countenance, he produced a number of boxes, and opening one, brought out a very large assortment of butterflies; some complete, the rest in the various stages of their progress from caterpillars: another box contained a great variety of shells: a third, numbers of those two classes of beings, the louse and the bug. Those, my Guide told me, he had inclosed in one box, in hopes that contiguity might cause acquaintance, and acquaintance love.

“Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit;

Tempore crevit amor, tædæ quoque jure coissent SED——”

Not that he had borrowed the idea from Ovid of contiguity producing love: that was a plagiarism of which even his enemies could not accuse him, he being totally unacquainted with Ovid, or any Latin

author whatsoever. The idea was in him original: he hoped that by a coalition they might become the same species, a junction which would console him for a disappointment which he had experienced in a projected intermarriage of fleas with lobsters. He, with reason, observed, that there was less chance for any legal impediment being proved in bar of a louse and a bug coming together than a flea and a lobster, as the size and constitution of the parties did not appear quite so disproportionate. In the case of the lobster, it was to be dreaded, that if a female flea were married to a male lobster, instead of *nondum*; it would be

— “ NUNQUAM munia cōmparis
*Æquare, nec tauri ruentis
 In venerem tolerare pondus.*”

[I beg the philosopher's pardon for quoting a language with which he is not conversant. But there is one Christopher Smart, who, if consulted, may give him something like the meaning.]

On the other hand, if a female lobster were married to a male flea, she would be still worse off; too little being worse than too much. The lobster might soon apply for a divorce, *ex causa impotentie*. Although a very able man says, that it is an excuse no modest female will plead, I have some doubts if the lobster would be so delicate. Sir Numskull Nicknack, (for so the gentleman was called) shewed himself well skilled in the names of many tribes of reptiles, but I could not discover what useful inferences he drew from his researches. He was, moreover, acquainted with the mode of propagating some of the larger animals. He had, I found, proposed great improvements in the breed of sheep,—the sheep which he recommended being deficient in nothing but size, wool, and mutton. In procreation, however, he was only a theorist, never having succeeded at the practice.

“ *Telumque imbelle sine ictu.*—”

No less knowing did he demonstrate himself in the names of herbs, an acquaintance the more intimate and extensive, as he never suffered his attention to be diverted from the *vocabulary* of plants to their *PROPERTIES* and *USES*. Queen Folly (who was very fond of *curiosities*, when sought on their own account, and without any regard to *USE*), expressed great delight and admiration at Sir Numskull Nicknack's collection. Another solemn personage accompanied Sir Numskull, called *Mynbeer Antique*, who produced a fragment of one of those vessels which are used in bed-chambers. This, Mr. Antique informed her Majesty, he had purchased at a great price, in an island which he had visited in his travels: it had been devoted to the convenience of a Maid of Honour to Mary, Queen of that country, a faithful ally of Queen Folly, as was her sister and successor to Queen Wisdom. He likewise shewed a pair of old breeches from the same countries, that had once environed the right reverend parts of a very holy man, named Bishop Bonner. Mynbeer Antique demonstrated, from the vessel, that Maids of Honour in former times used such utensils,

THE LIFE
OF
XIMENES, ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FLECHIER.

THE history of Cardinal Ximenes, the subject of this narrative, contains examples, which may render it useful; and is distinguished by events, which may afford pleasure. In the relation of his life, we shall behold a man, whose numerous virtues may serve as a model of imitation to the various conditions of humanity. If we view him as a Priest, we shall find him faithful in his vocation, attentive to the rules and obligations of his order, reserved in his private conduct, an enemy to those relaxations which particularize a cloistered life, and separated from the world, rather in heart and mind, than by the sequestration of retreat. He is recommended to our esteem as an Archbishop, venerable for the innocency of his life and the purity of his morals; vigilant in his pastoral office, zealous of ecclesiastical discipline; liberal, not merely to the poor of his own country, but to the church at large. As a Statesman, we shall find him possessed of an active, penetrating, and exalted genius, emulous, in his councils and actions, of promoting the public happiness; indefatigable, without interest, in the aggrandizement of the monarchy that he governed: from principles of honour and religion, rising above his condition and age, and entering upon a holy war in Africa at his own expence; and, in opposition to the jealousies and enmities of the great, maintaining order and peace at home; and strengthening authority, in order to support justice.

Grandeur and variety of events accompany these great examples. The enlargement of the Spanish monarchy, by the conquests and policy of Ferdinand; the entire reduction of the Moors, either converted to Christianity or punished for their revolts; the troubles and contests, occasioned by the death of Queen Isabella, about the right of succession; the convulsions produced by the misunderstanding of King Ferdinand, and the Archduke Philip his son; a difficult and tumultuous regency, under a Queen of weak abilities, and incapacitated to reign; and an infant Prince, brought up in a foreign court—have all furnished subject-matter for the abilities, prudence, and courage of Cardinal Ximenes; of which we shall, in the continuation of his history, have sufficient attestations.

D. Francis Ximenes de Cineros was born at Tordelaguna, a small city in Spain, under the reign of John the second, who was named after that place. His father was Alphonsus Ximenes de Cineros, and his mother Donna Maria de la Torre. Some have endeavoured to trace his descent up to that Count Roderigo de Cineros, to whose prudence and valour King Alphonsus the sixth was indebted for his

life, in a battle fought against the Moors, and who afterwards received every mark of gratitude that was due to such a signal service. Others have supposed that they did him more honour, by asserting that he was the first ennobled in his family; that before him, the only relative who filled a public trust, was a collector of the tenths, in which his father had been employed; and that to his own virtue he was solely indebted for advancement to the eminent station in which he was placed.

It is, however, certain that Ximenes sprung from a noble family, long established at Cineros, in the kingdom of Leon, and allied to most of the nobility in the country. If history does not specify his origin, it makes mention of D. Gonzales Ximenes de Cineros, surnamed the Good, one of the most renowned Kings of his time. His tomb, in the chapel of Notre-Dame, near the city, is still to be seen; and over it his escutcheon, emblazoned with fifteen chequers, the arms of his house, decorated with a ribbon bearing the order of chivalry, instituted by Alphonsus the eleventh, as a reward of merit to the gentlemen of his kingdom, whose respective offices and deserts might entitle them to such distinction.

From this Gonzales, in due succession, descended Alphonsus Ximenes de Cineros, a man of probity and honour; but, whose happiness, from the loss of his fortune, was centred in the possession of a son, the subject of this history. Deprived of his father in early infancy, and his elder brother being stripped of his inheritance, he was left without support and without protection; in this state he was obliged to have recourse to his own industry in order to acquire subsistence.

As his disposition was mild, not suited to the military life, he resolved on accomplishing his studies at Salamanca: whither he retired to pursue the study of civil law. Whether he felt in himself an inclination not likely to succeed in this undertaking, or entertained no flattering hope of advancing his fortune by it, whatever might have discouraged him, he proceeded no farther in that design: but, through the solicitation of some friends, obtained a commission on the levy of the tenths, which, during the wars of Grenada, the sovereign pontiff granted to the kings of Spain. This employ confining his residence at Tordelaguna, he became enamoured with a young lady of respectability, in whom beauty and wisdom were closely allied; but she had no fortune:—in his present circumstances a small portion would have been very acceptable to him. Female merit, however, predominated over interested motives, and he married her. She was a knight's daughter of the order of St. James, of the ancient family of La Torre, from which her origin is derived. A young gentleman, from the country of Valdecuana, entered into the service of King D. Ramire, had signalized himself in the wars against the Moors, and by his valour and reputation had attained the rank, to which his merit was intitled, when, by an unforeseen accident, he saw his fortune blasted. A difference arose between him and a noble courtier, whom the king respected. He fought, and,

unhappily, killed him. To avoid his Prince's displeasure, he was obliged to fly the kingdom: his estates were confiscated, and his friends partook of his misfortune.

The King, some time after, laid siege to Madrid, and resolved to take the city. There he found more resistance than he expected; and, although his assaults were frequent, he always suffered repulse, and lost the hope of accomplishing his design.

The opportunity appeared favourable to the fugitive soldier; he assembled his relations and friends, and communicated to the King what extreme regret he felt under his displeasure; that he was sufficiently punished by exile, and the chagrin he felt in not being permitted to accompany him in his conquests; that he supplicated his Majesty's leave to fight under his eyes, and to afford him an occasion to merit, by his services, the favour for which he implored. The Prince, disappointed in the success of his undertaking, replied, that he did not stand in need of such assistance, and that he would grant him no favour until his return to Madrid. The *Cavalier*, knowing the King's indignation, entered privately into the camp, accompanied by two of his friends, and having gained over some officers and privates, who engaged to follow him, he proposed to assault a tower, which might facilitate the capture of the place.

D. Ramire made the last onset, and his troops were totally repulsed, when these adventurers came up with so much intrepidity, that they carried the tower, and sent to desire the King's support. He acceded; and the army having recovered their spirits, the city was taken the same day; and the Moors, who defended it, were either made slaves, or destroyed by the sword. The King, astonished at such unexpected success, pardoned the *Cavalier*, and as a testimony of this gallant action, gave him for his arms a tower *in field of azure*, supported by two lions; referring to the two brothers who had followed him, and who, on this occasion, had displayed wonderful heroism. His descendants assumed the name of La Torre, one of whom settled at Tordelaguna, and connected himself with the principal families of that country. From this branch sprung Marina de La Torre, mother of Cardinal Ximenes.

But in him we must seek for virtue, rather than the prerogatives of birth. His parents designed him for the church, if God, by his grace, pointed out that vocation. At his baptism he was named Gonzales, that in him a memory of the uncle, whom they acknowledged the source of their nobility, might be revived. But having since that time entered into the order of St. Francis, he took the name of his founder; whose poor and penitent life he proposed to imitate. His parents brought him up in an honourable and christian manner, and sent him to Alcala of Henares, there to commence his studies under tutors in repute for their abilities. From thence he went to Salamanca, where he applied himself with great assiduity to the study of civil and canon law, and in a little time taught it in private; by which means he lessened the expences which his father had incurred on his account, and subsisted on the reward of his own

industry. As the bent of his inclination directed him to study the sciences, especially to the pursuit of sacred literature, to them he applied the leisure that could be spared from attending civilian lectures. His theological course he completed under Professor Roa, esteemed one of the most famous Doctors of the age.

Having finished his studies, he returned to his father's house; and, lest he should become an incumbrance to him, he resolved on a journey to Rome; to try, if, in that ecclesiastical court, he could be more happy. But in his way thither he was twice robbed; necessity obliged him to stop at Aix in Provence, for want of money to continue his journey. In this affliction, one of his friends, named Brunet, who had been a fellow student with him at Salamanca, and who was likewise on his way to Rome, had information of his miserable state; relieved him in all his wants, and insisted upon their travelling together. Ximenes for some time exercised in this city the office of Consistorial Advocate: but when he began to be known, and was laying the foundation of his future fortune, he had information of his father's death; and compassionating the grief of his mother and brother, and the low circumstances of his family, he meditated a return to Spain, in order to afford them assistance. Before his departure, he obtained a brief from the Pope, by virtue of which he might take possession of the first living in his own country that should be vacant. The custom of those times had established this sort of provision, which was called *expectative* graces. Scarcely had he arrived, before the Archdeacon of Uceda died. Of this benefice he put himself in immediate possession. The income arising from it was not great, but the jurisdiction annexed to it considerable, and extended over Tordelaguna, his native place. The satisfaction of being established in his own neighbourhood, and the honour of being master in his own country, he considered a great advantage. This custom of entering upon benefices, because it diminished their authority, and entrenched upon their rights, displeased the bishops; and if they gave it their utmost opposition, possession in this mode was not assuredly tenable.

D. Alphonso Carillo, then Archbishop of Toledo, had already designed this living for one of his almoners, and was not a little surprised on hearing that Ximenes de Cinceros, by virtue of a right that was hateful to him, had taken possession of it. He ordered him to be seized, and confined in a tower of the castle of Uceda; in hopes that solitude and bad treatment would oblige him, as it had many others, to give up the benefice. It is remarkable, that since, in the same town, the fortifications and advantageous position of which he had leisure to observe, he deposited the money destined for his African expedition.

It was in this place he received the first presages of his future grandeur. A priest of the city, confined in the tower, seeing him sorrowful and overwhelmed, consoled him as much as he could with these words: 'Be not afflicted, my son; for in the tower, in which you are now shut up, the very reverend Signor D. Juan de

Cerezuela, brother of Alvare de Luna, High Constable of Castile, was still more narrowly confined; but he exchanged his prison for the archbishoprick of Toledo.—Such an agreeable aliteration made him forget his past troubles. Your countenance, your air, and all that I see in you, give me reason to anticipate the same favourable exit to you.' Ximenes thanked the good priest, and modestly replied, 'my father, such beginnings as these do not augur an event so favourable as that.'

The Archbishop repeatedly applied to him for the relinquishment of his right; but finding him inflexible, he removed him from the tower of Uceda to the *Jail* of Santorcaz, to which the vicious and rebellious among the priesthood, in the diocese of Toledo, were commonly sent. Ximenes remained there, sometimes alleviating the sorrows of his misfortune, by reading and meditating on the holy Scriptures. At last, the Archbishop, having lost all hope of reducing him to his pleasure, at the solicitation of the Countess of Buendia, his niece, set him at liberty. He persevered in his resolution, and would hear of no accommodation during his imprisonment. But when he was liberated, and in peaceable possession of the benefice, he exchanged it with the *grand* chaplain of the church of Sigüenza, not wishing any longer to expose himself to the wrath of a prelate, who was naturally severe, and still seemed to retain his resentment.

After this he retired to Sigüenza, where his conduct was so prudent and regular, that he won the esteem of the good and the wise around him. With John Lopes de Medina, Archdeacon of Almasan, a man of piety and consummate prudence, he had intimately connected himself; and, by his advice, he engaged him to found the University of Sigüenza; evincing, beforehand, his inclination for learning, and the patronage it should derive from him, when his ability was equal to his good intentions. To his exhortations, and to his example, may be attributed that spirit of protection and liberality for the promotion of letters, that emulation for founding universities in Spain, that spread itself from his time. Providence was willing to separate from religion the barbarity and ignorance in which the Moors had so long made it to consist. To the discharge of his prebendal duty was his chief concern; to this limiting all his desires, he applied to the Hebrew tongue, and gave himself up to theological study. In such an inferior light did he view all other knowledge, when compared with this, that he often told his friends, that, for the elucidation of one passage in Scripture, he would have willingly sacrificed his utmost acquisitions in law. The science of law was not, however, useless to him in the employ to which he was soon called. D. Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, then Bishop of Sigüenza, and Cardinal, having in many instances perceived Ximenes' wisdom and capacity, chose him for his Vicar-general, and gave him the superintendance of his diocese. Such was his prudence, justice, and disinterested integrity in this employ, that the prelate reposed in him unlimited confidence, and presented him to several benefices. His reputation was so great, that Count de Cifuentes, who, after an

obstinate battle, was taken by the Moors near Malaga, sent to him, soliciting, that during his captivity he would take upon him, as his prudence should direct, the government of his house, and the disposal of the immense wealth he had in the district of the bishoprick of Siguensa. But although surrounded by so many advantages, which his merit attracted, or the Cardinal's interest might give him reason to expect, he renounced every appearance of ambition. The embarrassment of business, and the noise of the world were, to him, insupportable. His mind, accustomed to study and devotion, could not stoop to tumultuous, and often trifling occupations. He sighed incessantly for retreat, and endeavoured with complaisance to break off his engagements. Agitated by these thoughts, he resolved to quit the world, and to retire into some religious order. He communicated his design to some of his friends, who endeavoured to dissuade him from it; but having heard his reasons, they acknowledged their sufficiency, and that his vocation came from God: They only advised him to leave some of his livings to his younger brother, named Bernardin. This was a flighty young man, without judgment, always unsettled; of whom for some time no intelligence was had: and it was to be apprehended, that on his return, finding himself without assistance from his relations, and no longer under his brother's restraint, necessity and libertinism would reduce him to commit some action disgraceful to the honour of his family: he approved of their advice, and left them his benefices, recommending him to their assistance, if he deserved it.

After having settled his family affairs, he entered into the order of St. Francis. The convent of his choice was St. John of Toledo, founded by King Ferdinand and Isabella; remarkable for the regularity of its discipline. He was the first novice whom they received, and, by his zeal and example, maintained in it the purity of its institution. Cardinal de Mendoza felt much regret in his loss; and in speaking of him, repeatedly said, 'That man is not made to be concealed. We must take him from his convent, in order to invest him with some important charge, and the public will profit by it.' Ximenes, to the very great edification of the community, passed the year of his noviciate in humility, self-denial, and obedience. No sooner had he made this profession than the report of his piety and doctrine arrested the attention of the citizens, many of whom, on their conscientious doubts, and the conduct of their lives, came to consult him.

These frequent visits, from both sexes, were burthensome, and urged him to request from his superiors a place of recollection and retirement. He was then sent to a small convent near Toledo, called the Castagnar, because of its situation in a forest of chesnut-trees. There he practised uncommon austerities, nourishing his mind with frequent prayers and continual reading. Aided by silence and solitude, he devoted his time to the contemplation of divine things. After the usual exercises of the convent, he passed a part of the day in the wood, with a Bible, upon which he sometimes meditated on

his knees, sometimes prostrated on the ground. His body, covered with a hair-cloth, he afflicted with discipline and constant fasting:— in sleep he indulged himself no farther than was necessary to support that small share of life which his penitence spared. Under a little mountain, covered with thick trees, he made, with his own hands, a hut, in which, by the permission of his superiors, he shut himself up some days together, imitating the fervour and zeal of the ancient Anchorites. When he was afterwards in the government administration, and in his highest rank, he thought upon his hut at Castagnar with pleasure, and sighed after solitude; affirming, that for it he would willingly have exchanged the seat of regency, the mitre of Toledo, and the Cardinal's cap; and that he should have considered the advantage greatly in his favour.

By this course of life (in his order) he acquired the reputation of a pious and learned *priest*; and, in their most important concerns, his superiors often requested his advice. It is related of him, that, as he was one day going from Castagnar to Toledo, with a companion of great piety and christian simplicity, whose name was Fr. Peter Sánchez, they were overtaken by night, and slept in the fields.— As they were both indulging repose upon some sheaves of corn which were to be threshed the next day, the good brother awaking him suddenly, said to him, 'Father Francis, a moment ago I dreamt that you were Archbishop of Toledo; that I was saluting you with the appellation of 'your most illustrious Lordship,' and that I saw on your head the Cardinal's cap. May God, who hath sent me this dream, one day realize it!' To which Ximenes replied, 'Sleep on, sleep on, brother! Do you amuse yourself with dreams!' When he had afterwards attained to the archbishoprick, he related this adventure; not that he supposed it to be an assured prognostic of his elevation; but to remark the good Monk's sanctity.

