

THE  
**SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,**

AND

**FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY,**

FOR **NOVEMBER, 1798.**

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF  
**BARON NELSON OF THE NILE.**

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Life of Lord Nelson	287	Spanish Voyage of Discovery	343
Essay on Religion, Morality, and Government	289	Mineralogy	ib.
Observations on the Cause of our late Naval Victories	290	Physics	ib.
Observations on the most eminent Performers on the London Stage	293	Curious Mass of Iron	ib.
Monody on the Death of the late Mr. John Palmer	294	Cyder Fruit	ib.
Life of Bishop Warburton, concluded	299	<i>REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.</i>	
The Dumb Philosopher	302	Pennant's View of Hindoostan	341
Life of Prince Potemkin, concluded	308	Appeal to the Men of Great Britain	ib.
Optimism, concluded	315	Hayes's Sermons	342
The Mirror of Thespis, No. I.	317	View of the Overthrow of Switzerland	ib.
Expedition of Buonaparte, continued	321	Lavater's Remonstrance,	ib.
Memoir and Trial of The. Wolfe Tone	327	Ranby's Examination of Wakefield,	343
		Annual Register for 1792	344
		Meyer's Fragments	ib.
		Schiller's Don Carlos	345
<i>FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.</i>		<i>POETRY.</i>	
Discourse of Brother Orderson to the Brethren of the RAEC of St. John No. 1c8	334	Dr. Perfect's October	347
<i>SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.</i>		Polwhele's Address to Laura	348
Method of restoring the original Colour to old Books or Prints	338	Harrall to the Memory of a Friend	ib.
Method of taking Grease out of Books and Prints	339	Admiral Nelson's Victory, by ditto	ib.
Cheap Method of providing Fire and Water for Chemical Experiments	ib.	<i>PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.</i>	
Observations on the Stars	ib.	Opening of the third Session of the British Parliament	349
Volcano in the Moon	ib.	Irish Parliament	352
		Monthly Chronicle---Action of the Leander, &c.	356
		Obituary	357

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TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

THE biographical Memoir of J. E. shall appear in our next.  
Several articles of Masonic Intelligence we acknowledge the receipt of.  
Proper attention shall be paid to each in due time.

From the correspondence of our friend of the *Old School* we derive much pleasure.

To our poetical friends we are obliged to apologize. Their pieces, for want of room, have been necessarily delayed.

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*Engraved by K. Mackenzie from an Original Picture.*

*The R.<sup>t</sup> Hon.<sup>ble</sup>*

*BARON NELSON of the NILE  
of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk,  
Rear Admiral of the Blue — K. B.*

London Publish'd Nov<sup>r</sup> 30 1798, by G. C. and W. Smith British Library 192 Strand.

THE  
SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,

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FOR NOVEMBER, 1798.

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THE LIFE

OF

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

*BARON NELSON OF THE NILE,*

*&c. &c. &c.*

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WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT.

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CHARACTERS eminent for the display of real worth and true heroism have seldom escaped the pen of the historian. The incense of public favour will ever bear a relation to the worth and extent of those actions, which challenge grateful acknowledgment; and men conspicuous for the rank they hold in life, as well as for the possession of superior abilities in those professions to which they have applied their talents from early youth, will command respect at the same time that they create confidence.

In no profession have Englishmen shone with greater credit to themselves, and with more honour to their country, than in that of which the subject of this memoir is an illustrious member. We have had occasion to celebrate the names of Rodney and Hood in the last, and of Howe, Duncan, Jervis, and Nelson in the present war. The heroic exploits, the splendid deeds of valour, the generous exhibitions of humanity and fortitude united in the persons of each of these great men, have raised the character of Britons to a pitch of enviable greatness. In the manly and firm prosecution of the duty imposed on them by their country they have ever acted as British seamen, which includes, in the appellation, determined perseverance and disinterested virtue.

‘ Never shall sink Britannia’s naval fire,  
While rous’d to glory by her Thomson’s lyre:  
Responsive to his lay, her genius long  
In act shall realize the raptur’d song.  
His fancy heard—what time the angelic train  
Hail’d the bless’d Isle emerging from the main,  
With seraph hand their golden viols strung,  
And to his ear the hymn prophetic sung:—

“ Long as her native oak’s strong limbs defy  
 The furious blasts that rend her stormy sky,  
 Long as her rocky shores the ocean laves,  
 Shall Freedom and Britannia rule the waves.”

But of all the victories that gild the page of our naval history, not one appears so brilliant as that gained by Admiral Nelson at the mouth of the Nile.

The memorable hero of this great event, which in its consequences will have such an effect on the affairs of Europe, is the third son of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk; to which living he was presented upwards of forty years ago by Lord Walpole.

The Admiral is related to the noble family of Walpole and Townshend; his mother being the grand-daughter of Sir Charles Turner, Bart. of Worton, in the county of Norfolk, and of Mary, daughter of Robert Walpole, Esq. of Houghton; and sister to Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Oxford, and of Horatio, first Lord Walpole of Wolterton; whose next sister, Doróthy, was married to Charles, the second Viscount Townshend.

Lord Nelson was born in the rectory-house of Burnham Thorpe, on the 29th of September, 1758; and at the time of the dispute with Spain, about the Falkland Islands, entered a midshipman on board the *Raisonable*, commanded by the gallant Captain Suckling, his mother’s brother, who married the sister of the present Lord Walpole, and died Comptroller of the Navy, and member of parliament for Portsmouth, in the year 1778.

Upon the differences with Spain being adjusted, Captain Suckling, who was determined on making his nephew as good a seaman as himself, did not think a guardship, as the *Raisonable* then was, a good naval school for the enterprising youth, who already discovered sparks of that genius which has since spread into a brilliant flame. He therefore sent him, under the care of an old mess-mate, to the West Indies. Upon his return from that voyage, the young hero sailed with the late Lord Mulgrave, then Captain Phipps, in search of the North-west passage, and was rated a midshipman on board the *Carcass*, commanded by Captain, now Admiral Lutridge. To ascertain the high opinion that he acquired in this situation we have only to recur to the living testimony of a noble Peer, related to the noble Admiral just mentioned. ‘He had witnessed,’ he said, ‘his earliest efforts, which were such as to give assurance of his subsequent achievements.’

Upon his arrival from the North Pole, he was sent by his uncle out to the East Indies; before his return from which part of the globe the American war had broken out. Without any delay a birth was procured for him on the American station.

At so early a period in life he discovered such spirit, and such a determined resolution to make himself acquainted with every thing relative to his profession, that his uncle found no difficulty in getting him made a Lieutenant, as soon as he had served the time required as midshipman. In 1779 he was advanced to the rank of Post Captain; and was afterwards acting Commodore and Commander in Chief of a successful expedition to the Spanish main, where he greatly distinguished himself by his courage and conduct; and fully

justified the expectations of those who had confided such a command to so young a man.

From his first going to sea, in the winter of 1770—71, to the conclusion of the American war, he never visited his native home, and indeed was very seldom on shore for any length of time. His friends used to observe that, when he was at home during the peace, he seemed land-sick.

His professional life, from the very outset, has been a continued series of exploits, so gallant, so singularly well conducted, and so replete with proofs of skill and judgment, that each or either will afford a basis of fame, broad enough for the proudest man in the service to rest on.

Under the command of Lord Hood, in the Mediterranean, he distinguished himself in several exploits of bravery and great intrepidity. So well was Captain Nelson known to the noble Admiral, that on every occasion the latter had recourse to his important services. Upon the surrender of Toulon to the British Admiral he was exceedingly active in clearing the coast of the enemy's cruizers. An instance of his bravery shone conspicuously on the 21st of October, 1793, off the Island of Sardinia. When Toulon surrendered nearly half of the *Agamemnon's* crew were either landed or put on board of the prizes, so that her complement was reduced to 345. However Captain Nelson fell in with and resolutely fought four French frigates (three of 40 guns and one of 24) and an armed brig. Such was the effect of British valour, that the *Agamemnon* handled one of the largest of the enemy so roughly, that she was in a striking state. But aided by her companions, she escaped, and Nelson could not follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON

*RELIGION, MORALITY, AND GOVERNMENT.*

LETTER II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE.

WHEN I am considering the advantages of the Christian system—the sublimity of its doctrines—the perspicuity of its precepts—the grandeur of its motive.—the strength of its reasonings—the extent of its views—its influence on public and private life—the security it lends to government—the cement with which it connects all particular relations—the light it throws upon the understanding—and the force with which it bends the will; in a word, its tendency to procure contentment and pleasure to every individual, and to promote the peace, order, and happiness of the world, (facts acknowledged by the very adversaries to our religion) I cannot but join in opinion with an author of some eminence, that all attempts to rob us of so agreeable a constitution of things, are immoral and infamous,

and that in any well governed ancient commonwealth, to the flames would have been adjudged the books, and to banishment the persons of all such traitors to the whole human race. Surely, then, a man who had any just regard for himself, or benevolence for his fellow-creatures, could not help wishing such a religion, such as I have represented to be true, and of Divine authority; and consequently would not be willing to give it up, but upon strong reasons, and a consideration of a just equivalent. But has the modern infidel offered us one or other of these? His reasons have been weighed, not only in the balance of the sanctuary, but in every other scale, and have been found lighter than vanity itself: and what he offers in exchange for Christianity is an affront to the understanding of mankind, and supposes them more out of their senses, than *Glaucus* in *Homer* is represented to be, when he changed armour with *Diomedes*.

Χρυσία Χαλχίων, εκατόμβοι ενεαβόων.

Instead of a plan of duties, level to every capacity, and current throughout the world, by virtue of a Divine stamp upon it, we are referred, by the modern Infidel, to the light shining in every man, as a better direction of human life; that is, every man is to make laws for himself, which, therefore, it may be presumed, will be as various as the features in men's faces, or the whimsies in their heads. Upon this fact, we must enter into the hearts of men, and find out what rules they have laid down to themselves, and upon what principles they choose to act, before we can trust or have any dealings with them. And is it proper that the safety of commerce, the intercourse among men, the well-being of society, should rest upon so precarious a bottom? Under the influence of a Divine law, binding equally all persons, in all cases, at all times, and coercive even after death, we have all the satisfaction the nature of men and things will allow. In consequence of this we join in a public worship of our common Father and Legislator, and thereby give security to one another—that we act upon common principles, the only foundation of mutual trust and confidence.

Upon this subject I shall enlarge in my next; for the present I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

Westminster, November, 1798.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

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## OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

### CAUSE OF OUR LATE NAVAL VICTORIES.

THE glorious victories with which our arms have been crowned at sea in the course of the present war, have given frequent occasion to mention the name of Mr. Clerk, the inventor of the new system of naval tactics; it may therefore be agreeable to our readers to lay before them a short statement of the merits of a work that has been productive of such unexampled benefits to this country.

In the beginning of the year 1782, when the nation was depressed by the disasters of our arms, and the want of naval success during the American war, Mr. Clerk printed, and distributed among his friends, a few copies of this work, which threw such a light on the subject of sea engagements, that no doubt can be entertained that the happy change which, since that period, has taken place in the naval affairs of Britain, is to be attributed to this ingenious and scientific work. When we look back to our naval transactions before the adoption of the present system, the contrast is so striking as to fill us with regret that it had not been sooner known.

The disappointment which the nation suffered with regard to our great naval armaments induced Mr. Clerk to find out, if possible, the cause of these disappointments, and to publish his ideas on the subject. Though he was never at sea, he had always attended very much to nautical affairs, and had observed, that during the greater part of the three last wars, when British single ships met with single ships of equal force, belonging to any other nation, they were always an overmatch for the enemy; or that even in the rencontre of small squadrons, our mariners never failed to exhibit the most skilful seamanship, intrepidity, and perseverance, with uninterrupted success. Yet when large fleets were assembled, no proper exertion had ever been made; nothing memorable had been achieved; more particularly with the French, whose system was to batter and destroy our rigging, and then escape themselves unhurt; leaving the British fleet too much disabled to follow them; in fine, to use the author's own words, when speaking of general engagements, 'The result has been the same, namely, that in such actions our fleets in the two last wars and the present\* have been invariably baffled; nay, worsted, without having ever lost a ship, or almost a man.' Yet our officers and men were as brave as they are now, and our ships were equally as good; but experience has proved that we were defective in tactics.

As our mode of attacking was then to range along the line of the enemy, until the van of our fleet came opposite to the rear of his; and thus our ships ran the gauntlet of the enemy's whole fleet, giving them an opportunity to cripple each ship as it passed, of which the French never failed to take advantage. But the happy genius of an individual, by pointing out a superior mode of attack, has been the means of enabling us to carry our naval glory to a pitch hitherto unrivalled in any age or nation.

The leading principle of Mr. Clerk's system is to force an enemy's fleet into close engagement, whatever efforts he may make to avoid it; and the breaking through his line of battle, and cutting off one division of his fleet from another, so as to prevent the enemy from being able to extricate himself, is recommended as a certain

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\* This was written during the American war.



means of either capturing the division you have cut off, or of bringing on a general engagement.

The uniform success of this manœuvre, now so well known, leaves no room to doubt the infallibility of Mr. Clerk's system: of this the victories of Lords Rodney,\* Howe, St. Vincent,† and Duncan,‡ who all read and approved his work, and adopted his plan, are most brilliant examples.

In the instance of the battle of the Nile, the French had formed themselves in a line, which they very naturally deemed impregnable, but which certainly deprived them of the power of retreating; in this fixed position they remained to wait our attack, and consequently the superior skill which Lord Nelson has exhibited, was not in forcing the enemy to fight, but in his manner of commencing the action. And here it is easy to discern the spirit of the new system in his mode of attacking the van of the enemy's fleet, to which the rear could give no assistance until it was become too late; while the brave Captain Thompson, in the *Leander*, by *cutting their line*, completed their confusion and defeat. There is a degree of masterly boldness, as the French observe, in Lord Nelson's manœuvres, and a dauntless intrepidity in the execution of them, that must ever command the admiration of the whole world. This action is a flattering proof of the superiority of our seamen; a topic much insisted on by Mr. Clerk, and from which he promises certain success, whenever our fleets can be brought into close engagement with the enemy.

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\* Lord Rodney being asked by a mutual friend of his and Mr. Clerk, what he thought of Mr. Clerk's *Essay on Naval Tactics*? replied, 'You shall see what I think of it whenever I am so happy as to meet the French fleet again; for I am determined to follow it.' And he magnanimously acknowledged afterwards, in every company, that the victory over the French fleet on the 12th of April, 1782, was fought upon Clerk's system. A peace was the immediate consequence of this memorable victory.

† General Debbing, an officer well known for his superior genius in his own profession, and of course an admirer of Mr. Clerk's *Essay*, lent it to Lord St. Vincent, then Sir J. Jervis. Sir John, after reading it, enquired of the General where he might purchase a copy for himself? 'It is not to be bought,' answered the General. 'I had this copy from the author, who is a particular friend of mine; he had but a few copies printed, all of which he has given away among his friends.' 'Since that is the case,' said Sir J. Jervis, 'you shall not have this copy back again; it is too good a thing for you, who are a landsman; I will keep it for myself.'

‡ Lord Duncan having a copy when first printed, soon after wrote to advise Mr. Clerk to reprint it, as it was very much approved of by all the navy officers, many of whom, not being able to procure printed copies, had copied it over in writing. When Lord Duncan returned to Edinburgh, after the battle of *Camperdown*, he waited on Mr. Clerk, complimented him upon his works, and in a handsome manner acknowledged that he, and other Admirals, had been much obliged to him.

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## REVIEW OF THE THEATRICAL POWERS

OF THE LATE

MR. JOHN PALMER:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A MONODY ON HIS DEATH.

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE MOST EMINENT PERFORMERS ON THE LONDON STAGE.

[CONCLUDED FROM P. 234.]

**F**AWCEFT progressively improves. He is the only Falstaff we have; and his characters are frequently so contrasted that they require the greatest efforts and the most intense study.

During the greatest part of last season, the indisposition of Mr. Quick deprived us of his exertions. In this case Rees, who is a performer of much merit, ought to have been brought forward instead of that heavy somnific actor, Waddy. Merit, in a theatre, unless it rise above the comparative, is too frequently obscured by interest.

Munden is an old and a deserving favourite; and the *Hibernian* Johnstone stands unrivalled and alone.

Rejecting all comparison with Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan, Covent-Garden has an evident superiority on the female side. The new Mrs. Pope, considered as a general actress, outvies Mrs. Powell: after whom follows Miss Chapman, Miss Betterton, and Mrs. Litchfield, in opposition to the individual Miss Miller.

Mrs. Mattocks, whom we believe to have been a pupil of Miss Pope, is unequalled in her line: and, if what we have stated be true, has certainly excelled her teacher.

As an excellent scold, or talkative old woman, Mrs. Davenport is a valuable actress.

In Miss Farren's line, her sister, Mrs. Knight, is of essential service to the theatre: nor must we forget the lively Mrs. Gibbs, or the more sedate Miss Mansell.

In the person of Mrs. Crawford we recognize an old and long admired favourite:

' But time has chang'd her since we saw her last;  
And heavy hours, with Time's deforming hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in her face.'

Much as we admire Mrs. Crawford, we cannot but regret that, at this advanced state of life, any cause should exist compelling her to appear before a public to which she had long bade adieu. It is setting

her fame 'upon a cast,' and an unlucky throw might blast those ripened honours which the toil of years has twined around her venerable brow.

With the exception of Incedon, as far as music is concerned, Covent-Garden must yield the palm to her sister Drury. The humour of Suett and Bannister, the miscellaneous singing of Sedgwick, Dignum, and Kelly; with the soft articulation of Mrs. Bland, the bewitching sweetness of Miss De Camp, and the fascinating tones of Mrs. Crouch, assisted by Miss Dufour and Miss Leak, will not be opposed with any success by Townshend, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Clendining, Miss Sims, Miss Wheatley, and Mrs. Martyr.

Of the Haymarket-theatre little requires to be said. Mr. Colman's company is principally composed of performers from the Winter houses. Johnston (the Scotch Roscius) Barrymore, Charles Kemble, Aickin, R. Palmer, Suett, Munden, Fawcett, and Johnstone, make a formidable appearance. In the female department, however, the Manager has not been so successful. Having mentioned Miss Griffiths, a young but promising votarist of Terpsichore, whom we hope to recognize on the Winter boards; we have only to name Miss De Camp, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Harlowe, and Mrs. Bland. To be passed over in silence is all the others need wish for.

To omit noticing two exquisite performances of Fawcett would be unpardonable. Doctor Pangloss in the *Heir at Law*, and Adam Winterton in the *Iron Chest*. The former is replete with excellent acting and sterling humour: the latter is a luxuriantly rich repast for mental observation. The old man's amorous propensities, his love for his master, and his terrors lest Wilford should betray the secret, were admirable delineations of character. His motions, attitudes, tremors, manner of treading the stage, combine to stamp him a comic actor of the first eminence.

Admitting the premises laid down to be just, the conclusions to be drawn are, that in tragedy, legitimate comedy, and also in the operatic line, Drury-Lane, notwithstanding its numerous losses, still maintains a decided superiority: for even admitting an equilibrium between Johnston and Murray, and Kemble and Barrymore; the scale will evidently preponderate in favour of Drury. On the other hand, Covent-Garden, in modern comedy, farce, and pantomime, obtains as palpable an ascendant.

Should these pages tend, in the slightest degree, to perpetuate the remembrance of a valuable member of society the author asks no more: his wishes will be amply gratified.

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### MONODY.

---

BREATHE forth, O pensive lyre, in tuneful flow  
 Let thy deep notes resound with solemn woe:  
 In sad funereal strains prolong the knell,  
 Whose melting music aids my votive shell.

Breathe forth, O pensive lyre!  
 With soothing sounds inspire  
     The fond elegiac lay:  
 Soft Melancholy's power  
 Reigns o'er the passing hour,  
     And veils the ling'ring day.

The bell's dull echo strikes my startled ear!  
 Another stroke!—another!—and again!  
 Repeating still.—Alas! the streaming tear,  
 The sigh that heaves from fond Affection's breast,  
     Proclaim the direful truth, and tell how vain,  
 How transient, all the joys that fleeting life invest!  
 The nodding plume, the crested pomp of death,  
 With all its dark insignia, pierce the gloom:  
     Through the ebon shades of night,  
     Ill omen'd birds, in wild affright,  
 Precede the pageant of the mournful hour:  
     The dun torch glares around,  
     Immers'd in grief profound;  
 A solemn sadness shews how strong firm friendship's power.  
 The yawning earth receives its wish'd-for prey——  
     O weep, ye children of a father lost!  
 For you he toil'd, for you he spent life's day;  
     And many a pang he felt, for many a hope was crost.  
 Weep, ye sad orphans! yield the filial tear!  
     For you his manly cheek was oft distain'd;  
 For you the pure drop fell, a tender fear  
     Drew forth the pensive sigh, and o'er his bosom reign'd.  
 Weep on, weep on, O let the hallow'd stream  
     Oft bathe the sacred dust a parent own'd;  
 Let the dear relics oft command a theme,  
     And oft, full oft by you, a loss so great be moan'd.  
 Yet cease, lorn offspring! cease the sad lament!  
     Bright years of bliss await his happier fate:  
 O'er you he hovers still with kind intent;  
     His angel shade protects, and shields your hapless state.  
 Enthron'd in realms above, eternal joy  
     Attends the victim of the rude world's wrong:  
 Enthron'd in realms above, without alloy,  
     Ethereal pleasures wait, a gay and lovely throng.  
 Mourn, mourn, ye lovers of the histrion's power;  
 Lament, with deep regret, the luckless hour  
     That aim'd a blow so near.  
 O Death, terrific king! whose ruthless dart  
 Pierceth, with savage joy, the feeling heart,  
     Why claim a prize thus dear?

In the cold breast where apathy resides  
 Could'st thou not fix thy sting?  
 Or could'st thou not withhold Time's rapid strides,  
 Nor check his fleeting wing?  
 Fatal sister!\* cruel maid!  
 Why did you cut the sacred thread?  
 Ere the rose of life could fade  
 He's numbered with the dead.  
 Could not his passion-moving lore  
 For one short space prolong his valu'd life?—  
 Mild pity wept, vainly she did implore,—  
 Vain her attempts t' avert the destin'd strife.  
 Borne down by deep Affliction's whelming tide,  
 Bravely he strove to stem its powerful course;  
 Bravely he strove the pang of grief to hide,  
 But ah! weak nature sunk beneath the torrent's force.  
 A wife, the partner of his earlier years;  
 A darling son,—fond object of his care,  
 In one short month demand successive tears—  
 They press'd their native dust, a lov'd and loving pair.  
 O ye who roll in pleasure's ample round,  
 Nor feel a wish that Heaven doth e'er deny;  
 Whom sorrows never reach, or thought profound  
 Scares with the form of death, e'en to your fancy's eye.  
 O, for a moment, check your careless speed,  
 And yield a tributary tear to woe:  
 Think on the sorrows Heaven for him decreed,  
 The anguish he sustain'd by Fate's repeated blow.  
 'Twas Heaven's stern mandate,—*be should rise no more!*  
 Never again shall we behold that form;  
 In tearful sadness we his loss deplore,  
 He fell when he had brav'd the fury of the storm.  
 The Tragic Muse no more, in fiction's guise,  
 Pours the lorn ditty or the mournful strain;  
 She checks the torrent-flow of Fancy's vein,  
 And sacred sorrow melts her beaming eyes.  
 O'er yon pale urn low bends the weeping maid;  
 She bares her white breast to the midnight air,  
 She rends her sable robe, her flowing hair,  
 And wildly raves at Fate,  
 Invokes her deadliest hate,  
 And calls her sister Loves the vengeful Gods t'upbraid,  
 'My PALMER's dead! my hero is no more!'  
 'Her PALMER's dead!' the waving woods encore,

---

\* Atropos.

‘ Nature’s favourite son is fled,  
 Nor longer now the mimic art  
 Sweet-thrilling raptures can impart,  
 For Palmer, Palmer’s dead!

‘ As erst at Athens, when in youthful prime,  
 Thought soar’d on thought, and reach’d the vast sublime,  
 When my proud skill  
 Oppos’d each passion’s will;  
 When ev’ry powerful touch of art  
 Struck the firm chords that brace the human heart,  
 And rais’d it up to love,  
 Or sunk it down to fear;  
 Inspir’d the sweetness of the dove,  
 The terrors of the deer:  
 Urg’d mad Ambition’s furious flight,  
 O’erwhelm’d him in the shades of night,  
 And check’d his wild career.

