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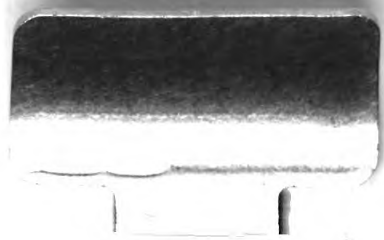
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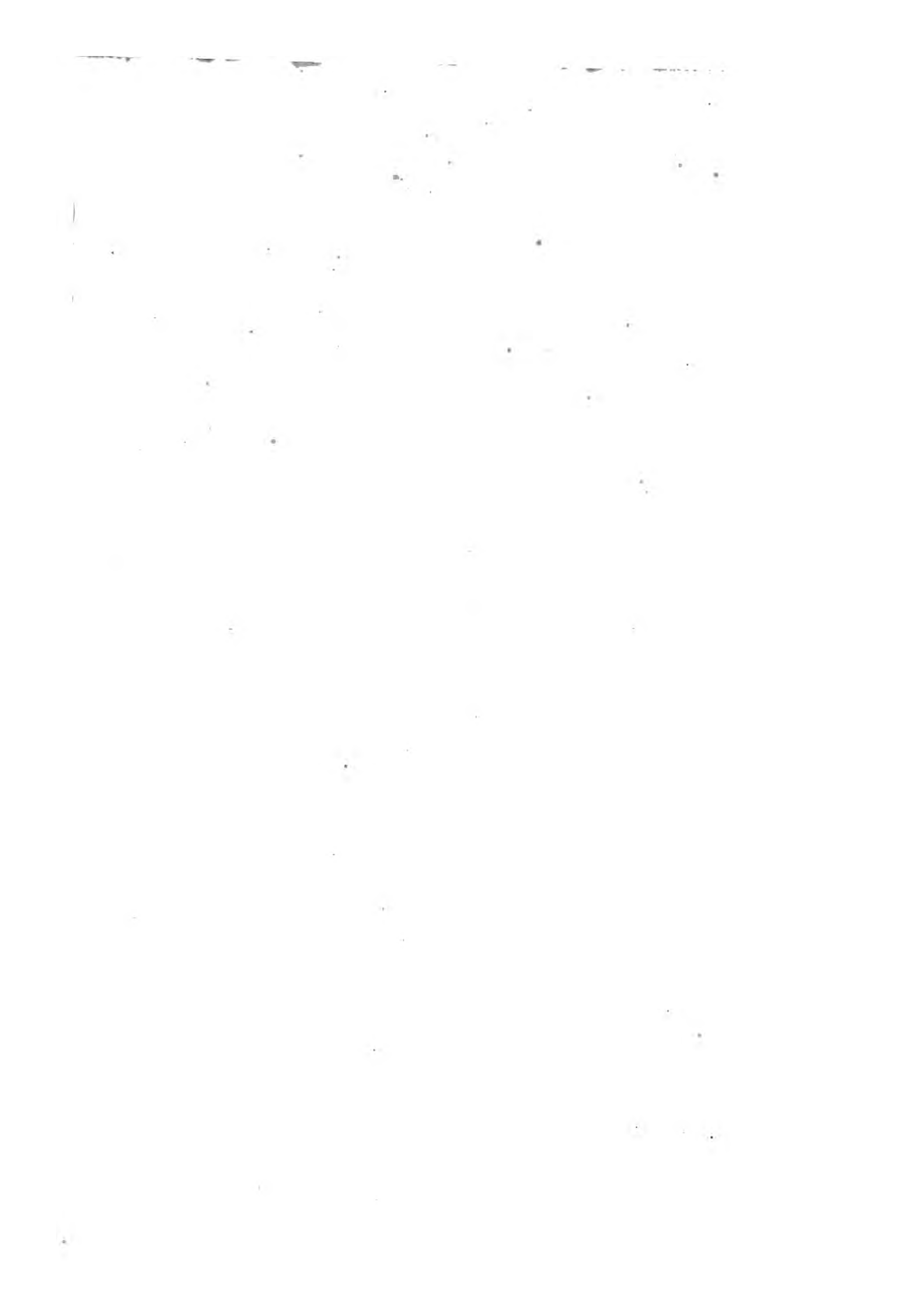
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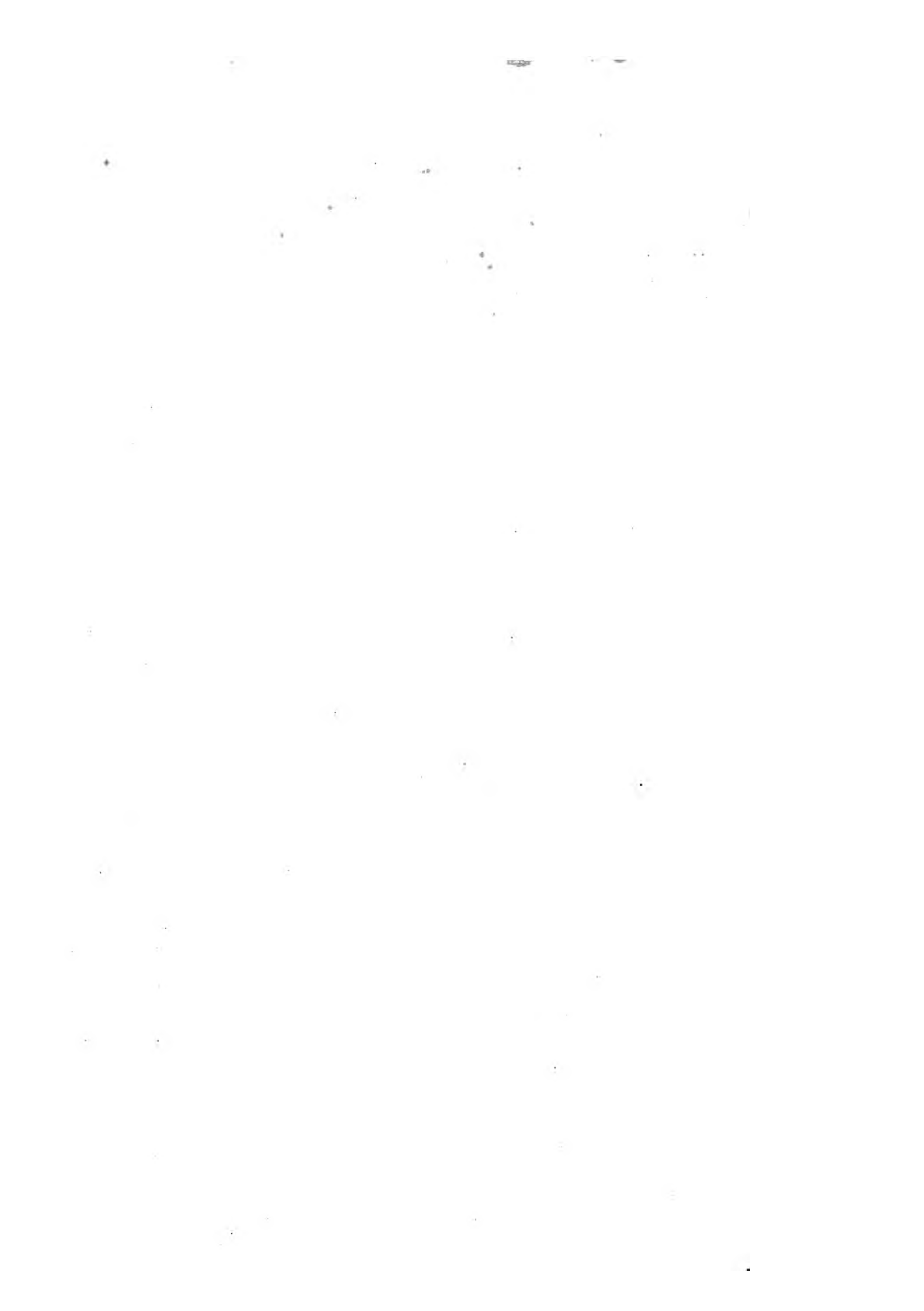