His superiors, in conformity to the custom, being desirous of changing his abode, sent him to the Monastery of Salceda, where he found a solitude similar to that he had quitted. His life was more austere than before; his repasts were of water and *boiled* herbs; his garment was of *hair-cloth*, and his deportment so exemplary, that the *Monks* unanimously elected him Guardian of the house. They exacted from his obedience the acceptance of an office that he refused; in the exercise of which his prudence was acknowledged. By example, rather than by authority, he restrained his brethren. The rank that he held amongst them did not prevent his condescending to the humblest offices of the convent; and it was remarked, that he was raised above them, only to administer to their comforts, and render them happy by conferring obligations. In order to fulfil his duty, he mingled action with contemplation, and descended to the external wants of his monastery, without losing any thing of the internal tranquillity of his soul; and, if, to accommodate himself to the weakness of his brethren, he relaxed something of the austerity of which they were not capable, his humility, his charity, and devotion suffered no diminution from such conduct. In the mean while, Cardinal de Mendoza had

succeeded to the archbishoprick of Seville, and, since, to that of Toledo, by the favour of the Catholic Kings, who made use of his councils in the government of the state, and in their private concerns. He was particularly esteemed by the Queen, and honoured with her confidence. She had returned to Castille, after the capture of the city of Grenada, and was embarrassed in the choice of her confessor. Father Ferdinand de Talavera, a monk of the order of St. Jerome, being nominated Archbishop of Grenada, could no more perform the functions of his office. His residence in this new church, on account of the number of infidels who were to be converted, was more particularly desired.

The Princess, pious in the extreme, from a delicacy of conscience, communicated to her confessors not only the secrets of her mind, but the affairs also that regarded the security and peace of the state. She wanted a person whose piety might conduct her own, and whose enlightened understanding might wisely direct her determinations in matters that concerned the government. The Cardinal, perceiving the Queen's anxiety, proposed Father Francis Ximenes, whom he had known in his bishoprick of Sigüenza. He knew him in his retreat, and regarded him as a skilful politician, and a practical divine. But it was to be apprehended, lest the love of repose and religious tranquillity might surmount every attempt to withdraw him from retirement and obscurity; especially as the tenor of his life was antequely severe, and regularly exact.

From the portrait of Ximenes's character, the Queen found, in the delineation of his mind, the qualities she sought after; and her curiosity was raised to see and converse with him in private: she commanded his presence at court. The Cardinal, under pretence of business, immediately wrote to him to request his attendance. With reluctance he obeyed; not without the fear that custom might interrupt him in his solitude. The prelate received him with affection, entertained him some time with hospitality, and, as it were by accident, led him to the Queen's apartment. Discernment and investigation were peculiar to this Princess's character; she wished to be personally acquainted with those of whose services she designed to avail herself: she put several questions to Ximenes; his answers to which were replete with wisdom and modesty. His humble but confident demeanour; his grave but noble expression; his discourse, made up of sentiments of justice and religion, amply assured Isabella, that the Cardinal's recommendations were not adequate to the merit he patronized.

The Queen sent for him in a few days, intreated him to take care of her conscience, and commanded his attendance in quality of Confessor. Such an order excited Ximenes's surprise; he replied, however, with much recollection, that respect for her Majesty forbid him to refuse the honour that she conferred upon him: but he supplicated her to consider, that he had been called to the cloister, to work out his own salvation: to engage him, in the midst of the world, was to withdraw him from his vocation; that he had left the convent at Toledo, purposely to avoid those directions which trouble

the communion and solitude of a religious course; that he had a still more urgent reason to excuse himself from the care that her Majesty imposed on him, and of which he was incapable; that in the life of Kings, however regularly spent, there were always certain circumstances, demanding not only a confessor of good intentions, but of enlarged capacity and confirmed experience; and that, lastly, it was a dangerous thing to answer before God for the consciences of those, who are to answer to him for the conduct of so many people. The Queen listened to him peaceably, and said, with a smile, that to her his reasons were not convincing. God, who once called him to the life of a recluse, now called him to a court: he should take upon him the direction of her conscience, and that she would answer for the choice she had made.

He then accepted the employ; but upon the condition, that he should not be obliged to follow the court, and that he should attend there only at the Queen's confession: neither the rules of politeness nor the prevalent force of custom could induce him to alter his resolution. The Princess was so satisfied, that she repeatedly informed the King and her principal ministers, that she had found a man of admirable prudence and piety. Peter Martyr, who has related many particulars of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, says that Ximenes entered the court with a countenance, a habit, and demeanour attesting the austerity of his life; and that the courtiers regarded him as one of the ancient penitents of Egypt, or of Thebais. The Queen placed in him such confidence, that nothing of importance to the kingdom was carried into effect without his advice.

Some time after, it happened, that the chapter of his order being assembled, and the Provincial having resigned his situation, Ximenes, with common consent, was elected in his room. However averse he had always shewn himself to a desire of any dignity among his brethren, he received this with pleasure, because it gave him less occasion to frequent the court. The Queen, who confided to him not only her affairs of conscience, but those secret or public dissatisfactions which commonly temper the pride of human greatness, often stood in need of his consolations and counsels.

As he was obliged to visit the convents of his own order in New and Old Castille, to examine various matters, and to write frequently, he sought after a *priest* of a *strong constitution*, in whose company, and from whose assistance, his labours might be mitigated. The guardian of Alcalá pointed out to him a probationer *novice*, in whom he had remarked a quick understanding, a vigorous health, a modest cheerfulness, and an excellent disposition; who had finished his studies at Toledo, and wrote exceedingly fast, and very fine. The Provincial sent for this *young man*, named Francis Ruyz; who, afterwards, became the companion of his visits, and was of service to him, during the remainder of his life, in affairs of importance.

He, some days after, set out with him to visit the monasteries of his province. A little mule carried their few necessaries: the companion sometimes mounted the beast. Ximenes, unless sickness prevented

him, always travelled on foot. Both of them asked charity; and if by chance Ximenes found himself fatigued, the brother desired him to repose himself, and to leave to him the care of supplicating, especially as he badly understood the trade: and scarcely ever bringing any thing back, after having begged all the day from door to door, they were constrained to feed on roots, which they gathered at last in the evening. When Ximenes persisted in asking the alms, brother Ruyz said, with a smile, 'your Reverence will kill us with hunger; this trade does not belong to you. God hath given to every one his talents: meditate and pray for me; and let me solicit for you.' At another time he said, 'I believe your Reverence is made for giving; but as for requesting, I see well that you are not made for that.'

It was in this manner that the Provincial visited all the houses of his order, reforming the abuses that he found in them: leaving every where behind him examples more capable of maintaining regularity, than his own laws. He at last arrived at Gibraltar, and finding himself near the borders of Africa, into which he once had an intention of passing to convert the infidels; and recollecting the voyage that St. Francis had made to that country with the same design, he resolved to pass the *Streight*, and to seek martyrdom. Near that place resided one of those religious devotees, whom the Spaniards call *Beates*, famed for her revelations and visions, of whom extraordinary things were related. Her consulters came from all parts; and as she paid particular respect to the order of St. Francis, his brethren engaged him to call upon her, either to put her conduct to the proof, or add a testimony to the favours that God conferred upon her. The Provincial went, and seeing in her all the marks of a solid piety, he discovered to her his design of passing into Africa, and intreated her to inform him, the next morning, with what God might inspire her on that subject. The holy Daughter dissuaded him from the voyage, and gave him to understand, as by a prophetic spirit, that God reserved him for great things in his service; and that in his own country he should meet with sufficient sufferings, without seeking them in a country of barbarians. Upon this advice, and the Queen's orders, which were pressing, he returned to Castille; and, in a little time after, began the reformation of all the religious orders.

This undertaking had already instigated the Catholic Kings to enter into a resolution of restoring discipline to their monasteries in their respective kingdoms: they had named commissaries, to examine into the abuses that had crept into the different institutions, and to revive, by some means, the spirit of their founders. But the difficulties opposing the execution of this design, and the wars which followed, interrupted the enquiry. Ximenes took up the project again. The Queen, entering with cheerfulness into every enterprize of piety, consents to this: and because her confessor's counsels were indispensably necessary; she felt a pleasure in retaining him near her person: that being absolutely necessary, from the continual recourse he must have to her authority, which must enable him to correct abuses, rendered almost incorrigible by tolerance and custom.

Some historians have attributed this total derangement of religious life to a plague, that had some time before desolated all Europe, and

with which the church was particularly afflicted. Scarcely was there a city or province, that was not depopulated by this visitation. The Monks, to appease the divine wrath, made at first processions: some, through charity, assisted the people, and administered to them the sacrament; but the most zealous dying, and the contagion beginning to rage in the cloysters, each one sought for safety in the most unfrequented retreats. Those, whom this misfortune had dispersed, accustomed to live without authority, could no more subject themselves to discipline. By intercourse with seculars, the spirit of prayer and retirement, the links of regularity, were entirely lost. To shelter themselves from the necessity to which they were reduced, they acquired estates; and because the monasteries were deserted, to repair this loss, they were obligated to confer, indiscriminately, the habit on all who presented themselves; without examining, agreeably to the established constitutions, into their life and morals.

Ximenes was sensibly affected when he visited the monasteries of his own order. Besides the license which generally prevailed in regular communities, he found that the Monks of St. Francis had overturned the whole system of their institution. They possessed town and country houses, and enjoyed large revenues. Such were those called Conventuals, who had, all over Spain, rich and magnificent convents. Such, on the contrary, as rigorously observed discipline, and, on this account, were called fathers of observance, had few convents, and these very small: of the latter the Provincial became the protector. He elected visitors of great capacity, and of an acknowledged severity of life, to inform themselves of the Conventuals' morals. A proposal was made to the latter either to embrace reform, or to relinquish their houses to the reformed. Money was given to some, for subsistence, out of the cloysters: the most scandalous were expelled; but persisted in their dissolute manner of living; and it is related of them, that those of Toledo, who were dismissed by order of the court, marched out in procession, bearing the cross before them, and singing the psalm of the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt!

Ximenes found such opposition, that he stood in need of all his courage, and the Queen's unlimited confidence, to protect him against powerful combinations that traversed his design. A Prior in Segovia, president of the monastery of the Holy Ghost, started up, and under pretended privileges from the Court of Rome, boasted of a right that dispensed with the Monks of St. Francis, and placed them in the liberty of the Holy Ghost; that is, of consigning the reformed to the order of Conventuals. There was not an abuse that he did not favour: all, who wished to shake off the yoke of religion, found in him a sure refuge from the justice of superiors; and his door was open to revolt and libertinism.

Ximenes, at the instance of the Catholic Kings, arrested and deprived him of the revenues of his benefice; but he found means to escape from prison, and sought shelter at Rome, under the auspices of Cardinal Ascagne Sforca, formerly his patron. To him he complained of the want of respect to the holy see, and the violence com-

mitted on his person, supplicating him, at the same time, to shelter him from the inconsiderate zeal of an impetuous and severe monk; he requested also a recommendation to their Majesties, who were guided by Ximenes's sentiments and directions; because an intercession, no less powerful than his, was necessary to mitigate their resentment.

The Cardinal, persuaded of the *Prior's* innocence, wrote in his favour to King Ferdinand, and desired his correspondent, Peter Martyr, to wait upon, and represent to Ximenes, that, if contrary to all justice, he had resolved on the banishment of an honest man, because he persisted in the maintenance of his own, and the rights of the holy see, he ought at least to restore the fruits of his benefice, on which he had seized. Peter Martyr, better informed on this subject than the Cardinal, delayed not, however, to execute the commission. But he had scarce opened his discourse, when Ximenes, with an indignant frown, interrupted him: 'Do you undertake,' said he, 'to justify those, who authorize the neglectful discipline of my order, who dishonour the name of the holy see, and who counteract the will of our royal Sovereigns?' Martyr gave the Cardinal an account of the unsuccessful negotiation, and advised him no longer to protect this turbulent and obstinate Prior against a man whose supporters were reason and authority.

Ximenes had now been the Queen's confessor two years, when Cardinal de Mendoza fell sick, and, by the physician's advice, was removed from the court to Guadalajar; there to enjoy greater repose, and to derive, if possible, assistance from his native air. Their Majesties, interested in the health of a minister both agreeable and necessary to their happiness, informed of his increasing danger, and the faint hopes entertained of his recovery, hastened to Madrid. They visited, and seated themselves by his bed; consoled him, took his opinion on matters of importance; and promised to execute, in case of his death, whatever he recommended to their attention. The Cardinal expressed, as well as he could, his sense of gratitude, and the honour that he received; and forgetting his malady, instead of requesting favours, gave them important instructions, the last attestations of fidelity and respect.

In this conference two principal things are related to have been recommended by the Cardinal: in the first place, to make peace with France; and whatever the acquisition might cost, to establish an unshaken alliance with that crown: secondly, after his death, to nominate archbishop of Toledo, a man of great virtue, and of a *moderate condition*; because so considerable was this situation become in Spain, that to a powerful man it afforded the means of troubling the state: it was therefore of some consequence that this ecclesiastical dignity should be tempered with the piety of its possessors, and not perverted by family connections. He quoted Alphonsus Carillo, his predecessor, (an example still recent) whose perverse and violent spirit, added to his connections with the King of Portugal, had been the cause of much trouble. Some have even believed that he proposed to them Father Francis Ximenes for his successor.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS
 IN
 SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 19.]

WHATEVER claims we may possess in other respects to an equality with the ancients, it is a fact of incontrovertible evidence, that we are greatly their inferiors in oratory and fine writing. And this, every one will acknowledge, the works of Demosthenes, Cicero, Longinus, Xenophon, Sallust, Livy, and Pliny, demonstrate in the most indubitable manner. Where are the writings we can place in competition with the energetic philippics of Demosthenes, or with the eloquent and more splendid orations of the Roman senator? Indeed it is but of late years that elegance of language, beauty of composition, and harmony of diction, have been cultivated at all by modern authors. However, the elegant and superior productions of the pen that have recently appeared, both in this and a neighbouring country, clearly evince that the study of language has become an object of greater attention, and prognosticate its further improvement in futurity and refinement. The masterly writings of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, we cannot hold in too great admiration, notwithstanding the fastidious animadversions of criticism, or the pitiful detractions of envy. As historians, they instruct us by a narration of the most important facts; but as writers, they excite in the mind a very high degree of pleasure, by the beauty and classical spirit of their style. Since the times of Addison and Swift, from whom the English language first received the polish and correctness it now possesses, we have beheld another class of authors rising into existence, who, emulous of fame, have imbibed the spirit of the ancients, have caught the ardour which animated their breasts, and whose works would have adorned the most refined periods of Greece and Rome. The nervous language and the modulated periods of Johnson, the bold and animated style of Burke, the finished and correct composition of Blair, and the elegant simplicity of Melmoth, who is justly denominated the second Pliny, sufficiently justify my remark. Nor should I omit the names of Beattie, Hurd, Hawkesworth, Cumberland, Knox, and others, of the present day, whose pure and classical diction authorises us to entertain expectations, that in this, as in other respects, by a strict imitation of their excellencies, we shall equal the admired models of antiquity.

The next general head of knowledge that comes under consideration is natural philosophy, a subject as extensive as the objects of external nature. And here we may safely assert, that the ancients are not to be placed in competition with us in any one branch of this multifarious science. Nor shall we be surprised at this, when we consider that conjecture and abstract reasoning were the only methods made use of by the philosophers of antiquity, in their researches into nature. Theories and systems without number have been formed,

with all the ingenuity of which the mind of man is capable, to account for the various phenomena of nature ; but all were replete with error and absurdity, so long as the ancient mode of philosophising prevailed. But happily for mankind the fallacy of this mode of enquiry was at last displayed to the world by Lord Bacon, whose capacious mind at once detected and exposed the deceitful errors of abstract reasoning and speculation in physical studies ; and has taught us to substitute in the room of these observation and experiment, which he has clearly demonstrated to be the only certain means of ascertaining truth in natural philosophy. The wonderful progress since made in every branch of this part of science, is a sufficient evidence of the importance of this discovery. It has enabled us to penetrate into the recesses of nature with a philosophic eye, and to bring to light those grand truths which had so long baffled the efforts of the most ingenious speculatists. It is needless to mention the great influence which this rapid advancement of philosophy has had upon the comforts, conveniences, and the general happiness of society. Indebted to its beneficial assistance, the arts have been more successfully cultivated, manufactures have more universally flourished, commerce has been extended from one end of the globe to the other, and the understandings and manners of mankind have received a greater degree of refinement and melioration.

But to descend to a few particulars, let us compare for a moment the progress of the ancients in astronomy with the astonishing discoveries of modern philosophers. In this enlightened age, and at this distance of time, the absurdity of the Ptolemaic or Aristotelian system strikes us immediately ; but our surprise will cease if we attend to the observations just made, which evidently shew the paucity of means and the confined opportunities that could be possessed by the authors of this system, for forming just conclusions concerning the situations, motions, and affections of the heavenly bodies. Pythagoras, indeed, is said to have entertained the true opinion respecting the mundane system ; but this we must attribute more to the happiness of his conjectures, than to any certain evidence which could lead him to the proper inference. Certain it is that his doctrine gained but little ground, while that of Ptolemy not only procured the belief of the age in which it was invented ; but such was the veneration with which it was regarded, that for many succeeding centuries few dared to dissent from what was so generally adopted, and still fewer ventured publicly to call in question its reality and truth. After the lapse, however, of many ages, when the means of cultivating astronomical knowledge became better known and more attainable, Tycho Brahe, the Danish philosopher, was fully convinced of its errors. He could not but perceive the absurdity of supposing a revolution of the whole fabric of the universe round our globe. This he justly considered as a cause in the highest degree disproportionate to the effect. In order, therefore, to account in a more rational manner for the phenomena of nature, he framed a system which certainly approached in many respects nearer to the truth than the former,

but which still maintained that the earth was at rest: and this was an error which he never could be induced to disbelieve. At length, the conjectures of Pythagoras were confirmed, and the true system of the universe discovered by Copernicus; a system which has since been established upon the firmest foundation, and the principles of which have been explained to the world, by the immortal Sir Isaac Newton, upon the irresistible evidence of mathematical demonstration. Every attempt that has been made to effect its subversion has uniformly proved abortive; every objection that ingenuity could devise to weaken its stability, has been refuted by the most forcible arguments. But though the truth of the solar system might have been proved, its theory could never have been elucidated without the aid of the principle of attraction. The discovery of this secret power of nature, by whose operation the phenomena of the celestial bodies are so rationally accounted for, and by whose agency the whole material universe appears to be pervaded, was reserved for the extensive genius of Newton; a man, who, by his wonderful talents, acute penetration, depth of research, and astonishing exertion of intellect, has attracted the wonder of a world, and obtained the exclusive character of the greatest philosopher that ever existed. His fame is not, like that of many others, confined to one period of time, or within the confines of one part of the globe; wherever the light of science is perceived, its voice has been heard, and will continue to resound through the revolving ages of the world. By the assistance of this power of gravitation we are enabled to account for phenomena, which before were either highly problematical, or apparently incapable of any solution whatever. But still the motions of the celestial bodies in curves could not be explained without the further aid of some other cause. This cause was discovered to be a projectile force impressed upon them, the power of which increased in proportion to their proximity to the sun, the centre of gravity. The solar system thus established and explained upon such rational principles, could not but command the assent and attract the admiration of every philosophic mind.