‘ As erst at Athens, when the sacred Nine  
 With holy vigour strung each nervous line;  
 Mid all the lustre of my reign,  
 When heroes fill’d my train,  
 Thus Palmer us’d my power.  
 ’Twas his to rouze the torpid breast,  
 To lull the wearied soul to rest,  
 And soothe the sadden’d hour.

‘ Palmer divinely knew to move  
 Each tender thought of anxious love,  
 To draw the speaking tear:  
 He knew to raise each furious passion’s sway,  
 Or quell its phrensied power, and every storm allay.

‘ Such Palmer was, but now for ever fled,  
 He claims a mansion from the peaceful dead;  
 From Life’s rough sea with sudden terror hurl’d,  
 He seeks “another and a better world!”

Thalia too must mourn,  
 Must shade her smiling face with sorrow’s veil;  
 And as the lucid drops her cheeks bedew,  
 Sweet flow’rets o’er the green sod strew;  
 Breathe a soft sigh upon each passing gale  
 That sweeps his hallow’d urn.

And see! the lovely Goddess here,—  
 The light-rob’d maiden trips along:  
 ‘ And is he gone?’ she cries—‘ alas, my fear!  
 Gone! gone! for ever gone! the lively throng,  
 No more enraptur’d with his smile,  
 Forego each artless wile,  
 Nor longer with blythe joy the fleeting hours beguile.

‘ He who, once so light and airy,  
Sporting, gay, each fond vagary, †  
Allur’d the laughing train;  
Does he press a cold death-bed?  
Is he for ever, ever fled,  
And must we never meet again?’

‘ Never, never, never more!  
The rapid race of life is o’er,  
And hope’s last ray is flown.  
His anxious breast  
Is now at rest;  
His soul, set free  
By Fate’s decree,

Bids a long, long adieu to scenes where late it shone.

‘ Adieu! adieu! dear blissful shade!  
Thy virtues here will never fade,  
Nor e’er remembrance die:  
Thy noble mind, thy generous heart,  
Outlive the feeble sculptor’s art,  
And prompt the frequent sigh.

‘ Sister virgins, come along;  
Join with me the mournful song:  
Sister virgins, o’er his grave  
Let the sable cypress wave;  
Let the ever-weeping yew  
With sacred tears the spot bedew.

A laurel wreath our goddess mother \* twines,  
Clasps to her throbbing breast his image dear,  
On the pale marble sheds a sainted tear,  
And all forlorn with grief on the cold tomb reclines.’

‘ See, daughters, see!  
Revere the sacred bust!  
And when it turns to dust  
Still let him live in me:

Still let warm recollection force the sigh,  
And paint his virtues to each passing eye.  
Through the sullen gloom of night  
Methinks I view his airy sprite:

Celestial radiance breaks around,  
Soft strains of music vibrate in the air.—  
Behold, in yon cerulean space,  
An heav’nly cherub takes his place,  
With fadeless glory crown’d.—

‘ He comes! your hero comes! eternal bliss to share.’

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\* Mnemosyne.

Hark! hark! from yon ethereal cloud,  
 Angelic sounds advancing,  
 The happy soul entrancing,  
 Inspire the circling crowd.

Ah! see! it parts! it bursts upon my sight!  
 Its form of loveliest hue, its lustre heavenly bright!

Enthron'd he appears,  
 And, waving his hand,  
 He seems to command  
 Silence profound  
 The world around,  
 And still the jarring spheres.

'Attend!' he cries, 'no more lament my doom,  
 Nor waft your sorrows o'er the midnight gloom;  
 No more arraign the justice of my fate,  
 Nor with bland sadness mourn my blissful state.  
 Myriads of sainted forms immortal range,  
 Nor to eternity will ever change:  
 The laws of heaven are now to me unfurl'd,  
 I've found "another and a better world!"'

A beamy halo plays around his brow,  
 An angel-sweetness prompts religion's vow.—  
 The vision fades, the transient shadows fly,  
 The o'erstrain'd sight no more their forms descry;  
 Faint gentle murmurs linger slow behind,  
 And scented perfumes float upon the wind:  
 The weeping Sisters move around the tomb,  
 Then bend their silent steps through the returning gloom.

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THE LIFE

OF

BISHOP WARBURTON.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 243.]

THERE had been a friendship of long standing between Mr. Warburton and Mr. C. Yorke, cultivated with great affection and esteem on both sides; the fruit of which appeared, in 1753, in the offer of a prebendal stall in the church of Gloucester by the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. But what idea of dignity soever might be annexed to this preferment, he exchanged it, a year or two after, for one of more value in the church of Durham, which Bishop Trevor very obligingly gave him at the request of Mr. Murray (now Attorney-general) in 1755.



He had been made Chaplain to the King the year before; and upon that promotion the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Herring, conferred upon him a doctor's degree.

Lord Bolingbroke died in 1751, and his philosophical works were published in 1753. Dr. Warburton had very early penetrated into the views of Lord Bolingbroke; and, observing some tincture of his principles artfully instilled into the *Essay on Man*, had incurred his immortal hatred, by making the discovery, and in consequence of it, by *reasoning Mr. Pope out of his hands*. Dr. Warburton attacked the arch-infidel's works, in a View of his Philosophy, in *Four Letters to a Friend*, and in writing it has surpassed himself; the reasoning and the wit being alike irresistible, the strongest and keenest that can be conceived. Towards the end of the year 1757, Dr. Warburton was promoted to the Deanery of Bristol; and in the beginning of the year 1760, by Mr. Allen's interest with the Minister, Mr. Pitt, he was advanced to the bishoprick of Gloucester. Mr. Pitt himself gloried in it: he said in a letter,—‘that nothing of a private nature, since he had been in office, had given him so much pleasure, as his bringing Dr. Warburton upon the bench.’

In 1762, he published a discourse on the *Doctrine of Divine Grace*, in which the operation of the Holy Spirit was vindicated from the insults of infidelity, on the one hand; and from the abuses of fanaticism, on the other.

In 1765, he published a new edition of the second part of the *Divine Legation*, in three volumes; and as it had now received his last hand, he presented it to his friend, Lord Mansfield. This edition, besides many other improvements with which it was enriched, is further distinguished by a remarkable discourse, printed at the close of the last volume, and entitled ‘*an Appendix concerning the Book of Job*.’

In the next year, 1766, he gave a new and much improved edition of *the Alliance*; meaning to leave these two great works as monuments to posterity of his unwearyed love of the Christian religion, and for the sake of so dear an interest of the Church of England.

With a third volume of sermons, two of which had appeared printed separately some time before, he closed his literary course; except that he made an effort towards publishing the ninth and last book of the *Divine Legation*. He was perpetually meditating upon it, yet he had committed very little of it to paper; his custom being to put down in writing only short notes of what he intended to enlarge upon, and to work them up when he was preparing to send his copy to the press. This, in his best days, was so easy to him, that in printing some of his elaborate works, he had not in his hands two sheets together, but sent copy to his printer as fast as it was composed. His memory was so tenacious, that he trusted every thing to it; or, if he may be said to have kept a common-place book, it was nothing more than a small interleaved pocket-almanack, of about three inches square: in which he inserted now and then a reference

to a curious fact or passage that he met with in his reading, but chiefly short hints of sentiments and reflections, which occasionally struck him, and might, some time or other, be put to use. At the end of every year he tore out of his almanack such leaves as contained any of those reflections, and put them together under general heads, that he might recur to them, on occasion, the more readily.

But the ninth book of the Divine Legation was not reduced to form from the materials he had provided, and in the close of his life he found composing troublesome to him. His memory and invention were not what they had been; his facility and variety of expression were not the same; and, what was worst of all, the grace of novelty in the subject was in some measure gone off.

But the last book of the Divine Legation, under all the disadvantages with which it appears, is the noblest effort that has hitherto been made to give a *rationale* of Christianity.

While the good bishop was thus exerting his last strength in the cause of religion, he projected a method by which he hoped to render it effectual service after his death. This was by the institution of a lecture on *prophecy*. For this purpose he gave, in 1768, 500*l.* in trust to Lord Mansfield, Sir Eardley Wilmot, and Mr. C. Yorke, for the purpose of founding a lecture at Lincoln's-inn, in the form of a sermon, to prove the truth of revealed religion in general, and of the Christian in particular, from the completion of the prophecies in the Old and New Testament, which relate to the Christian church, especially to the apostacy of *Papal Rome*. And, hitherto, their choice of lecturers has afforded no signal cause of complaint.

The last years of the bishop's life were clouded with misfortune, as well as indisposition. He had, for some time, been so sensible of his declining health, that he read little, and wrote less. But in the course of the year 1776, the loss of a favourite son and only child, who died of a consumption in his 18th year, when every hope was springing up in the breast of a fond parent, to make amends as it were for want of actual enjoyment, made a deep impression on his mind.

His spirits, from the moment of this loss, were broken; his literary pursuits ceased to afford him pleasure, and his amusements were superseded by melancholy. In this state he languished till the summer of 1779, when, on the 7th of June, he expired, at the palace in Gloucester, and was buried in his cathedral, at no great distance from the west door, and near to the grave of his predecessor, bishop Benson. A neat mural monument has been put up there to his memory, upon which his exalted learning, his sublime genius, his Christian character, are expressed in terms suitable to the deserts of so great a man.

Bishop Warburton possessed those qualities which are so important to society,—truth, probity, and honour. His love of virtue was ardent, his regard for religion sincere; he was devoid of bigotry, and free from fanaticism. He venerated the civil constitution of his country, and was warmly attached to the Church of England. Yet

he was no party-man, and was the advocate for toleration. It was not his manner to court the good opinion of our dissenters. But he had nothing of prejudice or ill-will toward them: he conversed familiarly with such of them as came in his way; and had a friendship with some of their noted ministers;\* who did not *then*, as most of them do *now*, glory in Socinian impieties, or indulge themselves in rancorous invectives against the established church. He was a warm friend, an affectionate husband, and a tender father. The whole of his life was expended in the duties of his exalted situation; and this adorned, to the last, with the eminent qualifications of a Christian bishop and a pious divine.

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### CURIOUS ACCOUNT

GIVEN BY THE

### DUMB PHILOSOPHER.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

SINCE my last, I have spent a few hours, in endeavouring at a translation of the allegorical manuscript I mentioned in a former letter, entitled, 'a Description of the Empire of Pathia;' of which, as it is short, I send you a copy.

Under the title were the following words of Cicero, instead of a motto:

*'Duplex est vis animorum. Una pars in appetitu posita est, quæ hominem huc, et illuc rapit. Altera in ratione, quæ docet et explanat, quid faciendum, fugiendumque sit. Ita fit, ut ratio præsit, appetitus obtemperet.'*

'The Empire of Pathia is a country which abounds in every thing that can be subservient to the necessity, convenience, and ornament of human life. Cephale, the metropolis of this empire, of an oval form, is the residence of its Empress, who, for her extraordinary insight and prudence in the management of the public affairs, as well as her own private œconomy, obtained of her different subjects the additional name of Reason.

'Baron Will, first Minister of State to the Empress, was a nobleman better qualified for execution than counsel; and who, though he was too hasty and capricious to weigh matters duly, or to take any thing under mature deliberation, was the more expeditious and dexterous in the performance of his duty. With these qualities, he was firmly fixed in the Empress's favour; for, as she was herself of a penetrating sagacity, in all her counsels, she had no farther occasion for his service than to see them duly executed.

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\* See a Collection of Letters to and from Dr. Dodderidge, of Northampton; published by T. Stedman, M. A. Vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, 1790.

‘ This Minister was married to a young Countess, one of the Empress’s attendants, whose maiden name was Lady Fancy. Her more than ordinary capacity, and her officiousness, in the choice of every thing relating to dress, and in the management of the toilet, had gained her the particular esteem of the Empress, her mistress, and she was very assiduous to secure her favour, by agreeably entertaining her, when in waiting, with a thousand pretty conceits, and little pieces of poetry of her own composition. The credit and power this lady had at court received an additional lustre, upon her marriage with Baron Will, and the Empress was continually heaping her favours on the young couple. Among other marks of it, she made them a present of one of her largest and noblest castles, built in a triangular form, called Cardia, situate at a small distance from Cephalæ.

‘ Here our Baron and his sprightly Countess lived in great splendour and pomp, and were, in process of time, blessed with a numerous issue. Their first child was a daughter of exquisite beauty, and of so engaging a behaviour, that she was distinguished by the name of Lady Lovely. She had four sisters, the two eldest of which bore some resemblance to her charming self, as well in mien as carriage. The first, whose name was Lady Hope, though a very dwarf in stature, had a most agreeable countenance, and was the true image of Patience. The second was a sprightly jolly girl, a great lover and encourager of plays, balls, and masquerades, and went by the name of Lady Gay. The other two possessed very untoward qualities, and were of a melancholy and crazy constitution. Lady Anxiety, the eldest of them, would spend hours in a solitary mood, in her closet, and generally in tears. On the other hand, Lady Timorous, the youngest, was continually liable to convulsive fits. They had but one brother, who was not only very deformed in his person, but of so strange a cast of mind, that they could think of no properer appellation for him than Squire Splenetic.

‘ Lady Lovely had hardly attained to years of maturity, when the Empress married her to a gentleman of great honour and approved courage, of the ancient family of the True-Goods. This noble youth did not, indeed, possess the most advantageous blessings of fortune; but so great was his merit, that this discerning Princess thought him worthy of a considerable pension; and let the new-married couple want for nothing that could contribute to their felicity. They lived together in the most perfect harmony and satisfaction, and were in high esteem with every one. Integrity, Justice, Compassion and Friendship were four of their children; but history is silent, whether they had any more. The whole family was advanced to the most eminent posts at court; and as the Empress was perfectly happy in the choice of her servants, they, on their parts, lived in all manner of affluence and plenty under so gracious a sovereign. The commonalty, in the mean time, wanted nothing to compleat their felicity, under so mild and prudent an administration, but to be truly sensible of it.

‘ While Pathia was in this prosperous and happy state, a foreigner, from a neighbouring isle, came to visit it: he was a person of an agreeable outward appearance, and had a very pompous train; but, in his heart, was a subtle knave, and a man void of all conscience and honour. The Marquis of Self-Interest (for so his real name was afterwards discovered to be) was received in Cardia, in a very courteous manner, by Baron Will, who was so deceived, by his fawning and flattery, that, of the most deceitful of hypocrites, he made him his most intimate friend and confidant.

‘ The daily conversation the Marquis had in Baron Will’s family gave him an opportunity of being acquainted with Lady Lovely’s beauty and virtues, which so possessed his perverse mind, already ripe for the most flagrant villainies, that he found means to poison her husband True-Good, and afterwards, by a feigned compassion, artfully to gain the innocent heart of a lady, who had never known what fraud and suspicion were.

‘ The old Baron, her father, countenanced the lover’s addresses, and the young widow was so indiscreet as to marry him privately, without the knowledge of her benefactress. The Empress had no suspicion of the marriage, until it was too late to remedy it; but was then so enraged at the clandestine proceeding, that, in the height of her displeasure, she not only discarded the whole family of the Wills from all their important posts, but forbid all manner of intercourse between Cephale and Cardia.

‘ During the disgrace of this family, the Marquis of Self-Interest had three sons by his lady. The eldest was a bold, indefatigable adventurer: he imagined he could reach the clouds, if he could but once attain the summit of a mountain in view, nor could the greatest difficulties obstruct his climbing up to the top of it: and when, with inexpressible labour, he had gained that point, if another mountain of greater height appeared between him and his proposed aim, he would, with the same alacrity, attempt to scale that likewise. This aspiring youth was generally known by the name of Lord Ambition. The next brother was a great promoter of all manner of public shews and diversions, and a vehement lover of the fair sex: he was distinguished by the name of Squire Sensual. The youngest, Squire Avarice, who had a very unlucky aspect, was always puffed up, and ready to burst with jealousies and suspicions, and was continually dreaming of thieves. When his brothers had new cloaths given them, he, for his part, desired the value of those designed for him in ready money, which he hoarded with great care. These three brothers, though they differed so widely in their tempers and inclinations, possessed one quality, which was common to them all: they had most voracious and insatiable appetites.

‘ They no sooner arrived at years of discretion, than their turbulent tempers put them upon all manner of projects to raise their fortunes. At court, where Reason ruled, they had no admission; it was, therefore, the favour of the populace they courted. The two eldest brothers, who lived in great splendour and magnificence, soon gained

their point, by their liberality: and the many sums of money, which the youngest had placed at interest among the trading part of the nation, brought likewise, no small number over to their faction.

Having thus strengthened their interest, they openly declared against the court, and insinuated to the vulgar, that the Empress, being now old, was no longer able to support the weight of the government; and that the empire was by no means in so flourishing a state as formerly, under the administration of their mother's family. The giddy crowd, ever prone to change, laid hold of the first opportunity to rebel; and the three brothers managed so artfully, that they soon got a private correspondence with the inhabitants of Cephale; while those of Cardia, taking arms in the night-time, surprized the metropolis, seized the Empress in her bed, and hurried her away to confinement.

The government devolving, by this revolution, on the family of the Wills, the old Baron declared himself Regent; the Marquis of Self-Interest was made Stadtholder; the eldest of his three sons, Chief Minister of State; the second, Marshal of the Court, and the youngest Lord-Treasurer. The populace rejoiced at what they called a lucky change. Strange, and until then unheard of, projects were thought on, to raise the splendour and credit of the nation, which, they pretended, were considerably reduced and sunk, during the indolent reign of the confined Empress. Pathia soon became a general resort of all who travelled from other regions, with the view of pleasure and sensuality only, and in order to return as very asses as when they set out. Her palaces and seats were superb; hospitality reigned every where; plays, ridottos, assemblies, and all manner of public shews and diversions were exhibited, in a most pompous manner, and far exceeding whatever had been seen during their deposed Sovereign's reign. In short, nothing seemed to be a bar to the grandeur and felicity of the new Regent and his agents, but that they were soon immersed in innumerable debts.

To put a stop to this evil, which must have hastened their fall, they bethought themselves of an artful, but wicked stratagem. A proclamation was issued, ordering all the current coin of the nation to be brought to the mint, to be re-coined, in order to efface the image of the late Empress: but, by means of a certain metal, the invention and composition of which was owing to the family of the Wills, they debased it to one-third of its former intrinsic value, in such a manner, that it was not discoverable either by the touch or weight. The nation was blinded with the fair out-side shew of this new and dazzling specie, and received it from the mint again, without murmuring, upon the ancient footing. Luxury and pomp, grounded on the false appearances of imaginary riches, spread, like a contagious disease, over the whole land; but soon gave way to penury and want.

Squire Avarice lent large sums, at an exorbitant interest, to the needy, and thereby hurried on their impending ruin. Squire Sple-  
netic, who, notwithstanding his many and known ill qualities, was now raised to a considerable post in the Administration, depressed

merit, wherever it reared its head. Squire Sensual debauched the wives and daughters of the principal inhabitants. The Regent himself governed every thing, according to the dictates of his own obstinacy, right or wrong; and his grandson, Ambition, entangled the empire in an unnecessary and fatal war with a neighbouring nation, about some trifling punctios of honour. Integrity, Justice, Compassion, and Friendship, were banished the state, for opposing these pernicious proceedings. In short, the subjects soon became sensible, that instead of a gracious Empress, they had now a many-headed tyrant at the helm: but as Hope and Joy had long since left their confines, they had no refuge to fly to, but the two ladies, Anxiety and Timorous.

‘ This confusion must necessarily have brought the whole nation into utter ruin, had not a certain matron, who was held in particular esteem by the late Empress; but, by the populace, was looked upon to be no better than a sorceress, interposed, and put a stop to this misery, while yet there was a remedy. This prudent and venerable sybil, whose name was Experience, taking the opportunity of a fair, appeared in the midst of the croud, on the market-place, and holding up a piece of the late Empress’s coin, in the sight of all the people, “ This, my friends and fellow-sufferers,” said she, “ is a coin which will bear all tests;” holding at the same time a glass over it, which, by contracting the rays of the sun into a centre, had the power to melt all metals of a base alloy. “ But this,” continued she, holding up a piece of the new coin, which, upon applying her glass to it, was reduced to its intrinsic value, “ can hardly withstand the least degree of trial: and just so are all the imaginary advantages of your new form of government; dazzling, but of no duration. Is it for this phantom you have bartered the happy Administration of your deposed Sovereign?”

‘ The populace, whose eyes began to be opened at so palpable a conviction, finding themselves wounded in the most sensible part, their riches, took up arms, by unanimous consent, brought the deposed Empress out of her confinement, and restored her to her lawful throne. Their rage would have hurried them on to exterminate the whole race of the Wills, had not this gracious Princess herself appeased their fury, and given immediate command to sacrifice Self-Interest to their revenge; declaring, at the same time, that though the family of the Wills were wholly unqualified for the Administration, she had other employments for them, in which they might be of real benefit to the common weal.’

This description, as it is called, is plainly an allegorical history of the human Passions, and contains the following moral doctrine, viz. that the happiness of this life consists chiefly in the moderation and government of these passions.

We attribute two different powers to the soul, reason and the will. Reason teaches us how to determine our views, and it is the business of the will to put them in execution. According to the Cartesians, reason has its seat in the brain; and the will, with its passions, love, joy, hope, fear, sorrow, hatred, &c. in the heart. As

long as the will is governed by reason, so long a man is in his natural and tranquil state: all his passions are kept within their proper bounds; and therein consists the happiness of life: but no sooner does self-interest poison his good intentions, and his passions get the better of reason, than he is in an unnatural situation, and a confused state of mind. All his passions are slaves to intemperance, they lead him into a labyrinth of disorders; and herein consists the greatest misery mankind is liable to in this world.

The only method we have to remedy this evil is, to take the opportunity, when our passions are lulled asleep, to weigh, in the balance of experience, the true and intrinsic value of every object, which is wont to flatter our imaginations, and thereby learn not to set our affections chiefly on those things which are least deserving of them; but, on the contrary, put that value upon all things, as they, with propriety and justice, deserve; and, on the other hand, to proportion our sorrow and care to our actual, and not to our imaginary losses and wants.

In this examination of the intrinsic value of things, we must have an eye, first, to the goodness, and second, to the duration of them: whether they promote our happiness, and how long they are capable of doing it? Let us, for instance, examine the honours, pleasures, and riches of this world, by this rule. Are they real substantial goods? Are they attended with no cares, no apprehensions, no uneasinesses? As far as they are liable to any of these, so far they are short of being real felicities. But supposing they were wholly free from these inconveniencies, the question yet remains, of what duration are they? Will they last to the end of our days? How long are we sure of health, or even of life itself to enjoy them? To conclude, is our life more than a moment in comparison with eternity? How then can they be said to be durable? In reality, they are no more than an empty transitory vapour, a thing of nothing, which has no real or essential being.

When we have, in this manner, discovered the deceitful alloy of this counterfeit coin, which has blinded the eyes of our understanding, reason ascends her throne again, and our passions are confined within their proper bounds. Nothing in this world can awake any immoderate desires in us, nor are we ever, beyond measure, concerned for the loss or want of any thing. By this alone we may come very near to the highest pitch of happiness we are here capable of, and keep possession of it when we have attained it.

To this we cannot forbear adding a fine paragraph from our Spectators,\* and shall then leave the reader to form a judgment upon the whole.

That ingenious author has alledged it to be 'a mighty mistake, that the passions should be so entirely subdued, as to be quite

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\* Vol. vi. p. 49.



extinguished, which is putting out the light of the soul; little irregularities being sometimes not only to be born with; but to be cultivated too, as they are frequently attended with the greatest perfections.' He then concludes, that 'since the passions are the principles of human actions, we must endeavour to manage so as to retain their vigour, yet keep them under strict command: we must govern them rather like free subjects than slaves; lest, while we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those great purposes to which they were designed. For my part, I must confess, I could never have any regard to that sect of philosophers, who so much insisted upon an absolute indifference and vacancy from all passion: for it seems to me a thing very inconsistent, for a man to divest himself of humanity, in order to acquire tranquillity of mind, and to eradicate the very principles of action, because it is possible they may produce ill effects.'