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Hope Essays 56

The

Attic Miscellany:

N^o 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. Minus Vol. 100

N^o 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. Wanting

N^o 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. bid up

Want of any more
prints

* N^o 22 is not complete





THE
ATTIC MISCELLANY.

NUMBER XVI.

CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

An Epistle from Quiz in the Country, to his Nephew in Town.

Dulce est desipere in loco—HOR.

BY old Joe Jarvis, who will give this letter,
I send my love to you, with something better,
A turkey that, by geometric scale,
Includes a foot and half from neck to tail—
'Tis sooner measur'd at the inn, than weigh'd—
Moreover, Quoz, the carriage has been paid ;
I beg you'll eat it up on New Year's day,
And over it, this letter sing or say,—
As my old cronies may be glad to know,
The gout (thank God !) is settled in my toe.—
You were so good to write, when I could *not*,
The doings of the city, *piping hot* ;
For which in gratitude I send you, here,
A sort of picture, of our Christmas cheer ;
Not but you know, as well as I, the way
We play the fool upon a Christmas day :
But as your friends may like to see a sketch
From nature warm—my canvass lo I stretch !——
You know the hall, or, if you will, the kitchen,
Where at this time lie many a dog and bitch in ;
Yea parlour I might say, *en verité*,
As 'tis appropriate to all the three :
Its gothic door admits you from the yard,
That has no lock, and is but seldom barr'd ;
Here the fire blazes that we roast our meat at,
Here stands the oaken table that we eat at ;
And all above, beneath, and round about,
Something has place we could not do without ;
Save that by ancient Susan's *pious* care,
The days are render'd darker than they are ;
The window she has stuck such verdant rows in,
That Phœbus scarce can thrust his radiant nose in ;
A window built of timber, a good load,
Cœval with the house, that still has stood

Unshaken, since the days of good Queen Bet,
 Ere oaks were fell'd a sacrifice to debt.—
 Horace, you know, exclaims—"Away with reason,
 "Let folly loose—'tis sweet in proper season*!"—
 The cloth remov'd—for what could be the treat
 To you, to say how manfully we eat—
 The cloth remov'd—a log upon the fire,
 While clouds of smoke from glorious punch aspire,
 The fun begins—My wig, my powder'd wig,
 As elder tree in blossom white and big,
 Your wicked vixen of a cousin Quiddy,——
 As any little colt, unbroke and giddy——
 Popt from my bald convexity of jowl,
 Plump into the concavity of bowl :
 All laugh'd aloud to see the comic feat;
 While kinsman Quibus pluckt away *my* feat ;
 But short his triumph ; for your uncle Queer
 Sluic'd in his pocket a full mug of beer ;
 Quondam sat singing an incondite song,
 His own composing, *dolorous* and *long*,
 But the smooth features of his vacant face
 Relax'd their muscles into broad grimace,
 When my dear Quizzy, with a footy fitt,
 Smear'd Quoram's phizz, of philosophic twist ;
 But most convulsively he laugh'd the while,
 To see the mead of Quondam's *vocal* toil ;
 For with a vessel of a nameless use,
 Quod crown'd the tuneful favourite of the muse.—
 While thus we giggled, your old servant Joe
 Was kissing Sue beneath the mistletoe.—
 Each was by turns the jester and the jest,
 While little Quid sat laughing at the rest.——
 Ye sportive sons of Fashion's higher sphere,
 How do *you* spend your days and nights of cheer ?
 Are you more wise or happy in those hours—
 And are your frolics free from harm as ours—
 No joke obscene provok'd our simple smiles,
 No drunken uproar led to bloody broils ;
 No midnight bets frown'd o'er us on the morn ;
 No lawless love transfixt its rankling thorn !
 'Twas but the relaxation of an hour,
 And reason reassum'd her placid power ;
 When I but think of your more serious folly,
 'Twas but a moment stol'n from melancholy !
 Did you but learn to play the fool the same,
 The world might laugh, but could not laugh to shame.

* Vide the Motto.

FREE DEBATING SOCIETY,

For the Attainment of Elocution, held at the Gun, in Gun Street, Spital Fields,
on Tuesday Evenings.

THE chair of this most *laudable* society, which has had its origin within these few months, and which is intended as an improvement upon every thing of the sort which has ever appeared in this metropolis, is uniformly taken at half after seven o'clock on Tuesday evenings, at the house above mentioned, where any gentleman, whether a member or otherwise, dressed in an upper garment, which by the majority of the society, shall be considered as a clearly defined coat, possessing two sleeves, may be admitted, on paying to the secretary the sum of threepence halfpenny; this to be spent in liquor, provided at the time of making the deposit, he does not take any money from the plate!

The question for the evening on which the *author* of this account attended as a visitor, was, Whether a pudding in which there was but one plum could with propriety be termed a plum-pudding?—This had been written some evenings preceding, on a slip of tobacco paper, and was afterwards put into good grammatical English by Mr. Secretary Harrison. The debate was conducted with infinite learning, ingenuity, and candour. The proposer, a little man about four feet six in height, of the gentle craft, said *as how* he wished for to know whether or no it could be called a plum-pudding; “because,” said he facetiously, “my wife, one day, when I came home tired, after carrying home a new pair of boots to a customer, sat before me a pudding—this pudding she called a plum-pudding—Now, Mr. President, it had been taken up some time, and stood before the fire to keep warm; while it stood there, you see, Sir, the children——for I have a pretty round family of them——I say the children——perhaps some one of them, or more than one, perhaps all of them—had been picking at this pudding—so that when it was put upon the table, I could not, for the life of me, after cutting it, and hacking it all to pieces, find more than one plum. Now I said, says I to my wife, ‘My dear——’ Mr. President, and gentlemen all, your good healths!——‘My dear,’ says I, ‘this is no plum-pudding,’ and so I said to myself, I would get it debated, whether it was or not; and I now think, Mr. President, it was no plum-pudding.”