Again, though every encomium and praise is due to the ancients for the invention of geometry, algebra, trigonometry, and conic sections; though we must always hold in veneration the names of Euclid, Archimedes, Thales, and Pythagoras, yet at the same time we must remember that the most abstruse branch of mathematical science, and from which the most difficult part of astronomy derives its elucidation, owes its origin to modern exertion. What I allude to, is the doctrine of Fluxions, which the great Newton invented for the purpose of facilitating his calculations on the curvilinear motions of the planets, and by which he was enabled to solve problems of the most intricate nature. The globular form of the earth also was known to many of the ancient philosophers; but whether it was a prolate or an oblate spheroid, was to be ascertained by a modern experiment made for the purpose of deciding a controversy which this question had given rise to between Sir Isaac Newton and Cassini. But to prove our proficiency in astronomy, we need not have recourse to the difficult

theorems and facts relative to the centrifugal or centripetal forces, to the elliptical properties of the planetary orbits, to the method of calculating the return of comets, or to any of the abstruser parts of this science. Some of the more obvious and notorious facts are quite sufficient for this purpose. Indeed, to perceive the superior advancement of modern philosophy in this subject, we need only turn our attention to the surprising degree of facility and accuracy with which astronomers have ascertained the distances of the planets from the sun, the earth, and from each other; the velocities of their respective motions, and their apparent and real magnitudes. The alternate succession of day and night, and the vicissitudes of the seasons, which were formerly supposed to require the revolution of the solar luminary itself, are now discovered to be the effects of the simple motion of the earth round its axis, and the inclination of the ecliptic to the equator. The once formidable appearance of eclipses, which have so often been regarded with superstitious awe as the portentous omens of some dire event, even by civilized nations, and been looked up to with terror by the untutored savage, as owing to the displeasure of an incensed Deity, is now rationally ascribed to the intervention of the moon between the sun and the earth, or of the latter between the two former, so as to obstruct the rays of light proceeding from those luminaries. But the views of modern astronomers have not been confined within the boundaries of the solar system. They have boldly ventured into the unexplored regions of infinite space, and have imagined that the fixed stars are other suns, round which different systems of planets, similar to ours, are continually revolving. Nor is this merely the chimerical conjecture of a luxuriant imagination. That they are luminaries, is evident from the utter impossibility of reflected light being perceived at such an immense distance. And if we take into consideration the final cause of these distant suns, we must be convinced of the probability of this sublime theory. It is a conception, which of all others indicates, in the most conspicuous manner, that liberality of sentiment, and that enlarged expansion of the understanding, of which the refinements of modern philosophy have been so happily productive.

The great progress and advancement, however, of astronomy has been owing in a very considerable degree to the study of optics, and indeed never could have attained the perfection to which it has arrived without its friendly assistance. Nothing perhaps has contributed more to the enlargement of natural knowledge, or to the convenience and accommodation of civil life, than the invention and use of optical glasses. Like many of the most important discoveries in science, in the arts, and even in common life, our knowledge of the power which convex and concave lenses possess of magnifying and diminishing objects, owes its origin entirely to chance. Singular as it may appear, the most trivial circumstance, the casual position of two spectacle glasses, first suggested the hint to a Swedish trader, which was afterwards put into execution by the famous Galileo, of constructing the telescope. From its use in astronomy, discoveries have been

made with respect to the number, the situation, and motions of the celestial bodies, which the simple powers of man, unaided by this admirable instrument, could never have accomplished. To prove that the ancients were totally ignorant of even the first principles of optics, we need only observe that they were unacquainted with glass, which is generally allowed to be a subsequent invention, and which is indubitably the medium of all optical observation and experiment. The nature and properties of light, the laws of refraction and reflection, the structure of the eye, the theory of colours, and the method of vision, were reserved for the investigation and discovery of modern philosophers. And here an observation occurs which is worthy of attention, that the great Newton, to whom astronomy is so highly indebted, has contributed more than any other individual to advance and improve the science of optics, and was the first who arranged it into a philosophical system.

The slight observations already suggested will serve to establish a conviction of the superiority of the moderns to the ancients, in two of the most important, most abstruse, and most sublime branches of physical knowledge. The same will be evinced also as to the other parts of natural philosophy, by considering in a cursory manner a few of the improvements lately made in electricity, pneumatics, and chemistry.

The whole knowledge of the ancients in electricity was comprised in one simple fact, mentioned by Theophrastus, viz. that a particular species of fossil called amber, and a few other substances, assumed a luminous appearance by friction. In what manner this was to be accounted for, to what cause it was to be referred, and of what further effects this phenomenon might be productive, they were totally ignorant. After the lapse of many ages this subject began to attract the attention of philosophers, and all substances were divided into two classes, agreeable to the difference of their electric properties. Those bodies contained in the first class have been termed *electrics*, from their containing a certain quantity of the electric fluid, which generally remains in a dormant state, but is capable of being excited by friction and other causes. Those comprehended in the second class do not in their natural state contain any of this fluid, but have the quality of conveying it from one substance to another, and hence have received the appellation of *conductors*. From bodies of these two classes, an electrical machine was first constructed by Otho Guericke; a famous German philosopher, which has since received very considerable improvements, and which displays, in a very ingenious manner, all the properties of this subtile fluid, and all the variety of effects it is capable of producing.

It would be needless to enter into a detail of the numerous experiments and principles which this interesting branch of physics presents to the view, in a paper of this general and confined nature. I shall specify, however, one particular, which will indisputably prove the eminent progress of the moderns in experimental knowledge. The fact I allude to, is the identity of electricity with lightning; a fact

which was discovered to the world by the celebrated Dr. Franklin in America, by means of an electrical kite, which the doctor's ingenuity had invented for that purpose. And curious as it may appear, it was discovered in a similar manner, nearly about the same period, by some philosophers in France; a circumstance which not unfrequently occurs to the observation in perusing the annals of philosophical discoveries and inventions. The great utility resulting from our acquaintance with this fact, is the method that has been adopted for the prevention of the bad effects which lightning has too frequently produced upon edifices, by means of metal conductors, which are now in universal use. It has likewise served to correct those erroneous opinions which were before so prevalent, and to dispel those idle fears and superstitious apprehensions, concerning one of the most common phenomena in the natural world, which filled the minds of the generality of mankind; and has obviously shewn that to be the result of natural causes, which was before often regarded as the effect of divine interposition. The man whose mind once would have shuddered at the awful sound of thunder, and would have trembled at the view of the vivid flash, now regards these fulminations in the atmosphere with a philosophic calmness, which would strike the ignorant and superstitious spectator with astonishment; and considers them as the effects of that struggle of nature to preserve an equilibrium, which he knows to be a universal law in the material system.

Of all the branches of natural philosophy, none is capable of displaying a greater variety of curious experiments than pneumatics; nor has any received greater improvement from the active curiosity and ingenuity of modern philosophers. The weight and elasticity of the air, its absolute necessity to respiration and animal life, and to the existence of fire; that it is the medium of sound, and has the quality of refracting light; that by the agency of this subtile fluid the clouds and vapours are buoyed up, and the rain distilled in drops, are facts with which the ancients were totally unacquainted; but which are now capable of the most indisputable proof, and the clearest exemplification, from the air pump. It is a fact, not unworthy of remark, that this ingenious instrument, the utility of which is so apparent, and to which science is so much indebted, derived its origin from the same source with the electrical machine.

One of the most valuable discoveries that has resulted from an acquaintance with the pressure and elasticity of the atmosphere, is that of the barometer, which indicates the weight of the air with great precision, and thus enables us to deduce pretty accurate conclusions concerning the state of the weather. But there is another, which, from its infinite utility in common life, deserves to be mentioned, and which goes under the denomination of a pump. The inconveniences obviated by this simple philosophical contrivance are too glaring, and must have been too often experienced prior to its existence, to require specifying.

The more recent inventions, likewise, of the air balloon and the diving bell, must not be omitted, as they are new instances of the wonderful effects capable of being produced by the cultivation of phi-

losophy. Possessed of a knowledge of the atmospheric laws, and thus enabled in some degree to direct and controul the powers of nature, man finds himself no longer confined to the surface of the globe. In the former he mounts up into the superior regions of the air, where he makes observations, and views the wide expanse, with a facility which, to the ancients, would have appeared utterly impossible. By means of the latter he descends into the perilous depths of the ocean, where he may visit vessels that have been lost, and explore the caverns of the watery element, with tolerable convenience and security; the very relation of which would have been regarded, by the deepest philosopher in the ancient world, as the fictitious tale of some romantic visionary.

The art of music also has been greatly improved by the study of the theory of sound. One circumstance in particular cannot but attract the notice of every person not totally devoid of the principle of curiosity, which is this:—What are termed concords in this charming art, were the only notes that were used in the musical system of the ancients, and consequently they could only have been acquainted with the powers of melody; whereas the moderns have introduced discords into their more finished compositions, in the most successful manner; and thus, by a happy combination of these with concords, have framed a beautiful system, which they have denominated Harmony; a system indeed more complex and intricate than the former, but at the same time capable of producing the most pleasing effects upon the mind, and of affording the most exquisite delight to a refined ear.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

A COLLECTION
OF
CHINESE PROVERBS
AND
APOTHEGMS,

WITH REMARKS. COLLECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.]

A GREAT talker never wants enemies: the man of sense speaks little, and hears much.

A horse that is ready to gallop, when he leaves the stable, is not one of those which can make a thousand *lee* on a stretch. [A thousand *lee* is one hundred leagues; the saying is common to our's,—*Fair and softly go far.*]

A hundred years, when past, are no more than the twinkling of an eye: let us then employ usefully what days we have to live.

A man born in the country either of *Tsi* or *Tsu* will infallibly have its accent. [These were two little kingdoms, now swallowed up in the Chinese Empire. The proverb expresses the contagion of example.]

A man never opens a book without reaping some advantage from it.

A man without equity, application, or politeness, is a wild beast with a bonnet on his head.

An inconstant man will never make a good astrologer nor physician.

A modest woman never marries two husbands ; a faithful minister never serves two kings. [The Chinese erect triumphal arches, and canonize for saints such widows as have firmly resisted second offers of marriage : and on a revolution of government the Mandarines have frequently refused to survive their dethroned masters.]

A pismire and a rat are very little insects ; yet all beings formed of the five elements are liable to be destroyed by as vile animals. [The five elements, according to the Chinese, are, wood, fire, earth, metal, and water.]

A thumb below is more to be regarded than a hundred arms on high : more attention is due to one step behind, than to a hundred leagues before. [The obvious meaning of this enigmatical proverb is, that present possessions, though small, are of more importance than the greatest in reversion. Thus we say, *a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.*]

A wise Prince is safe in ramparts of gold. [Meaning the affections of his subjects, and the wisdom of his ministers.]

A word once let fall cannot be fetched back with a chariot and four horses.

Adversity is an admirable medicine, whereof one dose cures many diseases, and secures the health of him who takes it all his life.

All the grains of rice served up in your dish have been watered with the sweat of the labourer.

All the constellations preside over the Empire of *China*, so as to concern themselves with no other countries. [This is a plain picture of the Chinese vanity. The Emperor *Cang-bi* was wont to laugh at this prejudice, and to beg of his people to leave a few stars for the good of their neighbours.]

An amiable Prince is the Father and Mother of his people.

Avoid a blast of wind, as carefully as the point of an arrow. [The Spaniards say, *De viento que entra por borrado te guarde dios.* i. e. *From a wind that comes through a hole good Lord deliver us!*]

Do not entertain a man, who hath just received a disappointment, with an account of your own success.

Every one knows his own necessity, whether it be hunger, cold, or heat. [We say, *Every one knows where his own shoe pinches.*]

He spends as if his father were receiver of the Emperor's revenue in the province of *Tuh-nan*. [Gold-dust is gathered out of the rivers in this province.]

He who aims at being virtuous, is like a man who climbs up a steep mountain : he who abandons himself to vice, is like a man who descends a very steep precipice.

He who is observed by ten eyes, and pointed at by ten fingers, how cautious should he live !

He who suffers hath some comfort in singing his pains : [The

Spaniards say, *Quien canta sus males expanta*; i. e. He who sings, frights away his misfortunes, or eases and diverts them.]

He who doth not love tea, covets wine.

Heaven and hell are seated in the heart. [Milton's observation is parallel:

- ‘ The mind is its own place, and in itself
- ‘ Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.’

Paradise Lost, b. i. v. 254.]

Honour the dead as you would honour them if they were alive.

How can any one be faultless, unless he were a *Yau* or a *Sbun*?

[These were two ancient Chinese Emperors, raised by merit only to the throne: *Yau* being a petty regulo, and *Sbun* a poor labourer.]

I shall be as the bird that carries a golden ring to the person who set it at liberty. [This is illustrated in a Chinese edict thus: ‘ You have, doubtless, heard the history of *Yam-pao*: he found in his way a bird, who drew after it, with great difficulty, a cord tied to its leg. *Yam-pao*, moved with compassion, freed it from its incumbrance, and set it at liberty. He was quickly rewarded for this service: the bird soon after returned, holding in its beak a ring of gold, which she put into the hand of her deliverer. History relates, that from that time the family of *Yam-pao* remarkably flourished, and afterwards gave many prime ministers to the state. It is thus that even slight services bring down great rewards from heaven.]

If you would know how a son will turn out, look upon the father, or the tutor.

If you have no experience in an affair yourself, follow those that have succeeded in it.

If the water be even ten *yin* deep, one may distinguish, from the surface, whether the bottom be iron or gold. [That is, however the mind and its sentiments may be covered with dissimulation, it will be seen through, if it be remarkably good or bad. A *yin* is 80 feet.]

In *China* there is nothing thrown away. [*Chung-que-vu-y-vo.*—*China* is so prodigiously crowded with inhabitants, that there are no shifts, to which the poor have not recourse for a livelihood. As there is hardly a spot of ground that lies untilled in all the empire, so there is hardly a man, woman, or child, though never so disabled, but what gets a maintenance. They will make a profit of things which to us seem quite useless. Many families subsist by picking up in the street little rags, the feathers of fowls, bones of dogs, bits of paper, &c. which they wash and sell again. In short, a Chinese will dig a whole day together up to his knees in water, and in the evening will think himself well paid in a little boiled rice, pot-herbs, and some tea. Du Halde, vol. i. 277.]

In *China* are more tutors than scholars, and more physicians than patients. [A proverbial exaggeration of the numbers that addict themselves to literature and medicine. The great honours that attend the former, invite vast multitudes to pursue it; a great part of whom being rejected at the examinations, have no other means of support but in teaching others.]

In China they require boats of paper, and watermen of iron.— [This proverb arises from the difficult navigation of several of the Chinese rivers, which, on account of their swift current among the rocks, &c. obliges them to have boats of very thin boards, like our slit deal, which are not nailed, but, somehow, fastened together with withs: these boats split not against the rocks, but bend and give way.]

In the province of *Can-tong* are three unusual things: the sky without snow, the trees always green, and the inhabitants continually spitting blood. [The last clause alludes to their delighting to chew *areca* and *betel*, as is common in other parts of the East.]

If the river is deep that you are to pass on foot, go through it clothed in the ancient manner: if it is shallow, tuck up your garments.— [The Chinese believe that the first men went naked, or at most loosely clad in the skin of some animal. This proverb is applied to inculcate the necessity of accommodating one-self to the different circumstances of life.]

Look for horns in the head of a lamb newly brought forth.— [Parallel to the coarse but expressive saying of Oliver Cromwell, '*Nits will be lice.*']

May'st thou be dragged through the hole of a prison.— [A proverbial imprecation. The Chinese have a superstitious notion concerning the dead, that they must not be carried out at the same gate they entered when alive: on this account there is a hole in the outward court of the prisons, whence the bodies are thrown out.]

Money is blood, but gold is merchandize.— [A proverb common among the Chinese at Macao. It expresses both the greedy temper of the Chinese, who stick at nothing for gain; and explains the use of gold among them, which is not current as a medium of traffic, but is bought and sold as a commodity.]

Mountains and plains, however fertile, do not produce the flower *lyen*; on the contrary, it grows easily in low neglected places.— [Intended to signify that virtue flourishes best in adversity, or in a low and humble station. It may be noted, that the mountains in China are generally cultivated, and most of them naturally fertile; whereas the low grounds are swampy, a part of China having formerly been under water. The *lyen-wba* is a fine aquatic flower, not unlike a tulip, but of a charming smell.]

Shoes ever so well made will not make a pillow; the cap, however neat, will not make shoes.— [Equivalent to the English, *You cannot make a silken purse of a sow's ear.* The Latin is exactly the same with the Chinese—*Ocream, capiti, tibæ galeam adaptare.*]

That house will soon fall in which the hen assumes the office and crow of the cock; the contention between the bird and the oyster is the fisherman's gain.— [There is a kind of shell-fish on the coasts of China, which often lies asleep in the sun, with the shell open; in which state, if it is espied by the sea fowls, it is greedily seized as a desirable prey; but the fish clasping its shell together, often entraps and detains its enemy till both become the prize of the fisherman.]

The demons hear the words of the bargain made with the enchanter: the work overhears what the workman pronounces in his indignation.—[The Chinese have a superstitious notion, that the curses of a workman, pronounced over a building, will prevent the family that lives in it from thriving.]

The Emperor lets loose so many murderers, dogs, and wolves, when he creates Mandarines. The husband and wife are like the birds of the field; in the evening they meet in the same thicket, but separate in the morning.

The lamp goes out when the oil is spent.—[A common expression to signify the expiration of life.]

The more a man advances in virtue, the more sparing he is of his words.

The spirit *Ngao* presides over the hall, yet greater worship is due to the spirit *Sao*, who presides over the kitchen.—[These are a kind of *Lares* or household gods, of which the spirit *Ngao* is deemed of superior rank to the spirit *Sao*, who yet is more regarded, as being more necessary to life.]

The zeal of a good subject, and the piety of a dutiful son, ought never to relax with the number of years.

To call in tygers, to drive out dogs.—[So the English, *Out of the frying pan into the fire*. The Chinese apply this proverb to the Tartars, who in the last century being called in to quell a rebellion, made themselves masters of the empire.]

Too many shepherds to one flock serve only to disturb it: but if one shepherd keeps it, it marches along without straying.—[The Chinese have no idea of any form of government but the monarchical, and cannot comprehend what is meant by a republic. This was experienced by the Dutch Embassadors in 1658, who, when they came to explain the nature of their government, could excite no other idea, but that they were a nest of pirates, living in a state of anarchy: to remove which suspicion, they were at last obliged to represent the Prince of Orange as their Sovereign.]

U and *Ywe*, when in a bark together, and exposed to shipwreck, will help one another to ride out the tempest.—[These mean two bitter and implacable enemies.—English, *Common danger makes friends*.]

We are as people who have continually before their eyes the dead bodies of their parents.—[It is thus the Chinese express the highest possible grief.]

When a person hath need of present help, he thinks on his relations; when he is in danger, he depends on his old friends.

Were you to pass the sea on a bladder, how carefully would you preserve it from the prick of a needle.—[This fine saying expresses, that when your all is at stake you cannot be too careful. The Scotch have a proverb of a similar meaning, *They that ha' but an egg to their dinner, hae need of a canny* (i. e. cautious) *cook*.]

Whether the traveller quicken his pace, or march at his ordinary rate, he hath but so far to go.—[Applied to human life: equivalent to the Latin, *Serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam*.]

Without salted *mey-tse* how can we give to a sauce the five relishes.—Meaning that it would be absurd to expect the end without the means. The *mey-tse* are tart fruits like wild apricots: the Chinese candy them, they pickle and also salt them, on purpose to use them in sauces. By the five relishes is perhaps only meant the entire and complete taste. The Chinese seem to consider the number *five* as the most complete and perfect number, to which they reduce not only the cardinal virtues, the relative duties, the commandments of Fo, &c. but even the elements, and the noble parts of the human body.]