M.

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THE LIFE

OF

*PRINCE POTESKIN.*


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[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

THE weak Khan suffered himself to be deluded by the artifice and deception of Catharine and her favourite, who deprived him of his government, and the Tartars of their liberty. To revenge themselves of that Prince's defection, they strangled the unfortunate Khan; and thus it was that the perfidious Russians compensated the credulous Tartar for the cession of his dominions.

With the extension of his Sovereign's empire, Prince Potemkin neglected not his personal interests. Proprietor of immense estates in different provinces of Russia, he acquired also a great part of the rich domains possessed by the Princes Lubomirsky and Sapieha, in Podolia and Lithuania. His enemies thought that he was preparing for himself a retreat into Poland: but, whatever his views might have been, never did his favour appear so well established, never had he been attached to Russia by so many titles and employments. The Empress honoured him with the appellation of Tauryezewsky, gave him the government of Taurida, with the rank of Grand Admiral of the Euxine.

Upon the death of Lanskoi, for whom the Empress entertained the most ardent affection, Potemkin undertook to assuage his Sovereign's grief. He was almost the only person who could venture to penetrate the solitude in which she sequestered herself. His influence with her daily increased; and, whether from a principle of gratitude or from affectionate regard, she resolved, it is said, to attach him to her by indissoluble ties; she secretly gave him her hand.

The matrimonial bond was as incapable of fixing the taste of Potemkin as that of his Imperial mistress. He soon emancipated himself from the obligations imposed by such a tie, and delegated them to a youth of more ardent feelings, and to one of greater complaisance.

This youth was a subaltern in the guards; his name was Yermoloff. But his ingratitude to his benefactor removed him from the situation to which he had been raised.

Potemkin had for a long time gained such an ascendancy over Catharine's mind, that no favourite could stand in competition with him. When the Empress visited the Krimea, and in her way thither was joined at Kioff by Marshal Romanzoff, that general was treated with great arrogance by Potemkin. But, whatever value the Empress attached to the brilliant services of the vanquisher of the Ottomans, the favour of Potemkin suffered no diminution thereby. Like his royal mistress, he often changed the object of his affections.

Among the females who had resorted to the court of Catharine, was a Grecian lady already famous; \* whose charms had probed the heart of Prince Potemkin, and threatened to snatch him away from the crowd of beauties who contended for his favours.

Long previous to her departure from Petersburg, the Empress had sent Major Sergius to Constantinople, in order to apprise the Divan of her design to come into the Krimea. The Divan did not receive this intelligence with pleasure; they almost regarded the journey in the light of an aggression: they repaired to repel it; and while the Empress was at Kerson, four Turkish ships of the line and sixteen frigates came and anchored at the mouth of the Borysthenes. These ships were neither inclined, nor, without doubt, had the ability to attempt any thing injurious; but the very sight of them rankled on Catharine's soul. She beheld them with scorn, and could not turn her eyes from viewing them. 'Do you see?' said she to her courtiers: 'one would imagine that the Turks no longer remembered Tschesme!'

The Empress was received in the Krimea by the principal Myrzas, whose troops made in her presence various evolutions. All at once the carriages were surrounded by a thousand Tartars, who formed themselves into an escort. Joseph II. who had not been apprised of what was to happen, expressed some uneasy apprehensions; but the Empress preserved her usual tranquillity. These Tartars had previously been placed there by Potemkin. They had assuredly no sinister design, but admitting they had, would they have dared to

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\* She was called Madame de Witt. From his partiality for her, Potemkin gave the command of Kerson to her husband. This did not prevent Madame de Witt from becoming faithless to Prince Potemkin. Under pretence of going to see her mother, who was a poor tradeswoman at the seraglio, she went to Constantinople with the Countess de Mnischeck. Choiseul-Gouffier gave her lodgings in the French hotel. After the death of Potemkin, Madame de Witt followed the fortune of Felix Potocky; and, at the solicitation of the Countess Potocky, the Empress ordered her to be arrested, and shut up in a convent.

put it in execution? Did not they know that Potemkin had, not far from thence, an army of 153,000 men?

His knowledge of military tactics was extensive, and he gave a proof of this when, on her Majesty's return from the Crimea, he conducted her to Pultawa. Two armies soon discovered themselves. They approached; they engaged; and gave Catharine an exact representation of the famous battle in which Peter the Great vanquished Charles XII.

This spectacle was worthy of Potemkin, and of the two Sovereigns before whom it was represented. Joseph II. on whom the very name of a warrior made a lively impression, could not refrain from deploring the unhappy fate of the Swedish Monarch: he felt, however, extremely delighted with all that Potemkin and the Empress did. Catharine had so captivated his mind, that he resolved on assisting her Majesty to raise her grandson to the crown of Constantinople.

Potemkin fed the ambition of Catharine, and instigated her to an enterprize which, had she lived, she might perhaps have accomplished. This was nothing less than the possession of the capital of the Grand Seignior.

He implicated the Turks in a ruinous war, in which was spilled the blood of thousands. A subject to him of very little concern.

He had now (1789) for some time laid siege to Oczakoff. Fortifications apparently impregnable, ammunition in great abundance, a numerous garrison, and the rigour of the season, seemed to baffle every attempt upon this place. The besiegers suffered so much from cold, that they were necessitated to dig subterraneous huts in order to shelter themselves from its severity: reduced to a want of provisions, each night brought upon them great desolation. But the frost, which they had resisted with so much perseverance and trouble, aided them in taking the town. It was observed to lie open to attack on the side of the Liman, where the works appeared less formidable, and to which the ice facilitated success. Potemkin on a sudden issued orders to carry it by assault; and, while he remained in camp with his mistresses, his lieutenants, at the head of a detachment of troops, penetrated the town, and spread carnage and desolation. We must not, however, attribute this conduct in Potemkin to a principle of cowardice; for several preceding days he was seen to walk with the utmost composure under the very cannon of the ramparts,\* because he had learnt that some dared to suspect his courage. He absented himself from the assault of Oczakoff merely because he did not think it presented him with an opportunity of distinguishing himself in an extraordinary manner.

Prince Anhalt-Bernburg did not imitate Potemkin's conduct. He

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\* It is related, that in one of these walks, a general officer who accompanied him, had his thigh shot off by a cannon bullet, and suffered some cries to escape him. 'What do you cry for?' said Potemkin, coldly. The officer remained silent from respect. He died the next day.

was the first to enter the town, at the head of the grenadiers\* and chasseurs. The fight, both on the ramparts and in the streets, was long and terrible. The Turkish soldiers defended themselves with obstinate bravery; and almost all of them perished with their weapons in their hands. The rest were put to the sword; and a great part of the inhabitants experienced the same fate.

The Russians delivered up the town to saccage. They entered all the houses, put the masters of them to death, carried off their most valuable effects, and abandoned themselves to all the horrors of plunder, debauchery, and rapine. For three whole days together, Potemkin suffered this sanguinary scene to last, which cost the lives of more than 25,000 Turks. In making the assault, the Russians lost 12,000 men.

The capture of Oczakoff, and the successes by which it had been preceded, were magnificently recompensed. Catharine presented Potemkin with 100,000 roubles, and a Marshal's truncheon, set round with diamonds, and entwined with a laurel branch, of which the leaves were gold. Shortly afterwards she conferred on him the title of Hetman of the Kosacs; just become vacant by the death of the aged Cyril Razumoffsky.

After this event, in 1789, he reduced the Isle of Beresan, Ackerman, Chedchey, Belgorod, Palanka, likewise, submitted to the arms of Potemkin. Upon the capture of Bender and the subjection of Ismail, the conqueror hastened back to Petersburg, there to enjoy the fruits of his triumph. He was received by the Empress with transports of joy. Festivities and pleasures were lavished upon him. She gave him a palace estimated at 600,000 roubles, and a coat, embroidered with diamonds, which cost 200,000. He himself displayed a pomp, which appeared excessive in a court, of all others in Europe, the most extravagantly splendid.†

But he soon after quitted the capital, in order to return to his army. Satiated with pomp and grandeur, triumphs and pleasures, he grew restless wherever he went. A fatal presentiment seemed to haunt his steps. He was neither satisfied with the flatteries of courtiers, with the accumulated bounties of his Sovereign, nor even with the approbation of himself. The presence of the new favourite in an

\* Prince Potemkin had created a body of 40,000 grenadiers and the same number of chasseurs. He must always be in extremes.

† The expence of his table alone, on ordinary days, was 800 roubles: it was covered with dainties the most exquisite, and fruits the most rare. He ordered the cherries to be got in the depth of winter, for which he paid a rouble each. At the entertainment which he gave the Empress, he caused a profusion of money to be thrown among the people. Never did any Sovereign display greater luxury. From an odd singularity, this man, so generally munificent, rarely paid his debts. When any one presented himself to request the discharge of his bill, he said to Popoff, his private Secretary, 'Why don't you pay this man?' and, by a sign, he gave him to understand in what manner the creditor was to be paid. If he clenched his hand, Popoff gave the man the money; if he opened it, the poor fellow was sent to Siberia.

especial manner irritated his feelings. He set out again for the field.

Being wearied out with war, a congress assembled at Szistowe to negotiate a peace. Preliminaries were signed by Prince Repnin and the Grand Vizir. The definitive treaty, concluded at Yassi, followed immediately.

Potemkin was not so fortunate as to conclude this peace between Russia and the Porte. He had repaired to the congress of Yassi: but, being soon attacked with an epidemical fever then raging at that place, he was unable to attend much of the negotiations. As soon as the Empress learnt that he was sick, she sent off to him two of the most skillful physicians in Petersburg.\* He disdained their advice, and would follow no regimen. Intemperate to excess, he ate at breakfast a whole egg, slices of hung-beef or ham, drinking with it a prodigious quantity of wine and Dantzic liqueurs, and, after this, dined with undiminished voracity.

Perceiving that his distemper gained ground upon him, he thought to recover by removing from Yassi. He accordingly resolved to depart for Nicolaeff, a town which he had built at the confluence of the Ingoul and the Bogh. Scarcely had he proceeded three leagues on his journey before he found himself much worse. He alighted from his carriage in the midst of the highway, and died† under a tree, in the arms of the Countess Branicka, his favourite niece.

At first a report prevailed that the Prince had been poisoned. His body was carried to Yassi, and there opened. Not the smallest indication was discoverable to justify the suspicion.

To what has already been said of Prince Potemkin we shall, of ourselves, add nothing farther. We shall here insert his picture, drawn by one‡ who lived a long time with him in habits of close intimacy.

Prince Gregory Alexandrowitch Potemkin was one of the most extraordinary men of his times; but in order to have played so distinguished a part, he must have been born in Russia, and have lived in the reign of Catharine II. In other countries, in other times, under any other Sovereign, he would have been discarded.

\* The doctors Tinmann and Massot.

† Potemkin died the 15th of October, 1791, aged fifty-two. From Yassi his remains were transported to Kerson, where they were interred. The Empress allotted a hundred thousand roubles for the erection of a mausoleum. The following is an abridgment of his dignities and titles:—Knight of the principal orders of Prussia, of Sweden, of Poland, and of all the orders of Russia; Field-Marshal, Commander in Chief of all the armies of Russia; Chief General of the cavalry; Grand Admiral of the fleets of the Euxine, of the sea of Azoff, and of the Caspian; Senator and President of the College of War; Governor-General of Katarinasloff and of Taurida; Adjutant-General and actual Chamberlain to the Empress; Inspector-General of the armies; Colonel of the Preobaginski guards; Chief of the corps of horse guards; Colonel of the regiment of cuirassiers of his name, of the dragoons of Petersburg, and the grenadiers of Katarinasloff; Chief of all the manufactories of arms and the founderies of cannon; Grand Hetman of the Kosacs, &c.

‡ M. L. P. Segur, formerly Ambassador at Petersburg.

A singular coincidence of events gave birth to this man, at a period suited to his character; and brought together and united all the circumstances, which agreed with the features of his mind.

‘ In his character defects and advantages met in complete opposition. He was avaricious, yet fond of parade; despotic, but notwithstanding popular; inflexible, yet beneficent; haughty, yet obliging; politic, still confiding; licentious, yet of a superstitious cast; bold and timid; ambitious, but indiscreet; generous to prodigality among his relations, mistresses, and favourites; yet frequently careless in paying both his household and his creditors. His consequence always depended on a woman, and to her he was always faithless. Nothing could equal the activity of his mind, or the indolence of his body. No dangers appalled his courage; no difficulties induced him to renounce his projects; but the success ever disgusted him with the enterprizes he undertook.

‘ He wearied the empire by the number of his posts and the extent of his power. He was himself borne down with the weight of his existence; envious of all that he did not execute, and sick of all that he did. He had no relish for tranquillity, and no enjoyment of his occupations. Every thing with him was irregular; business, pleasure, temper, deportment. In every company his air was embarrassed, and his presence was a restraint on every person. All that stood in awe of him he treated with austerity; such as accosted him with familiarity he caressed.

‘ He was ever promising, but seldom kept his word; yet never forgot any thing. None had read less than he; few people were better informed. He had conversed with skilful men in all professions, in all sciences, in every art. No one knew better how to draw forth and appropriate to himself the knowledge of others. In a single conversation he would have astonished a scholar, an artist, an artificer, a divine. His acquirements were not profound, but they were very extensive. He never dived to the bottom of any, but he spoke well on all subjects.

‘ The capriciousness of his unequal temper gave an inconceivable oddity to his desires, his conduct, and his manner of life. One while he formed the project of becoming Duke of Courland; at another he thought of bestowing on himself the crown of Poland. He frequently expressed an intimation of making himself a bishop, or even a simple monk. He built a superb palace, and wanted to sell it before it was finished. One day he would dream of nothing but war; surrounded only by officers, Tartars, and Kosacs; the next day his mind was solely occupied with politics; he would partition the Ottoman empire, and agitate all the Cabinets of Europe. At other times, with his thoughts involved on the Court, dressed in a magnificent suit, covered with ribbons presented him by every potentate, displaying diamonds of an extraordinary magnitude and a striking brilliancy, he was giving superb entertainments without any meaning.

‘ He was sometimes seen for a month together, and in the face of all the city, to pass whole evenings at the apartments of a young female, seemingly negligent of all business and all decorum. Some-

times also, for several weeks successively, retired to his room with his nieces, and several men admitted to his confidence, he would loll on a sofa, without speaking; playing at chess, or cards: with his legs bare, the collar of his shirt unbuttoned, in a morning gown, with a thoughtful front, his eye-brows knit, and presenting to the eyes of strangers, who came to visit him, the figure of a salacious and rough Kosac.

All these singularities frequently raised the Empress's displeasure, but rendered him still more interesting to her. In his youth he had pleased her by the ardour of his passion, by his valour, by his masculine beauty. Arrived at the age of maturity, he charmed her still by flattering her pride, by calming her apprehensions, by strengthening her power, by cherishing her whims of Oriental empire, the expulsion of the barbarians, and the restoration of the Greek republics.

Soon after being taken into favour, become the rival of Orloff, he performed, on his Sovereign's account, whatever the most romantic passion could inspire. He put out his eye to remove from it a blemish which diminished his beauty. Banished by his rival, he ran to meet death in combat, but returned with glory. A successful lover, he quickly got rid of the hypocritical farce, of which the developement held out to him the perspective of an obscure disaster. He himself gave favourites to his mistress, and became her confident, her friend, her General, and her Minister.

Panin was President of the Council, and favoured the alliance with Prussia. Potemkin persuaded his mistress, that the Emperor's friendship would be of more use in realizing her plans against the Turks. He connected her with Joseph II. and by that means furnished himself with the means of conquering the Crimea, and the country of the Nogay Tartars, dependent upon it. Restoring to these regions their *souorous and ancient names, creating a naval armament at Kerson and Sevastapol*, he persuaded Catharine to come and admire in person this new scene of his glory. Nothing was spared in order to render this journey renowned. Money, provisions, and horses, were conveyed thither from all parts of the empire. The highways were illuminated. The Borysthenes was covered with magnificent gallees. A hundred and fifty thousand soldiers were armed and newly equipped. The Kosacs were assembled; the Tartars disciplined; deserts were peopled; and palaces raised. The nakedness of the Crimean plains was disguised by villages built on purpose to relieve its dreary aspect; and these were enlivened by fire-works. Chains of mountains were illuminated. Fine roads were opened by the army. Savage woods were transformed into English gardens. The King of Poland came to pay homage to her who had crowned, and who afterwards deposed him from his throne. The Emperor Joseph II. came himself to attend the triumphal march of the Empress Catharine; and the result of this brilliant journey was another war; to undertake which the English and the Prussians impolitically instigated the Turks; and which was only a fresh incitement to the ambition of Potemkin; by affording him an opportunity to conquer Oczakoff, which remained

to Russia; and to obtain the grand ribbon of St. George; the only decoration that was wanting to his vanity. But with these latter triumphs the term of his life expired. He died in Moldavia, almost on a sudden; and his death, lamented by his nieces and a small circle of friends, only served to raise the avidity of his rivals, eager to divide his spoils; he was then consigned to total oblivion.

‘ Like the rapid flight of a brilliant meteor which astonishes us by its coruscation, but is devoid of solidity, Potemkin began every thing, completed nothing, deranged the finances, disorganized the army, depopulated his country, and enriched it with new deserts. The fame of the Empress was increased by his conquests. From these she derived admiration, and her Minister hatred. Posterity, adhering to stricter justice, will perhaps divide between them the glory of success and the severity of reproach. It will not bestow on Potemkin the title of a great man; but it will cite him as an extraordinary character; and, if his portrait be drawn with accuracy, he might be represented as a real emblem, as a living image of the Russian empire.

‘ He was, in fact, colossal, resembling Russia. His mind, like that country, was cultivated in part; fertile districts and desert plains. It discovered something of the Asiatic cast, that of the European, of the Tartarian, and the Kosac; the rudeness of the eleventh, and the corruption of the eighteenth century; the superficial knowledge of the arts, and the barren ignorance of the cloister, the exterior of civilization, and many traces of barbarism. In a word, if we might venture the comparison, his two eyes, the one open and the other shut, reminded us of the Euxine, always open; and the northern ocean, so long closed with ice.’

This portrait may appear gigantic: those, however, who knew Potemkin will bear witness to its truth. His eccentricities were very conspicuous: but without them, perhaps, he would neither have domineered over his Sovereign, nor enslaved his country. Chance formed him precisely such as he ought to have been, in order to have preserved so long his influence over so extraordinary a woman.

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## OPTIMISM:

### A DREAM.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168.]

AT our approach, the gates of the temple opened of their own accord; we entered, and they suddenly closed upon us, with the noise of a clap of thunder, under an invisible hand. ‘ No one can open, no one can shut them, the powerful voice of God alone is equal to that,’ said my august protector. Seized with respect, I read these words, inscribed in letters of gold: ‘ God is just, his voice is concealed; who shall presume to fathom his decrees?’



I cast my eyes upon the height of this temple. The whole of the majestic edifice rested upon columns of white marble: in the middle was erected an altar; in the place of the image of the Divinity rose an odoriferous incense, the sweet vapour of which filled the temple. On the right side of the altar was suspended a tablet of black marble, and on the left a mirror of the purest crystal. 'Here it is,' said the angel, 'you will learn that if Providence sometimes oppresses a good man with misfortune, it is inflicted on purpose to conduct him with greater safety to happiness.' Having said this, he disappeared. Chilling fear no longer froze my senses; a pure, sweet ineffable joy took possession of my soul. Tears of affection streamed from my eyes; my knees bent under me, and I could not refrain from adoring in silence the bounty of the Supreme. A majestic voice, far from conveying any thing that was terrific, said to me, '*rise, behold, and read.*'

I looked at the mirror, and beheld my friend Sadak; Sadak, whose constant virtue, nobly supported by courage, had often excited my astonishment; Sadak, who knew how to brave indigence, and ensure poverty respect. I saw him seated in a room, of which the walls were robbed of their ornaments: he was reclining his languishing head upon the last piece of furniture that was left him, his heart was consumed by hunger, and still more cruel despair. A single tear escaped from his eye-lid was a drop of blood! Wretched mortal! he dared not weep. Four infants cried to their father, and supplicated him for bread; the youngest, weak and languishing, stretched upon a straw bed, had lost the strength of utterance; he exhaled the last sighs of an innocent life. The wife of this unfortunate wretch, soured by misfortune, unmindful of the tender sweetness of her natural disposition, reproached him with the excess of their misery. These cruel complaints lacerated his heart, and added to his punishment. Sadak rises, turns from the expressive looks of his children, and, sick as he is, drags himself along, in order to procure them succour. He meets a man, to whom he had formerly rendered the most essential services; this man was indebted to him for the honourable situation which he enjoyed. Sadak makes known to him his deplorable condition; he describes the state of his children, ready to expire in his arms for want of food.... Covered with blushes that he is forced upon his recollection, the great man looks round him with a watchful eye lest any one should observe him speaking to a man who bore the livery of indigence; he shakes off the poor suppliant with vague promises, with cool politeness, and with hasty steps suddenly disappears. This was at least the tenth time that he had treated with inhumanity the very person who had been the cause of his affluence. Sadak, in a state of despair, suffers chance to direct his steps, when one of his creditors stops and loads him with contumely, collects the people about the wretch, publicly threatens him, and is upon the point of striking the unhappy mortal, more from a principle of contempt than anger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE  
MIRROR OF THESPIA.

NO. I.

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 Nor set down aught in malice.'

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THE Mirror of Thespis is neither concave nor convex; it will not diminish beauties or magnify imperfections; but, possessing the indispensable property of a just reflector, will present to the eye of taste and criticism, in their true form and colour, the various theatrical objects which may arise.

The present paper is rather intended as a prospectus than part of the performance. Our Mirror will present a fair portrait of every new performer and performance, and occasionally a characteristic likeness of some popular actor or dramatic author. The justice and liberality of managers relative to authors, actors, and their patrons, the public, will, through the medium of the Mirror of Thespis, be placed in a just point of view. Strictures on theatrical morality, with comparisons between the ancient and modern stage, come also within the pale of our plan. Whatever may be the subject of our investigation or criticism, whether we delineate beauty or deformity, whether we satirize vice or encourage virtue, impartiality shall always be kept in view as the polar star of rectitude.

We noticed with considerable pleasure the favourable commencement of the present season. Many of our standard plays have been repeatedly performed with much *eclat*, and most of the new pieces have met with deserved success. The popular drama of *Lover's Vows* (a critique on which appeared in our last number) has been unusually interesting. But is the *English* stage to boast of this? There was a time when *English* writers could produce sterling sense, combined with stage effect! There was a time when the proud Genius of *Britain* would have spurned with indignity the thought of shining forth in borrowed plumage! Have we *no* writers of merit? Is the spirit of native excellence *for ever* fled?—The thought is too degrading!

The Author of the '*Review of the Theatrical Powers of the late Mr. John Palmer*' has saved us much trouble by his candid estimate of the strength of the *Winter* theatres. As he predicted, Mr. Barrymore has succeeded to the majority of Mr. Palmer's tragic characters. A Mr. Powell has also been engaged as an additional substitute

for that valuable actor. Covent-Garden has this season obtained some powerful reinforcements both in the comic and operatic line. Mr. Emery, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Mansell; Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Chapman, Miss Mitchell, and Mrs. Wybrow, with some others of inferior note, have presented themselves to our observation. It is not our intention, in this place, to criticise on the merits of every respective *debut* which has already occurred: we shall only attend to the future delineation of their merits.

Our present number of the Mirror will close with some observations on the theatrical occurrences of the month:—these shall be as concise as perspicuity will admit.