Here the gentleman sat down, and a silence of some minutes ensued, while the tankard went round the table: after which, a tall man, with short brown locks, combed behind his ears, rose with great gravity, and said that what the gentleman behind the quart-pot had advanced in defence of his opinion, made diametrically against him; for that whatever the pudding might have been be-

fore the children had picked it, it remained *bona fide* a plum pudding, and not a pudding of plums; and, *vice versa*, a pudding with more plums than one, commonly called a plum pudding, and eaten as such, was a misnomer." Here he enumerated those particular times when such food was held orthodox; and quoting a long authority from Origen, in defence of his opinion, concluded with observing, that such a kind of pudding as the proposer of the question had eaten, came exactly within the letter of primitive church authority, which directed, that *plum* puddings should be eaten at particular religious seasons, by way of mortification, and not as that (so denominated) dish is now eaten, by way of luxury.

This speaker's elaborate argument was overturned by a gentleman on the right hand of the chairman,——who appeared to be a sort of priest, by a very rusty black coat which he wore, though it's lacerated elbows did no credit to the sacerdotal character:——he pronounced the authority of Origen heterodox, and therefore not admissible: at the same time he insisted, that we ought to speak of a plum-pudding as we speak of a dog-kennel, a pidgeon-house, &c. meaning thereby, not a pudding of plums, but a pudding *for* plums, a pudding in which plums may be or might have been." In this opinion he came to the same conclusion as the last speaker, with this difference, that the cordwainer's pudding not only continued to *be*, but always *was*, an absolute plum-pudding; and so it would have been, if his wife had altogether forgot to put any plums into it, provided that she so intended, and that it became a real plum-pudding from the moment of such her intention, and *that it would have been an abomination to have eaten it as any other!*——

From this assertion, which was pronounced in an anathematizing strain of voiceferation, I perceived the gentleman was a Roman Catholic priest, and concluded the other to be a Socinian holder-forth at some of the *republican* conventicles in the neighbourhood.

These I found were the two great luminaries of the society, round which the others moved as a kind of inferior planets—After a few more barbarous and incomprehensible speeches, the debate for the evening closed, and the imposition of written rules was taken off, when their language, all at once, as Butler has it——

“ Like words congeal'd in northern air,”——

broke out into the most illiterate depravity of stile, evincing in what rank of life the members were destined to move;—swineish intoxication followed the effect of their liberal and frequent potations of porter and gin; and arguments coming forward of a more *powerful* nature than any which had been used in the course of the evening, the writer of this article, who is not conversant with the kind of logic which they seemed disposed to adopt, was induced to take up the idea of Doctor Goldsmith, used in a different sense——

“ And since 'twas hard to conquer, learn to fly.”

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

A BOOKSELLER.*

BIBLIOPOLIUM was born in the west of England, and travelled to many places in the character of an itinerant Theopian: to this hobby-horse he united the more useful qualification of a Crispin, and when he could not mend their *morals*, he always could their *soles*. About twenty years since he came to London, where he attended the spouting clubs, constantly to entertain, and get work in the repairing way. He now only occupied a stall, which, as the song says—

‘ Served him for kitchen, for parlour, and all.’

About this time the great apostle of the Methodists, Mr. Whitfield, died. This circumstance produced him some emolument; for he took it into his head to write a *copy* of verses upon the occasion, and although it sold but indifferently, and for a low price, it furnished him with the hint to appear as a *bookseller*.

In this business he has had ample success; inasmuch, that he has long since discarded his *religious* acquaintances, and commenced a staunch free-thinker, or rather *atheist*, for it is reported that he has a clause in his will which requires his executors to publish three times, in three several papers, that is nine advertisements, that he died without the belief of a God!!—Of his literate abilities, we may form some notion from the motto upon his coach, for the cobbler *has* gone beyond his last—

“ Small profits *does* great things.”

Every man has a right to hit upon whatever artifice he thinks may suit his turn to promote his trade, whilst it is of an innocent kind. This gives us an opportunity of exhibiting the modesty of our *hero* in the following curious manœuvre in his household. Having a coach and horses, it was necessary the world should be informed of it. But how to do it was the question. A bill, however, was printed, informing the public that Mr. L..... had lost several hundreds of books, in *quires*, from the upper story of his *coach-house*; this at once answered the end, and acquainted the world, that he not only kept his carriage, but that his stock was so enormous, he could not miss upwards of a thousand books for above six months.

In the preface to one of his late catalogues, we are importantly informed, that in no shop in London can be found eight persons so solicitous of obliging the public as at his house.—Yet upon the face or title of this list, he denies a single hour's credit to any one.

Being ambitious of fame, like other great men, and to shew his importance,

L.ich. H. 11

Ch. H. 11

importance to himself, he has had his *portrait* engraved—in a different stile from the present *one*!—by a capital artist; and, to prove that he would *more* than sell his *father* in the way of profit, this engraving is exposed in his window at the inferior price of sixpence: unfortunately, however, it resembles one of his *obliging* shopmen; which has occasioned several ludicrous embarrassments.

Upon the whole, this gentleman's industrious merit is very great, for at the bottom of the before mentioned print he declares he commenced bookselling with no more than five pounds! A small sum indeed! but should we pronounce that number of shillings to have been the total of his entrance upon the *literary hunt*, we should be nearer the truth. However, to conclude this article, we cannot adopt a better distich than what this son of Crispin has himself done—

“Sutor ultra crepidam feliciter ausus.”

A PRIEST OF LIBERTY.

“Every Man has his PRICE.”—SIR R. WALPOLE.

THE present subject of our pictorial stricture, is professedly, and in the fullest sense of the word, a Revolutionist; a kind of epicure in politics, rather studious to vary the cookery of dishes, so as they may suit his whimsically depraved appetite, than to provide a wholesome meal of any: with whom liberty is considered as a licence not granted, but taken. A leveller, who feeling no workings in his own breast, which would raise him to a situation of trust in a government, existing in meritorious subordination, is for throwing down all distinctions; that honours no longer attaching themselves to virtues, all alike may have an equal chance for power; the intermediate links in society between the most lawless subject and the most lawful sovereign being broken, all who have no law of conscience, may, in their turns, become tyrants, and kings become slaves.

He is a *sworn* enemy to all *tests*, as they call for a confession of faith, which is supposed to influence practice, and direct an obedience to ruling powers.

His religion is wedded to his politics, and his philosophical morality is the amiable offspring. Without faith in the sacred text, which he profanes by quotation, he can exclaim, with the fervour of an apostle, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in *peace!*” in the midst of anarchy and bloodshed!

As a philosopher, he surveys mankind in masses, and only listens to the inarticulate shouts of the multitude; the individual complaints of suffering virtue are lost in the clamour; and private calamity he considers as public good.

Such

Such is the man, and such are the principles that attach him to the cause of humanity. The value of such abilities to the public, it would be yet more difficult to ascertain; for though they have been many years offered to sale, and puffed off with all the legerdemain of literary cabal, they have not yet been seriously bid for by any party.

A CRAZY TALE.