Your works above shall follow you: you shall carry off nothing else.—[A fine saying in the books of Fo. The Spaniards say, *Buen hazer florece, todo lo al perece*: a good work flourishes, every thing else perishes.]

A man may be well mounted though he does not ride the horse *Ki*; one may be a good disciple though not equal to *Yen-tse*.—[*Ki* is a celebrated horse. *Yen-tse* was the most beloved disciple of *Confucius*.]

As the liquor takes the figure of the vessel that contains it, so the subjects imitate the prince.

As the stone *me*, can never become white; so a head defiled with iniquity will always retain its blackness. [*Me* is a kind of black earth, which they rub on the engraved blocks instead of ink.]

A passion indulged is a kind of drunkenness: its remedy is—*vanquish thyself*.

A pear is returned for a peach: you shall not reap what you have sowed. [Applied when a grateful return is not made for a favour received.]

AN

HISTORICAL ESSAY ON LONGEVITY.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 10.]

WE find also many instances of long life among schoolmasters; so that one might almost believe that continual intercourse with youth may contribute something towards our renovation and support.

But poets and artists, in short all those fortunate mortals whose principal occupation leads them to be conversant with the sports of fancy and self-created worlds, and whose whole life, in the properest sense, is an agreeable dream, have a particular claim to a place in the history of longevity. We have already seen to what a great age Anacreon, Sophocles, and Pindar attained. Young, Voltaire, Bodmer, Haller, and Metastasio, all lived to be very old.

The most extraordinary instances of longevity are to be found, however, only among those classes of mankind who, amidst bodily labour, and in the open air, lead a simple life, such as farmers, gardeners, hunters, soldiers, and sailors. In these situations man still attains to

the age of 140, and even 150. I cannot here deny myself the pleasure of giving a more particular account of some of these instances; for, in cases of this kind, the most trifling circumstance is often interesting, and may be of importance.

In the year 1670 died Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire. He remembered the battle of Floddenfield in 1513; and at that time he was twelve years of age. It was proved from the registers of the Chancery and other courts, that he had appeared 140 years before his death as an evidence, and had an oath administered to him. The truth of this account cannot be controverted. At the time of his death he was therefore 169 years old. His last occupation was fishing; and when above the age of 100, he was able to swim across rapid rivers.

The next to him in point of age is another Englishman, Thomas Parr, of Shropshire. He was a poor farmer's servant, and obliged to maintain himself by his daily labour. When above 120 years of age, he married a widow for his second wife, who lived with him twelve years, and who asserted that during that time he never betrayed any signs of infirmity or age. Till his 130th year he performed all his usual work, and was accustomed even to thresh. Some years before his death his eyes and memory began to fail; but his hearing and senses continued sound to the last. In his 152d year his fame had reached London; and as the king was desirous of seeing so great a rarity, he was induced to undertake a journey thither. This, in all probability, shortened his existence, which he otherwise might have preserved some years longer; for he was treated at court in so royal a manner, and his mode of living was so totally changed, that he died soon after, at London, in 1635. He was 152 years 9 months old, and had lived under nine kings of England. What was most remarkable in regard to this man is, that when his body was opened by Dr. Harvey, his bowels were found to be in the most perfect state, nor was the least symptom of decay to be discovered in them. His cartilages even were not ossified, as is the case in all old people. The smallest cause of death had not yet settled in his body; and he died merely of a plethora, because he had been too well treated.

This Parr is a proof that, in many families, a constitution so favourable to longevity may transmit a remarkably good *stamen vitæ*.

His great grandson died at Corke, a few years ago, at the age of 103.

The following late instance is almost of the same kind. A Dane, named Draakenberg, born in 1626, served as a seaman in the royal navy till the 91st year of his age, and spent 15 years of his life as a slave in Turkey, and in the greatest misery. When he was 111, and had settled to enjoy tranquillity, he resolved to marry, and united himself to a woman of three-score. He, however, out-lived her a long time; and in his 130th year fell in love with a young country girl, who rejected his proposal. He then tried his fortune with several others: but as he had no better success, he at length resolved to continue single, and in that condition lived 16 years. He died in 1772, in the 146th year of his age. He was a man of a violent temper; and

exhibited frequent proofs of his strength during the last years of his life.

In the year 1757, J. Effingham died in Cornwall, in the 144th year of his age. He was born of poor parents, in the reign of James I. and had been brought up to labour from his infancy. He had served long as a soldier; and had been present at the battle of Hochstedt. He at length returned to the place of his nativity, and worked as a day-labourer till his death. It is to be remarked, that in his youth he never drank strong, heating liquors; that he always lived remarkably temperate, and seldom ate flesh. Till his 100th year he scarcely knew what sickness was; and, eight days before his end, he had walked three miles.

In the year 1792 died, in the duchy of Holstein, an industrious day-labourer named Stender, in the 103d year of his age. His food, for the most part, was nothing but oat-meal and butter-milk. He rarely ate flesh; and what he used was much salted. He scarcely ever had thirst, and therefore drank very seldom. He was fond of smoking tobacco. In his old age he first began to drink tea, and sometimes coffee. He lost his teeth early. He was never sick; and could not be out of humour; that is to say, it was physically impossible that his gall should ever overflow. He avoided with great care every cause of strife. He had the greatest trust in Providence; and this was his consolation and support in all his troubles.

One of the most singular instances that, amidst the fickle sports of fortune, continual danger, and the most destructive influences, the life of man may be preserved to an incredible length, is the following:—An old soldier named Mittelstedt died in Prussia, in the year 1792, in the 112th year of his age. This man was born at Fissahn, in that country, in June 1681; and was lost at the gaming-table by his master, who in one evening staked his whole equipage and six more servants. He then entered into the army, and served as a soldier 67 years. He was present in all the campaigns under Frederick I. Frederick William I. and Frederick II. and, in particular, in those of the war of seven years; and had been engaged in seventeen general actions, in which he braved numberless dangers and received many wounds. In the war of seven years his horse was shot under him, and he was then taken prisoner by the Russians.—After supporting all these difficulties, he married; and having lost two wives he married a third, in 1790, when he was in the 110th year of his age. A little before his death he was still able to walk two miles every month, to receive his small pension.

COLONEL TITUS'S LETTER

TO

OLIVER CROMWELL.

AS a master-piece of elegant and keen satire, we have been requested by a friend of the *Scientific Magazine* to present our readers with the following Letter, inserted in the Appendix to Lord Clarendon's Works. It has been generally attributed to Colonel Titus; and is said to have had such an effect upon Cromwell, that he

ever after went armed, and never slept two nights successively in the same room.

— EDITOR.

‘ TO HIS HIGHNESS OLIVER CROMWELL.

‘ MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

‘ How I have spent some hours of the leisure your highness has been pleased to give me, this following paper will give your highness an account: how you will please to interpret it I cannot tell; but I can with confidence say, my intention in it is, to procure your highness that justice nobody yet does you, and to let the people see the longer they defer it, the greater injury they do both to themselves and you. To your highness justly belongs the honour of dying for the people; and it cannot chuse but be an unspeakable consolation to you in the last moments of your life, to consider, with how much benefit to the world you are like to leave it. It is then only, my lord, the titles you now usurp will be truly yours. You will then be indeed the deliverer of your country, and free it from a bondage little inferior to that from which Moses delivered his—You will then be that true reformer which you would now be thought: religion shall be then restored, liberty asserted, and parliaments have those privileges they have fought for. We shall then hope that other laws will have place, besides those of the sword; and that justice shall be otherwise defined, than the will and pleasure of the strongest; and we shall then hope, men will keep oaths again, and not have the necessity of being false and perfidious, to preserve themselves, and be like their rulers. All this we hope from your highness’s happy expiration, who are the true father of your country; for while you live we can call nothing ours—and it is from your death that we hope for our inheritances.—Let this consideration arm and fortify your highness’s mind against the fears of death, and the terrors of your evil conscience, that the good you will do by your death, will somewhat balance the evils of your life: and if, in the black catalogue of high malefactors, few can be found that have lived more to the affliction and disturbance of mankind, than your highness hath done; yet your greatest enemies will not deny but there are likewise as few that have expired more to the universal benefit of mankind, than your highness is like to do. To hasten this great good is the chief end of my writing this paper, and if it have the effects I hope it will, your highness will quickly be out of the reach of men’s malice, and your enemies will only be able to wound you in your memory, which strokes you will not feel.

‘ That your highness may be speedily in this security, is the universal wishes of your grateful country; this is the desire and prayers of the good and of the bad, and it may be, is the only thing wherein all sects and factions do agree in their devotions, and is our only common prayer. But among all that put in their requests and supplications for your highness’s speedy deliverance from all earthly troubles, none is more assiduous nor more fervent than he, that, with the rest of the nation, hath the honour to be (may it please your highness)

Your Highness’s present slave and vassal,

W. A.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. VI.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

AT the capture of St. Eustatia, an edict was issued, informing every person, under the severe penalty of corporal punishment and banishment, to render in by a certain day an exact inventory of his effects. It happened, that a little before that period, a Frenchman, once very eminent in the commercial world, had been by the calamities often attendant on the uncertainties of that situation reduced to the deepest distress; he had heard the edict, and on the day appointed he was called upon for his inventory. They found him sitting in the attitude of Melancholy—his elbow leaning upon a table, while his hand supported his cheek, which was furrowed with the keenest affliction. The noise of persons entering the room, awakened him from his reverie; when gently turning his head, and recollecting the errand, he took up a pen from the table, and wrote the following short, but emphatic account of his condition—*Point de argent, point de commerce, point de credit, point de reputation, et seulement un pauvre coeur rompu!*—‘No money, no goods, no credit, no reputation; and only a poor broken-heart!’

FATAL TERROR.

PETER PENTMAN was a good painter of still life; but the most remarkable circumstance relating to this artist was the incident which occasioned his death. He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of Morality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life; and that he might treat his subject with greater exactness, he had determined to paint in an *anatomical room*, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor.--- Here he prepared to sketch his design; but either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, he insensibly fell asleep. This was on September 13, 1692, when an earthquake that happened, while he was dozing, roused him; and the instant he awoke he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the skulls rolling about the room. Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror, that he threw himself headlong down stairs, and tumbled out into the street half dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made upon his mind; but his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after, in the forty-second year of his age.

HOWARD.

THE following is an instance of the late benevolent Mr. Howard's determined spirit: Travelling once in the King of Prussia's dominions, he came to a very narrow piece of road, admitting only one carriage,

where it was enjoined on all postillions, entering at each end, to blow their horns by way of notice. His did so; but after proceeding a good way, they met a courier travelling on the King's business, who had neglected this precaution. The courier ordered Mr. Howard's postillion to turn back; but Mr. Howard remonstrated, that he had complied with the rule, while the other had violated it, and therefore that he should insist on going forwards. The courier, relying on an authority to which, in that country, every thing must give way, made use of high words, but in vain. As neither was disposed to yield, they sat still a long time in their respective carriages: at length the courier gave up the point to the sturdy Englishman, who would on no account *renounce his right*.

GRATITUDE.

ACTS of gratitude do honour to those who perform them. When Colonel Bellingham, of the county of Lowth, in Ireland, was about eighteen years of age, he disagreed with his family, and, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in the service of the East India Company, as a private soldier. The party was instantly ordered to Cork for embarkation. When they arrived at Callon, in the county of Kilkenny, Mr. Bellingham was much fatigued, and sought for a bed and refreshment; but the country people having an extraordinary antipathy to the army, he could not procure either; and was on the point of desponding, when a poor fellow named Tim Kelty, who overheard his entreaties, desired Mr. Bellingham to accompany him to his cabin, where he boiled a piece of salt pork and potatoes, to satisfy his hunger, and gave him his own bed for the night, while Kelty and his wife slept upon some straw. In the morning, they gave their military guest some new-laid eggs, bestowed their benediction, and all parties separated, with tears in their eyes. During a residence of twenty years in India, Mr. Bellingham, by his merits, rose to the rank of Colonel, and acquired an independent fortune. When he returned to Ireland, the first thing he did was to search after his poor benefactor and his wife; but, alas! Tim had departed this transitory life, two years before the arrival of the Colonel, who settled a handsome annuity upon the poor fellow's widow.

MEDICAL SAGACITY.

WHEN the celebrated physician Avicenna, who flourished about the year 1010, was at Jorgan Habus, the Sovereign of the country sent for him to visit his nephew, who was confined to his bed, by a disorder which baffled all the physicians of that country. Avicenna, having felt the young man's pulse, and seen his urine, judged his illness to proceed from concealed love. He sent for the chief eunuch of the palace, and, whilst he kept his finger on the patient's pulse, desired him to call over the names of the several apartments. Observing great emotions in the sick man, at the naming of some particular apartment, he made the eunuch name all the women in that apartment; and finding his patient's pulse beat extremely high at the

mention of one person, he no longer doubted but that she was the object of his passion, and declared that his cure was only to be expected from the enjoyment of that lady.

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SALTER, who died in 1787, aged 78, was originally a private in the Guards, and was taken from the ranks by the great Duke of Cumberland, who caused him to be made a serjeant; and soon after, was so pleased with his voice, and manner of giving the word of command, that he gave him a commission in the same regiment. This promotion gave great offence to the other officers, who refused Mr. Salter their countenance. Thus circumstanced, he waited upon the Royal Duke, and stated the awkwardness of his situation. 'Well, well,' said the Duke, 'meet me to-morrow on the parade.' The Duke came down earlier than usual, and going up to the colour-stand, his Highness saluted Lord Ligonier, and the officers of the regiment, who were all in conversation together; but directing his eye round, as if by accident, he noticed poor Salter alone. 'What,' said his Highness, 'has that officer done, that he is DRUMMED out of your councils?' and going up to him, took him by the arm, and walked up and down the parade with him, in the presence of the different battalions and their officers. Lord Ligonier, at this time accosting the Duke, entreated his Highness's company to dinner. 'With all my heart,' said the Duke, 'and remember Salter comes with me.' His Lordship, bowing, said, 'I hope so.' After this ordeal, Salter was well received by all the brethren of the blade, and by his merit raised himself to the rank he held at his death.

GARRICK.

WHEN Garrick returned from Italy, he prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered as a prologue to the play he first appeared in. When he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finishing with a huzza. When this unprecedented applause had nearly subsided, he used every art to lull the audience into a most profound silence; and just as all was hushed as death, and anxious expectation sat on every face, old *Cervetto*, who was better known by the appellation of *Nosey*, anticipated the first line of the address by—aw—aw—a most tremendous yawn. A convulsion of laughter ensued, and it was some minutes before the wished-for silence could be again restored. That, however, obtained, Garrick delivered his address with his wonted fascination of manner, and retired with applause, such as was never better given or deserved. But the matter did not rest here. The moment he came off the stage, he flew like the lightning's flash to the music-room, where, collaring the astonished *Nosey*, he began to abuse him most vociferously. 'Wha—wha—why, you old scoundrel, you must be the most infernal ——' At length poor *Cervetto*, 'Oh! *Misterra Garrick!* vat is the matter? Vat haf I do? O God! vat is it?'—'The matter! why you old

damn'd, eternal, senseless idiot, with no more brains than your curst bass viol; just at the very moment I had played with the audience, tickled them like a trout, and brought them to the most accommodating silence, so pat to my purpose,—so perfect, that it was, as one may say, a companion for Milton's visible darkness; just at that critical moment, did not you, with your damn'd jaws stretch'd wide enough to swallow a peck loaf—yaw—yawn, and be curst to you? Oh! I wish, from my soul, you had never shut your brown jaws again.' 'Sare, Mistera Garrick, Sare—only, if you please, hear me von word; it is alvay the vay—it is indeed, Mistera Garrick, alvay the vay I go when I have the greater *rapture*, Mistera Garrick.' Cervetto's flattery subdued Garrick's anger, and the supposed offence vanished with the instant.

ANOTHER OF GARRICK.

WHEN Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he, in the four first acts, received the customary tokens of applause; and, at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek: at this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion—it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beauteous Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from the sofa; and, with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way than by supposing the dramatis personæ were seized with a sudden phrenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat White-chapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the same privilege here: the butcher sat very back, and the quadruped, finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, peeped at the performers with as upright a head, and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff, and, not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well-powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff. The dog's being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick and of the other performers. A mastiff in a church-warden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much, it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distressed; no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

PHILOSOPHICAL SAGACITY.

A VOLCANO was announced and described to be burning in Languedoc. This pretended volcano is known by the name of the Phosphorus of Venejan. Venejan is a village, situated at the distance of a quarter of a league from the high road, between St. Esprit and Bagnols. From time immemorial, at the return of spring, a fire was seen from the high road, which increased during the summer, was gradually extinguished in autumn, and was visible only in the night. Several persons had, at various times, directed their course from the high road, in a right line towards Venejan, to verify the fact upon the spot: but the necessity of descending into a deep valley, before they could arrive at the place, occasioned them to lose sight of the fire; and on their arrival at Venejan no appearance was seen, in the least resembling the fire of a volcano. M. de Gerissane describes this phenomenon, and compares it to the flashing of a strong aurora-borealis: he even says, that the country is volcanic. At length, in the course of the last four or five years, it was observed, that these fires were multiplied in the spring, and that instead of one, there were three. Certain philosophers of Bagnols undertook the project of examining this phenomenon more closely; and for this purpose repaired to a spot between the high road and Venejan, provided with torches, speaking trumpets, and every other instrument which they conceived to be necessary for making their observations. At midnight four or five of the party were deputed, and directed towards the fire; and those who remained behind directed them constantly in their way, by means of their speaking trumpets. They at last arrived at the village, where they found three groupes of women winding silk in the middle of the street, by the light of a fire made of hemp stalks. All the volcanic phenomena then disappeared, and the explanation of the observations made on this subject became very simple. In the spring, the fire was weak, because it was fed with wood, which afforded heat and light: during the summer, hemp stalks were burned, because light only was wanted. At that time there were three fires, because the Fair of St. Esprit was near at hand, at which they sold their silk, and which, consequently, put them under the necessity of expediting their work. As these observers announced their arrival with much noise, the country people drove them back by a shower of stones, which the Don Quixotes of Natural History might have taken for a volcanic eruption.

COUNTRY ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE following curious notice concerning the Land Tax was found nailed against the church door in the village of Graffham, Huntingdonshire.

‘ Notice is here by Given that the Commishiners meeting held at the George Inn at Spallwick at Ten OClock In the forenoon On wednesday 19th Instant June So that any Person think them Sevels A Grived on any of the Taxes May Show a Cause before the Commishinors at the Peale Day On wednesday next at the Place before Mentionned.
19: June 1793—’

REVIEW

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS:

Walsingham, or the Pupil of Nature, a domestic Story, by Mary Robinson, in 4 vols. 12mo. Longman. Price 14s. boards.