On Monday, November 12th, was brought forward at Covent-Garden Mr. Cobb's long expected opera of '*RAMA DROOG; or Wine does Wonders.*' The principal characters were,—the *Rajah*, by Mr. Emery; *Sidney*, Mr. Inledon; *Liffey*, Mr. Johnstone; *Chellingoe*, Mr. Munden; *Zemaun*, Mr. H. Johnston; *Holkar*, Mr. Townsend; *Govinda*, Mr. Hill; *Alminah*, Mrs. Chapman; *Eliza*, Miss Mitchell; *Margaret*, Mrs. Mills; and *Zelma*, by a young lady, it being her *first appearance on any stage*. The gallant Sidney, with a detachment of British troops under his command, are taken prisoners by the usurping Rajah. During the conflict Sidney consigns his wife, Eliza, to the care of Serjeant Liffey, an Irishman; they escape, and remain concealed till hunger compels them to leave their hiding place; Liffey having brought away a bag, containing a suit of the Commissary's clothes, instead of a knapsack well stored with provisions. He disguises himself in the Commissary's dress, and they surrender themselves to a party of hunters, by whom they are carried to court, where Liffey passes for an European physician. The Rajah is taken ill of an unknown disorder, and the artful Chellingoe, thinking to advance his own interest, recommends Liffey, who prescribes, as an infallible medicine, a potatoe. The Rajah, whose illness is discovered to proceed from drinking claret, recovers; and the successful labours of Liffey are crowned with weighty honours. Alminah, the Rajah's daughter, falls in love with Sidney, whom she offers to release, and accompany him in his flight. On these terms he nobly rejects his proffered liberty. By a blunder of the Irish physician, Eliza is discovered to the haughty princess as the wife of Sidney, and she determines upon vengeance for her slighted passion. The late Rajah's daughter, Zelma, having been saved by Zemaun, an Indian prince, from the general ruin of her family, is by him guarded in her concealment in a part of the fortress of *Ramah Droog*. Margaret, the intrepid and eccentric wife of Liffey, who accompanied the British army in male attire, is released by Zemaun, who sends her to meet a second detachment of our troops then at hand. She meets them, returns, and by threats compels Chellingoe, the prison-keeper, to conduct her to the fortress. By these means Zemaun and Eliza are liberated, who, accompanied by Liffey, carry

off the Rajah, and join the approaching army, who surprize and take the fort by night. The usurping Rajah is dethroned, the prisoners released, Zelma restored to the rights of royalty, and united to Zemaun.

Such is the fable of the most splendid drama we have witnessed for a number of years. The scenery is uncommonly grand and beautiful. A distant view of the fortress, Zelma's prison, and an apartment in the palace, challenge particular attention. The return from the tiger hunt, as detailed in the play-bills, is a fine display of eastern magnificence: but the stage is so much crowded that the beauties of picturesque scenery are entirely lost. This might be remedied by a part of the procession moving off.

The dialogue of the opera is very *la la*. Far-fetched sentiments and affected witticisms, very thinly strewn, compose the whole of its *merit*. The songs, however, are well written: the poetry is much superior to the general run of stage lyrics.

From two such proficients in the science of music as Mazzinghi and Reeve we expected much. We were disappointed. Many parts are *pretty*, some are beautiful, but they possess no originality—nothing of that striking sublimity which, like the electric spark,

‘ Thrills through the soul and ravishes the sense.’

When we saw Mr. Emery's name we expected he would have personated some character of consequence—nominally he did so; but the author *had not made*, nor the actor *could not make*, any thing of it. The performers universally exerted themselves to advantage: Johnstone and Munden are the life of the piece; Inledon never played better. His ‘*Sigh of Remembrance*,’ and Hill's ‘*Shrine of Gratitude*,’ merit particular mention.

As a spectacle, *Ramah Droog* is the most beautiful we ever saw: as a drama it is defective in interest. On the first evening full four hours were spent in the representation. Some judicious alterations and curtailments have since taken place, nearly one third of the songs have been omitted, and Waddy has adopted Mr. Emery's character. We have now only to speak of Miss Waters, the young lady who performed Zelma.

Miss Waters certainly has not been trained to the stage; we therefore consider her of extraordinary promise. Her features are good, and there is not a more elegant figure on the boards. She possesses all that native modesty and diffidence which we so much admire in the fair sex. Her voice has considerable extent and compass; her tones are clear and mellow, and her articulation distinct. She received her finishing instructions from Mazzinghi and from the tutor of Banti, and we can safely venture the assertion, that her powers will stamp her a lasting favourite with the public.

*Drury-Lane, November 14.* ‘Another and another still succeeds.’ The CAPTIVE OF SPILBURG, another translation—not from the German, but their more volatile neighbours, the French,—made its appearance this evening. The subject of this piece is from the popular tale of

*Adele* and *Theodore*, and is translated from the French entertainment of '*Camille, ou le Souterrain*,' by Mr. Hoare. The following are the principal persons of the drama: *Korowitz*, Mr. Barrymore; *Canzemar*, Mr. Kelly; *Kaurakin*, Mr. Bannister Jun. *Mirboff*, Mr. Suett; *Eugenia*, Mrs. Crouch; *Moolina*, Mrs. Bland.

Canzemar, nephew to the Baron Korowitz, rescues a lady from the hands of robbers. This lady is Eugenia, privately married to the Baron. Canzemar, ignorant of this, conceives a passion for her, and by force conveys her to his own habitation. Eugenia, well schooled in the precepts of virtue, resists his various threats and artifices, and still conceals her rank and title. Finding his endeavours vain, Canzemar offers, conditionally, to restore her her liberty. She swears never to reveal the name of him who had attempted her honour. Her husband Korowitz, tortured by jealousy, on her return confines her to the ancient castle of Spilburg, in Bohemia. This castle has been long celebrated for traditional horrors. Various attempts are made to extort the secret through her affection to her infant. Korowitz's absence from court excites suspicion; he is accused, and ordered to be arrested for the murder of Eugenia and her son. The arrest is performed, and Eugenia and her child are left in solitude. By singular interposition they are preserved, and restored to the Baron by his nephew Canzemar. His confession clears her suspected virtue, and the piece concludes with a general reconciliation.

The loves of Kaurakin and Moolina, domestics of the castle, form an under plot, and excite much comic interest. The piece throughout is much in the style of *Lodoiska*: the scenery is beautiful, and the music every thing that can be wished.

A drunken scene on the first evening caused some disapprobation—this has been altered.

We should have noticed the performance of the *Merchant of Venice* on the night preceding, when Mr. Archer, who played *Shylock* last season, came forward in the character of *Antonio*. His discriminative talents and execution procured him a deservedly favourable reception.

November 17—CASTLE SPECTRE. Mr. Corey, a gentleman of considerable theatrical powers, made his *debut* this evening in the character of *Reginald*. His figure is good and his voice extensive and flexible. Many passages were delivered with much judgment and feeling, but in others his manner was uncharacteristically forcible. The lamentations of an old man, having suffered a severe confinement of sixteen years, should not be delivered in loud and boisterous tones, but in plaintive, deep, and feeble accents. By proper attention, we doubt not of his attaining a respectable influence in the theatrical world.

Drury-Lane has announced another drama from the German of Kotzebue; and Covent-Garden has a Comedy, a Farce, an heroic Romance, and a musical entertainment, in preparation. We certainly shall not sleep for want of novelty.

PHILODRAMATICUS.

NARRATIVE OF THE  
EXPEDITION OF BUONAPARTE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 255.]

**I**N the last number of our Magazine we continued the Narrative of Buonaparte's Expedition; and with heartfelt satisfaction were enabled to follow it up with an account of the destruction of the French fleet, in which this enterprizing genius was wafted to the shores of Egypt.

In order to afford our readers every particular relative to this extraordinary expedition, we present them with the following additional account, chiefly collected from Buonaparte's own letters. It is our intention to mark his footsteps with a curious eye, and we pledge ourselves for the insertion of every thing relative to the failure or the success of his undertaking.

On the 6th of July the army set out from Alexandria. It arrived at Demenhour on the 20th, having suffered greatly in traversing this desert, from excessive heat and want of water.

On the 22d it met the Nile, at Rhamanie, and joined the division of General Dugua, who had proceeded to Rosetta by forced marches. The division of General Desaix was attacked by a body of seven or eight hundred Mamelukes, who, after a brisk cannonade, and the loss of some men, retired.

In the mean time the General learnt that Murat Bey, at the head of his army, composed of a considerable force of cavalry, with eight or ten large cannon, and several batteries upon the Nile, was advancing. He waited near the village of Chebreissa. On the evening of the 24th he began to march, and on the 25th, at day break, arrived at the village with only 200 cavalry, wearied and harrassed. The Mamelukes had a magnificent body of cavalry, covered with gold and silver arms of the best kind; carbines, pistols of London manufacture, the best sabres of the East, and mounted on the best horses on the continent. The army was ranged—each division forming a battalion four deep, their baggage in the centre, and the artillery in the spaces between the battalions. The battalions were ranked, the 2d and 4th division behind the 1st and 3d. The five divisions of the army were placed *en echelons*, flanking each other, and flanked by two villages occupied by the French. Citizen Perree, Chief of the division of Marine, with three armed sloops, a chebec and a galley, proceeded to the attack of the enemy's flotilla. The battle was extremely obstinate. Perree, the Chief of division, was wounded in the arm with a cannon ball; but by his good disposition and his intrepidity regained possession of three sloops and a galley which the Mamelukes had taken, and set fire to their Admiral's ship. Citizens Monge and Berthollet, who were in the chebec, evinced at the most difficult moment the utmost courage. General Andreossi, who commanded the troops,

conducted himself with great honour. The cavalry of the Mamelukes soon inundated all the plain, surrounded all the wings of the French army, and pressed them on all sides in flank and in the rear; but they every where found their line equally formidable, and were opposed with a double fire from the flank and front. They made several attempts to charge, but without determination. In fine, after having remained a great part of the day at about half cannon shot distance, they commenced their retreat and disappeared, with a loss of about 300 killed. On the morning of the 2d of August, the French perceived the Pyramids: and towards the evening of that day found themselves within six miles of Cairo, and learnt that the twenty-three Beys, with all their forces, were entrenched at Lambabe; that they had covered their entrenchments with more than 60 pieces of cannon.

On the 3d, at day break, the French met their advanced guard, which they pursued from village to village. At two in the afternoon, they found themselves at the enemy's entrenchments. General Buonaparte ordered the divisions of Generals Desaix and Reynier to take a position to the right, between Gizah and Lambabe, in order to cut off the communication of the enemy with higher Egypt, their natural retreat. The army was ranged in the same manner as at the battle of Chebreissa.

The instant that Murat Bey perceived the movement of General Desaix, he resolved to charge. He sent one of the bravest of his Beys, with a chosen body of troops, who charged the army with the rapidity of lightning. The French let them approach within fifty paces, when they overwhelmed them with a shower of balls, which made great slaughter. The Bey's troops threw themselves between the spaces which formed the two divisions, where they were received by a double fire, which finished their defeat. The French General seized that moment, and ordered the division of General Bon, who was upon the Nile, to proceed to the attack of the entrenchments; and General Vial, who commanded the division of General Menou, to proceed between the body of troops which had charged him and the entrenchments, in order to accomplish this triple object—to prevent the body of troops from re-entering the entrenchments; to cut off the retreat of those who occupied them; and lastly, if it should be necessary, to attack the entrenchments on the left. The instant Generals Vial and Bon advanced, they ordered the first and third divisions of each battalion to range in column for the attack, while the second and third preserved the same position, forming always a battalion four deep, and advanced to maintain the columns of attack.

The columns of attack of General Bon, commanded by the brave General Rampon, threw themselves into the entrenchments with their usual impetuosity, notwithstanding the fire of a great quantity of artillery, when the Mamelukes charged them. They went out of their entrenchments at full gallop. The French columns had time to halt, and to form a front to oppose them on all sides, and receive them with the bayonet, and a shower of balls. At the same instant, the field of battle was strewed with the slain, and the French gained

a complete victory. A great number of the Mamelukes threw themselves into the Nile and swam off. More than 400 camels, loaded with baggage, and 50 pieces of artillery, fell into the hands of the French. The loss of the Mamelukes was estimated at 2000 men, the choice of their cavalry. Great part of the Beys were killed or wounded. Murat Bey was wounded in the cheek. On the part of the French, the loss amounted to twenty or thirty killed, and 120 wounded. During the night the city of Cairo was evacuated. All their armed sloops, corvettes, brigs, and even a frigate, were burnt. On the 4th, General Buonaparte entered Cairo. In the night the populace burnt the houses of the Beys, and committed many excesses. Cairo, which contains more than 300,000 inhabitants, has the most abandoned populace in the world. After the great number of battles which the French troops had gained over superior forces, 'I thought it not prudent,' says the General, 'to praise their continence and *sang froid* on this occasion; for truly this new kind of warfare required, on their part, a degree of patience, forming a strong contrast with French impetuosity. If they had abandoned themselves to their full ardour, they would not have gained a victory, which was only to be obtained by the greatest coolness and patience.' The cavalry of the Mamelukes shewed great bravery. They defended their fortunes; for there was not one of them on whom the French soldiers did not find three, four, and five hundred louis-d'ors. All the luxury of these people consist in their horses and arms. Their houses are wretched. It is difficult to find a country more fertile, or a people more miserable, more ignorant, and more stupid. In the villages, they do not even know the use of a pair of scissars. They have no moveables but a straw mat, and two or three earthen pots. In general they eat but few things. They do not know the use of wind-mills, so that the French found constantly immense quantities of grain without any flour. The small quantity of grain which they convert to flour, they bruise with stones; and in some of the large villages they have mills, which are turned by oxen. The French General says—'We have been continually harrassed by the Arabs, who are the greatest robbers and the greatest villains on earth, assassinating the Turks as well as the French, and all who fall into their hands. The General of Brigade, Mureur, and several other Aides-de-camp, and officers of the etat major, have been assassinated by these wretches. Concealed behind ditches, or in trenches, upon their excellent little horses, unfortunate it is for him who strays 100 paces from the columns. General Mureur, notwithstanding the representations of the great precaution necessary to be observed, by a fatality which I have often remarked to accompany men arrived at their last hour, was desirous to ascend alone a little eminence, about two hundred paces from the camp. Behind it were three Bedouins, who assassinated him: the Republic has in him sustained a real loss; he was one of the bravest generals I ever knew. There is in this country very little money, a great deal of corn, rice, vegetables, and cattle. The Republic could not have a colony of more capacity, or richer soil. The climate is very healthy,



owing to the freshness of the nights. Notwithstanding fifteen days of marching, fatigues of every kind, the absolute want of wine, and every thing else to alleviate fatigue, we have had no sickness. The soldiers have found great resources in a kind of water-melons, which are in great abundance.'

On the 5th of August, Buonaparte ordered the division of General Reynier to advance to Elhana, to support General Leclerc of the cavalry, who was engaged with a body of Arabs, mounted on horseback, and the peasants of the country, whom Ibrahim Bey had found means to collect. He killed about fifty of the peasants, with a few of the Arabs, and took possession of the village of Elhana. He dispatched also the divisions commanded by General Lunnes, and that commanded by General Dugua. They proceeded by forced marches toward Syria, driving always before them Ibrahim Bey, and the army which he commanded. Before they arrived at Belbeys, they rescued part of a caravan of Mecca, whom the Arabs had taken prisoners, and were conveying to the desert, into which they had already penetrated to the distance of two leagues. The French caused them to be conducted to Cairo under a strong escort. They found at Lvurein another part of the caravan, consisting of merchants, who had been first stopped by Ibrahim Bey, and afterwards dismissed, and plundered by the Arabs. The General caused their scattered effects to be collected and conducted to Cairo. The quantity plundered by the Arabs must have been considerable. One merchant assured Buonaparte that he had lost shawls and other India goods to the amount of two hundred thousand crowns. This merchant had with him, according to the custom of the country, all his women. The General says, 'I gave them a supper, and provided them with camels to carry them to Cairo. Several of them were exceedingly genteel, but their faces were veiled, a custom to which it is difficult for the army to be reconciled.' The French arrived at Salehich, which is the last inhabited place of Egypt where there is good water, and where the desert commences which separates Syria from Egypt. As Ibrahim Bey, with his army, his treasures and his women, had just quitted Salehich, they pursued him with a few cavalry, and saw his immense baggage file off before them. A party of 150 Arabs, who accompanied the French, proposed to charge with them, in order to share in the booty: night approached, the horses were fatigued, and the infantry at a great distance. General Leclerc charged the rear guard, and took from them two pieces of cannon, and about fifty camels, laden with tents and different effects. The Mamelukes supported the charge with the utmost courage. D'Estrus, Chef d'escadron of hussars, was mortally wounded, and Buonaparte's Aid-de-camp, Sul-kowsti, received seven or eight wounds from a sabre, and several from fire-arms. The Mamelukes are remarkably brave, and would form an excellent corps of light cavalry: they are richly dressed, armed with the greatest care, and mounted upon horses of the best quality. Each officer of the staff and each hussar engaged in single combat. Lassalle, chef de brigade, dropped his sword in the middle

of the charge. He had dexterity enough to dismount and recover it, and then to remount and defend himself, and attack one of the most intrepid of the Mamelukes. General Murat, chief of battalion, Aid-de-camp Durve, Citizen Leturcq, Citizen Colbert, Adjutant Arrighi, having advanced too far, through their ardour, in the thickest of the combat, were exposed to the greatest dangers.

The Commander in Chief left at Salehich the division of General Reymier and the officers of engineers, to construct a fortress, and set out on the 13th of August, to return to Cairo. Scarcely had he got to the distance of two leagues from Salehich, when the Aid-de-camp of General Kleber arrived with intelligence of the battle which the French squadron had sustained on the 1st of August. On the 6th of July the Commander in Chief departed from Alexandria, at which time he wrote the Admiral to enter the port of that city within twenty-four hours, or in case that was impossible, to land speedily all the artillery and baggage belonging to the army, and to make the best of his way to Corfu. The Admiral did not think it practicable to complete the landing in the position in which he then was, being at anchor before the port of Alexandria, among rocks, and several vessels having lost their anchors. He therefore proceeded to Aboukir, where there was a good anchorage. Buonaparte sent to the Admiral some engineers and officers of artillery, who were of opinion with the Admiral, that he could receive no protection from the land, and that if the English should appear in the course of the two or three days which would be necessary for him to remain at Aboukir, either to land the artillery, or to sound and mark out the route to Alexandria; no other measure was to be pursued than to cut his cables, and that it was absolutely necessary he should make as short a stay as possible at Aboukir.

The French General then left Alexandria, in a full assurance that in three days one of these measures would have been adopted. From that time to the 24th of the same month he received no intelligence whatever, either from Rosetta or Alexandria. A multitude of Arabs, collected from all parts of the desert, kept constantly within 500 toises of the camp.

On the 27th, at length, the report of his victories and different positions opened communications with Rosetta and Alexandria. He received several letters from the Admiral, wherein he learned, with astonishment, that he remained yet at Aboukir. He then wrote to him again, that he must not lose an hour, but either enter the port of Alexandria, or return to Corfu. The Admiral had written to Buonaparte on the 20th of July, that several English frigates were come to reconnoitre, and that he was fortifying himself in expectation of the enemy at Aboukir. This strange resolution filled the latter with the utmost alarm; but the time was lost; for the letter of the 20th did not reach him until the 30th of the same month. He dispatched Citizen Julien, his Aide-de-camp, with orders not to leave Aboukir until he had seen the squadron under sail. On the 26th the Admiral wrote to him that the English had retired,

which measure he attributed to want of provisions. This letter was received on the 30th, by the same courier. The 29th he wrote to the General, that he had at length heard of the victory of the Pyramids, and the raking of Cairo, and found a passage for entering the port of Alexandria: that letter Buonaparte received the 5th of August. On the night of the 1st of August the English attacked him. On the moment he perceived the English squadron, he dispatched an officer to apprise the General of his dispositions and plans: this officer perished on the road. It seemed that Admiral Brueys was unwilling to return to Corfu, before he had ascertained the practicability of entering the port of Alexandria; and that the army, of which he had received no intelligence for a long time, was in a position in which it would not be obliged to retreat. His want of foresight, however, proved his ruin, and afforded a glorious day to Britain.

Buonaparte, on his arrival at Alexandria, entered into an agreement with the Notables of that city to prevent the soldiers of his army from disquieting the inhabitants by vexation, rapine or threats, and to punish outrages of that nature with the greatest severity. One instance only occurred, in which a French soldier was shot at the head of his battalion for plundering one of the natives of a watch. This act of rigorous justice, so seldom witnessed by the Egyptians, impressed them with great confidence in the General's conduct. This was still further strengthened by his solemn engagement to compel none of the inhabitants to change their religion, and to require no innovation in their religious practices. He also assured them of security for their persons and property, so long as the Cheiks or Notables adhered to their solemn oath of not betraying or attempting any injury against the French army, neither acting against its interests, nor entering into any conspiracy that might be formed against it.

In his progress he addressed proclamations to the Pacha of Egypt, the Pacha of Cairo, and the Commander of the Caravan, offering to the two first the preservation of their revenues and appointments, and security to the merchants under the direction of the latter, provided they did not take up arms against him. These were followed by an address to the people of Cairo, on his entering that capital:—'People of Cairo, you have done right not to take any part against me. Let all those who are under any fear be composed, and let those who have quitted their houses return to them. Let prayers be offered up to-day as usual; for I wish that they may be always continued. Entertain no fear for your families, your houses, your property, and, above all, the religion of your Prophet, whom I love. As it is absolutely necessary that some persons should be immediately charged with the administration of the police, in order that tranquillity may not be interrupted, there shall be a divan composed of seven persons, who shall assemble at the mosque of Ver; and there shall always be two with the Commandant of the place, and four shall be occupied in maintaining public tranquillity, and in watching over the police.'

MEMOIR AND TRIAL  
OF THE CELEBRATED  
*THEOBALD WOLFE TONE,*  
THE IRISH REBEL.

**T**HEOBALD WOLFE TONE, the di-vidant agent of the Popish Committee, founder of the United Irishmen, was the source of all the miseries in Ireland for the last six years.

This man, in order to evade the punishment to which his restless and mischievous disposition had rendered him liable, upon the developement of his nefarious schemes by the vigilant care of Government, took refuge in that country which is now become the asylum of adventurers.

His father was a coachmaker, who failed in business, and now holds a petty employment of fifty pounds a year under the Paving Board. His mother is a Roman Catholic, and a furious bigot. Tone, in the better days of his father, received a classical education, but was obliged to help himself through the college. In college he certainly was distinguished, but chiefly as the soul of a debating society (*the Historical Society*) whose rules and laws he was perpetually altering and amending. He then commenced writer, laboured in pamphlets and newspapers, so as to enable him to carry himself and wife, the daughter of Mr. Witherington, and sister of Mr. Reynolds's wife, to London. He worked himself through the Temple, and returned a barrister; but meeting with more encouragement as a politician, he entered into the project of forming a society, which, under the mask of reform, should separate the two countries. He digested his plan with Neilson, Todd, and Jones, and some other violent Presbyterians, and, in conclusion, produced the terrible convulsions of this day.

He was a man of good address and infinite talents; his company was pleasing, and to those who are fond of minute and ingenious argumentation, his conversation was wonderfully attractive. He was hardly thirty-five years of age, of a meagre countenance, and lively gesticulation.

Upon his arrival in Paris, he, in conjunction with others of his countrymen, instigated the Directory to hazard an attack upon Ireland. In the late fruitless attempt to affiliate that kingdom, he became the victim of his own enterprize.

Mr. Tone, upon his being taken prisoner and lodged in Derry prison, was put into irons. This he thought a great indignity, and wrote the following letter to Major-General the Earl of Cavan, dated, according to the French calendar, 12th Brumaire, an. 6. *i. e.* 3d November 1798, N. S. remonstrating with him upon what he conceived to be unjust treatment.

‘ MY LORD,

‘ On my arrival here, Major Chester informed me that his orders from your Lordship, in consequence, as I presume, of the directions of Government, were that I should be put in irons; I take it for granted, those orders were issued in ignorance of the rank I have the honour to hold in the armies of the French Republic; I am, in consequence, to apprise your Lordship, that I am breveted as Chef de Brigade in the infantry, since the 1st Messidor, an. 4; that I have been promoted to the rank of Adjutant-General the 2d Nivoise,

an. 6; and, finally, that I have served as such attached to General Hardy, since the 3d Thermidor, an. 6, by virtue of the orders of the Minister at War. Major Chester, to whom I have shewn my Commissions, can satisfy your Lordship as to the fact, and General Hardy will ascertain the authenticity of the documents.

Under these circumstances, I address myself to your Lordship, as a man of honour and a soldier; and I do protest, in the most precise and strongest manner, against the indignity intended against the honour of the French army in my person; and I claim the rights and privileges of a prisoner of war agreeably to my rank and situation in an army, not less to be respected in all points than any other which exists in Europe.