Founded on a recent Circumstance, which occurred in Southwark.

BY QUINTUS QUOZ, ESQ.

I Do suppose
As how 'tis easier to write verse than prose—
 If verse we may make free to call,
 Such as I, hare-um scare-um, scrawl :
 This makes me, when I chance to meet,
 In alley, lane, or street,
 A subject worth the price of pens and ink,
 I never stand to think
 How I may turn it in Johnsonian stile,
 With founding sentences, compos'd of words
 As hard as boards,
 Rang'd in a paragraph of half a mile ;
 But down it goes in rhyme—
 And let the lines but glibly run,
 And duly chime,
 The work is done.

.
 A Parson, of what faith I shall not say,
 Because I never yet could understand,
 Tho' I have often heard him pray,
 Yea verily, and preach too, out of hand—
 Who links, in oratoric tether,
 His saints together,
 Somewhere about the Mint ;
 I do not mean to hint
 At the round shop of shops in Surry Street,
 But one of outward aspect less compleat.—
 This sayer of good things, it seems,
 Had fill'd with faintly dreams,
 As well as *mething else*, a sailor's wife.
 The husband, absent on a tedious cruise—
 A mesmate brought the news—
 His ship was lost ; and in the billowy strife,

The

The man had spent his latest groans,
 Or, as he said, was popt to Davy Jones!
 That is to say, was dead;
 On this the parson took,
 By book,
 The widow'd woman to his board and bed. —————
 Now years past on
 In spiritual and carnal fun,
 Between the apostle and his buxom spouse;
 Nor did I ever hear she deckt his brows. —————
 At length, good lack!
 The honest mariner came back —————
 He was not dead,
 As had been said —————
 This makes the reader stare;
 And verily it made the Parson swear,
 'Oddslife,
 To lose my wife!' ———
 Seeing the preacher make this carnal rout,
 Next time he mounted in his rostrum high,
 His congregation haul'd him out,
 And that in rude, ungodly guise—
 'Tis said they gave him two black eyes—
 Oh fie!—
 The leader of the clan,
 A little ugly man,
 Upspringing, like a Cromwell, took his place,
 And talk'd of grace,
 But in such most ungracious bother,
 For little did he know to splutter,
 But about cheese and butter,
 They us'd him rougher than the other. —————
 The flock remaining thus without a teacher,
 I Quintus Quoz,
 Do, poz,
 With leave, propose myself their pious preacher.*

* A Letter from a Correspondent arrived, just as this tale had been closed by the Author, containing biographical sketches of the Parson: from which we discover that he was originally a Baker! It seems that, unwilling to resign a good lady, he had—like another Mahomet—artfully contrived to justify his conduct from the pulpit; and so far succeeded with the women, both old and young, that he actually overset the Deacons—who intended his final dismissal—by a superiority in the number of voters. In consequence of which, he reassumed both his spiritual and carnal functions. To the honour, however, of a part of his flock, his auditory, since, has not been numerous.

Whatever horror we may feel on viewing the crimes of this sanctified miscreant, we cannot but admire the craftiness of his text the first time of preaching after his victory—"If the Lord had not been on my side, mine enemies would have swallowed me up!"

AN EPISTLE

From Margaret Nicholson to her Knights.

YE mirrors of knighthood, to you from this cell,
 Where pain and despair with Peg Nicholson dwell,
 By way of remonstrance is justly address'd
 What misery wrings from a Bedlamite's breast.—
Non compos I must be, since you'll have it so :
 'Twere madness downright to discredit M. • ro,
 Who tells how the moon gives, by means of her phases,
 Lucid intervals sometimes, at other times crazes ;
 What tricks and vagaries she plays with the brain—
 Why you are so rational ; I so insane.—
 This moment I snatch, lest the planet's full orb,
 By her pow'r of attraction, my senses absorb ;
 For soon she'll be at her old frolics again,
 Her choppings, and changings, and legerdemain.—
 And better might I let my writing alone,
 Than to the next quarter this letter postpone,
 When soon as the goddess shall hang up on high,
 Full-lighted, the lamp that illumines the sky ;
 Some imp on her errand, dispatch'd from her throne,
 Popping into my head, shall bid reason begone.—
 Then pity my durance in castle enchanted,
 By goblins, and giants, and conjurors haunted ;
 A damsel forlorn, in the deepest distress,
 Exhibits her grievance, in hopes of redress—
 Why come ye not hither, with lances and shields,
 To rescue your patroness out of Moorfields ?
 Here found your defiance—and blow, heralds, blow,
 Till ye silence the din of that broker below,
 As loud as yon Methodist preacher I bawl,
 Yet cannot ye hear me ; p•x light on you all !
 Not hear me, ye varlets ! ye might if ye chose ;
 What ! you'll tell me you're stunted in ears, I suppose—
 In vain I solicit, in vain do I cry,
 No succour is brought me, no champion is nigh.
 I guess what prevents you,—you've got to your dinners,
 You're gorging yourselves, ye carnivorous sinners—
 While smoak on your tables fat turkies and chines ;
 Ye care not—not ye— how poor Margaret dines.—
 Is the spirit of chivalry banish'd the nation ;
 Or have ye no sense of a past obligation ?
 Fie ! fie ! on such gluttons ! why am I thus slighted ?
 Had I never liv'd, pray, would ye have been knighted ?

Ye knighted!—To humble your pride, I'll instal,
 If I live, wooden Gog and Magog of Guildhall.
 What were ye but yesterday, caitiffs! d'ye know?
 Some taylors, some tinkers, some barbers I trow.
 And such would have been, to the end of your lives,
 Until'd, unnotic'd, yourselves and your wives;
 Had I not Who lifted you out of the dregs?
 Whose doing was that, Sirs? pray, was it not Peg's?
 'Twas Peg, who, prefixing the sir to your names,
 Made one a Sir Richard, a second Sir James,
 A third a Sir Thingum, a fourth a Sir Ben;—
 Deny it ye cannot, ye shadows of men.
 You'll answer, I warrant, and say 'twas the King;
 But I say he's an afs—who says any such thing.
 What! have ye th' effrontery! why, at this rate,
 I'm grown a mere cypher amongst you of late!
 Is this the respect—the attention ye shew me!
 O my conscience, ere long you'll pretend not to know me!
 Ay, now you're exalted so high o'er the crowd,
 So faucy you're grown, so excessively proud;
 That under my window flap-dash, in your coaches,
 You clatter—no doubt not to hear my reproaches—
 Ne'er pulling your check-strings, but galloping by,
 As if no such person were living as I.—
 Yet while ye disturb me, yourselves and your cattle,
 And break my repose with your din and your rattle;
 I never could learn, that ye order'd the street
 To be litter'd, to lessen the noise of their feet.
 Nay, further, ye upstarts; since here I've been pent,
 A word of condolence has never been sent;
 Not even so much as a footman—not you,—
 With a message, a card, or a how do you do?
 Have you sent, to enquire, whether up or a bed,
 Or whether poor Marg'ret were living or dead—
 No, no, but you'll flatter that man at the steerage—
 So, nothing will serve you forsooth but a peerage!
 You beg to be from the Mobility draughted,
 Like others, and on the Nobility grafted—
 He'll grant you that favour; perhaps; but, ye fools!
 And soon as 'tis granted, he'll make you his tools.—
 You've been naughty indeed; your delinquency own,
 And for your ungrateful demeanor atone;
 Forgiveness is yours, if ye do but repent—
 For Margaret Nicholson yet may relent.
 You've never yet enter'd my new habitation,
 Nor the ladies your wives, since their *Ladification!*
 Do let 'em come hither I pray; and, d'ye hear,
 Be sure they be dress'd in their holyday gear—