TO compose a good fictitious history is not the work of an ordinary mind. To display man as he really is requires accurate observation, a comprehensive understanding, and the power and habit of investigating moral causes. Unless we know human nature, we cannot describe it: if we comprehend it only partially, our descriptions must be imperfect: unless we can trace effect to cause, and demonstrate consequence, the description will afford little important instruction. Every person of lively ingenuity, even with the advantages of education, is no more fit to write a good fictitious history than a good real history—to compose a *Gil Blas*, or a *Tom Jones*, than to equal *Robertson's Charles V.* Not only a knowledge of human nature in general, but of man as modified by the studies, pursuits, manners, and circumstances, in which he is attempted to be represented, is requisite. From the qualifications necessary to form an able novel-writer, the number is very small of those who have succeeded in that kind of composition. Our Smollets, our Burneys, our Fieldings, our Le Sages, are not more numerous than our Gibbons, our Robertsons, our Fergussons, and our Humes. Although the writer of *Walsingham* certainly does not deserve to rank in the highest class of novelists, she is entitled to a respectable place in the second. If she does not discover that comprehensive genius which can grasp a variety of parts, and mould them into one consistent whole, she displays considerable acuteness, and still more vivacity of fancy in observing and painting some of the parts. The fable is perplexed and improbable. The following are the outlines:—

Walsingham Ainsforth, after having been, in his infancy, the chief favourite of his uncle and aunt, Sir Edward and Lady Aubrey, of Glenowen Castle, in Glamorganshire, is, on the birth of an heir to the Aubreys, left to neglect.—Sir Edward soon after dying, his lady, from certain transactions, becomes under the direction of her housekeeper, Mrs. Blagden, who had been abandoned after seduction by *Walsingham's* father, and revenges the perfidy of the parent on the innocent child. *Walsingham* not knowing of this instigator of his aunt, imputes her neglect to the birth of his cousin, and himself as supplanted by the young proprietor of Glenowen. He is indebted for his education to a Mr. Hanbury, a young clergyman, of whose sister, Isabella, he becomes enamoured. Sir Sidney Aubrey, after receiving foreign education, returns to Wales, and is suspected by *Walsingham* to have deprived him of the affections of Isabella. A duel ensues; but, by the moderation of Sir Sidney, without bloodshed. *Walsingham*, however, being represented to Lady Aubrey by her confidante, Mrs. Blagden, as having attempted to assassinate Sir Sidney, is obliged to leave Glenowen Castle. Going to Bath, he falls in with demireps of quality that solicit his love, and gamblers of quality that seek his purse—both to no purpose. A duel is likely to ensue between him and a peer, the head of a gang of titled sharpers. Colonel Aubrey, uncle to Sir Sidney, and a warm friend to *Walsingham*, trying to prevent the duel, quarrels himself with the peer, and wounds him mortally. Aubrey disappears, *Walsingham* hastens to London to join him, meets with many adventures and characters—(those of rank generally bad) is summoned home by Lady

Aubrey, believing herself on her death-bed. Lady Aubrey discovers that the supposed Sir Sidney is not her son, but her *daughter*, and passionately in love with Walsingham. Isabella, and also a lady Arabella, successive objects of Walsingham's affections, and both in love with him, *very generously* give up their lover to their friend, Miss Sidney Aubrey. Walsingham and Miss Aubrey are of course married.

This sacrifice of a lover to a friend is a piece of female benevolence which, Fielding says, he believes to be in nature, because he has heard many women declare they would do it, tho' at the same time he acknowledges he never knew an instance of its being done. Several descriptions of existing manners are just, the exhibitions of characters are not so happy. In one class of society the author falls into a very common species of false reasoning.—From a few individual instances she infers general conclusions. Her peers and peeresses are all either weak or wicked. The miseries and the vices of the *low* are uniformly deduced from the oppressions and the vices of the *high*: a representation, in the first place, not historically true: all peers are not either weak or wicked; and the miseries of the low are far from being uniformly, or even very frequently, derived from the oppressions of the high, and their vices still more rarely. In the second place, this representation is not politically expedient, because, if admitted, it would encourage that dislike for nobility, which, from the spirit of insubordination and the fanciful notions of equality, is already too prevalent. Regard to truth obliges us to make these observations. The same impartiality leads us to declare, that, with these defects, there are mingled several excellencies. There is some humour, a considerable share of pathos, many very sensible observations, and a vein of benevolent sentiments.

We shall quote a few specimens, for those readers who may not have read the book.

'The brilliant graces of Lady Arabella, tho' they embellished the circles of dissipation, were of a species too gaudy for the tranquil scenes of life. Like the splendid illuminations of a ball-room, they glittered to the vacant eye of folly, while they banished all the train of sober enjoyments from the mind.'

The following account of the superficial instructions received at boarding-schools deserves the attentive consideration of parents and guardians. 'We found Miss Hanbury extremely beautiful in person, but her mind was as entirely uncultivated as though she had been the pupil of a Siberian savage.—She had not the smallest knowledge of the world or its customs; she passed the daily *routine* of boarding-school tuition with a mechanical precision, which neither expands the heart nor enlightens the understanding. She had read authors, whose works she did not comprehend; prattled a foreign jargon, without knowing the meaning of the words she uttered; finished needle-work, which in half a century would only adorn the lumber-room of her grand-daughter; and learnt a few old lessons on the harpsichord so methodically dull, that they would scarcely have served as an opiate to a country squire, after the voluntary toil of a fox-chace. For this lingering death of every mental blossom, the conscientious governess had received a considerable annual sum during five years.'

From the ability with which Mrs. Robinson copies nature in many instances, we are inclined to think, that where she fails, it is rather when the subjects (such as criticism and politics) are beyond her knowledge, than above her powers.

A descriptive Sketch of the present State of Vermont, one of the American States, by T. A. Graham, L.J.L. D. Colonel in the American Service. Dedicated to the Duke of Montrose.

COL. GRAHAM informs us, that in Feb. 1797, the Episcopal Church of Vermont, his native province, appointed him their agent on special busi-

ness to the Court of London, and to the Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

‘ One of the motives (he says) which brought me to London was a hope, that the British Government would join with the State of Vermont in opening a communication, by means of a canal, between Lake Champlain and the River Saint Lawrence, which, instead of obliging the inhabitants of Vermont to convey their exports and imports in waggons, at a vast expence, over a large track of ground, by Hudson’s river (a journey that consumes half the profits of the husbandman’s and manufacturer’s labour and industry) would, to the great advantage of both countries, in a navigation of sixteen or eighteen miles, enable them to receive from the bosom of the Thames into Lake Champlain the produce and manufactures of Great Britain; and to send thither, at an infinitely more reasonable rate, the superfluities of their own state. I laid before the Duke of Portland the wishes of the gentlemen of Vermont relative to it, many of whom would, from truly patriotic motives, undertake the work at their own expence: but the pressure of more weighty affairs, no doubt, prevented his Grace from giving that consideration to the business, which, perhaps, he otherwise would have done; but which, on a future day, he may yet be pleased to re-consider.’

To demonstrate the rising state of the province of Vermont, and consequently the advantages that might result to this country by easier intercourse with it, is the object of this sketch. The work is in an epistolary form. The letters are addressed to the Duke of Montrose, the head of Colonel Graham’s family. They contain an account of the physical, moral, and political state of the province. The description of the face of the country is accurate, lively, and picturesque. The delineation of the constitution, laws, pursuits, and manners, unites exact observation with judicious remark and sound reasoning: it is the result of a mind not only well-informed as to facts, but able to investigate causes. It is a valuable accession to our knowledge of the interior parts of that country, and a specimen of talents in the author, which we hope to see employed in more extensive works, and on a subject which affords an ampler field for the historian, philosopher, merchant, and politician.

Mixed with information and instruction, there is, in these letters, a considerable degree of amusement. The following story very well marks the fanatical spirit of puritanism.

‘ Before I take leave of Westminster, I shall mention an anecdote of an honest farmer there (one of the original settlers) which will serve to show the fanatical spirit which then prevailed—so contrary to that liberal toleration now prevalent in America.

‘ The farmer in question was a plain, pious man, regular in the discharge of his duty to God and his neighbour; but unluckily he lived near one with whom he was not inclined to cultivate either civil or friendly terms. This troublesome personage was no other than a monstrous over-grown *be Bear*, that descended from the mountains, destroyed his corn-fields, and carried away whatever he could lay his paw upon. The plundered sufferer watched the ferocious and cunning animal in vain; at last it learned his cue so thoroughly, as only to commit its depredation on the Lord’s day, when the coast was clear. Wearied with these oft-repeated trespasses, the good man concealed himself one Sunday with his gun. The Bear came according to custom:—he fired, and shot it dead. The explosion being heard at church, threw the whole people into consternation. The pastor, deacon, and elders called a special meeting, and cited the offending brother before them—and, *una voce*, agreed to drive him from them as accursed. Accordingly, he was enjoined, on the next Sunday, to attend his excommunication in the church. He did attend—but went with his gun loaded with a brace of balls, his sword and cartridge-box by his side. Service was about half over when he entered

the sanctuary in this martial array. He *marched* leisurely into a corner, and took his *position*. As soon as the holy parson had begun the excommunication, and pronounced the words *offending brother*, the veteran cocked and levelled his weapon of destruction, crying out, "*Proceed, and you are a dead man.*" The astonished clergyman shrunk behind his desk. The eldest deacon attempted to begin. The farmer, more vehemently than before, called out, "*Desist, and march, or you are all dead men.*" The man of God leaped from the desk; the deacon and elders followed in equal trepidation. The victorious farmer was left master of the field. He marched home;—lived fourteen years afterwards, and died a brother in full communion.'

Authentic Account of Lord Macartney's Embassy from the King of Great-Britain to the Emperor of China.

[CONCLUDED FROM VOL. IX. PAGE 390]

THE opportunity offered of visiting the Emperor at his country residence in Tartary was highly gratifying to the Ambassador and his suite. This part of the work will be read with peculiar pleasure. The reception of his Excellency was particularly flattering to himself and his nation. But our limits will not admit of such copious extracts.

Our learned author appears to have been a very careful observer of the minutest circumstances that fell in his way. The following remarks are curious. 'The Chinese have no Sunday, nor even such a division as a week. The temples are, however, open every day for the visits of devotees. Persons of that description have, from time to time, made grants, though to no great amount, for the maintenance of their clergy; but no lands are subject to ecclesiastical tithes. A land-tax to Government has been substituted, in the last reign, to a poll-tax, as better proportioned to the faculties of individuals. Most imports, and all luxuries, are likewise taxed; but the duty being added to the original price of the article, is seldom distinguished from it by the consumer. A transit duty is laid, likewise, on goods passing from one province to another. Each province in China, which may be compared to an European kingdom, is noted, chiefly, for the production of some particular article, the conveyance of which, to supply the demand for it in the others, raises this duty to a considerable sum, and forms the great internal commerce of the Empire. Presents from the tributaries and subjects of the Emperor, and the confiscations of opulent criminals, are not overlooked in enumerating the resources of the public treasury. Taxes, such as upon rice, are received in kind. The several species of grain, on which many of the poorer classes of the people principally subsist, are exempted from taxation; so is wheat, to which rice is always preferred by the Chinese.'

The account of the fishing-bird is remarkable. 'This bird is a species of the Pelican, and resembles the common Cormorant. On a large lake [passed by the Embassy] are thousands of small boats and rafts, built entirely for this species of fishery. On each boat, or raft, are ten or a dozen birds, which, at a signal from the owner, plunge into the water; and it is astonishing to see the enormous size of fish with which they return, grasped within their bills. They appeared to be so well trained, that it did not require either ring or cord about their throats to prevent them from swallowing any portion of their prey, except what the master was pleased to return to them for encouragement and food. The boat used by these fishermen is of a remarkable light make, and is often carried to the lake, together with the fishing birds, by the men who are there to be supported by it.'

We shall add to this the singular account of catching water-fowl.

'Empty jars, or gourds, are suffered to float about upon the water, that such objects may become familiar to the birds. The fisherman then wades

into the lake with one of those empty vessels upon his head, and walks gently towards a bird; and lifting up his arm, draws it down below the surface of the water, without any disturbance, or giving alarm to the rest, several of whom he treats in the same manner, until he fills the bag he has brought to hold his prey.'

The agility of the Chinese is thus exemplified. 'The watermen were uncommonly expert; and it was not unusual to see a large boat entirely managed by one man, who rowed, sailed, steered, and smoked his pipe at the same time. He held the sheet or strong rope belonging to the sail with one hand, he steered the boat with the other, and with his foot he pulled an oar, which he feathered at every stroke, as neatly as could be done by the hand.'

The tea-plant, and its process, is rather concisely, but clearly described.

'On the sides and tops of earthen embankments, dividing the garden grounds and groves of oranges, the tea-plant was, for the first time, seen growing, like a common shrub, scattered carelessly about. In China, wherever it is regularly cultivated, it rises, from the seed sown in rows, at the distance of about four feet from each other, in land kept free from weeds. It is seldom sown on flat or marshy ground, which is reserved for rice. Vast tracks of hilly land are planted with it, particularly in the province of Fochien. Its perpendicular growth is impeded, for the convenience of collecting its leaves, which is done first in spring, and twice afterwards, in the course of the summer. Its long and tender branches spring up, almost from the root, without any intervening naked trunk. It is bushy, like a rose-tree, and the expanded petals of the flower bear some resemblance to that of the rose. Every information received concerning the tea-plant concurred in affirming that its qualities depended both upon the soil in which it grew, and the age at which the leaves were plucked off the tree, as well as upon the management of them afterwards. The largest and oldest leaves, which are the least esteemed, and destined for the use of the lowest classes of the people, are often exposed to sale, with little previous manipulation, and still retaining that kind of vegetable taste, which is common to most fresh plants, but which vanishes in a little time; whilst the more essential flavour, characteristic of each particular vegetable, remains long without diminution. The young leaves undergo no inconsiderable preparation before they are delivered to the purchaser. Every leaf passes through the fingers of a female, who rolls it up almost to the form it had assumed before it became expanded in the progress of its growth. It is afterwards placed upon thin plates of earthenware, or iron, made much thinner than can be executed by artists out of China. It is confidently said in the country, that no plates of copper are ever employed for that purpose. Indeed, scarcely any utensil used in China is of that metal, the chief application of which is for coin. The earthen or iron plates are placed over a charcoal fire, which draws all remaining moisture from the leaves, rendering them dry and crisp. The colour and astringency of green tea is thought to be derived from the early period at which the leaves are plucked, and which, like unripe fruit, are generally green and acrid. The tea is packed in large chests, lined with very thin plates of lead, and the dried leaves of some large vegetable. It is too true, that the tea is pressed down into those chests by the naked feet of Chinese labourers, as grapes are pressed by the wooden shoes of European peasants; in which last case, the juices are purified by the subsequent fermentation. Notwithstanding this uncleanly operation of Chinese packers, the upper ranks in China are as fond of tea as the people are, and particularly solicitous in their choice of it. That of a good quality is dearer in Pekin than in London.'

'A plant, very like the tea, flourished, at this time, on the sides and the very tops of mountains, where the soil consisted of little more than frag-

ments of stone, crumbled into a sort of coarse earth by the joint action of the sun and rain. The Chinese call this plant Cha-whaw, or flower of tea, on account of the resemblance of one to the other; and because its petals, as well as the entire flowers of Arabian Jessamine, are sometimes mixed among the teas, in order to increase their fragrance. This plant, the Cha-whaw, is the *Camellia-sasanqua* of the botanists, and yields a nut, from whence is expressed an esculent oil, equal to the best which comes from Florence. It is cultivated on this account in vast abundance; and is particularly valuable from the facility of its culture, in situations fit for little else.

The Chinese agriculture engaged a very close attention, and is fully and ingeniously described. What surprises us most in this relation, is the prodigious statement of the populousness of China. All the accounts hitherto given of this wonderful empire agree in describing it as crowded with people. But no former traveller has come up to the declaration of the present. Yet the authority from whence it comes is unquestionable. According to the statement of Chow-ta-zhin, we find that the number of inhabitants in the fifteen provinces was 333,000,000.

One of the most curious articles in this multifarious work is the learned and ingenious disquisition on the Chinese language. We do not remember to have seen this profound and pleasing subject treated with so much perspicuity before.

We could have multiplied quotations from these interesting volumes; but being apprehensive that such a length of review must be tedious, added to the consideration, that the work itself ought to be read, to form any clear idea of its merits, we shall here close our report.

An Address to the People of Great Britain, by R. Watson, Bishop of Landaff. Faulder. Price 1s.

THE very general circulation of this pamphlet renders an analysis of it superfluous. We shall therefore only mention the principal heads and arguments.

The author takes it for granted that peace is totally unattainable; that the French are resolved to use every effort to reduce, and even ruin, this country. On this assumption, in which most people, tho' not all, concur, he founds his reasoning and his exhortations. In the same plain; manly arguments he points out the designs of French ambition, and the necessity of vigorous efforts to oppose them, as he had formerly shewn the mischiefs of French infidelity, and the expediency of opposing its influence. Like Demosthenes,—while he demonstrates the danger, to rouse our exertions,—he shews our resources, to encourage our hopes of success from vigorous conduct. Our resources he classes under two general heads:—the property of the country and the spirit of the people. He approves of the assessments that have been lately made, and recommends much greater contributions. He gives a short summary of the different constituents of property, and proves that it will bear great additional imposts. His plan of paying off the national debt in a few years is the plan of at least a bold mind, disregarding half measures and temporary expedients. At the same time, we doubt the practicability, or principles of justice, of some of the means which he proposes for giving it effect.

'I consider (he says) the property of men united in society so far to belong to the state, that any portion of it may be justly called for by the legislature, for the promotion of the common good; and it is then most equitably called for, when all individuals, possessing property of any kind, contribute in proportion to their possessions.' To this principle (the same indeed as that of Johnson in his 'Taxation no Tyranny'), that the supreme legislature of a country has a right to the disposal of the property of its subjects, we cannot

yield an unqualified assent. We may admit it with modifications. In applying this as a general principle of taxation, he argues the expediency of taxing the funds. The very great ability of the writer makes us regret, that he does not bestow a greater portion of his pamphlet on the discussion of this very important subject. His reasoning on it is very short, and in fact does not apply to all the circumstances of the case. He does not explain the two relations in which the British stock-holder stands, as a creditor to the public and a member of the community; nor does he evince that part of his *RIGHT* as a creditor ought to be sacrificed to his *DUTY* as a British subject. His Lordship does not explain whether he would have *foreign* creditors contribute part of their property to the good of *this* nation. From his general position we may infer he would not, as these are not united with us in society.

In considering the second class of our resources, after going over the courage of our soldiers and sailors, and the zeal of the majority of the people for our present constitution, he takes notice of those classes which are by many supposed to be so much disaffected, that they would join the enemy, if the country were invaded. He reasons with the liberality of a philosopher: he thinks that every man of property and character, however desirous of reform in the state, or change in the church, would unite against the common enemy. He demonstrates it to be the interest of other European powers to counteract the ambitious views of France. He gives a very able historical account of the arts of infidels to overturn religion, and of levellers to overturn all regular government. Both, he maintains, concur in the sophistry of arguing from *partial abuses* against *general advantage*. Abuses, and great abuses, he admits to have existed in France.