From the situation your Lordship holds under your Government, I must presume you have a discretionary power to act according to circumstances; and I cannot for a moment doubt but what I have now explained to your Lordship will induce you to give immediate orders that the honour of the French nation and the French army be respected in my person; and that of course I suffer no coercion other than in common with the rest of my brave comrades, whom the fortune of war has for the moment deprived of their liberty. I am, my Lord, with great respect, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

T. W. TONE, dit SMITH, Adj. Gen.'

To which the Earl of Cavan sent the following answer:

'SIR,

*Rancranma, Nov. 3, 1798.*

I have received your letter of this date, from Derry gaol, in which you inform me that you consider you being ordered into irons as an insult and degradation to the rank you hold in the army of the French Republic, and that you protest in the most precise and strongest manner against such indignity. Had you been a native of France, or of any other country not belonging to the British empire, indisputably it would be so; but the motive that directed me to give the order I did this morning for your being put in irons, was, that I looked on you (and you have proved yourself) a traitor and rebel to your Sovereign and native country, and as such you shall be treated by me.

I shall enforce the order I gave this morning; and I lament, as a man, the fate that awaits you. Every indulgence shall be granted you by me individually, that is not inconsistent with my public duty. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

CAVAN, Major-General.'

A court martial, appointed to try the prisoner, met about half past eleven o'clock on the 10th of November, at Dublin, and was composed of the following persons:

General LOFTUS, President,	
Colonel VANDELEUR,	Colonel WOLFE,
Colonel DALY,	Colonel TITLER,
Major ARMSTRONG,	Captain CORRY.

Mr. Tone having been brought in, and the charge of high treason read by the Judge-Advocate, the usual interrogation was then put to the prisoner, who replied, that it was not his intention to give the Court the trouble of producing proof to the charge preferred against him: he admitted the facts, as he disdained having recourse to any species of subterfuge. He hoped, if that was the proper stage, to be indulged in reading to the Court a paper which contained the motives of his action, and he trusted that this indulgence would be the readier granted, as he had endeavoured to preserve the utmost moderation of language which his situation admitted of; nor would the paper

advert to any thing that was not already to be found in the reports of the legislature of the country.

PRESIDENT—'Perhaps the paper may contain matter improper for the Court to hear.'

Mr. TONE—'The Court will, no doubt, reserve to itself the power of stopping me, if that should be the case; but I repeat, that I have taken care to be as moderate as possible in my expressions, and if any shall be found too strong, notwithstanding my caution, I will not hesitate to adopt such as shall be more consonant to the feelings of my auditors.'

JUDGE ADVOCATE—'Do you mean, Mr. Tone, that the paper should go before his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, along with the decision of the Court?'

Mr. TONE—'I have no objection; let the Court in that respect be directed by its own discretion.'

A MEMBER (Col. Daly)—'You don't intend, I suppose, by the paper which you want to read, to deny the charge made against you? You plead Guilty of acting traitorously against your King and Country?'

PRISONER—'I have admitted the facts, which certainly is an admission of the charge which you have technically described.'

After some short and whispered conversation between the members, permission being given, Mr. Tone read the paper, to the contents of which the following report by no means renders adequate justice:

'Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Court, it is not my intention to give you any trouble respecting proof of what has been advanced against me: my admission of the charge prevents a prolongation of those forms, which could not possibly prove more irksome to you than they would to me. What I have done has been from principle, and a conviction of its rectitude; I seek not mercy; I hope I am not an object of pity; I anticipate the consequence of my capture, and am prepared for the event. The great object of my life has been the independence of my country, and to that object I have made every sacrifice. Placed in honourable poverty, the love of liberty was implanted by nature and by education in my heart; no seduction, no terror could banish it from thence (and seduction and terror have not been spared against me); and to impart the inestimable blessing to the land of my birth, I braved difficulties, bondage, and death. After an honourable combat, in which I strove to emulate the bravery of my gallant comrades, I was made captive, and dragged in irons through the country, not so much to my disgrace, as that of the persons by whom such ungenerous and unmanly orders were given. What I have written and said on the state of Ireland, I here reiterate. The connection with England I have ever considered the bane of Ireland, and have done every thing in my power to break it, and to raise three millions of my countrymen to the rank of Citizens.'

PRESIDENT—'The Court cannot listen to this.'

A MEMBER—'To me it appears as if this paper was read for the purpose of sending abroad impressions of a dangerous nature, through the means of persons who may be attending here for the purpose.'

PRESIDENT—'I think there cannot be any persons of that description here.'

PRISONER—'I too think there cannot.'

JUDGE ADVOCATE—'If what is to follow be of a similar nature with that which you have read, I rather think, Mr. Tone, that it must operate to your prejudice.'

Mr. TONE—'What immediately follows may be deemed exceptionable by the Court, but, I think should not; it is but the expression of my thanks to

the Roman Catholics of Ireland, a body of men whom I had once the honour to serve.'

PRESIDENT—'We shall take care not to introduce any thing that does not apply to the case before us, what you speak of is not at all relative; we cannot hear it.'

PRISONER—'I have not said any thing, I do not wish by this paper to say any thing that has not already been mentioned by both houses of parliament, where my name has been so often quoted, and not always with the temper and decency befitting grave deliberation. I wish to know whether I am permitted to proceed?'

PRESIDENT—'You must confine yourself to such matter as the Court can hear. You may proceed, Mr. Tone.'

Here Mr. Tone resumed as follows: 'Having considered the resources of this country, and being convinced that she was too weak to effect her independence without assistance, I sought that assistance in France, and without any intrigue, but acting in the open honesty of my principles, and that love of freedom which has distinguished me, I have been adopted by the French Republic; and, in the active discharge of my duty as a soldier, have acquired what is to me invaluable, and what I will never relinquish, the friendship of some of the best men in France, and approbation and esteem of my brave comrades in arms. It is not the sentence of any court that can weaken the force or alter the nature of those principles on which I have acted, and Truth will outlive the hostility of those prejudices which rule for the day; to her I leave the vindication of my fame, and I trust posterity will not listen to her advocacy without being instructed. It is now more than four years since persecution forced me from this country, and I need hardly say that personally I cannot be involved in any thing which has happened in my absence. In my efforts to accomplish the freedom of Ireland, I would never have had recourse to any other than open and manly war: there have been atrocities committed on both sides, which I lament; and if the generous spirit which I have assisted to raise in the breasts of Irishmen has degenerated into a system of assassination, I believe that all who have had any knowledge of me from my infancy to the present hour, will be ready to admit, that no man in existence would more heartily regret that any tyranny of circumstances or policy should so pervert the natural dispositions of my countrymen. I have little more to say. Success is all in this life, and unfavoured by her, virtue becomes vicious in the ephemeral estimation of those who attach every merit to prosperity. In the glorious race of patriotism, I have pursued the path which Washington has trod in America, and Kosciusko in Poland. Like the latter, I have failed to effect the freedom of my country; and unlike both, have forfeited my life. I have done my duty, and I have no doubt the Court will do theirs. I have only to add, that a man who has thought and acted as I have done, should be armed against the fear of death.'

Mr. Tone having here ended from the written paper, the Judge Advocate asked him if there was any thing else which he wished to say? to which the prisoner replied, that if he was not to be brought up again, previous to the determination of the Court, he would take the present opportunity of offering a few words more.

The President desired him to proceed.

MR. TONE—'I believe that I stand under the same circumstances of our *Emigres* in France, and I only wish to experience that indulgence which the sympathy of honourable feeling, and the magnanimity of the French Republic, granted to Charette and Sombrouil, in allowing them the death of a soldier. In requesting to be shot, I yield to no personal feeling, and am only directed by a respect for the uniform which I wear, and the brave army in which I

have the honour to serve. From the papers which I yesterday delivered to the Brigade Major, it will be seen that I am as regularly breveted an officer in the French service, as any who now hear me have been in the British service; and it will also be seen that I have not sought or obtained my commission as a protection against the consequences of coming to this country in a hostile character.'

JUDGE ADVOCATE—'The acceptance of a commission in the French service amounts to a positive proof of the charge against you; but I suppose its production is merely intended to show that you are an officer of France.'

Here the papers alluded to were produced, which were a brevet and letter of service, signed by the President of the Directory, and the Minister of War, by which it appeared that the prisoner was Chef de Brigade.

The President having asked why those papers applied to the prisoner the surname of Smith as well as of Tone? he replied, that he went to France from America, and it having been necessary that he should have a passport, he took the first he could get, which ran in the name of Smith; and, on arriving in France, he was necessarily registered by that name; indeed, he said, it was very common with French soldiers to have what they term a *nom du guerre*. 'I know (said Mr. Tone) that I reap no protection from producing my commission, and as I can have no doubt of the decision of the Court, the sooner the Lord Lieutenant's approbation of the sentence can be obtained the better. I could wish, if possible, that my fate were determined in an hour.'

To this the President replied, 'That the Court would immediately proceed to a consideration and judgment of the case, and would make no delay in transmitting the result to his Excellency.'

Mr. Tone having then thanked the Court for the attention with which he had been heard, was remanded to the Prevot, and the Court was cleared of all but the members.

Throughout the whole of the proceedings the prisoner preserved the greatest fortitude and collection of mind and manner; indeed at first he appeared a little agitated, but it was a defection of nerve, not courage; but, in a very little time, he was perfectly assured. He was dressed in the French uniform suited to his rank, being a long blue coat, buttoning half way down the front; the cape and cuffs scarlet, richly embroidered, and on each shoulder a very rich epaulet; his pantaloons were blue, with embroidered bands at the knee, and the tops of his half boots were also laced; he wore a large cocked hat with the tri-coloured cockade. A member of parliament bore, in his place in the House, the following testimony to the character and disposition of Theobald Wolfe Tone: 'In boyhood he was the companion of my bosom—in manhood he was my friend; and whatever political errors his enthusiasm may have led him into, a greater genius or a better heart no man ever possessed.' Alas! that they should have led him to a scaffold!

About five o'clock in the morning of November 12th Tone made an attempt upon his life. The sentinels who were placed at his door, hearing an unusual bustle, entered the room: on seeing them he hid his head under the bed-clothes, and tucked them tight about him. The sentinels, however, seeing a bloody razor on the floor, conjectured he had been doing himself some violence, and accordingly dragged the bed-clothes from his head, and found that he had cut his throat. They immediately called for assistance, and in a short time a surgeon was procured, who found that the wound was not mortal. He had cut the flesh between the jaw and the neck, and left only a small wound in the wind-pipe. The wound was stitched together, and he was continued in bed. We could not learn the purport of any conversation he had, (for he continued able to converse) subsequent to this attempt; we heard generally that he had expressed his sorrow that the attempt had failed. Previous to his



retiring to rest, he had supped very heartily, and gave to the two sentinels who staid with him in his room a glass of spirits each: he had also eaten a hearty dinner, and during the day and night exhibited no signs of either anxiety or depression.

As it was generally understood that he would be executed on this day, the Barrack-yard was extremely crowded. The members of the Court had assembled, in order, at one o'clock, to read the sentence, and carry it into execution. At half past twelve, Sheriff Darley came in great haste into the Barrack-yard with a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, addressed to the Prevot Marshal, requiring him to bring up the body of Mr. Tone to the King's Bench. This writ had been moved for in the morning, at the sitting of the Court, by Mr. Curran, and granted on the ground that the military court had no cognizance of the crime during the sitting of the courts of common law. The Prevot Marshal replied to the writ of the King's Bench, that he received his orders from General Craig and the Lord Lieutenant, and unless they directed him to give up the prisoner, he had no intention of doing it. The Sheriff reported this return to his writ. The Court then made an order, that he should go back and demand the body, and if it were refused, directed that he should bring the *Posse Comitatus*, and take it by force. The Sheriff shortly afterwards returned to Court with the surgeon who had dressed Tone's wounds. This gentleman deposed, that the prisoner was at present in such a state as rendered his immediate removal dangerous to his life. The Court, in consequence, did not insist on the prisoner's being brought up; but they commanded the Sheriff to have the Prevot Marshal in court on the morrow, to answer for his contempt in refusing to obey their order in the first instance.

The crowd which had assembled in the morning, in anxious expectation of seeing the prisoner executed, remained in the neighbourhood of the Barracks all day. From the Barrack-yard they were expelled by the picquet guard about one o'clock.

In order to give a full account of this unexpected but important affair, it will be necessary to revert to the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench upon the motion of Mr. Curran in behalf of the prisoner.

Mr. Curran observed, that on Saturday last the above unfortunate gentleman (as he was instructed by an affidavit of Mr. Tone's father) was brought before a bench of officers calling itself a Court Martial, and sitting at the Barracks of the city of Dublin, and was by them sentenced to death. He did not pretend to say that Mr. Tone was not guilty of the charges of which he was accused; he presumed the officers were honourable men. But it was stated in the affidavit that it was a solemn fact that Theobald Wolfe Tone had no commission under his Majesty; and therefore, as he contended, no Court Martial could have cognizance of any crime whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when wars were raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, Courts Martial might be endured: but every law authority was with him when he stood on this sacred and immutable principle of the Constitution, that 'Martial Law and Civil Law were incompatible;' and that 'the former must cease with the existence of the latter.' This (said Mr. Curran) is not the time for arguing this momentous question: my client must appear in this Court: he is cast for death this day; he may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the Court to support the law; I move for a *Habeas Corpus* to be directed to the Prevot Marshal of the Barracks of Dublin and Major Sands, to bring up the body of Mr. Tone.

CHIEF JUSTICE—'Have a writ instantly prepared.'

MR. CURRAN—'My client may die whilst this writ is preparing.'

CHIEF JUSTICE—' Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the Barracks, and acquaint the Prevot Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed.'

A considerable agitation, suspense, and anxiety appeared in the Court during the Sheriff's absence.

Mr. SHERIFF—' My Lords, I have been at the Barracks, in pursuance of your order. The Prevot Marshal says he must obey General Craig; and General Craig says he must obey Lord Cornwallis.'

Mr. CURRAN—' Mr. Tone's father, my Lords, returns after serving the *Habeas Corpus*: he says General Craig will not obey it.'

CHIEF JUSTICE—' Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into your custody; take the Prevot Marshal and Major Sands into custody; and shew the orders of this Court to General Craig.'

Mr. SHERIFF—' I will.'

At the Barracks, Mr. Sheriff, we understand, was refused admittance. General Craig sent back the Sheriff with a French emigrant, surgeon of the 9th dragoons.

Mr. SHERIFF—' I have been at the Barracks. Mr. Tone, having cut his throat last night, is not in a condition to be removed. As to the second part of your order, I could not meet the parties.'

*Emigrant sworn*—' I was sent to attend Mr. Tone this morning at four o'clock by General Craig: his windpipe was divided: I took instant means to secure his life by closing the aperture: there is no knowing for four days whether this wound will be mortal, his head is now kept in one position, a sentinel is over him to prevent his speaking; his removal would kill him.'

Mr. Curran applied for surgical relief to be admitted to Mr. Tone, exclusive of the army surgeon, who possibly might be a very proper person. Mr. Curran likewise stated, that no person had admittance to Mr. Tone since his confinement, and wished his friends might be admitted.—Refused.

CHIEF JUSTICE—' Let a rule be made for suspending the execution of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and let it be served on the proper persons.'

The Lord Lieutenant consented to give up this point to the civil power; but the indisposition of the prisoner was so great, that it was deemed unsafe to remove him. In this situation he languished for several days. Death at length put an end to his excruciating tortures, and relieved him from a gibbet, to which his extreme sensibility attached so much disgrace as to occasion the fatal act above mentioned.

Theobald Wolfe Tone, the victim of error, was also the victim of principle. Though poor he was no political adventurer, for he might have bettered his fortune without ever quitting his country, or hazarding the infliction of those laws, whose spirit he certainly outraged, while he was protected by their forms. It is impossible for the public mind to contemplate the fate of this man with utter indifference. Gifted as he was with the most extraordinary talents, Mr. Tone might have risen an ornament to the bar, of which he was a member; or to the senate, for which his abilities so amply qualified him; but an enthusiast in the cause of theoretical liberty, and a truant to the prevalent political doctrines of the *New School*, fatally for his country, and ultimately for himself, founded that system to which so many thousands of his unfortunate countrymen fell victims within the last year.

On the memorable trial of the unfortunate Jackson, the first effects of Mr. Tone's treason were unfolded. It were invidious, under present circumstances, to delineate the sequel of what has occurred with respect to him until the moment of his capture as a French Staff-Officer, leading an hostile force to the invasion of his country. But while we abhor the crime, we can feel, as becomes humanity, pity for the man so eminently distinguished by talents.



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## THE FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.

SIR,

*Bridge town, Barbadoes.*

I HAVE to inform you, that on the 23d day of April, 1798, a warrant of constitution for a new Chapter in degree of the Royal Arch, having been recently received from the Supreme Grand Chapter in London, a special summons brought together thirty-five most respectable Master-masons to Freemasons' Hall, in this place; when such of them as had been exalted to the sublime degree, first established the Chapter No. 108, by Brother John Harris delivering to them the Constitutional Warrant, at the same time with a very elegant speech.

Brother T. H. Orderson was then appointed Chaplain, who thereupon consecrated the Chapter by the name of SAINT JOHN.

A procession was afterwards formed, in regular order, to St. Michael's church, where the following service was performed; and dedicated

TO THE BRETHREN OF THE

RAEC OF SAINT JOHN NO. 108.

BRETHREN,

THE following Sermon is respectfully presented to you; and although the sentiments therein expressed lay no claim to novelty, yet they claim the merit of springing from the heart, and of having been written and delivered with the sincere and fervent wish that WE, and all who profess themselves FREE-MASONS, may be stimulated to perform our various bounden duties, and that the day may not be far distant when we all may be united in the strongest ties of brotherly love. And with this earnest wish I have the honour to subscribe myself your affectionate Brother,

*April 26, 1798.*

T. H. ORDERSON.

Let your heart, therefore, be perfect with the Lord our God, to walk in his statutes, and to keep his commandments. 1 Kings, ch. viii. v. 61.

WHEN the wise King Solomon had purposed in his heart to build a house unto the name of the Lord his God, and had perfected the grand and laborious work, with the expenditure of treasures of gold and treasures of silver, and had erected a building such as had never before been, nor is to be seen at this day, so remarkable for the elegance, splendor, and magnificence of its architecture; he convened the elders and heads of the tribes, and the chiefs of the fathers, and the priests, and the Levites, that in the midst of the congregation assembled he might solemnly dedicate the building to Almighty God, offer his sacrifice, make his peace-offering, and implore his protection and favour on the house, to whose service, with pious zeal, he had built it. And after he had fervently dedicated the fabric to the worship of his Maker, he poured forth that expressive prayer which is recorded at length in the chapter from which I have selected the text; and knowing that God would be regardless of all their manual and laborious exertions in rear-

ing an ornamented and splendid edifice, the work of men's hands, which is vanity, unless accompanied by the more efficacious workings of sincere hearts; he prays that the congregation then assembled would incline their ways to the service of God, and concludes the solemn ceremony with the short but pathetic address to those around him, which I have read to you: 'Let your heart, therefore, be perfect with the Lord our God, to walk in his statutes, and to keep his commandments.'

On the present occasion, then, without attempting to enter into a discussion of any of \*the scientific particulars of that order of Free-masonry here convened, I shall proceed to lay before you a few practical observations and rules of conduct, which, if adhered strictly to, will do honour to you, as well individually as collectively, and will tend at once to silence the cavils, repel the malice, and confute the rancorous aspersions of the inveterate enemies of the institution; and from whence this conviction will force itself naturally on your own minds, that unless the heart be perfect with the Lord God, and ye walk in his ways, and keep his commandments, the fabric which ye raise will be without a foundation-stone, and not being built to him, must fall to the ground; and, on the other hand, that if the superstructure rests on its proper basis, it will evince to the world, that in the envied mysteries of the society are comprized all the duties of mankind, whether civil, political, moral, or religious.

Free-masonry, by those who know it, has ever been revered as a scientific as well as moral institution; but whatever, my brethren, may be the speculative and scientific parts of any established order, and into how many soever distinct branches they may be separated, however learned, excellent, and sublime, they may be in theory, yet still, in every point of view, the operative and instrumental parts are ever the most valuable; for what use is there in ever so great a variety of instructive maxims and apothegms, unless we bring them into practice? What credit is derived to any of us to rise in the higher orders, and to be exalted to the sublime degrees of improvement in the understanding, unless, as we rise in these, we advance in virtue and in honour? What boast have we to strengthen our memories, and to be enabled, by due courses of reasoning, to trace up causes from their effects, and to ascend gradually from the infancy to the manhood of science, unless, as we make a progress here, we habituate the mind to rectitude of principles, and, as we cultivate our intellectual powers, we meliorate the dispositions of the heart and improve in morals? thus, as it were, linking science, morality, and virtue, and making them as closely united as the three sisters of our religion, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

All human societies took their rise from the social principle implanted in our minds, which makes us unite and combine together for the mutual aid and comfort of each other, and they are intended to supply the deficiency of positive law, and to draw us more closely together by the cords of virtuous philanthropy. To comply with those duties, which the union of society calls for, we should exercise every friendly, social, generous, and loyal virtue; we should be united to our government, for without this attachment to the laws, which are framed for our welfare, no society ought to exist. Society is intended to restrain the passions of men inclined to be vicious, to correct the natural degeneracy of human nature, to check the progress of vice by its united force, to inspire us with the general principles of Love, Humanity, Justice, and Charity; to enliven the endearments of conversation, and to rivet 'man to man.'

And although, of all social institutions, none ever had its views so widely

\* *Nimis---Proferre pectem vetat operis lex.*

and gloriously extended as the ancient and honourable one, a branch of which I now address, yet I believe none has ever been more pointed at and calumniated. What cause has given rise to this illiberality of our enemies? whether it has sprung from the too great negligences and inattention of the brethren to the sacred duties and obligations of the institution, or to the malevolence of its adversaries own minds. it is not now my business to discuss; but this I know and assert, that it does not proceed from any want of principle in the foundation of the institution itself; its basis is Truth, and the key-stone of its arch is Benevolence. 'Do unto your brother as you would wish him to do unto you,' is one amongst the many valuable maxims which it inculcates; and if this is not at all, or but feebly complied with, it certainly does not detract from the value of the injunction, nor lessen its morality; it only shews that men will not be sufficiently attentive to their reciprocal engagements and bounden duties. To those, then, who may scoffingly ask if this be the grand duty of Free-masons, why keep it a secret and envelope it in mystery? You may reply, that the duty of brotherly love was never intended to be kept a secret, any more than the natural obligations by which men are bound to this duty. The enemies of Free-masonry may be told, that to unite men more closely, and more firmly to urge this duty, we became cemented by certain ties, and selected particular and private marks of distinction, that we might discern friends from foes, real brothers from impostors. Their curiosity may be gratified, by informing them that all our duties branch from this comprehensive one, and that they may and can be manifested in the light of the sun. Let us shew to our enemies that even to them we can practise the duties of charity and forgiveness, a secret they are so ignorant of.

But amongst the flimsy and prejudiced objections that have of late been started by those who, perhaps, themselves delight in treason, and could feed on sedition, none appears so weak and contemptible as to accuse Free-masonry of being inimical to loyalty; this objection scarcely needs, indeed it deserves not, the trouble of a serious refutation. We, my Brethren, know, and it is our boast, that the tranquility of our King, the preservation of his laws, and the welfare of our country, are among our dearest interests and our sacred duties; I trust we all feel the invincible loyalty of masonic principles, and are conscious of the efficacy of our united powers. But while we smile, from the rectitude of our intentions, at an ill-founded calumny, let us give some demonstrative proof of our principles; and the spirit of liberality which characterizes the present day, affords ample scope for the exercise of your generous and loyal exertions.

But although Masons require no other incentive to active loyalty than the principles and obligations by which they are united, yet there is one circumstance which might act as a powerful motive, and while it should animate you at once, gives the lie to your enemies, viz. that both in Great Britain and Ireland you are patronized by royalty and nobility; for your heads and chiefs you can boast of no less august personages than the sons of Majesty; even the Heir Apparent of that crown which you are bound to support calls you Brother.