I intend 'em the favour of kissing my hand—
 And, if they deserve it, perhaps I may stand
 As sponsor to some of their progeny too—
 I'm resolv'd to befriend 'em, —but that *entre nous*.
 I'm eager to know if their dignities fit
 Your spouses, or on 'em but awkwardly fit ;
 With other such matters ; as whether they're clever,
 Or but the same ill manner'd dowdies as ever ;
 Or whether they're meagre, or waxing in fat,
 Or frizzled, or painted, or patch'd, and all that—
 Besides, I would know what new liv'ries you've got ;
 Your mottos, your crests, your supporters, what not—
 Adieu for the present—yet much would I say ;
 But yonder's the conjuror coming this way.

8.

RULES AND ORDERS,

Observed by the Members of a Cuckold Club, held every Wednesday evening
 at the City of Dieppe, Corbets Court, Brown's Lane, Spital Fields.

ORDERED, That no person be admitted a member of this
 very respectable society who has not been proved a *cuckold*, ac-
 cording to the rites and ceremonies of Doctors-Commons.

Ordered, That if any member shall appear to repine at his condi-
 tion, or shall presume to cast any reflection upon the honourable
 state of cuckoldom, such member shall, on conviction, be forthwith
 expelled from this worthy society.

Ordered, That if the wife of a member of this society shall
 commit what is vulgarly called *adultery* with a person being also a
 member, both parties shall treat each other with fraternal affection,
 and live in perfect amity as brothers.

Ordered, That if any member shall have been twice married,
 and can give satisfactory proofs to this society that the *second*, as
 well as *first* wife, conferred on him the favour, such member, on
 producing the proofs at a full meeting of the society, shall have the
 merits of his claim fairly argued ; and if they appear well found-
 ed, he shall be voted perpetual president of this respectable society.
 But if, on enquiry, more than one member shall be found in the
 same situation, then, and in that case, the *senior cuckold* shall fill the
 chair. N. B. If the *second* wife shall be detected in a bed-cham-
 ber at an inn, with her stays unlaced, and a man in the room, such
 presumptive evidence shall be deemed complete proof, and superior
 to a *bible oath*.

Ordered, That a regular correspondence shall be kept up between
 this society and the Belle Assemblée ; and that letters be written by
 the Secretary of the Cuckold Club to all the female members of that
 society, recommending them to take into consideration the state

of this society, to exert their best endeavours to increase the numbers of our *cuckold brethren*, and thus contribute to render this society flourishing. For which purpose, it is further ordered, that great deference shall be paid to every gentleman recommended by the *Assemblée*; and that a certificate of his qualifications, signed by his wife's confidante, shall in many cases be deemed sufficient to establish his claim to the most honourable appellation of a *cuckold*.

Ordered, That if a Maccaroni is proposed to be admitted a member of this society, he shall be ballotted for at three successive meetings, and his *pretension to horns* accurately enquired into, as in general the Maccaronies are *things* whom scarcely any lady of rank and fashion would even condescend to *dub*.

Ordered, That a sum of money, not exceeding one thousand pounds, be presented to Mrs. Rybot and the bashful Mrs. Sheridan as part of a reward for their heroic complaisance, and an acknowledgment how much the members of this society think themselves indebted to their mutual labours for the acquisition of two most valuable brothers.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Meeting, be given to the Cardinal Rohan, the Prince of Wales, Lord John Townshend, Mr. Sykes, and Mr. Schoole, for their efforts in honour of this Society.

Resolved, That a certain artist be desired to make for this society a large pair of horns, properly gilt, to be hung over the president's chair in the club room; and that he be further desired to furnish each member of this society with an elegant small pair for the pocket.

Resolved, That this society shall, if possible, meet in future at the house of a *Cuckold*; for which purpose the secretary is requested to make the necessary inquiries, in order to find out a tavern-keeper in the same predicament as the members of this society. Should a difficulty arise, any member that chuses, is at liberty to make a *Cuckold* of that description.

Ordered, That these rules, together with such as may be hereafter made, shall, when adopted by a full meeting of this society, be printed, and hung up in the most conspicuous part of the club-room, for the perusal of the members.

Ordered, That the next meeting of this society be on the thirteenth of February.

By order of the Society,

Sir CHA. SADBURY, Sec.

THE PHYSIOGNO-MAGNETIC MIRROR.

N^o IX.

Mr. Physiognomist,

IN a late excursion, accident led me to a remote country town, where a company of strolling players had fixed their quarters some days before. Resolving to put up for the night, and suffering reason to be controlled by instinct, I slackened the rein, and was conveyed to the best inn, under the guidance of my horse: where, after having resigned him into proper hands, I proceeded directly to the kitchen; a place which I have always considered as the most proper for one who would collect the sense of the town, or learn the characters of its inhabitants. Amongst other company who were there, sat a couple of those itinerant knights of the sock and buskin, regaling on a Welch rabbit and a mug of ale; but homely fare, not at all corresponding, methought, with the ensigns of Majesty they actually bore about them. But my astonishment ceased, when, after having finished their banquet, a dialogue ensued between the mock-monarchs, which accounted for the frugality of the repast.

“No, Ranter,” said his companion Mr. Mangle, “it will not do. Yesterday’s ramble over the country, to deliver bills, I shall not easily recover: my shoes, I’m sure, never can—they are given over by Doctor Last; and, after all, what a house, ye Gods! what a house! never since I have trod the stage, did I play to so few.—Now we have felt the pulse of the town, don’t you think it has every symptom of—ay, of beggary, by the L..d!”

Ranter. “To be sure our *debut* was very unpromising—Not a soul of any fashion was to be seen, except the exciseman and his wife. In the threepenny gallery, was not so much as one to represent the majesty of the mob. Time was, we could not find room for their High Mightinesses; like Sadler’s Wells, our house was full at least the first night. What volleys of apples, sometimes halfpence, have annoyed us—We are not likely to meet with such *usage* here.”

Mangle. “Would it were so! such affronts we could *pocket* you know—The custom here, it seems, is to insult us on the outside of the house—last night I slipped out between the acts, and how d’ye think a sturdy clown was amusing himself? with a lump of chalk in his hand, there was the great booby scrawling *Aimsbouse* in characters as large as those you may have seen at the Bermondsey SPA.”

Ranter. “Nevertheless, the parts were well cast, and got up to a
A. iracic

miracle—Your conception of Othello was beyond any thing I ever knew.”