With respect to Government, he says, 'admitting that there is a natural equality among mankind, does it follow, that there may not be, that there ought not to be, an instituted inequality? May not men relinquish the liberty of a state of nature, to enjoy the comfort and obtain the security of a state of society? Can there be no just government, because there is and has been much oppression in the world? No political freedom in Britain, because there was, during the monarchy, little in France? Ought rich men to be plundered, and men of rank degraded, because a few may have been found in every station, who have abused their pre-eminence, or misapplied their wealth? Is the Christian religion to be ridiculed as more absurd than Paganism, or vilified as less credible than Mahometanism—to be represented as impious and abominable, because men have granted indulgencies, worshipped images, erected inquisitions, and roasted honest men, contrary to the precepts of Christ and the practice of the apostles? As well might it be argued, that there ought to be no wine, because some may become drunkards; no meat, because some may become gluttons; no air, no fire, no water, because these natural sources of general felicity may accidentally become instruments of partial calamity.'

This pamphlet has, we believe, been generally, and deserves to be universally read.

The Voice of Truth to the People of England. Rivingtons. 1s. 6d.

THE author, in a very animated address, exhorts his countrymen to unanimity, vigour, and a sacrifice of part of their property for the security of the whole. He paints, in very glowing colours, the character, motives, and views of the French Government. He has adopted the enthusiastic opinion of the illustrious Burke, that we ought NEVER to make peace with Regicides.

Although we think this doctrine the effusion of passion, and not the deduction of wisdom, we agree with the author, that the present exigency demands very strenuous exertions. We think his arguments, from the present situation of affairs, to establish the necessity of energetic efforts, just and forcible, and the pamphlet of a seasonable and beneficial tendency.

From the following specimen, the reader will, we think, form no unfavourable judgment of the merits of the work.

‘Observe, my countrymen, I set out with deprecating the erroneous notion, that this is a time for considering whether the war were originally well or ill-founded; whether it were a matter of choice, or necessity; whether it were, or were not, misconducted. If it were commenced in error, and misconducted in its progress, your duty to yourselves requires that, now you are acting on the defensive, you should exert your utmost vigour. You are now at war, on the defensive, in very disadvantageous circumstances; and this stake not less than existence. It is now your business to consider, not how it began, but how it shall end; not to debate whether, in 1792, you committed an act of aggression on France, or she on you; but whether, in 1798, you will tamely suffer yourselves to be destroyed by France: not to brood with fruitless lamentation and vindictive malignity over the calamities you have sustained, but to search for means to secure your future successes.’

A Sermon preached at Monkwell-street Meeting-house, October 16th, 1796, on Occasion of the Death of Dr. James Fordyce, formerly Pastor of that Congregation, by James Lindsay Johnson, 1s. 6d.

THE subject of this sermon is the general character of a christian pastor, with a particular account of the ministry of that able and good man on whose death it was preached. It is the production of a well-informed, comprehensive understanding, inspired by liberal sentiments. He considers Christianity as a most excellent system of practical piety and morality; and the end of the christian ministry to be the explanation of its doctrines, and the impression of its precepts, motives, and sentiments, for the promotion of the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind: he estimates the constitution, and the individual characters of its members, by their tendency to the attainment of these important objects.

‘What,’ says he, ‘is the end of the Christian ministry, according to the design of the office on its first appointment? Is it not to spread the knowledge of its doctrines among the people, and to insure, as far as human means can ensure, its reception and effect? Is it not to remove, by candid appeal, the causes which obstruct its progress, and to open the hearts of men to embrace it, in the love thereof? Is it not to present, from time to time, such views of this high dispensation of divine grace to a sinful world, as may inspire them with love to God, and to one another; as may render them more active in the discharge of duty, more impregnable against the assaults of temptation; more independent of the world, in respect of happiness, and more resigned, in all circumstances, to the appointments of infinite Wisdom? Is it not, in short, to lead the weary and heavy-laden to those sources of never-failing consolation, which mitigate the evils of mortality; and to make them triumph in the thought, that they shall quit ere long this vale of tears, to follow those good men, who have been their guides in the way of wisdom, and are their fore-runners to the mansions of glory?’ The author avows himself inimical to all civil establishments of religion; and though we by no means concur in this conclusion. candour obliges us to declare, that we think the arguments which he adduces to establish it, combine moderation and ingenuity. On the whole, though we do not approve of his antimonarchical notions, we think the sermon displays habits of accurate composition, knowledge, ability, and liberality, and recommend it to the perusal of all those readers, who can bear piety, morality, and reasoning, though not squared exactly by the rule of St. Athanasius.

POETRY.

VERSES,

Written amongst the Ruins of an ancient Abbey.

Exces-ere omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
Dii, quibus imperium hoc steterat---
Virg. *Æncid.* lib. ii. v. 351.

WHERE is that ardent spirit fled?
Instinctively I cry'd---
As JULIA o'er the piles I led,
Of fall'n monastic pride:
'Where is that ardent spirit fled,
Which, at Religion's call,
Rear'd this high mansion's ponderous head,
And stretch'd the sculptur'd wall?
'Within these bounds---alas! how chang'd,
That ardent spirit blaz'd:
In power and priestly pomp it rang'd,
While prostrate votaries gaz'd.
'Thro' the long aisles, now mouldering fast
Ecch eve the solemn train,
In sainted vestments, awful pass'd;
And swell'd the pealing strain.
'High, in yon east, the altar shone,
With Heav'n's own glory crown'd;
The Godhead there a-sum'd the throne,
Whilst angels trembled round!
'Now ruthless Time the fabric bends;
The scatter'd fragments spread;
The prostrate ruin wide extends---
Alas! the spirit's fled.'
Turning, I gaz'd on JULIA's face,
And saw the trembling tear,
When startling Fancy heard the pace
Of stalking footsteps near.
From the deep shade of cavern vile
Arose, or seem'd to rise,
The wither'd Genius of the pile,
And bent his pensive eyes.
'Strangers,' he cried, 'whose soften'd
hearts
Throb o'er this wasted scene,
Oh seize the instance that imparts
Conviction's precept keen.
'High o'er the land this temple tow'r'd,
In splendor, zeal, and fame;
Insatiate Time his vial pour'd,
And Ruin grasp'd the frame.
'Such the condition of our state;
Unsparing Time strikes wide.
E'en charms like your's must yield to fate.'
My JULIA blush'd and sigh'd.
'Then seize the moments ere they're lost;
Too much the heart's annoy'd;

Make of this transient scenè the most;
Life's doubled that's enjoy'd.

'Ah! let not Beauty waste its prime,
But taste while yet it may;
For slow behind walks hoary Time,
To close the chequer'd day.'

He said, and to the cavern drear
He measur'd back his pace;
Whilst hope, commix'd with struggling fear,
Suffus'd my JULIA's face.

Oh! JULIA, raise thy timid soul,
Join me in Pleasure's strains;
Let's wisely drain Love's rosy bowl,
While th' ardent spirit reigns.

COSMO.

LINES,

SENT TO A LADY,

With the Sorrows of Werter, and some bombastic poems, by a person who signed himself
ORLANDO.

Go, Werter go, from beauty's brilliant
eyes,
Unhappy youth, full many a tender tear,
Bright as the gem that glows 'neath eastern
skies,
Shall fall in pity for thy fate severe.

Yet, lest the touching story of thy woe
Should carry pity to the verge of pain;
With these, shall blundering Furioso go,
And call the smile to each bright cheek
again. ALFRED.

THE SIGH.

WHAT speaks the meaning of the heart
More plain than words can e'er reveal;
Design'd by Nature to impart
The thought, which silence would conceal:

The doubtful sign of bliss or grief, [ploy;
When Love's sweet cares the soul em-
The friend that yields that soul relief,
The secret messenger of joy:

A language, to no clime confin'd,
Which time nor learning can improve,
Begun with life, with life resign'd,
The Child of Thought, begot by Love?

LINES
SPOKEN ON THE EXHIBITION
OF THE
MACHINERY
OF
WEARMOUTH BRIDGE

AT THE THEATRES OF DURHAM, SUNDER-
LAND, AND SCARBOROUGH.*

WHATEVER History, with aim sublime,
Laves from the rapid course of wasting
Time--- [ing age,
All that she treasures from the fleet-
To grace and dignify her future page;
First, by the timely Muse, with gentle
chain,
Is bound, conspicuous, in the local strain.
But chief, the Scenic Muse, with lifted
glass,
Reflects the vivid images that pass;
Gives to the Stage each incidental view,
To fix, embellish, and present anew.

This night, to aid the suitable design,
The Tuneful and the Graphic Muse con-
join:
With vocal efforts one exalts the strain,
And sings of Worth and Art's united reign;
While, with bold trace, and taints of
every hue,
The other brings the object to your view--
That object of each eye, theme of each
tongue,
On which your eager expectation hung,
From the auspicious day the work began,
To the completion of the awful plan.

You mark'd th' advancement of the great
design,
Fearful and pleas'd--as each increasing line
In compact Masonry progressive spread,
'Till the broad column rear'd its ponderous
head: [sight;
The lofty centres struck your wondering
With careful artists on the giddy height.
With hope and terror how you breathless
stood,
As the vast arch o'erhurling the rushing flood!
'Till the full fabric spread its ample store,
With giant arms embracing shore and shore.
To this stupendous work, by History
crow'd,
By Painting spread, by Poetry renown'd--
To him, whose patriot comprehensive
mind
Ardent conducted, what he wise design'd;
The Stage, with anxious energy, desires
To add the tribute gratitude inspires.

* For a full account of the magnificent and stupendous bridge built at Sunderland, of which a very elegant and comprehensive Series of Machinery was exhibited at the above places, see the Eighth Volume of our Magazine.

And, oh! while every voice re-echoes
praise,
Let us the hallow'd strains exulting raise,
Which, on the votive tablet, deep im-
prest,
Sacred, beneath the firm foundations rest.
For conscious now, we realise the strain--
'The work endures!--Our hope's not
form'd in vain!'

* The last line of the Inscription deposited under the Foundation Stone. See our Magazine, Vol. VIII. page 374.

DEMOCRATIC EFFUSIONS.

TO THE DEVIL.

O KING of Kings! (I mean all earthly
kings,
For others this free spirit never knew)
Attend thy bard---a bard who, peerless,
sings [more true,
Thy praise all-potent, and with heart
Than e'er he sang of Gods of other name:
Prime Sage, and Manager of High Re-
form!
Which some as ruin and rebellion blame;
Some, whose trite souls rise not above the
storm
Of finite chaos; nor behold, from high,
Death and Destruction, with untrou-
bled face.
Beings beneath disdain---a tedious race!
These I despise. My mind's unbaudag'd
eye,
Mocking all vulgar storms, all vulgar
strife,
Revolves a numerous world *without one sign
of life!*

TO

THOMAS PAINE.

PAINE, thou art great, as well thy name
portends: [ways
And I do love thee, and the numerous
By which thou trav'lest to thy various ends,
Where being endeth. These transcend
my praise.
Dost thou not rank among the veriest
friends
Of poor Humanity, in these our days?
Nought but the knowledge, that thy spirit
blends
With 'all of modern date,' had wak'd
these lays.
They wake sincerely. As the high veil
rends [stupid gaze,
From things which once arous'd our
I do rejoice, to see how all this tends
To thy great purpose: great beyond
amaze:
And as great Erskine said, I say again,
'He ne'er knew pleasure who has not
known Paine!' A DEMOCRAT,

PARODY.

A SCOTS ODE ON THE DRUM.

I Love that drum's harmonious sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it much more pleasure yields
Than crowded cities or green fields:
Gladly I'd leave their boasted charms,
To hear the din of hostile arms:
And proud of honour's high commands,
Would march, and fight, and fall in fo-
reign lands.

I love that drum's harmonious sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it tells the charming story
Of War, of Conquest, and of Glory:
Of fields of carnage just begun,
Or ending with the setting sun:
While o'er the sorrow'd squadrons bright
Fine-crested Victory burst upon thesight.

ALFRED.

PETITION

OF THE

OXFORD LADIES.

WRITTEN BY DEAN SWIFT,

*At the time of the Commencement at Oxford, in
the Year 1713, and not inserted in any Edi-
tion of his Works.*

THE humble petition of the ladies who
are all ready to be eaten up with the
spleen,
To think they are to be lock'd up in the
chancel, where they can neither see
nor be seen;
But must sit in the dumps by themselves,
all stew'd and pent up,
And can only peep thro' the lattice like so
many chickens in a coop;
Whereas, last Commencement the ladies
had a gallery provided near enough
To see the Heads sleep, and the Fellow
Commoners take snuff.
'Tis true for every particular, how 'twas
order'd we can't certainly know,
Because none of us can remember so long
as sixteen years ago.
Yet we believe they were more civil to the
ladies then, a good reason why,
For if we all staid at home, your Com-
mencement would not be worth a fly:
For at Oxford last year---this is certainly
matter of fact,
That the sight of the ladies and the music
made the best part of their act.
Now you should consider some of us have
been at very great expence
To rig ourselves out in order to see the
Doctors'commence:
We've been forc'd with our mantua-mak-
ers to hold many a consultation,
To know whether mourning or colours
would be most like to be in fashion;
We've sent to town to know what kind of
hoods and ruffles the ladies wore,
And have rais'd the price of whalebone
higher than 'twas before;

We've got intelligence from church, the
side-box, and the ring,
And to grace St. Mary's now, would'nt
make our cloaths up in the spring.
In flounces and furbelows many experi-
ments have been try'd,
And many an old gown and petticoat new
scour'd and dy'd.
Some of us for these three months have
scarce been able to rest,
For studying what sort of complexion
would become us best;
And several of us have almost pinch'd our-
selves to death with going straight
lac'd,
That we might look fuller in the chest, and
more slender in the waist.
And isn't it now intolerable after all this
pains and cost,
To be coop'd up out of sight, and have all
our finery lost?
Such cross ill-natur'd doings as these,
even a saint would vex,
To see a Vice Chancellor so barbarous to
those of its own sex.
We've endeavour'd to know the reason of
all this to the utmost of our power,
What has made the Doctors contrive to
take us all down a peg lower,
And we find 'tis only because their wigs
were disobligh'd by a warm shower.
As for that misfortune, the ladies may e'en
thank the Prevaricator,
Who was so extremely arch, they were
ready to burst with laughter,
But now we've got hoop'd, and can very
easily hold water.'

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN ON THE REPRESENTATION OF
ENGLAND PRESERVED.

WHEN Persia's Tyrant to the Athenian
coast
Sent forth, indignant, his Barbarian Host,
At Freedom's call, a firm and faithful
band
Undaunted rose, to guard their native land;
Their valour forc'd unnumber'd foes to
yield,
Pursu'd o'er Marathon's immortal field.
When Rome, superior to the storms of
Fate, [gate,
Saw Afric's Chieftain thundering at her
With stedfast soul she brav'd th' impend-
ing blow,
Nor stoop'd to parley with her hated foe.
Lives there a Briton, blest with Freedom's
laws, [cause?
Less firm, less faithful to his Country's
Breathes there a soul, which patriot zeal
inspires, [fires?
But feels her wrongs, and glows with equal
While, with gigantic strides, o'er Europe's
plains
Fell Rapine stalks, and Desolation reigns.
While fierce Oppression, with insulting
claim, [dom's name,
Mocks Freedom's rights, yet rules in Free-

This envied Isle alone its fury braves,
Safe in her valiant Sons and circling waves:
Crown'd with the bliss that genuine Freedom knows, [Foes,
She spurns th' insidious boon of treacherous
And hears, unmov'd, the gathering tempest roar, [girl shore.
Though hosts unnumber'd threat her sea-

Oh then! let each prepare with dauntless heart,
At Britain's call, to act a Briton's part!
Ye generous Youths, whom active vigour fires,
Stand forth, and emulate our glorious Sires!
Inspir'd, like them, your Country's rights to shield,
Remember Agincourt's and Blenheim's field!
Ye titled Great, display your native worth,
Let valour vindicate the claims of birth!
Ye sons of Wealth, with bounty cheer the train [main!
Who guard our shores, and triumph on the
Ye Pair, for whom we toil, for whom we bleed, [deed!
With smiles reward each high distinguish'd
So shall one heart, one soul inspire all,
Bravely to conquer, or as bravely fall:
So, crown'd with Victory, may our labours cease,
And reap its harvest in the fruits of Peace.

ÉPILOGUE

TO

KNAVE OR NOT.

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

Author of the Monk, Castle Spectre, &c.

I AM angry!--quite angry!--the whole
of this night [spite!
I've been ready to burst with vexation and
And now am come hither in haste, to disclose [my nose!
Why grief swells my bosom, and reddens
In hopes a new road to your favour to find,
The mask of Thalia I lately resign'd;
And, undaunted by prejudice, fashion, or scandal,
Melpomene's dagger I ventur'd to handle.
My heroic exertions, the truth to confess,
By the public's indulgence were crown'd
with success; [seiz'd,
For, when with distraction my bosom was
I'm sure you all seem'd to be mightily pleas'd,
When my poniard I drew, you applauded [the action;
And, whenever I murder'd, showed great satisfaction. [night
Then is it not hard, that our Author to-
Should have dragged me at once from my tragical height?
My Bristol-stone dagger away has he ta'en;
He has cut off four yards of my white satin train, [season,
And presumptuously begs, for the rest of the
That I'd try to amuse you with nature and reason!

This prayer, I protested, I never could grant;
I had ranted and raved, and would still rave and rant; [he had plann'd,
And I told him, this part, which for me Was not half enough furious, terrific, or grand. [the part;
I see 'ot one Ghost through the whole of Cannot once find a place for a Tragedy start: [not tend;
My bosom I beat not; my locks must Nor murder one man from beginning to end!
My displeasure and anger resolv'd to display, [day;
I call'd at the door of our Author, one Was admitted--sat down--clear'd my voice--furl'd my fan--
Put my critical face on, and gravely began.
Says I--' Mr. Thingummy, plainly to speak,
' Your hold on the public opinion is weak;
' For your canvas presents neither Demons nor Witches;
' And your Villains appear in coat, waist-coat, and breeches! [change,
' Now let me advise you your subject to
' For something that's showy, terrific, and strange. [safely boast;
' That his play must succeed, may the bard
' Who opens the piece with a Song by a Ghost; [revels,
' But in popular plaudits unbounded he
' If he follows the Song with a Dance by two Devils. [effect,
' Observe too, you'll greatly increase the
' If your colours with caution and taste
if you select: [attack,
' Thus, to make on the feelings a serious
' Let your Spectres be white, and your Servants be black; [new scene,
' And, to finish the whole with a striking
' Let a Pompadour Prince wed a Coquelicot Queen. [Daggers and Rage;
' Give us Lightning and Thunder, Flames,
' With events that ne'er happen'd, except on the Stage: [door engulf her,
' When a Spectre departs, through a trap--
' Burn under her nose too some brimstone and sulphur; [our view;
' Let Magicians and Monsters be pour'd on
' And stick on your Villains a beard of pale blue!"*
My remonstrance was vain---He asserts, you can be [and nature you see,
Well-pleas'd, when good-sense, mirth,
Though this play should not leave you half dead with affright: [be right.
And I heartily pray that the man may
As for me (though I'm sorry, my part won't permit [the Pit),
Me to squall at a Spectre, and frighten I hope you'll allow this performance has merit, [without spirit;
And though without Ghost, think 'tis not
Which Spirit on Monday, escaping from Styx, [past six,
Will appear in this place---at a quartet.

* Alluding to the Romance of Blue-Beard.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Jan. 25. **A** NEW Comedy was produced this evening, under the title of **KNAVE OR NOT**, said to be written by Mr. Holcroft, author of several dramatic pieces.