Since the Prince and the subject are thus united by the firmest principles, Love and Unity, surely every one of us will be fired with the exalted ambition of devoting our best services, our lives, and our honours to his support; let us all be actuated by the same motives, and act upon the same intention of promoting mutual felicity.\* The particular duties, then, of Free-masons

\* See this part of the subject treated at large in a pamphlet published in 1793, 'Revolution in Great Britain impossible.'

are loyalty to your King, true patriotism, love one to another, and charity unfeigned to all the world at large; cease to let them rest in theory, and to keep your 'candle hid under a bushel,' revolve in your minds the importance of these duties, and bring them into practice; if bad men have unfortunately crept into society, it is your duty to 'avoid all such as walk disorderly.' No longer let the malice of your enemies reproach you with degenerating into a mere festive club, nor let your friends confess with regret, that the benevolent intentions of a sacred institution, if not utterly perverted, are but feebly complied with. Come forward, as well separately as collectively, in the exercise of the generous and energetic virtues; in many instances, as a society, you can do much, and the exigencies of the times, as well as the extent of your obligations, call for your strenuous endeavours. Let no cold indifference check the zeal of your loyalty and patriotism. Let your love be without dissimulation. Remember that the charity of a Free-mason is the charity of a Christian; that you are bound to seek peace and to promote harmony. And, amidst the variety of the duties of any collective body, there is none more essential to its preservation, none more efficacious to its welfare, than unanimity; and if this duty be obligatory on societies in general, it is more particularly so on us, my Brethren: let me, then, exhort you, as you will find it your interest, to preserve this. Remember, that when schisms and dissensions are once suffered to creep into a fabric, they will soon sap and undermine the foundation. The different orders into which you may be divided, can never break the ties of brotherhood, nor cancel the obligations of fraternal affection. Let all and every branch of Free-masonry be united, for however you may differ in minute unessential points, you are all branches from the same common root, and your views are directed to the same end. Follow, my Brethren, these duties, and faithfully perform them, and in every nation a mason will find a friend, in every climate he will find a home. Shew to the world the excellent effects of its principles on your conduct, that they may wish to partake of its valuable privileges.

'And may all who profess themselves students in the great science of Masonry be so guided by its precepts, and guarded by its maxims, as never to deviate from the paths of honour and virtue, but become shining examples of all that is great and good; and may those shining examples become so prevalent as to bring the whole race of mankind into one flock, under the great shepherd of souls; so that Peace, Unity, and Concord may dwell amongst us in our present state, and prepare us for those mystic scenes of futurity of which our human comprehensions can form no idea, but wherein we may rest assured there is ample scope for the highest gratification of our pure ethereal part, the spirit;' and if here we have had our hearts perfect with the Lord our God, we shall there be together as beloved companions; and although here we meet with nothing stable and permanent, we shall there find a place where we may raise superstructure on structure, and build for ever. 'Let your hearts, therefore, be perfect with the Lord our God, to walk in his statutes and keep his commandments.'

Keep in your minds that integrity towards your Brethren, and stability and virtue are your distinguishing characteristics; that any external badges which you may wear will only become subjects for ridicule. Let the emblems which you wear pendant to your bosoms be figurative of the perfect heart of the inward man. Strive, by your united endeavours, to raise the society to its ancient dignity. By a judicious selection of officers and supporters, and by a cautious reserve, either in recommending or electing of candidates, you who have now with care, trouble, and expence, revived this respectable order, may feel a conscious pride hereafter in the recollection that you have been operative and instrumental in restoring it to its pristine grandeur; and then will Truth, Justice, Peace, Goodwill, Love, and Harmony prevail amongst you for ever.

## PRAYER AT THE OPENING OF THE CHAPTER, AND DEDICATION OF THE WARRANT.

O! thou eternal Word \* who makest men to be of one mind in one house, and dost look down with pleasure on those who dwell together in unity, pour down the dew of thy blessing on this Chapter here assembled, and grant the members may truly and religiously perform their various bounden duties, and sacredly comply with the obligations of this institution, through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

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SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

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## CHEMISTRY.

## METHOD OF RESTORING THE ORIGINAL COLOUR TO OLD OR DIRTY PRINTS, BOOKS, &amp;c. BY M. CHAPTAL.

**S**IMPLE immersion in oxygenated muriatic acid, letting the article remain in it a longer or shorter space of time, according to the strength of the liquid, will be sufficient to whiten an engraving. If it be required to whiten the paper of a bound book, as it is necessary that all the leaves should be moistened by the acid, care must be taken to open the book well, and to make the boards rest on the edge of the vessel, in such a manner that the paper alone be dipped in the liquid: the leaves must be separated from each other, in order that they be equally moistened on both sides.

The liquor assumes a yellow tint, and the paper becomes white in the same proportion. At the end of two or three hours the book may be taken from the acid liquor and plunged into pure water, with the same care and precaution as recommended in regard to the acid liquor, that the water may exactly touch the two surfaces of each leaf. The water must be renewed every hour to extract the acid remaining in the paper, and to dissipate the disagreeable smell.

Or a better method is by unsewing the book and separating it into leaves, which are then placed in cases formed in a leaden tub, with very thin slips of wood or glass, so that the leaves when laid flat are separated from each other by intervals scarcely sensible. The acid is then poured in, making it fall on the sides of the tub, in order that the leaves may not be deranged by its motion. When the workman judges, by the whiteness of the paper, that it has been sufficiently acted upon by the acid, it is drawn off by a cock at the bottom of the tub, and its place is supplied by clear, fresh water, which weakens and carries off the remains of the acid, as well as the strong smell. The leaves are then to be dried, and, after being pressed, may be again bound up.

The leaves may be placed also vertically in the tub; and this position seems to possess some advantage, as they will then be less liable to be torn. With this view I constructed a wooden frame, which I adjusted to the proper height, according to the size of the leaves which I wished to whiten. This

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\* I have here used the expression word in a sense applied to the Author of our being and the Saviour of the World, and as peculiarly adapted to the occasion, 'quia in principio, et ab æterno erat, tempus cum mundo cœpit, sed ætimum æternitas et λόγος, gloriam habuit ante mundum;' and before Abraham was I am. *Vide Exodus, chap. iii. v. 14. and compare with John, chap. viii. v. 58.*

frame supported very thin slips of wood, leaving only the space of half a line between them. I placed two leaves in each of these intervals, and kept them fixed in their place by two small wooden wedges, which I pushed in between the slips. When the paper was whitened I lifted up the frame with the leaves, and plunged them into cold water to remove the remains of the acid, as well as the smell. This process I prefer to the other. A weak solution of potash will effectually remove spots of oil or grease; on which the other does not operate.

METHOD OF TAKING GREASE OUT OF BOOKS AND PRINTS. BY M. DESCHAMPS.

After having gently warmed the paper stained with grease, wax, oil, or any fat body whatever, take out as much as possible of it, by means of blotting-paper. Then dip a small brush in the essential oil of well rectified spirit of turpentine, heated almost to ebullition (for when cold it acts only very weakly), and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be carefully kept warm. This operation must be repeated as many times as the quantity of the fat body imbibed by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the greasy substance is entirely removed recourse may be had to the following method to restore the paper to its former whiteness, which is not completely restored by the first process. Dip another brush in highly rectified spirit of wine, and draw it in like manner, over the place which was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border, that would still present a stain. By employing these means, with proper caution, the spot will totally disappear, and the paper will resume its original whiteness.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.

M. GUYTON MORVEAU invented a new method of providing fire and water for chemical experiments with little or no expence. This method consists in an apparatus on the argand lamp, or lamp with a current of interior air. By means of this apparatus, most of the operations of chemistry may be performed, even the distillation of acids, saline fusions, and analyses by desiccation (*la voie seche.*)

ASTRONOMY.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE STARS, BY M. LALANDE.

It was designed to employ the observations made in England and France for about a century past; but we are now arrived at the point where the observations of past ages are of no-service; for between the observations of Bradley made in 1750, or those of Monsieur Le Monnier, and those which are now making, we need not fear more than ten seconds of error for an interval of 50 years; this would make 20 seconds for a century, and certainly there are 30 seconds of probable error in the best observations of the last age, both on account of the nature of the instruments, and of the proper motion of the stars, which renders their position uncertain at that epoch. In the memoirs of 1781, wherein I compared 213 positions of Flamstead's stars, there were 41 where the difference exceeded a minute, and 86 where it passed 30 seconds. This is sufficient to shew that we shall reap some advantage from employing the observations made the last 50 years with new instruments; with great reason may we abandon those of the Babylonians made 2500 years ago; they are 50 times more distant, but are from 60 to 80 times less accurate, as I myself have remarked, having passed much time in investigating the observations of Mercury, which are in Ptolemy, and from which I have derived very little advantage.

VOLCANO IN THE MOON.

ON March 2d, 1797, M. Caroché saw the volcano in the moon, (number 12 in Lalande's chart of the moon) like a candle on the point of extinction;



it was a luminous spot, less visible than the largest of Jupiter's satellites, but greater; it perfectly confirms what has been already seen three or four times relative to the volcano in the moon.

#### GEOGRAPHY.

THE Spaniards have published the details of a voyage round the world, undertaken by the order and at the expence of Government, through the zeal of Don Antonius de Valdes, Minister of Marine, to enrich geography and natural history, and enlarge the sphere of our knowledge. The manners, usages, and police of the inhabitants of the Babaco Isles, not before discovered, will form an interesting addition to the history of the globe.

#### MINERALOGY.

M. PICOT-LA PEYROUSE, inspector of mines to the French Republic, and associate member of the Institute, has communicated the result of his journey to Mont Perdu, with observations on the nature of the most elevated ridges of the Pyrenees. The height of Mont Perdu, one of the highest summits of the Pyrenees, is 3435 metres, or 1763 toises. The bases of this mountain, and the masses which are mortised in the mountains, of which it is the center, contain a quantity of exuvia of organized bodies, even to an elevation of more than 3000 metres. The author concludes from hence, that Mont Perdu, which incloses such a profuse abundance of marine petrified bodies, even in large classes, has been formed under the waters of the sea. When the sea accumulated the large calcareous masses at the center of the Pyrenees, there existed continents filled with quadrupeds. The mixture of marine bodies with the bones of quadrupeds, demonstrates that they have been deposited here by the sea. The primordial tops of the Pyrenees were not placed at the point in which at this day the greatest elevations of the chain exist. Most of the summits of these regions being crowned, or bearing a calcareous girdle on their flanks, it is probable that the waters which elevated the highest crests in the center, deposited the same secondary rock on its summits, which they covered again in toto.

#### PHYSICS.

A MEMOIR of M. Cets on the advantage of employing analogy in the natural sciences, and on its application to botany for the progress of rural economy, has for its object to prove that the properties of bodies being the result of their organization, the more relations there are between beings, the more the uses to which we can apply them are assimilated.

#### METALS.

Professor Chladni, of Wittenberg, has published observations on a mass of iron found in Siberia by Professor Pallas. The problematic mass in question was found between Krasnojarsk and Abekansk, in the high slate mountains, quite open and uncovered. It weighed 1600 pounds; had a very irregular and somewhat compressed figure, like a rough granite; was covered externally with a ferruginous kind of crust; and the inside consisted of malleable iron, brittle when heated, porous like a large sea sponge, and having its interstices filled with a brittle hard vitrified substance of an amber yellow colour. This texture and the vitrified substance appeared uniformly throughout the whole mass, and without any traces of slag or artificial fire.

Dr. Chladni thinks it probable that this iron is of the same nature as the so-called fire-balls (bolides) or flying dragons, and he quotes a variety of observations made on these phenomena.

#### CYDER FRUIT.

A prize gobblet, of six guineas value, was adjudged by the Hereford Agricultural Society, at their last meeting, to the Rev. T. Alban, of Ludlow, for producing the best specimen of cyder-fruit, raised from seed; and the Society recommended that the apple be called the *Alban*.

## REVIEW

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A View of Hindoostan. 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. boards. White.*

MR. PENNANT, the author of the work before us, has been some time occupied in preparing a work, which he has entitled 'Outlines of the Globe.' It was his intention not to have suffered the appearance of any part of the work before his death, but the intercession of friends, impatient of delay, prevailed upon him to retract his resolution, and oblige their wishes with the 'View of Hindoostan,' forming the fourteenth and fifteenth volumes of the great undertaking.

The work is a compilation from the best geographers and travellers; these, however, are enlarged upon by many communications of considerable value.

Kouli Khan, a bold adventurer, annexed the provinces of Sind to the Persian Empire, and the Indies consequently became the western boundary of Hindoostan. The eastern streams of the Sind come from the neighbourhood of Little Thibet, where the Ganges rises, and these rivers include what may be called the Peninsula of Hindoostan, in extent 1400 miles from north to south.

Mr. Pennant has been indefatigable in his researches, and made a valuable collection of every thing relative to the topography, the commerce, the customs and manners of the natives of Hindoostan. The naturalist will find ample pleasure in the perusal of these volumes, the historian will be gratified in reading the different accounts of places once conspicuous for particular scenes of action; and the traveller, who has frequented this part of the world, will, no doubt, trace the paths which he has trodden with great delight.—Amusement is combined with information all the way through, and the whole is calculated to enlarge the mind.

*Appeal to the Men of Great Britain in behalf of Women. 8vo. 6s. boards. Johnson.*

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 192.]

Of the abilities of the sexes a parallel is drawn in the first classes of society. 'Queens may, at all events, be fairly stated against Kings, and I believe will lose little by the comparison. For of thousands of Kings who have reigned, how few have come down to posterity with credit of any sort, in proportion to their number! whereas, of the few females who have been permitted to wield the sceptre, most of them, nay, nearly all of them, have made themselves remarkable, in a degree that would have signalized men precisely in the same situation, and under the same circumstances; otherwise the argument falls to the ground.' P. 36.

A general comparison is made in page 40. 'Female excellence in common life is, above all, open to the decisions of common sense and daily observation; it is not, perhaps, therefore, the less likely to be judged without prejudice. I wish, then, that my readers, of all denominations, would look around the circle of their acquaintance, and examine, and recollect in their own minds, the characters and conduct of the individuals of both sexes, who

compose it; and notwithstanding the many disadvantages that women labour under, I am not afraid to say, that they have no cause whatever to be ashamed of the comparison.'

Should this *Appeal* be received with approbation, a second volume is promised, consisting of a chapter on religion, one on politics, one on old maids, a short one of queries, and a recapitulation of the main subject of appeal.

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*Sermons on different Occasions, and on practical Duties.* By the Rev. Samuel Hayes, A. M. formerly Usher of Westminster School. 8vo. 5s. Cadell & Co.

MR. HAYES was a man of genius and learning, and his merit entitled him to several distinguished honours in the University of Cambridge. Upon the resignation of Dr. Smith, the late, and the preferment of Dr. Vincent, the present Head Master of Westminster School, Mr. Hayes expected to have succeeded the latter in the place of Under Master, according to seniority, in the school of which he was then Head Usher. The late Dean (Dr. Thomas) raised Mr. since Dr. Wingfield to that situation. Mr. Hayes felt his hopes disappointed. His pride was hurt. He resigned in disgust, and withdrew from the school to Hammersmith, where he opened a private seminary.

Many of the sermons under consideration the writer of this article heard from the pulpit. They are written in an unaffected style, and upon practical topics. They are capable of exciting edification where it is dormant, and at once address the understanding and warm the heart. They were collected for the benefit of the Author's relief, and encouraged by the patronage of a few public and private friends.

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*A Rapid View of the Overthrow of Switzerland.* By an Eye-Witness. Translated from the French. 2s. 6d. Rivington.

FRENCH artifice and villainy are, in this pamphlet, fully depicted; and the means by which the revolution in Switzerland was effected are laid open with force and perspicuity.

'With Bern,' says the intelligent writer, 'Switzerland has fallen; and, in the short space of a week, the perfidious machinations of the Directory have completed the ruin of a peaceful and quiet nation, the happiness of which was the interesting result of the wisdom of many generations and ages.'

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*Remonstrance, addressed to the Executive Directory of the French Republic, against the Invasion of Switzerland.* By John Casper Lavater, Rector of Zurich. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Debrett.

THE invasion of Switzerland by the French was an act of injustice that admits of no palliation. If they are justified in revolutionizing governments which openly declared themselves against a system of aggrandizement, upon which the Republic has acted; admitting even this (by far too much to be admitted in favour of men who have abandoned every principle of good government and public faith), what can the French or their adherents alledge in extenuation of their profligate conduct towards the Swiss Cantons? Strict neutrality was no protection against the harpy grasp of French power, and a people who had accustomed themselves to the utmost violations of justice felt no reluctance in disturbing a community, whose happiness they first undermined, and then, at one stroke, superseded it altogether, by the introduction of misery.

The name of Lavater is too well known to be dwelt upon. Of his character, as drawn by travellers in Switzerland, we have the most amiable

portrait. No wonder that he should feel indignant at this fresh instance of cruelty, injustice, and oppression, exercised by the Republic of France over his devoted country.

He remonstrates against their invasion of Switzerland in a spirited manner; but, alas! to whom does he address his energetic appeal? To the French nation! a nation which, if it suffered much from the despotism of an absolute monarchy, suffers now much more from oligarchic tyranny, the loss of liberty, the loss of trade, the loss of wealth!

Mr. Lavater, after enumerating their promises to the Swiss, and in every instance the total disregard of such promises, concludes with the following apostrophe to the *Great Nation*:

'French Nation, in all thy writings thou speakest of liberty, which protects life, honour, property, loyalty, innocence; and this liberty alone deserves that name. The liberty to menace, to oppress, to pillage, to hurl destruction, is—the liberty of another *Great Nation*—of the *Nation of Devils*.—All blessings on him who produces the former! throughout the universe he shall not find a more intrepid defender than the writer of these few lines, the author of this appeal to the *Great Nation*, and to posterity, who, God knows, of all earthly blessings craves none so earnestly as true liberty and equality. Ten thousand curses on him who diffuses the latter; throughout the universe he shall not find a more intrepid enemy than myself. Open thy (*thine*) eyes, *Great Nation*, and deliver us from this *Liberty of Hell*.'

*An Examination of Mr. Wakefield's Reply to the Bishop of Landaff's Address.*  
By J. Ranby, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Stockdale.

THE writer of this pamphlet examines Mr. Wakefield's Reply with great acuteness and perspicuity of reasoning. He goes through the whole of it, article by article, and fully proves the assertion with which he sets out, 'that the Reply is an ill-written, and, except in one solitary instance, an inconclusive composition.' Mr. Wakefield affirms, that within three miles of his house there is a much greater number of starving, miserable human beings, &c. than on any equal portion of ground through the habitable globe.' To this formidable declaration Mr. Ranby makes the following humorous and pertinent answer: 'This solemn asseveration might be safely extended to fat men and lean, tall men and short, &c. &c. for Mr. Wakefield's house happens to be within three miles of London, where, to be sure, more human beings of every description are to be found than on any equal portion of ground on the habitable globe.'

The *application of the application* subjoined by Mr. Wakefield to the old fable of the ass and panier is excellent. This we shall extract by way of recommendation.

'This application shews us, that if the poorer sort of the people are most commonly in the wrong, when they are under any concern about the revolutions of a government, they must be in the wrong when they pay attention to those weak, wicked, two penny publications that have been so industriously circulated, in order to persuade them that they are very unhappy under their present government, and would be much happier if they overturned it.'

'This application shews, that the fable is not at all applicable to the people of England, who *may* be worse off (we should say *very much worse off*) than they are at present. For should the French ruin this country in the manner they threaten to do, and have in fact dealt by every country within their reach, there will be fewer persons able to employ so many workmen, or to pay them so well as they do at present; so that the working people will have both less work and less wages.'

*The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature, for (of) the Year 1792. Part I. History of England, Part II. Chronicle, State Papers, &c. 8vo. boards. 14s. Rivingtons. 1798.*

A WORK of this kind is of acknowledged utility, and it has been so long continued in a regular series, that to specify the plan of the work will be deemed superfluous.

This volume brings up the arrears of the history of Poland. The deliberation of the Diet of 1789, for the establishment of a new constitution, are well depicted. The conduct of the late king of Prussia is developed with great propriety; the exertions of Stanislaus meet with approbation; the interference of the Empress Catharine is very justly stigmatized as unjust and despotic. The concerns of Poland are again resumed; and the war which broke out in 1792 is briefly noticed. The French affairs are narrated with spirit, and, as they appear to us, with fidelity.

By quoting the character that is drawn of Mirabeau, we shall give a specimen of the style and spirit of this work.

‘In all the great relations of life, his character was such as to admit of no defence, no excuse. His enemies, both of the royalist and democratic parties, concur in representing him as the most immoral of men; a bad son, an execrable husband, a brutal lover, and an imperious master. Nor, indeed, do his very friends conceal, that from his own account he appeared to have possessed in his early days few dispositions to virtue and rectitude, and but little natural goodness of heart; the best they can say for his memory is, that he was a being, who, by the force of circumstances operating on a character of lofty energy, was driven beyond the bounds of nature and morality. His infancy was untractable and turbulent. In his youth, by his scandalous vices, he alienated all who were connected with him by the ties of blood, and acquired no friend. The best years of his manhood were spent in prison, where he was confined at the request of his family, sometimes to punish, sometimes to prevent his crimes, and sometimes to screen him from the vengeance of the law, which had pronounced more than one capital sentence against him. His father believed him a parricide; his wife divorced him; his mistress, Madame Mennier, he seduced from her husband, his friend and protector, and when he had spent what she had brought away with her, sent her back to gain his own pardon. He accepted the employment of a spy from the court of Versailles at the court of Berlin, and betrayed both courts. Not long before the revolution he was in this metropolis; and he was known to most of our criminal jurisdictions, sometimes as a prosecutor, sometimes as the object of prosecution, and every way alike to his disgrace.

‘As a writer, he obtained a reputation of chusing with dexterity the favourite topics of the day. His style was his own; powerful in expression, exciting and arresting the attention by frequent paradoxes.

‘As a speaker, he had a commanding voice, an imposing manner of authority. His oratory was less eloquent than bold, less profound than original.’

The finishing stroke of this man’s character we will give in our next number.

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*Fragments on Paris. By Frederick J. L. Meyer. Translated from the German by General Dumourier. 8vo. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. Hamburgh.*

THIS is an interesting work, and displays the real state of the *Great Nation*. The picture is drawn by the hand of a gentleman, from whom, however, we

may be inclined to differ in *principle*, although we are not disposed to question the fidelity of his pencil.

In order to give our readers an idea of these fragments, we will select such passages as appear to us most striking, and leave upon our minds no very favourable opinion of the new order of things in France.

1. *General ease and opulence.* 'Figure to yourself men with hats worn till they are brown and full of holes, with long hair uncombed, in tattered great-coats, dirty pantaloons, boots falling below their heels, with a large knotted stick like a club in their hands,—such is the public!' *i. e.* the public of the *Palais Royal*, a place which the author represents as the resort of stock-jobbers and rogues of every denomination.

2. *Order in the administration and in the different branches of Government.*—'I wished,' says the writer, 'to leave the room a moment (at the Central Board) to breathe a purer air, but the mournful sound of chains and arms which issued from a dark gallery, made me retreat. What have these culprits (said I to a ragged assistant) in a place where cards of safety are delivered?' 'Do not disturb yourself,' answered the man, 'they are assassins and thieves, who are going to receive sentence in an adjoining room.'

'It is in such apartments as these that a foreigner is received; happy if he can escape with the loss of a few livres; for often, the victim of irregularities proceeding from the ignorance of the officers, he is sent from one office to another, banded from place to place for a long time, while men are disputing and quarrelling on the question, by whom and in what manner the law is to be executed?'

Again—'Notwithstanding the good qualities of the seven present administrators of France, who seem calculated to promote the welfare of their country, the complaints on the slowness with which public business is transacted, on the carelessness of administration, on the delays in the decisions of Government, on the neglect to observe the laws, are expressed loudly and *generally*. Some of these reproaches are justly directed against the ministers, as well for their conduct in the appointment of improper persons to preside over the boards and the different parts of their administrations, as for the vicious organization of the boards themselves. No adequate idea can be formed of the ignorance, the idleness, and the corruption of this immense number of agents, from the first clerks at the different boards to the lowest officer employed by the Government. The conduct of a part of those officers by whom Government is immediately surrounded, and of the agents employed in the different provincial administrations, is marked by such profound immorality as gives but little reason to hope that the republic will be of long duration.'

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*Don Carlos; a Tragedy.* Translated from the German of Frederick Schiller.  
8vo. 5s. boards. Richardson.