Mangle. “Pshaw! without vanity, there are few I believe could do it more justice; but, no flattery, we all did justice to our parts, except the candle snuffer—His fault lay in *overtopping* his part.”

Ranter. “The fellow was for *eclipsing* us all, which he did with a vengeance—hang him! to snuff our farthing candle out in the midst of that soliloquy, the delivery of which you might have challenged the critics to find fault with. But ’tis my opinion there are no people of taste, no critics here.”

Mangle. “If any there be, they will not come to criticise, that’s the mischief on’t; so they did but come, and fill the house for us, they might criticise, and be d. . . d, eh, Ranter? But our ill success may be traced to another cause: What has ruined our interest, are your private theatres, I take it; they are our bane—they have been more fatal to us than the *vagrant act*; and *totus orbis agit histrionem* is peculiarly applicable to our times.”

Ranter. “If I understood Latin as well as you, perdition catch me if I would not turn parson, were it only for a Welch curacy, sooner than——”

Mangle. “Your field-preachers fare better, and yet none of them, by all accounts, has ever had the gift of tongues. Latin is indeed a requisite, but that is not enough for a Welch clergyman; he must be a tolerable hand at a fiddlestick! a qualification I am deficient in.”

Ranter. “Since ’tis so, I’ll e’en set up a conventicle myself—to be sure, too much learning will not make me mad, any more than the aforesaid apostles; but what can one do, you will say? So many honourable and right honourable spouters have started up, that we are fallen into disrepute. If intrigue be their object, let them go to the Masquerade: if declamation, let them saw the air of the senate house, let them split the ears of one another, let them tear the Opposition to rags, to very tatters!—All this I could overlook however, if we could prevail on them to appear for our benefits; ’tis the least they can do, since they seem backward to establish a theatrical fund, which might easily be done by taxing their select audience, towards the support of us wandering votaries of Comus. If they will not come forward in our cause, what if we went and made a tender of our mite to them?”

Mangle. “No bad thought, I protest; it may shame them into something for our advantage. It reminds me of a circumstance I read when at school. A poetaster at Rome would frequently be throwing himself in the way of Augustus, and upon those occasions was always provided with complimentary verses, to present when an opportunity offered. They were accepted, but produced nothing in his favour; he continued his importunity nevertheless, till the Emperor one day perceiving him at some distance preparing to make his usual offering, resolved to return the obligation in
kind;

kind; accordingly, having written a distich, he dispatched it to the bard, who read it with demonstrations of rapture, and, taking out of a diminutive purse the few pence he was master of, would have given them to the author, excusing himself for the smallness of the sum, as he really had no more. The train of attendants could not forbear smiling; and the Emperor himself was so pleased at the conceit, that, calling his purse-bearer, he ordered the humourist a handsome gratuity. 3.

THE SQUINT.

SINCE nature's operations tend
 To some design, some certain end,
 The squinting eye, whose visual ray
 Its owner seems to lead astray,
 Is not a mere *naturæ lusus*,
 But doubtless has its special uses —
 Yet, what can be her secret view
 In forming some to look askew,
 Unless that, jealous of its brother,
 The one be set to watch the other,
 Or haply to enlarge our sphere
 Of vision—Is not very clear—
 And seems to me as great a riddle,
 As that the nose stands in the middle.

THE STUBBORN ORPHAN.

An Allegory. From the French.

A King of Persia, who had no offspring to inherit his kingdom, found, in a street, a little begging orphan, whose pleasing figure so much struck the monarch, that he caused him to be conducted to his palace, designing to adopt him. When he was dressed as the king's son, he charmed all who beheld him, and in short became the delight of the court. The king soon after died, and they found, by his will, he had ordered the child to be brought up with the greatest circumspection, until he should arrive at the age of fifteen years; and if he then answered their expectations, and proved virtuous, and worthy of the throne, he ordered that he should inherit his kingdom; but if, on the contrary, he did not profit by the instructions which he was to receive, but abandoned himself to vice, they should strip him, and condemn him to work in the mines for the remainder of his life.

The courtiers executed the will of their sovereign; they gave the youth governors to inspect his conduct, and regulate his morals; masters

masters to teach him the sciences ; and preceptors to instruct him in the sublime systems of theology ; and omitted nothing that could contribute to cultivate his mind and genius. During his infancy, however, he had shewn evil propensities, and had always an aversion to every thing that could be useful, or beneficial. He was irritated against his masters, and he trod under his feet the books that were given him for his instruction. Advancing in age, they at length acquainted him with the king's will : every day, they presented to him, on one side, the sceptre and the diadem, which were designed for him ; and, on the other, a prospect of the infamy and torment, to which he was condemned. But these considerations made no impression upon him ; growing further in years, he is occupied in nothing but raising little houses of mud, and building card castles. When his governors pulled down these insignificant works, he wept, he fretted, he threatened them ; and, instead of studying the lessons which were given him, always returned to the same puerilities, and would study nothing suitable to that exalted station for which he was designed. Nevertheless, he learnt (they knew not how) to prefer the most shameful and indecent language to the most pure and manly ; it was in vain they reprimanded him for it, he would not correct himself. As he grew older, he discovered new faults, and gave way to the greatest vices. Anger, cruelty, avarice, and excess in eating and drinking, were his prominent features ; he held discourse, according to his inclinations ; he praised no actions but those which were the most vicious ; he esteemed nothing but debauchery, and he loved no company but the most abandoned.

To conclude, with all these bad qualities, he arrived at the age of fifteen ; the council assembled, he appeared before them ; they read to him the king's will, and he was unanimously declared unworthy to reign ; but condemned to be stript, and sent to the mines for the remainder of his days. Having received his sentence, he for the first time appeared sensible and penitent ; he turned pale, he trembled, he shed tears, he sighed, he asked grace, but the decree *must* be executed.

I. M. A.

EPITAPH,

Designed for a notorious Character.

BENEATH this stone, Glue-finger lies ;
 Pray Heav'n, he never more may rise !
 For, tho' it may exceed belief,
 Of buz-men he was sure the chief,
 As this infection, it appears,
 Increas'd upon him with his years :

Hence

Hence, tho' the grave may damp his flame,
 Reviv'd, again he'll be the same ;
 And, if the trump that is to blow
 To wake the dead to joy, or woe,
 Should silver be, and his eye catch,
 His keen eye, ever on the watch,
 Depend on't, bold as any strumpet,
 He'll snatch th' unwary Angel's trumpet.

W. H. R.

MODERN AMUSEMENTS.

Including a Character from high Life.