The plot of this play is shortly as follows: Admiral Rowland, on his death-bed, appointed two executors and guardians of his infant daughter, Aurelia. They resolve to divide her fortune, and bring up the orphan in obscurity. The play opens when she is twenty years of age, and when she is received into the family of one of her treacherous guardians, now become Sir Job Ferment, a humble companion to Lady Ferment. A son of Sir Job, by a former marriage, becomes enamoured of Aurelia, and their affection is reciprocal. Harry Monrose, who calls himself Count, and who is the tutor of Jonas, the favourite son of Sir Job and the present Lady Ferment, discovers the iniquity of the guardians, and resolves to turn it to his own account; and he brings to town his sister, Susan Monrose, to assist him in his design.—This girl, an ingenious, simple-hearted creature, will not abet any thing like roguery, and he is counteracted by her virtue. The plot, however, proceeds, and is artfully managed. Sir Guy, the brother of the other guardian, is also a man of inflexible honour, though of whimsical manners, and his house is the asylum of Aurelia, when she flies from that of Sir Job.—Jonas, the darling son of Lady Ferment, a youth of the Tony Lumpkin school, falls in love with Susan Monrose; and the piece concludes, of course, with the exposure of the villainy of the executors, and the happiness of the lovers.

In the conduct of the fable there is very considerable dramatic art. If we were to regard only the regularity of the plan, and the skill with which the materials are made to tend progressively to one point; the incidents to support each other; and the integrity with which the distinct characters are preserved, we should say that the author must be very conversant with the drama, and an adept in stage composition; but if we were to view it on the side of the indiscreet mixture of abstract doctrines with which the dialogue is charged, we should attribute it to some young and ardent writer, who having read the bold licence of the theatre, in the manly times of the British drama, had caught its fervour, and determined to lash our vices as our forefathers used to lash them. Some expressions of Sir Guy, even in the second act, roused the quick sensibility of a jealous audience; and though the irony soon melted into the most pathetic tenderness, the shock was given to suspicion, and it eagerly watched, criticised, and even tortured every subsequent sentence. It is certain, however, that many passages were highly injudicious. A dramatic writer has no business, in Comedy, with any thing but the follies and the foibles of the age; its crimes must be corrected and its character vindicated in a more solemn tribunal. The passages, however, to which we allude, are few; they make no part of the genuine texture of the fable, and are not even features of any one of its characters.

The character of Susan Monrose is new to the Stage; and it was represented by Mrs. Jordan with such force and simplicity as to be irresistible in its effect upon the heart. None of the other characters had the recommendation of novelty; but they were well employed; and though the Comedy has nothing striking in its wit or epigram, yet it is not debased by that vile substitute for spirit, buffoonery.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Feb. 9. The Manager of this Theatre, with a laudable spirit of patriotism, devoted the profits of the entertainments this night to the Voluntary Subscription for the defence of the country. The dramatic piece represented on this occasion was the historical play of 'ENGLAND PRESERVED,' brought forward three or four years ago, and written by Mr. Watson, first clerk of the Irish House of Commons.

A convivial little entertainment was introduced between the play and farce, which consisted chiefly of loyal songs and popular sentiments. The company in this interlude was composed entirely of seamen. The first toast was '*Our Gracious Master, the King,*' which was received by the audience with repeated bursts of applause:—The next was '*The Sailor's Friend, Admiral Lord Bridport.*' The applause which accompanied this toast exceeded any thing of the kind we ever before witnessed: the extacy with which it was received begat an enthusiasm which did not subside for a considerable time: on the name of Bridport being pronounced, every person in the house rose, and looking towards his Lordship, the gentlemen in the boxes waved their hats several times, and cheered the naval hero with a grateful exultation, that compelled the noble Admiral to come forward, and return the compliment with several venerable and graceful bows. The third toast was '*Lord Hood and Lord Duncan,*' which was received in a manner nearly as flattering as the preceding one; and Lord Hood, who was in the same box with Lord Bridport, found himself under the necessity of coming forward to return thanks to the house. The fourth was '*Earl Howe and Earl St. Vincent.*' This toast was also received with extatic applause, but neither of the gallant Admirals being present, the manifestations were not of very long duration. The entertainment concluded with the musical farce of the '*POOR SAILOR,*' in which '*the Lord Mayor and the City of London*' were toasted with considerable effect. The performers all exerted themselves to the utmost of their abilities, and universal plaudits crowned the whole of their exertions. Inledon, Munden, and Mrs. Martyr, were particularly happy, and of course received the distinguishing marks of approbation. A prologue was spoken before the play, which will be found among our poetry.

Feb. 12. A new grand historical Ballet, called '*JOAN OF ARC, or the MAID OF ORLEANS,*' formed the novelty of this evening. It is principally taken from historical facts; and Shakespeare, in his First Part of Henry VI. having dramatised the principal incidents and characters, the following sketch of the business will suffice:

'Joan of Arc and her sister Blanche, being placed in the power of the English troops besieging Orleans, became both enamoured of young Talbot: he prefers Blanche, which urges Joan to revenge; and then, by employing magic, she is gifted by Lucifer, for a stated time, with supernatural power, which she employs against the English with success. In the midst of her triumphs her power is crushed by the superior influence of courage and virtue, and she is consigned a victim to the fiend, whose agency she solicited. Then Britannia, seated in the clouds, attended by Commerce, Plenty, and Neptune, beholds a Grand Historical Pageant, illustrative of British Heroism.'

This spectacle, like every thing of the same nature, was very imperfect on its first representation; but the design is of so excellent a nature, and the execution on the whole so superb, that the admirers of a classical and historical arrangement experienced abundant gratification in the magnificent and impressive exhibitions with which the piece abounds. The manner in which it has been got up is highly creditable to the Manager. The dresses,

scenery, and decorations are in the first style of elegance and grandeur ; it is calculated to become an universal favourite, and will, we doubt not, amply requite the Manager for the additional proof which he has thus given of his desire to afford entertainment, as well rational as splendid, to an encouraging public.

The last scene consisted chiefly of a grand historical pageant, illustrative of the former patriotic glory of the British Monarchs, which was received throughout with animated applause.

Feb. 13. The Dramatic novelty of this night is a Comedy, entitled ' **HE'S MUCH TO BLAME,**' written by Mr. Fenwick, who has hitherto been unknown in the regions of Literature. The following is a sketch of the fable.

Lord Vibrate, according to the import of his name, is a reflecting but an unsteady character, whose negative principle of action is not to form a determination upon any subject, yet who is ever determining, and ever contradicting his determinations. He had promised his daughter, Lady Jane, to Mr. Delaval, a gentleman of the purest honour, who is attached to her, and who is the object of her affections. As Delaval is, however, of too grave a turn to suit Lady Vibrate, a rantipole woman of quality, she persuades her husband to allot her daughter to Sir G. Versatile, a lively man of fashion, who adapts himself to the humour of all he approaches. Sir George had been protected in his youth by the father of Delaval, and a passion had prevailed between him and Delaval's sister ; but when Sir George unexpectedly came to the possession of a good fortune and the title of Baronet, he forsakes Miss Delaval, and plunges into the vortex of fashionable gaiety. The charms of Lady Jane Vibrate, however, attract him, and he is a candidate for her hand. The unhappy Miss Delaval assumes the male attire, and, accompanied by a female servant, visits London in pursuit of her lover. She happens to take her abode in the same hotel in which the Vibrate family reside, and to this same hotel her brother resorts. Mr. Delaval strongly resents the insult his sister had received, in the desertion of Sir George, which he considers as a dishonour to his family, and which he has resolved to efface with the blood of her perfidious lover. By the aid of a Domino, which Sir George has sent to the hotel, for the purpose of attending Lady Jane Vibrate to the masquerade, Miss Delaval obtains an interview with her lover, whom she brings to some degree of remorse, by the softness of her complaints and the tone of her voice, which, though he supposes her a man, reminds him of the voice of his former mistress. Miss Delaval, on retiring, finds that her brother is in the house, and returns in great agony, knowing his intentions, intreating Lady Jane not to let Sir George and Mr. Delaval know the name of each other. The danger of a discovery in this respect produces a scene peculiarly interesting, and which is managed with great dexterity. At length, however, Delaval discovers Sir George, reproaches him bitterly for misconduct, and gives him a challenge. Sir George desires to know the name of his antagonist, but Delaval declines to give the information till the time of determined hostility shall arrive. In the interim Miss Delaval again meets Sir George at the masquerade, and awakens in his heart the keenest agonies, at the sense of the injuries he had inflicted. In the conflict of her feelings, she at length faints, and is discovered. Sir George is then thoroughly repentant, and all his affection for Miss Delaval revives. He has, however, the debt of honour still to settle with his unknown antagonist. At the time appointed, Mr. Delaval arrives, and before he will avow himself to Sir George, he gives an interesting picture of Sir George's early life—of the protection which he received from the late Mr. Delaval—of the attachment of Miss Delaval towards Sir George, and his

base desertion. Finally, he acknowledges himself her brother, and demands immediate arbitration by the sword, or a paper from Sir George, acknowledging the whole of his misconduct, subscribed by his own hand. Sir George refuses the ignominious paper, but determines not to raise his hand against the life of his mistress's brother, resolving rather to sacrifice his own to the vengeance of his implacable adversary. At length, however, his reflections convince him that he has done wrong, and since he cannot, by reasoning, subdue the obstinacy of his opponent, he determines to conquer his own pride, and sign the confession of his guilt. This unexpected concession at once softens the rage of Delaval, who considers him as a brother. The rest of the *Dramatis Personæ*, who had been under alarm respecting the duel, soon arrive, and the piece, of course, concludes with the marriages between Sir George and Miss Delaval, and Mr. Delaval and Lady Jane.

This Comedy is lively without extravagance. It is written by a man who knows the progress and the conflicts of the passions, and who seems desirous to foster the amiable affections. There is much pleasantry in the dialogue, and considerable interest in the progress of the fable.

One singular merit which the Comedy possesses must not pass unnoticed. It does not attempt to impose upon the imagination at the expence of the understanding, by an idle, though popular, display of flimsy bustle and unmeaning trick. The incidents spring with propriety from the plot, and not one of them is calculated to excite pantomimic applause. The success of the piece is, therefore, a compliment to the good sense of the public; and shews, that though they may lavish for an instant temporary applause on perishable compositions, they can, when one with just pretensions to approbation is offered to their decision, be sensible of its value, and vindicate their claims to taste and discrimination.

The only objectionable passage throughout the piece is the manner in which the Doctor discovers that Miss Delaval, in her virile habit, is a woman. This discovery might easily be accomplished without making the Doctor perceive her sex, in attempting, while she is fainting, to untie her neck-cloth.

The levity of Sir George seems not to correspond with the description of his character at an earlier time of life, and he hardly seems a lover fit for the refined and tender Miss Delaval; but the author, doubtless, intended to shew the mischievous power of prosperity, and perhaps to insinuate that the best women have strange whims in their choice of men.

The character of Lord Vibrate seems to be the chief attempt at novelty; his resolutions and counter-resolutions succeed each other too rapidly for probability; but in the present state of society and equality of manners, characters of mere life would not be marked with discriminations strong enough for dramatic purposes.

NEW PERFORMER.

Feb. 17. A young Lady made her first appearance on this stage, in the character of *The Country Girl*, which she performed in a style that would have done credit to a veteran. In face, person, expression, and action, she may be considered as being the picture of what Mrs. Jordan must have been at the age of seventeen, which are the years this daughter of *Thalia* has already numbered. She has a good clear voice, speaks articulately, and is a very neat, smart, active figure in breeches; and undoubtedly has taken her lessons in a good school. She was received throughout with the most general and unfeigned applause.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

REVOLUTION IN SWITZERLAND.

LAUSANNE, JAN. 11.

THE decree of the French Directory, securing individual liberty to the Citizens of the Pays de Vaud, has emboldened the friends of liberty. A petition has been drawn up, praying a general convocation of the States, or that a Commissioner should enquire into the complaints of the Communes. A Committee appointed by the Council of Two Hundred has reported, on this subject, that there is ground of complaint. They proposed, however, an address to the Sovereign (the Senate of Berne) praying a redress of grievances. The Senate, instead, sent Commissioners to exact an oath of fidelity. They were unsuccessful, most of the cities refusing to take the oath; so that the 10th of January may be deemed the era of a revolution in the Pays de Vaud, now called the Lemanic Republic.

The Diet of Arran, having proposed to renew the oath of alliance, the Cantons of Glaris and Appenzel have refused, as well as the Great Council of Basle.

Liesthal, already remarkable for patriotism, has presented a petition to the Grand Council, requiring,

1. Liberty and Equality, and an elective National Representation.
2. The union of the Towns and the Country, so as to form but one body, to be governed by the same laws.

JAN. 12. The Castle of Chillon, the Bastile of the Pays de Vaud, where Muller, Rosser, and so many other Patriots had been confined since 1791, by the State Inquisition, was taken by the Patriots of Vevay on the 10th, without effusion of blood.

18. The following Manifesto, entitled, 'Our Union forms our Power,' was addressed by the Citizens of the Country to the Burgesses of the Town of Basle.

'You know that the people of the country require their liberty. It is a right which they derive from God and Nature.

'During an age this right has been a stranger to the country inhabitants of the Canton of Basle, and we have been obliged to remain silent. We have been compelled to bend our heads under an Aristocratic yoke, which the Burgesses of the town of Basle have imposed upon us. How painful this must be to every true Swiss!

'We well know that your pretended rights are supported by alienations and titles. We know that the town of Basle purchased its subjects from ruined Princes or fanatical Priests. But can you persuade yourselves that the Rights of Man are alienable? You know, as well as we do, that claims and contracts rest solely on the right of the strongest, and on the force of arms, and that such pretensions have no reality but in the power of maintaining them. Your rights are not hereditary; we never subscribed your title-deeds: we never consented to them.

'We expect that our demand will receive your approbation. You will not oppose a confederation which has for its only object the general good, and which may even extend the limits of your civil liberty. If some must lose, others gain. Such is the fate of all Revolutions; and none ought to refuse the making of slight sacrifices, to procure important advantages.

'We know the secret of Revolutions as well as the force of arms: we know the means of propagating our principles---we leave you to think the rest. For ages it has been our only wish to defend our Country at the expence of our blood. Be not astonished, then, that we seek our liberty at the same price.

'Such is the Manifesto which we address to you, and to all the Universe. It depends only on you to favour the success of our enterprize. Reflect on the spirit of the times, and you will be convinced, that an imprudent resistance will occasion more violent means to be used, and excavate the abyss which must swallow up our unhappy Commune.'

The following Message, sent by the French Directory to the Council of Five Hundred on the 5th of February, will farther illustrate the cause and progress of a Revolution which has dissolved the venerable Helvetic Confederation.

Citizens Representatives, the Helvetic Oligarchy, which, since the commencement of the Revolution, has taken so active a part in all the secret machinations against liberty, and in all the plots formed for the destruction of the French Republic, has now filled up the measure of its crimes, by violating, in the persons of several of our brave brethren in arms, the most sacred laws of the rights of nations. The Executive Directory, in conformity with the 328th article of the Constitution, must acquaint you with every thing that has passed, and with the measures it has taken. The People of the Pays de Vaud, detached from Savoy in 1530, have for a long time groaned under the despotism of the Governments of Berne and Fribourg. That country, originally dismembered from France, formed under the Savoysian government a separate province, governed by the States in concert with a ducal Bailiff, whose prerogatives were circumscribed by constitutional laws. These laws, even in 1530, were despised and trod under foot by the patricians of Berne and Fribourg. In 1544, the Duke of Savoy renounced all pretensions to that country, but he formally stipulated that its constitution should be preserved; and on the 26th of April 1565, the French government constituted itself guarantee of this treaty, and consequently of the political rights of the Pays de Vaud. It is well known with how little delicacy the Governments of Berne and Fribourg constantly violated the social contract formed between them and the Vaudois, by these new treaties. The Vaudois, at different periods, remonstrated against that oppression to which they were victims; but force for a long time imposed silence on the multitude, and those among them who displayed more courage than the rest were proscribed. One of these was the brave General Laharpe, who, adopted by the French Republic, became one of its most intrepid defenders, and sealed with his blood, in the plains of Italy, the attachment which he had sworn to it. Liberty, however, was supported in the Pays de Vaud by numerous and strenuous friends, who at length determined to claim the protection due to them from the Republic, in virtue of the treaties of 1564 and 1565, both as the substitute of the *ci-devant* Duke of Savoy, and as replacing the ancient French Government.

Scarcely was the report of this claim spread abroad, when malevolence endeavoured to lay hold of it, and to insinuate in a public journal, that the Pays de Vaud, as a reward for its attachment to liberty, was to be detached from Switzerland, and incorporated with France.---These insinuations, which ascribed to the French Republic views of invasion contrary to its good faith, had evidently no other object than to alarm the Vaudois respecting the consequences of those steps which they might take for the recovery of their ancient rights. The Executive Directory took the first opportunity therefore of proving the falsity of them by a decree of the 27th Frimaire, which prohibited the journal that contained them, and by notifying what it had done to all the Helvetic cantons. On the 8th Nivose following, the Minister of Foreign Affairs gave an account to the Executive Directory of the claims which had been addressed to it, for re-establishing the Vaudois in the political rights hitherto guaranteed to them in vain by the treaties of 1564 and 1565; and the Directory the same day passed a decree, charging the Minister of the Republic to the Helvetic cantons, to declare to the Governments of Berne and Fribourg, that the Members of these Governments should be personally answerable for the individual safety and property of the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, who should, or might, in future address themselves to the French Republic, to obtain it, by its mediation, to be maintained or re-instated in all their rights, according to ancient treaties. This determination was the more urgent, since the Government of Berne, as it has itself acknowledged by its answer to an official remonstrance made to it by the Directory through its diplomatic agent, had already ordered a levy of militia to march against the French troops assembled in some places of the department of Mont Terrible, and had even caused to be arrested the deputies of those communes who had refused to take up arms against the Republic.

The Government of Berne had even proceeded farther. It had publicly enrolled emigrants, and given shelter to French requisitionaries and deserters; and it did

not dissemble its design of employing them to suppress by force the claims of the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud, and to direct them against the Republic.