WE are sufficiently acquainted with the name of Schiller, to have our attention awakened by any productions of his pen. His beauties and his faults are both gigantic, they in an equal degree excite our admiration and fill us with disgust. The effect of his dramas is, in general, powerful; absurdity is their prominent feature; but it must be acknowledged that merit discovers itself in every page.

Don Carlos is the last of his plays that was not translated: and to us it appears the worst of Schiller's performances, notwithstanding the assertion of Messrs. Nochden and Stoddart, the translators of *Fiesco*, that 'in its native

tongue it has been justly considered as surpassing all his others, both in the extent of its design, and in the manner of its execution.' The following is the outline of this performance.

Elizabeth, the wife of Philip II. had been, prior to her marriage, affianced to his son Carlos. This young prince possesses a feeling and virtuous heart, his principles are liberal and benevolent. The oppression endured by the inhabitants of the Low Countries deeply affect his mind, but disappointed love engrosses his soul, when Roderigo, Marquis of Posa, his friend, arrives from the Netherlands. In an interview with this nobleman the Prince discovers his love. The Marquis persuades the Queen to assist him in rousing the Prince to the active support of the cause of liberty in the Netherlands. Carlos is invited by the Princess Eboli, in a note, to her apartment; and his conduct betrays his passion. The Princess discloses this to the King, whose amorous solicitations she now indulges. The Duke of Alow and Philip's confessor had filled his mind with suspicions, and the tyrant, not knowing in whom to confide, is desirous of finding a friend. In turning over his tablets, he finds the name of Posa among those whose actions have been meritorious. He sends for him, and a scene ensues that is strange indeed: the Marquis endeavours to awaken in the King the feelings of humanity. Posa has recourse to dark intrigue; he enters upon no explanation with Carlos; procures the Princess's pocket-book, and discovers the contents of it to the King; this he does to forward his own schemes, and to secure his Majesty's confidence. All this is reported to Carlos; suspicion fires his bosom. He repairs to the Princess Eboli, and demands an interview with the Queen; at that very instant the Marquis enters, and suppresses the confession of love by arresting him. Posa now sees the impossibility of preserving both Carlos and himself; he writes a treasonable letter, which he is assured will be intercepted; this is done that he may become a sacrifice, and reinstate the Prince in the good opinion of his father. He then hastens to his place of confinement, in order to explain every thing. During the explanation, Philip commands the Marquis to be shot. The King then enters to liberate Carlos; mad with rage, and frantic at the death of his friend, he reproaches his father with all the bitterness of anguish, for the murder, and declares that the letter, which occasioned the fall of the Marquis, was written on purpose to save *him*. Upon this remorse seizes the King, who throws himself upon the lifeless corps. The noise of a tumult is heard, and the people rise to rescue Carlos.

The Prince is determined to depart for Brussels, and head the insurgents. Previous to which he must take leave of the Queen; in order to get a sight of her majesty, he assumes the appearance of a spectre, for the purpose of passing through apartments supposed to be haunted. The King is informed of this apparition; and Alow, at the same time, put into his majesty's hands some papers of Posa, which developed the whole of his plans. Philip sends for the inquisitor. The hopes of effecting the emancipation of Holland, and establishing liberty, have subdued the attachment of Carlos; and he bid Elizabeth farewell. But at this very instant the King appears; the Queen falls senseless, and Carlos is delivered over to the Grand Inquisitor.

The plot of this play is more perplexed, and less powerful in effect, than other pieces of Schiller. In several parts the hand of the master appears, and the scene in which the King and Grand Inquisitor are represented is certainly the finest in the play.

# POETRY.

OCTOBER.

BY DR. PERFECT.

' Those virgin leaves of purest vivid green,  
' Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on  
the trees,

' Now cheer the sober landscape in decay.'

THOMSON.

Of visage deep-wrinkled with care,  
Whose temples oak garlands surround,  
With haws and with acorns his hair,  
Mid starwort and saffron is bound;  
The damson her purple bestows,  
A sash round his shoulder to throw,  
In negligence easy it flows,  
Commingled with spots of the snow.

His right hand a scorpion retains,  
High-lifted it writhes in the air;  
His left a rush basket sustains,  
Replete with the chesnut and pear;  
Whose franchise it is to invoke  
Thick fogs of blue mist on the hill,  
Ascending like columns of smoke,  
Exhal'd from the vale-loving rill.

He comes!—shall my muse wake the reed?  
Ah! where are the notes of the bough?  
So late where the beech in the mead  
Attested the villager's vows;  
When Philomel's evening lay  
Proclaim'd her melodious pain;  
The kids with the lambskins in play,  
Skipt frolicksome over the plain.

She flies from the yellow-leav'd grove,  
Nor sings of past pleasure serene,  
When zephyrs invited to love,  
And Delia was Extacy's queen:  
When near the smooth lapse of the brook  
I sought, thro' the whispering vale,  
The roses, which painting her cheek,  
Compar'd to her blushes, were pale.

No more to the brook must I stray,  
From the whispering vallies exil'd,  
Nor longer fond zephyrs shall play  
Round Delia that linger'd and smil'd.  
Farewell to the bowing hop,  
The garden so fair to the sight,  
Yet woodbine now blooming I'll crop,  
Convey to my fair with delight.

I'll seek for autumnal perfume,  
The suckle rejects not her sweets,  
Convolvules offer their bloom  
To decorate Delia's retreats.  
The pheasant I'd bear to my maid,  
But shrink from the present with fear,  
Lest into soft sorrow betray'd,  
Her eyes be suffus'd with a tear.

To Earth's fost'ring bosom the swain,  
Tenacious of Nature's command,  
Consigns with attention the grain  
So grateful to Industry's hand.  
The martin the cave has forsook,  
The woodcock re-visits the glen,  
The mallard repairs to the brook,  
The wild-goose abandons the fen.

Shall rapine with murder be join'd?  
O, spare from perdition the hive!  
Some process, by far less unkind,  
To plunder its treasures contrive!  
Now hear the loud pack o'er the field,  
In trace of the fugitive hare;  
No longer in safety conceal'd,  
She trusts to the brake or the tare.

But what is this envoy of woes,  
Who wakes with Aurora's first ray,  
His tuneful complaints to disclose,  
From suckle or jessamine spray:  
He sings desolations to come,  
Stern Winter predicts from aloof?  
My shed, social bird, be thy home,  
In safety perch under my roof.

Dost grieve that the Summer is past,  
The trees their green ornaments shed,  
That omens of Winter so fast  
Impending press over thy head?  
Prolong, gentle red-breast, thy strain,  
Contagious shall usher thy moan,  
My sympathies share in thy pain,  
Thy sorrows, poor bird, be my own.

Pomona, in straw-colour'd vest,  
With berry-strung black solitaire,  
The gossamer's gauze on her breast,  
And marigold's beams in her hair,  
October had met in the close,  
Paid court to her presence and shape;  
Vertumnus in jealousy rose,  
Suspecting the god of the grape.

But he was derang'd in the vale,  
Whilst Satyrs his orgies sustain,  
My paths from his feasts I'll curtail,  
And fly his incontinent train.  
Yet, Bacchus, to honour thy sway,  
The fig and the vine let me bring;  
Tho' the muse, for the present, delay  
The games of thy vintage to sing.

Now mid-day is silent around,  
The gloom of the ag'd cypress I'll seek:  
You turf, by the osier fresh bound,  
My heartfelt dejection shall speak.  
Leander, my much-valued friend,  
The muse in remembrance essays,  
From friendship, in sadness to send  
What elegy weaves into lays.



The Virtues resorted to see  
 Thy solitude's sacred retreat ;  
 Made Innocence grandeur to thee,  
 Whose soul was Serenity's seat ;  
 No wealth nor parade could annoy,  
 The mines of Contentment thy own,  
 While Competence kindled that joy  
 So seldom attach'd to a throne.

Obscurity mark'd his estate,  
 While unimpair'd Health wa: his lot ;  
 He scorn'd the least wish to be great,  
 Whose pomp was the peace of a cot :  
 How warm and sincere was his strain,  
 With simple morality fraught ;  
 Devoutly religious, tho' plain,  
 He spoke to the god of his thought.

Ambition estrang'd from his breast,  
 Unknown to all clamour and strife,  
 Rank poisons, corrosive of rest,  
 Those furies that harrow up life :  
 Yet pensive and thoughtful he grew,  
 The mate of his youth was no more,  
 The friend of his age ever true,  
 His feelings intensely deplore !

I saw him one day near the oak,  
 That measures a shade of extent,  
 In silence his misery spoke,  
 Despondence to solitude bent ;  
 His brow was more dark than the shade  
 October had cast o'er the dell,  
 Nor long did he grieve in the glade,  
 But languishing droop'd till he fell.

ADDRESS TO LAURA.

BY MR. POLWHELE.

OF life, my Laura, many a fairy dream  
 I cherish'd 'mid the groves of Academe.  
 'Twas then my comrades with a joyous air  
 I met, and cried, 'avaunt! to felon care.'  
 Then the strong outline of my hopes I  
 drew, [grew]

And fondly nurs'd them as each figure  
 Sketch'd for my different friends the future  
 plan,

And form'd my systems as my wishes ran;  
 Contented crown'd a living with a wife,  
 Not mark'd the varied ills that chequer life;  
 View'd, halcyon-bright, domestic ease ap-  
 pear,

Nor saw pale Grief distain it with a tear;  
 Bade the sweet pledges of affection rise  
 To melting blushes and entrancing eyes;  
 Pictur'd the bliss of love's romantic morn,  
 And press'd the rosy couch without a thorn!  
 But, ah! too soon the dear delirium fled!  
 Too soon I bow'd to care this throbbing  
 head;

While in each scene of vulgar life I found  
 The hoar-frost scatter'd by indifference  
 round; [Fancy's bloom,

Where blasts from Avarice nipt young  
 And Envy's cloud diffus'd its deadly gloom.  
 Lo, as impetuous joys began to move  
 My beating bosom to the pulse of love,  
 And, as I deem'd the illusive picture true,  
 That brought another Eden to my view;

Misguided friendship aim'd the heavy  
 stroke, [broke!  
 And all the spell of rapturous passion  
 Aias! tho' now divine content be ours,  
 I tremble as I memorize the hours,  
 When they, to whom my kindred spirit  
 ten s, [friends,  
 Whom pure sincerity had stamp'd my  
 Ah! Laura! bade thee droop thy clouded  
 eyes,  
 And waste the softness of thy soul in sighs!

TO THE

MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

BY T. HARRAL.

ALAS! poor youth! thy dawn of life was  
 fair; [dreams,

It promis'd years of bliss, and fairy  
 And visionary joys, and tender themes,  
 Entranc'd thy ardent soul. The worm of  
 care, [dart,

Nor fell disease, with her envenom'd  
 Had fix'd their cruel fangs within thy  
 heart;

But all was tranquil as the morn of spring,  
 And jocund hours, on Pleasure's sportive  
 wing, [much!

Mov'd gaily on.---O, thou hast suffer'd  
 Long hast thou pin'd beneath Despair's  
 chill touch; [known,

Dark lonesome days of anguish hast thou  
 And long thy bleeding breast been 'Sor-  
 row's throne.'---

Adieu! adieu! thou dear lamented friend;  
 Thy sufferings now are o'er, thy bliss  
 will never end.

ADMIRAL NELSON'S VICTORY.\*

BY THE SAME.

REJOICE, Britannia! Let the standard  
 wave! [dor forth!

Let Victory's streamers burst with splen-  
 Fame's clarion sounds the glories of the  
 brave;

Thy laurel'd heroes strike the forceful  
 lyre, [fir.

And British ardour kindles British  
 Thrice happy shades of dear departed  
 worth!

Who scorn'd the galling yoke of Gallic  
 power, [fraught hour,

Who hurl'd destruction thro' each war-  
 Who dar'd to die at Honour's sacred call!  
 O, how I envy you your noble fall!

Streams not each eye with Valour's gene-  
 rous tear?

Heaves not each breast with Exultation's  
 sigh? [sport high,

O, yes! the proud heart swells with tran-  
 For all is gain'd that Liberty holds dear!

Written on the 2d of Oct. 1798, the day  
 on which were received authentic accounts  
 of Admiral Nelson's victory.

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 BRITISH PARLIAMENT.
 

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TUESDAY, NOV. 20, 1793.

**HIS MAJESTY** opened the third session of the eighteenth Parliament with the following speech from the throne:—

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

The events which have taken place in the course of the present year, and the signal success which, by the blessing of Providence, has attended my arms, have been productive of the happiest consequences, and have essentially promoted the prosperity and glory of our country.

The unexampled series of our naval triumphs has received fresh splendour from the memorable and decisive action in which a detachment of my fleet, under the command of Rear Admiral Lord Nelson, attacked and almost totally destroyed a superior force of the enemy, strengthened by every advantage of situation: by this great and brilliant victory, an enterprize, of which the injustice, perfidy, and extravagance, had fixed the attention of the world, and which was peculiarly directed against some of the most valuable interests of the British Empire, has, in the first instance, been turned to the confusion of its authors; and the blow thus given to the power and influence of France has afforded an opening which, if improved by suitable exertions on the part of other powers, may lead to the general deliverance of Europe.

The wisdom and magnanimity so eminently displayed at this conjuncture by the Emperor of Russia, and the decision and vigour of the Ottoman Porte, have shewn that those powers are impressed with a just sense of the present crisis; and their example, joined to the disposition manifested almost universally in the different countries struggling under the yoke of France, must be a powerful encouragement to other states to adopt that vigorous line of conduct, which experience has proved to be alone consistent with security or honour.

The extent of our preparations at home, and the demonstrations of zeal and spirit among all ranks of my subjects, have deterred the enemy from attempting to execute their vain threat of invading the coasts of this kingdom.

In Ireland the rebellion which they had instigated has been curbed and repressed, the troops which they landed for its support have been compelled to surrender, and the armaments since destined for the same purpose have, by the vigilance and activity of my squadron, been captured or dispersed. The views and principles of those who, in concert with our inveterate enemy, have long planned the subversion of our constitution, have been fully detected and exposed, and their treasons made manifest to the world. Those whom they had misled or seduced must now be awakened to their duty; and a just sense of the miseries and horrors which these traitorous designs have produced, must impress on the minds of all my faithful subjects the necessity of continuing to repel with firmness every attack on the laws and established government of their country.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

Under the unavoidable pressure of protracted war, it is a great satisfaction to me to observe, that the produce of the public revenue has proved fully adequate to the encrease of our permanent expenditure; that the national credit has been maintained and improved; and that the commerce and industry of my subjects have continued to flourish in a degree hitherto unknown.

The situation in which we are placed, unhappily renders the continuance of heavy expences indispensable for the public safety. But the state of our resources, and the good sense and public spirit which prevail through every part of my kingdom, will, I trust, enable you to provide the necessary supplies without essential inconvenience to my people, and with as little addition as possible to the permanent burdens of the state. The progress made towards such a system by the measures adopted in the last session, and the aid given to public credit by the plan for the redemption of the Land Tax, have been attended with the most beneficial effects, which you will, I am persuaded, omit no opportunity to confirm and improve.

*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

I rely with confidence on the continuance of your exertions to enable me ultimately to conduct the great contest in which we are engaged to a safe and honourable conclusion.

We have surmounted many and great difficulties. Our perseverance in a just cause has been rewarded with distinguished success; and our present situation, compared with that of other countries, sufficiently proves how much, in a period of general danger and calamity, the security and happiness of the British nation have depended (under the blessing of Providence) on its own constancy, its energy, and its virtue.

After his Majesty and the Commons had withdrawn, Lord Darnley moved the customary Address, in the House of Peers. His Lordship expatiated upon the prosperity of this country comparatively with all other nations in Europe; upon its unprecedented elevation, both in warlike success and commercial prosperity. By such exertions as the brilliant action of Lord Nelson, said his Lordship, we were alone to look for a termination of hostilities. At no period during the war was this country so advantageously situated for carrying it on with success:—the principal powers of Europe, convinced of the perfidy and aggressions of France, were eager to join in a firm confederacy to reduce the power of that country. He concluded with moving the Address, which was seconded by Lord Craven.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, although he should vote for the Address, wished to have heard in his Majesty's speech of a great and well organized plan formed by all the continental powers of Europe to check the career of the French, and save the world from the horrible calamity to which they were likely to doom it. Such a confederacy, if not distracted by views of a mercenary kind, by plans of rapine and aggrandizement, by feelings of jealousy and distrust, and by the intervention of all the little despicable intrigues, which ought never to enter into great combinations, would be adequate to the accomplishment of that end. But when he considered the temper and views of the coalesced powers, he was not so sanguine in his hopes. Between Austria and Prussia the enmity was so great that it descended even to the private soldiers, and actuated the ranks of their armies. The mutual distrust and jealousy between Russia and the Turks exceeded that of all other nations. It is hereditary; the child sucks it in with his mother's milk; it is made a part of their education, and becomes a habit of their nature. Who is ignorant that the family upon the throne of Russia have uniformly cherished the idea that Constantinople is a part of their inheritance? And yet the Ottoman and Russian Sovereigns are the only powers specified in the speech to have entered into this combination. The unparalleled victories of our naval Commanders he, in conjunction with all true Englishmen, admired; but he wished those advantages to be derived from them which form the legitimate end of war—national tranquillity, by a safe and honourable peace. It is particularly dignified in the moment of conquest to make manifest to all the world that England looks for nothing but security and honourable peace; that it looks

not for conquests, nor consents to intrigues, which are as much against the interests of Great Britain as they are against those of humanity. Political situations are perpetually changing: the France of last year may not be the France of the present day. Should that country, therefore, be now disposed to offer terms honourable to Britain, for putting an end to the horrors of war, we should be ready to receive them. Our allies have given us repeated proofs, that however solemn their engagements, they will desert us, without a struggle of conscience, whenever their own private views are obtained. Let us then, if we cannot procure the repose of Europe, look at least to ourselves.

Lord Holland spoke on the same side; as did Lords Romney, Mulgrave, Grenville, and Sidney, on the other. After which the Address was carried *unanimously*.

In the House of Commons the Address was moved by Lord Levison Gower, who, after declaring his full conviction of the sentiments held out in the speech from the throne, expressed his opinion, that the only way to reap the advantages of our late victories was to pursue the contest with vigour and perseverance; especially at a time when the spirit of the British nation, wound up to its highest pitch, had been called forth; when a spirit of energetic resistance to the insolent attempts of the enemy had been excited; when a consciousness of our own strength and dignity had spoken so forcibly to our minds that no services ought to be shrunk from, no pecuniary contributions refused, no sacrifices of any kind withheld or declined;—when the English nation, from being a people of peaceful pursuits, and little familiarised with the use of arms, had with electric quickness become an united body of well disciplined and warlike men. The enemy, beholding the ardour that thus glowed in our breasts, and the vigour that enervated our arms, shrunk from their impotent design of invading the British shores, and obtained no success from their attempt on Ireland.

Sir John Sinclair disapproved, in part, of the speech, for its silence relative to a treaty with America, and the proposed union with Ireland.

Sir F. Burdett adverted to the ambiguity of the speech in respect to the powers who were to join us; not one word did it contain of our ancient allies, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia; they now gave way to the vigour of the Ottoman Porte; and the wisdom of Paul I. We had already enough of coalitions. With the boasted alliance of Spain, Portugal, Germany, Prussia, Naples, and Russia, we were discomfited, at a time when France was distracted with internal anarchy and confusion. What hopes, then, could we now entertain, when, with fewer allies, we have to contend not only with the population of France, but also with that of her tributary republics? He regretted to observe that our victories are not to be used as means of procuring peace.

The Address was then put, and carried without a division.

On the 21st of November, in both houses, an Address of thanks was voted to Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, for the very brilliant and complete victory achieved by him over the French fleet at the Mouth of the Nile; and also to the different officers, seamen, and marines, under his Lordship's command.

On the 23d, a pension of 2,000*l.* a year was voted to his Lordship, and the two next heirs of his body who shall bear the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile.

A vote of thanks was also passed to Sir John Borlase Warren, K. B. and the officers, seamen, and marines, under his command, for the meritorious action obtained over the French fleet on the coast of Ireland.

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 PARLIAMENT OF IRELAND.
 

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**M**R. FITZGERALD said he was not aware, before he entered the House, of the adjournment proposed, but he perfectly concurred in its propriety. He was happy to hear his Noble Friend declare his intention not to be diverted from the firm and just course of his Administration by any clamour whatever.—Lord Cornwallis had come here the genuine Representative of his Sovereign's parental and humane regard for his people—he was convinced that he would be found, likewise, the Representative of his Royal Master's firmness; that, founding his Government on his own great and virtuous character, he would meet the co-operation of all the independence and loyalty of Ireland, and that, thus supported, he could with security despise the insinuations of calumny, and the clamours of faction.—He called upon Ireland to join with him in ardent gratitude to a Nobleman, who, regardless of his splendid and well-merited reputation, forgot all his comforts, and all his honours, and at the call of duty and allegiance, came to hazard his tranquillity in our distracted politics.

Dr. Browne (College) said he had not been much in the habit of praising Lord Lieutenants, but he had always been in the habit of speaking his sentiments freely, whether of praise or dispraise. At present he had no hesitation in expressing his most cordial approbation of the Administration of Lord Cornwallis, fraught with humanity and wisdom, and he rejoiced that a man was come into the country who would not be governed by cabal, but by his own good sense and great experience. In every private company almost some calumny was propagated against the Lord Lieutenant and his Administration. He rejoiced to see that none such had entered that House, and that they seemed unanimous in approving his conduct; for he would not believe that any man in that House could have so little spirit as to sit silent, when he was thus challenged to come forward and impeach the Administration if he could. On the whole, he rejoiced in an opportunity of shewing that he did not oppose for opposition sake, and that when Administrations came, which he could support consistently with his own conscience, and his own sentiments of his honour, he was happy to support them.

The Attorney General assured Mr. O'Donnell, (whose speech was given in a previous number) that while he was in office he would in future be careful to guard against any complaint of the abuse of protection, by punishing any Magistrate through a due course of law in the King's Bench, without expence to the injured party. This, he conceived, would be a more effectual preventive of future abuses of that nature, than any discussion in that House could tend, to which the subject did not in fact properly belong.

The question for the adjournment was put and carried.

*Thursday, August 9.*—Lord Caulfield presented a petition from Lady Edward Fitzgerald; and Mr. Neville presented a petition from the widow of the late B. B. Harvey, Esq. both praying to be heard by their Counsel against the Bill of Attainder now pending before the House.

Mr. Barrington, while he highly approved the late lenient measures of Government, and without investigating the motives to these measures, relied they were prudent and wise, and would be found to justify such a policy, as indeed their consequences had already shown, in restoring peace and industry

to those scenes that were so recently the theatre of devastation and carnage; yet he therefore could not comprehend the policy of allaying the general system of mercy by a Bill partially operating against the property of these solitary individuals, such as are named in the Bill, whilst so many others, at least equally guilty in the eyes of their country, were now the objects of Royal clemency,—while the ashes of Keugh, of Esmond, and of Crosbie, were suffered to rest in peace. His object in rising this day was to move the House for permission to bring Counsel and evidence to their bar on behalf of two gentlemen who were petitioners against this Bill, John Knox Grogan, and Overstreet Grogan, Esqrs. the nearest relations of the late Mr. Grogan, of the county of Wexford; men whose loyalty stood not only unimpeached, but highly illustrated by their conduct during the late unhappy rebellion; and whose concern in this affair arose not so much from any injury they might in point of property sustain, as from the reflection of what the honour of their family would suffer from an attaind of treason attaching to their blood. He was ready to produce evidence at the bar, which would convince the House beyond all doubt, that the late unhappy Mr. Grogan was not, during the late unfortunate struggle, voluntarily guilty of a single act of treason or rebellion; that he was impelled to the part he had taken by force, and the constant threats of destruction; and that he had fallen the victim of his terrors rather than of his guilt.

*Saturday, 18.*—The House in a Committee heard evidence for and against the bill of attainder.

A number of papers, found in the possession of Lord E. Fitzgerald, were read; containing an account of the several principal officers of the United Irishmen through the kingdom; a list of the persons who subscribed for the support of a paper called *The Press*; and in his apartment was found a plan for attacking the city of Dublin: on his seal was engraved the arms of regenerated Ireland.