SITTING, the other day, pensive and alone, I was agreeably awakened from my reverie, by the visit of an old friend, with whom in my youth I had been extremely intimate. Separate pursuits, and diversified inclinations, had long parted us ; and in the seclusion of rural retirement, and literary research, my companion had hid himself from the gay votaries of pleasure and the busy followers of interest, who formerly administered to his entertainment or his profit. After the usual introductory interrogatories, and immaterial chit-chat, we began to cast some retrospective views to the amusements of our early manhood, not without many grave reflections on the alterations which time had produced in our manners and sentiments. I, in advanced age, have retained much of my early gaiety ; but my friend, saddened by domestic losses, has contracted a certain gloom which gives a cynical and, oftentimes, a declamatory appearance, to the whole tenour of his conversation. I always professed a high veneration for the Academical philosophy, but he had studied his logic in the school of Zeno. With dispositions thus different, did we on our renewed acquaintance survey the passing world, and indulge our vanity, or our misanthropy, in sententious remarks on the various employments of the various orders of every rank and station.

After much desultory remark, my friend fixed his attention particularly on the great encouragement at present shewn to Prize Fighters and Boxers. " I remember," said he, " the fame of Broughton and Slack, and the high praises of their gymnastic skill ; but I do not think that the attention paid to those celebrated pugilists, by any means, equalled the enthusiasm of the present day. Princes and nobles, private gentlemen and merchants, seem to have been infected with a certain madness on this subject. All ranks have avowed its support ; and literature, talents, every thing great and respectable, have bowed before the lofty superiority of personal skill and personal prowess."

" The consideration paid to these qualifications," replied I, " are

undoubtedly high ; but some attention must be given to the caprices of men of rank. A man of astonishing skill and strength has appeared, esteemed by the lovers of this favoured art, almost a phænomenon ; his surprising exertions have given a celebrity to these pursuits they hardly ever before experienced. The rich and the noble, always in pursuit of new gratifications, hailed with inconsiderate ardour the uncommon appearance ; the inferior ranks caught the infection, and some time must probably elapse before the general predilection will be lost in oblivious contempt."

My friend, smiling, replied, That he could not but commend the palliative language, and soft colouring, by which I had attempted to veil the sordid turn, and dark brutality, of these amusements. "I will undertake to prove," said he, "that they cannot possibly have any connexion with liberality of sentiment, or serve one useful purpose, which might not as well be effected without them."—"Surely," replied I, "you assert, my dear sir, with too much precipitation : they are generally harmless sports ; the display of skill rather than mere brutal strength, is their object ; and the fearless habits, the familiarity with pain, and the general spirit of manly independence, they tend to preserve among the multitude, may be accounted objects of no common utility."—"As to the innocence of the business," said he, "I shall only observe to you, that MURDER has been more than once the consequence of it. The argument of its expediency is easily refuted : for, allowing the salutary effects of frequent quarrelling and fighting between the common people, this practice of pitched battles is by no means necessary to keep alive the spirit of dissention ; drunken brawls, senseless intoxication, and merciless thumpings, would still occur every day, to preserve a Roman spirit in the commonalty. Though a lawyer's clerk, or a grocer's apprentice, might have escaped the ridicule of squaring his spare form into Johnsonian attitudes, the rough carman or porter would not less frequently endanger his ribs or his jaws. If the keen eye of Johnson had never *sparkled*, or the *magic quickness* of Mendoza guarded or struck, (for in terms not less heightened have I heard their exploits related) the national spirit would not have been in the minutest degree of calculation less energetic. Their vaunted efficacy might have sunk without the slightest inconvenience, and future ages would have heaped no execrations on those who despised their boasted achievements."

"But admitting," said I, "there should be some degree of plausibility in what you advance, the ancients, whom you admire on so many occasions, must have been grossly wrong in encouraging the sports of the amphitheatre ; or will you not rather suspect you have decided too hastily, and recollect that the virtuous men of antiquity could not have approved such exhibitions, were they really so harsh and unamiable as you have represented them to be."—"As to the bloody sports of the amphitheatre," replied he, "they hardly originated till the time approached when the Roman people were no longer

longer to be considered as the model of public virtue: and when the house of Cæsar had rivetted the fetters of tyranny, the people had no higher views than the liberality of the emperors, and the magnificent exhibition of public spectacles. At Athens the people were entirely the arbiters: the wisest statesmen were frequently obliged, not more to secure the popular favour by the arts of oratory, than flatter every vain and feverish imagination by the glare of meretricious amusements. Their excessive fondness for these follies, is deservedly considered as a great blemish in their character. In this point, I freely give them up; and am much afraid you will be obliged to beg quarter, on the same subject, for the moderns."

"At least," rejoined I, "you will concede, that if the indiscriminate protection of these practices is censurable, a man of rank may justifiably step forwards occasionally as a spectator, or in some measure a patron of the art. The evil is now far gone, and a man may, for entertainment or instruction, sometimes associate in the parties of the idle and the profligate."

"I hardly know," replied my friend, "any indifferent place where a nobleman or a gentleman might not better be employed. As to the higher species of cultivation, the improvement of the mental powers, he cannot be benefited by the connexion: his morals, or even his external carriage, could not, one would think, succeed better: their great hero, I know, is said to be remarkably *gentle*; but the majority are conspicuous only for the grossest insolence, and the vilest brutality. In a company thus selected, a gentleman must receive infinite advantage! Who has not heard of Patricio! Patricio is a nobleman of large estate, and has just attained the age of maturity. His situation in life gives him the largest opportunities to acquire the knowledge of every thing great or useful. Sense has not been denied him; but Patricio despises all these high advantages, and sinks their value so low, that they are of no farther use, than to make him the leader of a banditti. Patricio might be the judge of arts, the patron of literature, and the Mæcenas of the age: but Patricio values not arts or learning, and is the patron only of sparrers and boxers. Patricio might hold intimate converse with the statesmen and philosophers of the times: but Patricio prefers the glory of bringing a victorious pugilist triumphally in his chariot from the scene of conquest to the metropolis: he will engage in every mad frolic, and call desperation and frenzy, wit and humour. Had he been decorated with the purple, and acknowledged master of the Roman world, like Commodus he might have mounted the stage, and, for the low glory of bodily skill, have prostituted his person in attaining the degraded honours of gladiatorian excellence. Of what is proper to be known, Patricio knows but little; but, in the course of some twenty years, he may be able to bet, with tolerable certainty, and calculate the odds against a Jew.

There is only one thing to be said in favour of Patricio: he is

young, and *may* reform. His example you will not, I apprehend, consider as much in favour of the practice I have been censuring; its nature and its consequences, will I hope convince you of the fallacy of the arguments you have advanced; and place the polite profession of boxing in a different light from that in which you have before viewed it."

Finding my friend growing earnest on the topic, and intending more to draw his sentiments from him, than to enter into any querulous debate, I brought the conversation to a close as soon as possible.

PYRRHO.

THE SEARCHER'S MEDITATION

UPON THE DEAD ALDERMAN.

A Fragment.