These hostile dispositions were a sufficient warning to the Directory to take proper precautions. Orders were given for a division of the Army of Italy, which had acquired so many laurels under General Massena, to march on its way to France through Carouge, in order that it might proceed thence to the departments of l'Ain, Jura, and Doubs, for the purpose of watching the motions of the troops of Berne and Fribourg, and to be always prepared to repel every aggression. The event justified this precaution: on the 28th Nivose last, the General commanding at Carouge was informed by an official dispatch from the Committee of Nyon, invested with full powers by the Council of that town, that fourteen battalions, with the necessary artillery, were about to set out from Berne, against the country of the Pays de Vaud; and that over and above levies of troops were privately ordered in all the villages on the frontiers of that country, contrary to the positive promise which had been made to that Committee. Immediately after this notice the division under General Massena arrived. Menard, General of Brigade, who commanded in the absence of the General of Division, informed the Executive Directory, by a dispatch of the 8th Pluvoise (Feb. 1.) that there could be no doubt respecting the movements made by the Cantons of Berne and Fribourg to silence the claims of the Pays de Vaud; and that General de Weiss, invested with full powers from these Cantons, under the title of Commander in Chief of the Troops of Berne and Fribourg in the Pays de Vaud, had established his head-quarters at Yverdon, and was on the point of committing hostilities.--- The same day General Menard, agreeably to the instructions which he had received from the Executive Directory, sent a summons to General Weiss to draw off his troops, and to leave to the inhabitants of the Pays de Vaud the free exercise of their rights, claims, and applications; declaring, at the same time, that, in case of a refusal, he should be obliged to repel force by force, to put an end to resistance, and to pursue the authors of it. General Menard charged his Aid-du-camp, Citizen Autier, to carry this summons to General Weiss, at Yverdon, and the Aid-du-camp was accompanied by two hussars, whom the patriots of Mondon thought proper, when they passed through that town, to reinforce with an escort of two Vaudois dragoons. At the distance of two leagues from Yverdon, this officer being in a carriage, and consequently not in a state of aggression or even of defence, was suddenly attacked by a post of troops belonging to Berne. The two hussars who attended him immediately fell, bored through with balls; one of the Vaudois was wounded, his horse was killed under him, and Citizen Autier himself was saved merely by a kind of prodigy. On his return to Mondon, Aid-du-camp Autier found all the militia called out, and under arms: being informed of the attempt made against him, they flew to his assistance, and, with flambeaus in their hands, swore that they would set fire to the village which had been the theatre of this horrid attack. Citizen Autier used his utmost endeavours to check their vengeance, which might have involved the innocent with the guilty; and fortunately the conflagration, at first announced as already effected, was not carried into execution. The Militia of Mondon and Lausanne united themselves to drive from the village of Thieran the troops which had been guilty of the assassination. General Menard, when informed of these horrid crimes which had been committed, could not be ignorant of the real cause. The troops of Berne did not challenge the escort of his Aid-du-camp; they had not come out for the purpose of reconnoitering; they knew, besides, that he was to pass, because the horses had been ordered eight hours before. The open intention of assassinating an Envoy of the French Republic could not then be doubted. General Menard thought himself therefore obliged to cause his division to march, and next morning it entered the Pays de Vaud, preceded by a Proclamation to the inhabitants, a copy of which is here annexed. The troops of Berne and Fribourg have on their part entirely evacuated the Pays de Vaud. The Vaudois Militia, already very numerous, well organized, and commanded by able officers, are preparing to pursue them, and it appears that at this moment they threaten even Berne itself. The French troops have remained in the Pays de Vaud. Such, Citizens Representatives, was the state of things when the last dispatches were sent off for the Executive Directory; but we are assured that events have since taken place which may

render unnecessary those hostile measures which national honour, and the rights of nations so atrociously violated, might without doubt require on the part of the French Republic against the Governments of Berne and Fribourg. The Executive Directory considers it therefore to be its duty to confine itself at present to a simple relation of the above facts.

BARRAS, President---LAGARDE, Sec. General.

REVOLUTION IN HOLLAND.

HAGUE, JAN. 23.

A great and happy event---another 18th of Fructidor has taken place in Holland, which the friends of kings and furious demagogues were endeavouring to tear to pieces. This new revolution has been effected without effusion of blood, pillage, or disorder. The following are the details: the party of patriots having for some time gathered strength, the most distinguished resolved to sign what they called the Constitutional Symbol, that is, a paper containing the general principles, which, in their opinion, ought to serve as the basis of the Constitution, and for the immediate formation of a Provisional Government. On the 2d Pluviose, every thing being previously concerted, orders were given for the arrest of six Members of the Committee of Foreign Affairs; the rest of the Representatives were invited to assemble in the Hall. The Assembly was immediately formed, when the President gave orders, with the consent of a great majority, for the arrest of twenty-one Members, not including the six Members of the Committee of Foreign Affairs. Two of the twenty-one not having appeared, the nineteen were in the mean time lodged in an adjoining apartment, and by a solemn decree the twenty-one, as well as the six Members of the Diplomatic Committee, were expelled the Convention. The Assembly, thus purified, successively decreed the fundamental articles of the Constitution, those which establish the Provisional Government, and those which secure with the public tranquillity the plenitude of the Conventional power.

The Assembly has declared itself in a state of permanence, and peaceably pursues the course of its operations.

DECLARATION OF THE BATAVIAN ASSEMBLY,

Made at the Hague, Jan. 23, and proclaimed solemnly, at the sound of kettle-drum, &c.

THE BATAVIAN CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY TO THE BATAVIAN PEOPLE.

Fellow Citizens,

The day has arrived, when, for the second time, your liberty was to be defended, when the independence of this Republic was to be protected against the violent attacks of sedition, when at length, the explosion of a plan, as baleful as artfully contrived, was to be prevented by the vigorous measures employed; by your faithful representations for the safety of the country, measures, without which, you would groan under heavier chains than you have ever carried; measures commanded by imperious necessity; measures which we have been compelled to adopt by the criminal conduct of those men, who, though enemies to the fundamental principles of our last revolution, have constantly combined to hold in their hands the reins of Government. It was time to fill up this abyss, dug between the constituted Government and the shapeless federation of some people united in appearance, but each regarding only his own particular interest. Our country has often felt the baleful effects of such order of things: it is owing to it, that you never know your own proper strength: it is to it that England is indebted for the means of forming among you internal divisions: it is to it that has chained down, nay, that has even extinguished a courage otherwise so intrepid, and that patriotic spirit so frequently manifested. It is owing to it, in fine, that each page of our annals is filled with baleful events; and it is this which would bring us back insensibly to the detestable Government of the Stadtholder, and which would make us regret those chains which we have broken, with the assistance of our faithful allies, and at the price of the greatest sacrifices. It was time to remove all obstacles, and to organize every thing necessary for the attainment of a fixed order of things. It was time to put an end to that state of confusion and uncertainty which, for three

years, has stopt up the sources of our happiness, and conducted us to the brink of the precipice which we have just this moment escaped. It was time to direct our attention to a danger, which the patience and indulgence of the French people so long endured; whose attachment is not cooled, notwithstanding the intrigues employed by a wicked faction to alienate them from us. It was time to render illusive all the attacks upon your liberty, attacks which were every day renewed. It was time to render useless the plans of those who, with a view of self aggrandisement, have endeavoured to support the federal REGIME, and to render the revolution, so salutary in its principles, not only illusory for you, but even pernicious in its effects. It was time that the oath, which was made for the safety of the country---an oath, which many pronounced with a false heart, an oath lately renewed in your presence, should be realised by your true friends.

‘For those, then, who have no object but the general good, and to point out to the country the means of repairing the evils, which cunning and treason have caused; for those, then, there is no other line of conduct to adopt, but to deprive those wicked beings of the means of injuring you again.

‘The plan of establishing the reign of some patrician families upon the crimes of the government of the Stadtholder, by attempting to oppress the real friends of their country, of extinguishing their courage, and depriving them of strength to oppose tyranny; the plan as subjecting you to the insupportable yoke of an elective Aristocracy, under the name of a popular government by representation, and making you embrace a shameful slavery, by giving you nothing but the shadow of liberty---This wicked plan, so clearly expressed in the form of the Constitution which you have just rejected, was never lost sight of; on the contrary, it became more and more dear to all its adherents, and the only difference between it and the attempts hitherto made for the same purpose, is an increase of artifice and violence. It was reserved for the French Republicans to second the projects of true Republicans, to extricate you a second time from the gulf into which they would have plunged you. We had no alternative between the last political crisis and the prospect of seeing liberty for ever enchained; and what patriot could hesitate a moment in his choice?

‘Yes, Batavians, we were under in the cruel necessity of putting in a state of arrest several Members of your Representative Assembly, and of removing others from the Government, not with a view to injure them, or prosecute them for their conduct, for we are too well convinced of the baneful consequences of a reign of terror, but to prevent them from undermining the foundations of our last political revolution; and, by destroying all obstacles, to direct your attention to a regular order of things, for the purpose of destroying despotism, and shutting out access to anarchy, a measure which will cement the safety of the Batavian Republic, and render it as useful to its allies as formidable to its enemies. Do we offer you an exaggerated picture of the state of things? Have we recourse to calumny to inspire you with hatred towards honest men? Or, do we render homage to truth? The attacks upon civil liberty, are they not manifest? Are not the protection and favour shewn to the House of Orange well known? Was it not enough to be a patriot, to be despised and rejected? Have they neglected any means of destroying public spirit? And has not the organization of the troops of the land been a long time the source of complaints? Have they not endeavoured, in your Representative Assemblies, to defend the Committee of Union? Have not several of your Governors shamefully combated the lenity of the Republic? The sole means of rendering us happy at home, and powerful abroad! Have they not retarded, by every possible means, the formation of the National Guard, that bulwark of liberty, as formidable to despots as salutary to the happiness of the people?

‘Is not commerce with our natural enemy tolerated? What do we say? Is it not protected, in spite of the laws? Is it not suffered in various places, to employ the armed force to stifle the voice of the citizens, and to maintain, with vigour, an insolent despotism? Have they not employed the treasures of the nation, those treasures amassed at the price of your sweat and your blood, to corrupt every thing, to make you accept, at the end of the bayonet, a Constitution which you have rejected with indignation? Have they not, in every respect, given vile egotists an assurance of impunity? Have they not permitted a few in-

dividuals to enrich themselves with the fruits of your labours, which you emptied in coffers, no sooner filled than exhausted. Are not these nourished by the blood and tears of the orphan and the widow? Have they not rashly, without any necessity, and even against the intention of the French Government, exposed the national navy, the weak remains of our former grandeur, to destruction? Have we not recently remarked the detestable efforts put in practice, to deprive us of the means of re-establishing our maritime force? And if the Government had not been changed, would not the plan have effectually succeeded? Has not the public credit been shaken by measures as impolitic as perfidious? Have we not seen the different provinces openly oppose the will of the National Representatives; and are not the latter torn to pieces by the spirit of party? Are they not rendered contemptible by the want of energy; and have they not, by half measures, broken the ties of Administration?

‘ Ah! while all this passes under your eye, and the loss of the Republic becomes inevitable by the continuation of these horrors, will not the national spirit awake from its lethargic sleep? Will you not all arm to combat the enemies of your happiness, and to crush them, if they obstinately persist in their designs? The descendants of those heroes, who, without any other means than courage, exterminated the whole Spanish power, shall they be intimidated by the vain measures of tyrannical egotists? Shall they infamously hide themselves, when preparations are making to give a mortal stab to liberty? And we, representatives, observing these odious enterprizes, how can we be justified before you, before our children, if we were to remain longer unmoved? Would we not be worthy of being compared to those despicable beings, who seek to raise their power on your ruin, and who, by our vigorous measures, we have at length destroyed? Will not our memory ever flourish in the annals of time?

‘ No, no, Batavians, we will swear upon the altar of Liberty, upon which the people of the Low Countries have already made offerings while others still continue slaves---we will swear by our general interest, by the prosperity of our children, by the happiness of posterity, that we will never suffer either despotism or anarchy.

‘ We will all swear to snatch the country from its state of oppression, and to spare no sacrifice to succeed. We will prove, by our conduct, that we cherish civil liberty as much as we abhor licentiousness.

‘ Range round the general Administration, to support it in every measure which may be judged necessary to attain the grand object: thus we shall soon obtain a good constitution, founded upon the eternal principles of nature, susceptible of no change, and on which alone shall be built our political happiness.

‘ Thus we will silence calumny, and make our adversaries blush; thus we will evidently prove to the greatest, the most courageous of all people, that it was not in vain they succoured us, in order to ease us of the yoke by which we were curbed. We will prove that Batavia is worthy a fraternal alliance with this nation. Thus will Europe again know us the worthy descendants of those Batavians, who defended liberty, when the whole universe bent the knee to the power of domineering Rome. Soon will it acknowledge, in the present generation, the same people who formerly shook the throne of Philip; the same people who, by their courage and their valour, so extended their possessions in other parts of the globe, that the sun, in its regular course, always shone upon Batavia, in the one or the other hemisphere; a people who combated the most formidable powers in the world; who forced the commerce of the whole universe to unite in its States; who held in their hands the political balance, and bore their sceptre on the ocean.

‘ Batavians, it is to this degree of greatness that we must return, by means of a good and wise Constitution. But never shall we return to it, if the order of things, or rather that systematic disorder, which for two years ensnared us, continues to exist. The monster Federalism, little different from the Hydra of the Ancients, can only be conquered by efforts, which shall destroy, at one blow, all its heads. This great blow is about to be struck---already the monster agonizes, but its last convulsions may still be dangerous, and we must provide against them. No society can exist without order. It is above all important that there should be no troubles during an intermediary government. Let every one then submit to the

orders prescribed by this Government. Let them be persuaded that the momentary sacrifice of some part of our civil liberty has no other object than that of promising us a good Constitution, and of assuring us the entire enjoyment of Liberty.

'All the constituted authorities shall continue their present operations, until the necessary change, in a manner regular and conformable to the general good.--- The cidevant provisional administrations, or constituted authorities, in the different cities, districts, or villages, as well as the administration of dykes, rivers, and bridges, shall be continued till that period, and shall be subject and responsible to the Executive Directory.

'The Committee of Justice shall remain provisionally upon the present footing; and there shall be no change. All Officers, Mayors, Procurators of Communes, and Public Accusers, shall provisionally continue the exercise of their functions, and shall pursue, with redoubled activity, all disturbers of peace and order, whatever mask they may assume. Persons and property shall be protected from every insult. The law which exists in this respect shall remain in force, and shall be rigorously executed. Commerce shall be protected; and every one shall enjoy that safety, which is the foundation of all social union. No inhabitant of provinces still existing, no community, society, or corporation, shall unite, for the purpose of making, collectively, to this assembly, or to the Executive Power, any demand or petition; but every Batavian citizen shall be permitted to propose his opinions, and defend his interests.

'Thus this new order of things will be established without difficulty or confusion, and the object which has rendered it necessary will be completely fulfilled. Thus the ardent vows of the true Batavians are about to be accomplished, and a good and wise constitution will consolidate our happiness, fulfil the wishes of our Allies, and render us formidable to our enemies.

'Batavians, it is to arrive at this salutary object that the assembly of your representation have this day formed themselves into a constituent body, representing the Batavian nation, under the presidency of Citizen H. Midderich, and has named provisionally for its Secretaries Citizens Adr. Ploos, Van Amstel, L. C. Vonk, W. F. Van Bennekom, and the Secretary of the ci-devant National Assembly, Citizen J. Van Haefen. We will order each of these to respect the signature of the temporary President, as well as that of one of his Secretaries, or his successors, to obey and follow all orders and commands so signed, as emanating from us. All petitions, before they are addressed to the constituent assembly, representing the Batavian Nation; and all sentences of colleagues, charged with the administration of justice throughout the Batavian republic, shall be henceforth in the name of the Batavian nation.

'This shall be published and posted up every where according to custom. We order and charge the constituted authorities of the Batavian Republic who remain in their functions, to give the necessary orders that our intentions in this respect may be executed.

'Done and decreed by the said Assembly at the Hague, the 22d of January, 1798, the 4th year of Batavian liberty.
H. MIDDERICH, President.'

DOMESTIC NEWS.

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS

TOWARDS THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

In consequence of the clause in the 'Assessed tax-bill,' authorising the Bank of England to receive subscriptions from all ranks of people, towards defraying the expences of the State, a meeting of the Bank proprietors was held on Tuesday the 13th of February; and all doubt being removed as to the illegality of the measure, the sum of 200,000. was immediately subscribed by the court. This was followed by a subscription of 20,000. by his Majesty.

The merchants, bankers, and traders of the city of London met on the Friday following, in the square of the Royal Exchange, where a hustings was erected for their accommodation. The meeting was very numerous; the whole of the square and avenues leading thereto being literally crowded; nor was it less conspicuous for its respectability than for its number. Mr. Bosanquet, and some other gentlemen, addressed the meeting upon the subject of the present state of the country, urging the necessity of opposing vigorous exertions to the inveterate hostility

of an implacable foe, and of patriotically coming forward with our aid in support of every thing dear to us as Britons and as freemen. The speeches were received with universal and tumultuous bursts of applause.

A committee was appointed, composed of a vast number of names, among which were all the Directors of the great trading companies, and the wole court of Aldermen of the city.

Four books were opened on the hustings; and at the close of the day, the exact sum subscribed in cash, was forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-four pounds three shillings and sixpence. The number of subscribers were 218, and the subscriptions from one guinea to 300*l.* which last sum was the donation of the house of Boyd, Benfield, and Co. with the promise of continuing it annually during the war. Several other subscriptions were also set down as annual; and the whole are free gifts.

The threats and preparations of the French to invade this country have at length roused the spirit of the nation. The voluntary contributions have become general over the whole kingdom. Not only men of rank and public bodies have subscribed, but all descriptions of tradesmen, the individuals in the Theatres, clerks in office, journeymen mechanics, servants, soldiers, sailors, and even school-boys have been zealous in being classed among the defenders of their country, by contributing to the utmost of their ability. The following are a few of the principal names:

The Queen,	5000	Robert Williams, Son, and Co.	1000
The Prince of Wales,	10,000	Phynn and Inglis,	1000
Duke of York,	5000	Boyd and Benfield,	3000
Prince Ernest,	300	Angerstein,	2000
Duke of Gloucester,	2000	Newnham and Everett,	1000
Prince William,	400	A. and B. Goldsmid, per ann.	1500
Bishop of Durham,	3000	The Banking Houses of Messrs.	
Bishop of Bath and Wells,	1200	Child, Coutts, Drummond,	
Bishop of Lincoln,	1000	Hoare, Newnham, Moffatt,	
Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry,	1000	and Williams, each as a free gift.	1000
The Lord Chancellor, per ann.	6000	Sir George Prescott, Hankey,	
Duke of Marlborough,	5000	and Stevenson, each	1000
Marquis Townsend,	1200	The Goldsmith's Company,	1000
Earl of Carlisle,	4000	The House of Claude, Scott,	
Lord Arden,	4000	Son, and Co.	1000
Lord Hardwick,	1000	Royal Exchange Assurance	
Lord Middleton,	1000	Company,	10,000
Lord Heathfield,	1000	Wm. Young, Esq.	1000
Duke of Somerset,	2000	Hon. C. Townsend,	1000
Lord Warwick,	1000	Charles Ellis, Esq.	1000
Lord Egremont,	5000	C. Long, Esq.	1000
Lord Huntingfield,	2000	Samuel Thornton, M. P.	1000
City of London,	10,000	Robert Thornton,	1000
Mr. Peele's house, Manchester,	20,000	Henry Thornton,	1000
The Magistrates and Council of		Thomas Raikes,	1000
Edinburgh,	2000	Peter Thelluson,	1200
The Skinner's Company, per ann.	1000	George Thelluson,	1000
The House of Meux and Co. of		Charles Thelluson,	1000
Liquorpond-street, per. ann.	1000	William Manning, M. P.	1000
Ironmongers' Company,	1000	Sir W. Langham,	1000
Lushington and Mayor,	1000		

Account of the total sums subscribed at the Bank up to the 24th of February.

As a Voluntary Contribution,	-	-	-	L 486,511 14 6
Ditto, to be paid by instalments,	-	-	-	111,469 11 0
Received to cover the Assessed Taxes, the surplus, if any, to be reckoned as a Voluntary Contribution,	-	-	-	136,511 16 5
Subscribed to be paid in instalments for the same purpose,	-	-	-	189,607 0 0

Total

L 924,100 1 11