*Monday, 20.*—Mr. Curran rose, and declining to adduce any evidence, which he said was impracticable, under the circumstances of the case all together, addressed the Committee in a speech of three hours and a half, in which he warmly opposed the Bill, as being oppressive and unjust against his clients; first, as being supported only on the evidence of Reynolds, a common informer, whose base character, by the oath of several respectable witnesses, entitled his testimony to no credit. He considered the Bill in principle as impure, as totally abandoned by the British legislature since the 7th of Queen Anne, as violating national justice, as a measure of supplementary vengeance, seeking reprisal upon the grave of the supposed culprit,

*‘ Et credis cineres curare sepultos.’*

and plundering the pittance of the widow, and the cradle of the innocent orphan. Mr. Fletcher, in a speech of two hours, supported the arguments of Mr. Curran. The Attorney-General very ably replied, and concluded by moving, that the name of Lord Edward Fitzgerald remain as part of the Bill, which was carried in the affirmative.

*Tuesday 21.*—Lord Castlereagh brought up the Report of the Committee to whom the papers communicated by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, on the 17th of July last, had been referred. He stated, that the Committee had thought it expedient to add to their Report some of the documents upon which it was grounded.

This Report, which occupied in the reading two full hours, commences with a general view of the conspiracy carried on by the Society of United Irishmen, from its original formation to its intimate connection with a Foreign enemy. The Report then refers to the Report of the Lords Committee, in 1793, and that of both Houses in 1797, which it states ‘to have been fully confirmed by the evidence of some principal leaders in the society.’

The first objects of this Society, at its formation in 1791, were alledged to be Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform; but from the original scheme, as developed in a letter from the founder, Theobald Wolfe Tone, the true objects appear to have been to separate Ireland from Great Britain, to overturn the present constitution, and establish a democratical republic in this country.

To forward these views, the public mind was prepared by the frequent circulation of seditious writings, in particular, those of Thomas Paine; but the real objects of the Society were not disclosed publicly until the year 1795, when the test of the society, which had previously bound its members to seek 'a reform in the Commons House of Parliament,' was changed by the substitution of the words following: 'a more equal Representation of the People of Ireland;' and it appeared to the Committee, upon the testimony of one of the Executive Committee of that Society, that this alteration was made in order to forward the plan of a separate republic.

It appeared that in the summer of 1796 the Society of United Irishmen had greatly extended itself in the province of Ulster—that it was determined to proceed to force, and for that purpose French assistance had been requested, and had been promised. In the province of Ulster, there were at that time 100,000 men armed with pikes, &c. ready to avail themselves of the arrival of a foreign enemy; this principle was acted upon accordingly; and to prevent the well affected from joining the yeomanry, and to impede the due administration of public justice, a system of terror, the most sanguinary and cruel, was resorted to. In the latter part of the year 1796, the inhabitants of Ulster suffered under the severest inflictions of outrage and depredation from the disaffected, and were obliged to form into societies for their self-defence. These outrages induced the legislature to pass the Insurrection Act, and where this law was acted under with vigour, the best possible consequences followed; but yet it was found ineffectual as a radical remedy. In October, 1796, the armed yeomanry of Ireland first began to be formed. These, which were originally estimated at 20,000 men, in less than six months exceeded 35,000 well armed, well arrayed, and well appointed men.

The next act of Government was the proclamation of the 16th of November, 1796, issued for the prevention of large assemblies of people, who, in the province of Ulster, had made potatoe digging, reaping of corn, football matches, &c. the ostensible pretexts for purposes of concealed treason; and the next measure in course was the proclamation of General Lake, dated the 13th of March, 1797, from which so much benefit had been derived, and to carry which into effect, no act of severity was put into execution that could possibly be avoided; on the contrary, its objects were accomplished with all the mildness the nature of circumstances could admit of, and where persons voluntarily brought in their arms, certificates were granted to them. In consequence of this measure great quantities of arms were taken out of the hands of the disaffected. The next proclamation was of the 27th of May following, offering oblivion of offence and full amnesty to all who had not yet relinquished their arms, on condition of their doing so, and giving security for their future allegiance. This act of clemency, when its original term had expired, was renewed, and every indulgence and opportunity given to the operation of repentance. Notwithstanding which, insurrection was still conspired, and it became necessary to adopt a more coercive system for recovery of the arms yet remaining in the hands of the conspirators. The vigour and firmness testified on this occasion by his Majesty's Government were attended with the happiest effect, in proportion as they were exerted; the loyal were encouraged to declare themselves, industry and manufactures resumed their wonted vigour, and the province of Ulster began to display its usual prosperous appearance. But although the vigour thus happily exerted

had succeeded in breaking the smaller societies, those of a superior kind yet remained; but by their own official reports it was evident the debilitated state to which the conspiracy was reduced; subscriptions ceased to be paid, a scarcity in the funds followed, a communication between the different orders of the association became difficult, and from all those circumstances the leaders were induced to turn all their attention to the corruption of the other provinces; causing their agents to burn corn, hough cattle, and commit other enormities, which they artfully imputed to such causes and to such instructions as most effectually to excite the resentment of the Catholics against the Government. The next engine of treason claiming the attention of the Committee was an infamous paper, called *The Union Star*, published in the summer of 1797, and exciting to the assassination of all magistrates and others, whose loyal activity impeded the accomplishment of their treasons, and assuming increased infamy in the open justification of this infernal doctrine. In the same year was published a newspaper called *The Press*, established also in aid of the conspiracy, and bearing the name, as printer, of Arthur O'Connor; who admitted, in his examination before the Committee, that he was that year a Member of the Executive Directory of the Irish Union.

It appeared that, so early as the year 1793, the seduction of the soldiery was part of the system of treason, and acted upon by distributing among the troops printed papers, exciting to mutiny, and offering rewards for desertion.

From the examination of Dr. Mc'Nevin, a Member of the Irish Executive, before the Committee, it appeared, that early in the year 1796 a correspondence was maintained with France, and accredited agents from the Irish Union dispatched to the French Directory, to solicit aid; and induce them to the invasion of this country. These agents were, Lord E. Fitzgerald and A. O'Connor, who proceeded by way of Hamburgh and Switzerland, but did not go to Paris, fearing that their arrival in that city would reach the knowledge of the Irish Government, and at their return home they would be arrested; they contented themselves, therefore, with a conference with General Hoche, who afterwards arrived with a French fleet off the Irish coast. In October, 1796, an accredited messenger arrived in this kingdom from the French Republic, communicating the intention of invading it with fifteen thousand men, which invasion was attempted the December following at Bantry Bay; nor were these the first communications had between the traitors of this country and the Government of France, for on the trial of Doctor Jackson, it was fully proved that an intercourse of this kind existed in 1795, and a representation of the state of this country was drawn for the instruction of the French Directory, by Theobald Wolfe Tone and Arclibald Hamilton Rowan. From the time that France was so providentially defeated in her attempted invasion of this country, the conspiracy here ceased not to encourage France to a second effort; and for this purpose a Mr. Lewins was sent to Paris in the spring of 1797; but the French Directory not seeming much disposed to renew their attempts on Ireland, a second agent, Dr. Mc'Nevin, was sent on a similar errand. He left Dublin about the end of June in the same year, and having reached Hamburgh, had a conference with the French Minister resident there, to whom, finding it difficult to obtain a passport to Paris, he presented a copy of *Memoire*, which, as stated by the Doctor on oath, contained an exaggerated picture of the resources of the conspiracy and the dispositions of the people, and from these circumstances deducing the certainty of success, were an invasion once effected. It also required a loan of a million and a half in aid of the Irish Revolution, proposing as security the confiscation of the church lands in this country, and the property of all who should oppose the progress of the Rebellion. If France did not accede to this, Spain was to have been applied to.

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## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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**T**HE *Leander*, Capt. Thompson, having on board the gallant Capt. Berry, with dispatches from Lord Nelson, fell in, on the 18th of Aug. at day-break, near Goza, with an enemy's ship of the line standing towards her.

The ships continued nearing each other until half past ten, keeping up a constant and heavy firing. At this time, says Capt. Thompson, I perceived the enemy intended to run us on board, and the *Leander* being very much cut up in her rigging sails and yards, I was unable, with the light airs that blew, to prevent it. He ran us on board on the larboard bow, and continued alongside us for some time: a most spirited and well directed fire, however, from our small party of marines (commanded by the serjeant) from the poop and quarter-deck, prevented the enemy from taking advantage of his good fortune, and he was repulsed in all his efforts to make an impression on us. The firing from the great guns was all this time kept up with the same vigour, and a light breeze giving the ships way, I was enabled to steer clear of the enemy, and soon afterwards had the satisfaction to luff under her stern, and passing him within ten yards, distinctly discharged every gun from the *Leander* into him. From henceforward there was nothing but a continued series of heavy firing within pistol-shot, without any wind, and the sea as smooth as glass, until half past three in the afternoon. At this time, the enemy having passed our bows with a light breeze, and brought himself on our starboard side, we found that our guns on that side were nearly all disabled by the wreck of our own spars that had all fallen on this side. This produced a cessation of our fire, and the enemy took this time to ask us, if we had surrendered? The *Leander* being now totally ungovernable, not having a thing standing but the shattered remains of the fore and main masts and the bowsprit, her hull cut to pieces, and the decks full of killed and wounded, we replied in the affirmative. The action continued six hours and a half. The enemy proved to be the *Genereux*, of 74 guns, commanded by M. Lejoille, Chef de Division, who had escaped from the action of the 1st of August, and, being the rearmost of the French line, had received little or no share of it, having on board 500 men, about 100 of whom we found had been killed in the present contest, and 188 wounded. There were killed in the *Leander* 3 officers, 24 seamen, 1 serjeant, and 7 marines;—wounded, 7 officers, (Capt. Thompson badly) 41 seamen, and 9 marines.

Captain Samuel Hood, of the *Zealous*, communicates the following intelligence, dated off Alexandria, on the 19th of September last:

On the 2d instant, his Majesty's ship *Seahorse* and *Emerald*, chased on shore, where she anchored near the town of the Arabs, the French gun boat (*Aviso*) *L'Anemone*, commanded by Ensigne de Vaisseau Garbon, of four guns and sixty-two men, having on board General Camin and Citoven Vallette, Aid-de-camp to General Buonaparte, with dispatches from Toulon. On the approach of the boats of our ship she fired on them, cut her cable, and ran in shore, into the breakers. General Camin and Aid-de-camp Vallette, having landed with the dispatches, and whole of the crew, were immediately attacked by the Arabs. The two former and some others making resistance, were killed, and all the rest striped of their clothes. Her commander and a few of the men, about seven, made their escape naked to the beach, where our boats had by this time arrived, and begged on their knees to be saved. I am happy in saying the humanity of our people extended so far as to swim on shore with lines and small casks to save them, which they fortunately effected. Amongst these was particularly distinguished a young gentleman, midshipman of the *Emerald*, who brought off the commander Garbon at the hazard of his own life, through the surf.

## OBITUARY.

IN the battle of the Nile, Captain Westcott, late of the *Majestic*.

—' *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*'

The least tribute a grateful nation can pay to the manes of departed merit, is to consecrate the memory of real worth, and hand it down to posterity for the imitation of such as may be excited by the same ardent zeal to the commission of great and noble actions. The subject of our present memoir finished his career in the discharge of his duty: on an occasion too, the fate of which involved the future welfare of Europe.

The parents of our hero lived at Honiton, in Devonshire, where his mother and sister survive his loss. His father was a baker in that town; and being led by his profession to a connection with the millers, young Westcott used frequently to be sent to the mill: it happened in one of his visits, that by the accidental breaking of a rope, the machine was disordered; and neither the owner nor his men being equal to the task of repairing it, Westcott offered to use his skill in splicing it, although attended with danger and difficulty. The miller complied, and the job was executed with such nicety, that he told him, 'he was fit for a sailor, since he could splice so well;' and if he ever should have an inclination to go to sea, he would get him a birth. Accordingly, an opportunity presented itself, of which the lad accepted; and he began his naval career in the humble capacity of a cabin-boy: a situation the most common in the ship, and not much calculated to afford vent to the expansion of genius. But he contrived to exercise his abilities to such good purposes, and discovered such an acuteness of understanding, that he was, in a very short time, introduced among the midshipmen, in which rank his behaviour was so conciliating and prudent, that further advancement followed. Since that time he became so signally conspicuous, both for his skill and bravery, that he gradually or rather hastily continued to be promoted, until he reached

that honourable station, in which he lost his life. Had he survived the battle, his seniority of appointment would have gained him an Admiral's flag; but, alas! human expectations end in the grave!

Such was the esteem in which the inhabitants of Honiton held him and his family, that their affection appeared on the arrival of the account of his death. The feelings of humanity for the loss of a valuable man, and a sympathetic regard for those by whom that loss was so severely felt, checked in some degree the grateful sensations of joy at an event, which deprived them of their deserving friend, but afforded a most important victory.

An illumination, and other demonstrations of joy, were suppressed on the occasion, which proves not only the high esteem in which Captain Westcott was held in his native town, but the sincerity of those who lamented his death.

Capt.-lieut. Taddy, killed on board the *Vanguard*, resided at Exeter from his infancy till he went into his Majesty's service as Lieut. in the Plymouth division of marines, in which he had now been twenty years. He served on board Admiral Rodney's ship on the glorious 12th of April, 1782; was on board the *Crescent* when captured last war, and retained a prisoner in France. He was one of the first officers sent out to guard the convicts at Botany-bay, where he was absent five years. Since which, he served a long while on board the *Cerberus* frigate, Capt. Drew; afterwards under Admiral Cornwallis, at Quiberon-bay; and died fighting gloriously in his country's cause, under the brave Admiral Nelson, in whose ship he commanded the corps of marines. He married a daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Exeter, insurance-broker, whom he has now left a widow, with three children unprovided for, to lament his loss. He was a brave and worthy man, an affectionate husband and father, and an excellent officer. One of his sons, though only twelve years old, was with his father when killed, and had before been serving

with him under two other admirals, who were wounded in engagements while he was on board their ships. We doubt not his widow and orphans will receive that recompence from a grateful nation to which their father's merits so justly entitle them.

In Newgate, Dublin, where he was confined for high treason, Oliver Bond, Esq. whose sudden death having excited public attention, we give the particulars of what appeared to the jury who held the inquest upon the body. The surgeon-general, Mr. Stewart, surgeon Lake, surgeon Geoghegan, and doctor Drennan, were present. The coroner, Mr. Alderman Thorpe, having sworn the jury, Catharine Poynton, a prisoner, who first saw Bond dead, deposed, that between five and six o'clock on Thursday morning, September 6th, she saw him come out of his apartment, which opens into the court-yard, and from which there is a descent of two steps, and coming down one, he apparently slipped at one side into a corner, fell on his back, and not seeming afterwards to stir, she alarmed the gaol. Samuel Neilson was next sworn, who was bed-fellow with Bond for some time. He deposed, that the deceased and he dined together the preceding day upon a sheep's heart and other food, and afterwards drank, with two other persons, one bottle of wine and no more; that they afterwards played several matches of ball in the court-yard, till dusk, and then sat down, with two others, to drink three half pints of spirits made into punch, which had been lost in the matches; that Bond, growing hungry, had a sheep's heart dressed for his supper, and, not being satisfied with that, ate afterwards of cold mutton; and that some persons coming into his apartment, he drank more with them. Neilson went to bed about eleven o'clock, leaving the deceased sitting up; and, going to sleep, did not see Bond again until between five and six o'clock in the morning, when he found him lifeless in the place before-mentioned, immediately after he had been seen by Catharine Poynton; but Neilson did not know whether the deceased had or had not been in the bed with him at night; a vein was breathed in his arm as soon as he was found, by a man named Houndon, in the prison. The surgeons minutely examined the body,

which was free of marks of injury of any kind; a cut appearing in the back of the head at the left side (which it is supposed he got on falling in the yard) they took the flesh off the part to examine the skull, to see if there were any fracture, and none whatever appeared. Mr. Crawford, an attorney, intimated to the coroner that it was the wish of Mrs. Bond that the body should not be opened until next day; and, other persons applying from her to the same effect, the surgeons complied, finding there was no necessity for doing so. In the apartment was a copper teakettle, the handle of which had been much bent on one side in the night, upon which it was supposed the deceased had fallen, but it left no mark whatever upon any part of him. From this it is conjectured, that Bond did not go to bed that night, but sat up sleeping in his cloaths. The report of the surgeons was as follows;---

*New Prison, Sept. 6, 1798.*

'On examining the body of Oliver Bond, who died this morning, between five and six o'clock, we certify that no circumstance appears, which would lead us to believe that his death was not a natural one.

G. Stewart,

W. Lake, R. Geoghegan.'

This certificate was also signed by W. Drennan, as physician to Bond. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was, 'that they believed the deceased had died of an apoplectic fit.'

At St. Alban's, aged 80, John Kent, plumber and glazier, but better known to the lovers of antiquity as the venerable and intelligent clerk of the abbey, which place he filled near fifty-two years, being appointed October 26, 1746, by the Rev. John Cole, arch-deacon and rector of St. Alban's, who died Sept. 1, 1754. That truly pious divine, that this favourite of his should not be displaced by his successors, procured him, in July, 1754, a licence under the episcopal seal of Dr. Sherlock, then bishop of London, through which he maintained his place in the church. This year his father died. In July, 1767, his wife died, aged 45; and his mother, aged 84. The latter end of this year, he became, and continued, a very active member of an independent party, termed *Blue*; and, from his spirit and fortitude during the contest, was called *honest John*. This character he

maintained to the last, for he was truly an honest man. This spirited election in 1768 terminated in favour of John Radcliffe, Esq. who continued an independent M.P. for this borough until his death, 1783. In December, 1794, he lost his eldest son John, aged 48; and, in Oct. 1795, this was followed by the death of his second son Walter, aged 47. By these strokes he felt heavily the hand of Providence almost to his last, but murmured not. The antiquary and the curious traveller have lost their guide through that sacred pile the abbey church; the beauties of which he familiarly pointed out, with an accuracy that at once described his wonderful mind and memory. With the late reverend and learned Dr. Browne Willis he was intimate, and also with the Rev. Paul Wrigite. The celebrated and ingenious Mr. Gough has noticed his intelligence in the second volume of his 'Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain.' The late Rev. Peter Newcomb expressed his thanks for the variety of information he had received when compiling his 'History of the Abbey,' accompanied with a copy of that instructive and laborious work. His veneration for the sacred particles deposited there often created disputes; the monks could not have taken more care of the shrine of St. Alban than he did of the remains of good Duke Humphrey; for he would not suffer, if he knew it, a thread of his cloak to have been purloined; and, 40 years ago (as he told some gentlemen who visited the abbey, in August, 1798), he caused the wooden stall to be made which inclosed the Duke's remains.

The following circumstance, known to the writer of this, was related by Mr. K. Some years ago, Kent suspected a gentleman, now deceased (who never passed the town without taking a view of the church), of having taken a piece of bone from this hallowed tomb; and frequently mentioned his suspicion whenever the gentleman came again, which usually passed with a smile. But their last interview was, 'Kent, I am come for the last time to look at your abbey.' When in the vestry together, the person said, 'I am come on purpose to deposit this piece of bone into that sacred place from which it was taken; for, I could not depart easy with it in my possession.' At another time he

received, from an unknown hand, a piece of bone in a parcel, desiring him to take care and put it into Humphrey's tomb. He had not less veneration for the building itself; and perhaps there is not its equal in the kingdom, wherein the beauties of ancient architecture are so magnificently displayed. This ancient edifice was his constant care, and engrossed his attention so much, that it would have given him great concern to have seen any part thereof despoiled by the crude architect of the present day.

As a convivial and social companion, Mr. K's company was courted. The society of College Youths, of which he was a member, he annually entertained with his favourite ditty called, 'the Old Courtier;' which also was annually called for at the mayor of St. Alban's feast, by the nobility and gentry, and received with a thunder of applause. In his official station as parish-clerk, it may not be presumption to say that in psalmody he was excelled by no one, and equalled by few, particularly in the old hundredth psalm. He had a voice strong and melodious, and was himself a compleat master of church music; always pleased to hear the congregation join. It has often been remarked, when country choristers came from a neighbouring parish to perform in the abbey, with instruments termed by him a box of whistles, with which the congregation could not join, he, on those occasions, gave out the psalm or anthem in this way: 'Sing ye to the praise and glory of God.' He was rarely absent from his desk; and, though of late he laboured under much weakness, and was frequently confined during the week, 'he was always in the Spirit on the Lord's day.' So wonderfully was he assisted in the church, that, notwithstanding, in the month of June, 1793, he had a first stroke of the palsy, which he called a *body blow*, and much distorted his mouth, and occasioned him to stammer in conversation, in worship it could not be discerned. His last essay was on a public occasion, Monday, Sept. 10, that of the consecration of a pair of colours presented to that spirited corps, the St. Alban's Volunteers, by the Hon. Miss Grimstons, when he sang the twentieth psalm before one of the most respectable and largest congregations that ever assembled within those

sacred walls (once the pride of mitred abbots). He performed with all the strength and vivacity of youth. To adopt the language of the present popular and respectable fector, in his funeral sermon, 'to have heard him on that day, Nature seemed to have re-assumed her throne; and, as if she knew it was to be his last effort, was determined it should be his best.' It was so. He was interred in the abbey Sept. 19, in a spot marked by himself. His funeral was respectfully attended; and his death is universally felt amidst the neighbourhood, and particularly by his relicts, one son, a daughter, and eight grand-children. Death, which was always familiar to him, eased him this last year, by taking his only sister, aged 83; and her husband, aged 85. In this he had his prayer granted, 'that they both might depart before him.' May those who are left behind him tread in his pious steps!

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THE  
**SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE,**

AND

**FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY,**

**FOR DECEMBER, 1798.**

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF

**JOHN ERRINGTON, Esq.**

**PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER FOR NORTHUMBERLAND.**

**CONTENTS.**

	Page		Page
Memoir of John Errington, Esq.	361	<b>REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.</b>	
Life of Lord Nelson	363	Annual Register, concluded	413
Comparison between the Eloquence of Mr. Fox and the late Lord North	368	Union between Great Britain and Ireland	414
The Dumb Philosopher	36	Arminius, by Murphy	415
Burkiana	376	Porter's Octavia	416
Account of the Nation of the Seiks	380	The People's Answer to the Bishop of Landaff	ib.
On the Passion of Love	381		
The Mirror of Thespis, No. II.	382	<b>POETRY.</b>	
Life of the Right Hon. W. Pitt	380	The Negro Girl	417
Narrative of Buonaparte's Proceed- ings in Egypt	392	To a Ho: Pre	ib.
Biographical Memoir of Peter Pindar	401	Sonnets to Anne, Eudora, and to the Shade of Zimmerman, by T. Har- ral	417-18
Anecdotes and Bon Mots	362, 404	Essay on Burns the Poet	418
<b>FREEMASONS' REPOSITORY.</b>		The Rose	ib.
The Discourse of Brother Shuttleworth before the Lodge of Amity, Preston	405	<b>PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.</b>	
<b>SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.</b>		British Parliament	419
Method of preparing the Acid for whitening Books, Prints, &c.	409	Irish Parliament	421
On Inoculation from the Cow-pox	ib.	<b>MONTHLY CHRONICLE.</b>	
Metallic Tractors, or Perkinism and Galvanism	410	Capture of Gozah	425
On the Colours from Chrome	411	Capture of Leghorn	ib.
Conversion of Iron into Cast Steel	ib.	Capture of Minorca	ib.
On the Antiquity of the Pelasgi	ib.	Naper Tandy and Associates	426
On the French Marine	412	Declaration of War by France against Naples and Sardinia	427
Invention of Printing, Paper, Com- pass, and Gunpowder, Oriental	ib.	Capture of the King of Sardinia's do- minions, and flight of the King	428
Machine to navigate against the Stream without manual assistance	ib.	Obituary	429

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

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THE Editor begs leave to apologize to several Correspondents for omitting the insertion of their different articles. This circumstance has happened through unavoidable necessity, but from no intentional neglect. Their future favours will be received with pleasure; and as variety as well as interest are meant to be the chief characteristics of the SCIENTIFIC MAGAZINE, a diversification of articles, in future, will be most acceptable.

The Supplementary Number, which will conclude the Volume, shall appear on the 1st of February.

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