————— **S**O saying, she turned down the sheet which was upon the corps, and patting its belly with her hand—"This, I warrant ye," continued the old dame, "has held as many bottles of wine in its time, as ever a cellar in the city!—Well! poor Mr. Paunch, God rest his soul, was a good creature! he never grudged the poor what he loved himself—" Turning the sheet lower down, she went on, "L..d have mercy upon us! but it does one good to look at a proper man, though he is dead!—Well! I don't see such sights every day—But I'll cover that poor fat belly; and, God bless that ruby face I say!—he'd never no hand in raising the bread, that I know. I shall never forget my poor dear old master—never shall—and if I don't cry for him now, my heart will break—Oh, those poor pale lips! where's all your kissing and cooing now? where's all the chickens, and all the ducks, and all the turkies, and all the pullets, and all the fowls, and all the game, and all the hams, and all the chines, and all the haunches of venison, and all the turbot, and all the salmon, and the fish and the beef and the turtle, and the marrow puddings and the pies, and the custards, and all the dainties it has cost the city so much money for!"—————

W. H. R.

THE

T H E
H A R M O N Y O F C R I T I C I S M .

From the Works of the most eminent British Critics.

ART. XXXV. *Modern Breakfast; or, All asleep at Noon. As performed at the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket. 8vo. 1s. Debrett.*

Critical Review. September.

THIS is the juvenile production of Mr. H Siddons, and it displays much fancy and invention, with no inconsiderable knowledge of life and manners. Yet we think we trace, perhaps we may be mistaken, but we suspect that in a few instances we can perceive the traits of a more experienced pencil. This little piece was brought out only, we apprehend, on the benefit of one of the principal actors at the Haymarket; and its success was not a little assisted by the exquisite pathetic powers of Mrs. S. Kemble.

Monthly Review. September.

The first word in this little drama is "*Zounds!*"—The audience took care to supply a similar conclusion, and cry "*Damn it!*"

ART. XXXVI. *The Grave of Howard. A Poem, by W. L. Bowles. 4to. 2s. Dodfley.*

Critical Review. September.

Mr. Bowles was one, among many others, who employed his pen in the praise of Mr. Howard, while he was living. In this second effusion, on the subject of his death, he has brought together the most striking and poetical circumstances that are suggested by the event itself, the manner of it, and the country where the last scene of his life was exhibited. The Poem begins with an abrupt address of great sublimity and grandeur.

The place of Mr. Howard's death suggests to the writer's fancy many classical images, mixed with some striking sentiments concerning the effect which may be produced on the savage inhabitants of those countries. The Tartar and the Cossack, the native of the mountains of Thrace, of the Don and the Volga, and the boundless forests of the North; will view his grave, and be taught from hence the lesson of humanity and benevolence. The impression of awe on the minds of the Turks, when their fleet shall approach the shore, is well imagined, and the feelings of the Briton whose wanderings shall lead him to the spot, are described in a manner that shews the author's sensibility and enthusiasm.

We perceive many marks of taste and judgment, and may venture to predict the future reputation, which must attend the more mature productions of this author.

Monthly Review. August.

The philosophy of Howard merits a noble tribute from the Muse, and on his grave the first and choicest flowers of poetry should blow.

Mr.

Mr. Bowles's intention is good: but, though we think him a pleasing writer, he appears unequal to the task of properly decorating the tomb of Howard.

ART. XXXVII. *Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France.*
8vo. 5s. Doddsley.

Critical Review. November.

With all the faults which may, and undoubtedly will be discovered in this work, it is impossible to be blind to its beauties: the descriptions are animated by all the powers of Mr. Burke's pencil; the humour is elegant, correct, and pointed; the language, in general that of mild expostulation, flows with an even tenour, and, in so soft a stream, that while we seem occasionally to look for variety, the wish subsides in the admiration of the elegance with which each sentence is usually finished. This may appear the warm eager stream of partiality; but we feel it to be the decisions of strict justice. The actors in the scene may find some errors in facts, and the experience of future ages may contradict our author's prophecies; but this work will still subsist, as a finished model of elegant composition and pathetic description: it may be always admired, as containing the most judicious political principles, and a very accurate examination of one part of the British constitution.

Monthly Review. November.

It is, indeed, in every sense of the word, a curious book. Its matter (a circumstance not uncommon with Mr. Burke's writings,) is much more miscellaneous than the title-page expresses: for its author is not one of those who travel post along the high turnpike-road of their subject, and are solicitous only to reach the end of their journey. He makes perpetual excursions, both to the right-hand and to the left, to explore every object within his view; and as he is not only an inquisitive, but a communicative traveller, expatiating largely on whatever strikes his fancy, and culling every flower in his way, he is always a pleasant and amusing, often a new and ingenious, and sometimes a solid and instructive companion. The reception with which the work has met, has been no less various than its nature. It has been extravagantly extolled by one party and extravagantly abused by the other: but we, who are of no party, have read it with feelings of a more temperate kind. In its composition there are undoubtedly many beauties, and many defects. We have been charmed, but not intoxicated, with the former; we have been greatly offended, but not shocked, with the latter. In its principles, we think there is some truth, and much falsehood; but the former is neither in such abundance, nor of such importance, as to throw us into raptures; nor is the latter so pernicious, nor so wilful, as to fill us with horror and indignation. In a word, we would neither allot to it the foremost nich in the receptacle of science, nor of wisdom; nor consign it, without mercy, to the fire of the executioner.

In its external form, it has more the air of a popular harangue, than that of a letter to a friend. It is declamatory, diffuse, and desultory. An idea, originally started for the purpose of illustration, is often pursued so far, that it misleads more than it illustrates. Hence it appears, at times, wild, disjointed and broken. Both in the whole, and in the subordinate parts, there is a great want of compactness. We rarely see any regular beginning, middle, or end. The characteristic feature of its diction, of its sentiments, and of its arguments, is amplification. The language possesses much more of the periphrastic verbosity of Cicero, than of his neatness, of his correctness, or of his elegance: much more of the warmth and vehemence of Demosthenes, than of his force and energy. The epithets are frequently so multiplied, that they weaken and embarrass, rather than give any additional weight, or vigour, to the idea. They are sometimes so contracted with their substantives, in a sort of *concordia discors*,
with

with a view, as it were, by the collision of two opposite principles, of striking out a *tertium quid*, that they distract and fatigue the attention, rather than leave any strong impression on the mind;—and in his sentences, such a number of collateral circumstances are introduced, in aid of the principal assertion, that they clog and encumber, instead of enforcing, the general effect. In his railery and satire, Mr. Burke, though sometimes coarse, is commonly neat, delicate, and successful. In his ornament, he is rich to profusion. His metaphors are drawn from every object in the creation, divine and human, natural and artificial, ancient and modern, recondite and familiar, sublime and grovelling, gross and refined. He ranges from the angels of heaven, to the furies of hell; from the aeronaut, soaring above the clouds in his balloon, to the mole, nuzzling and burying himself in his mother earth; from the living grasshopper of the field, and from the cuckoo of the air, to the stuffed birds and the dead mummy of the museum; from the wild orgies of Thrace, to the savage processions of Onondaga; from the organic moleculeæ of the metaphysician, to the scales, weights, and ledger, of the shopkeeper; from the kettle of the magician, and the dark science of the hermetic adept, to the porridge-pot of the scullion, and the pickling and preserving knowledge of the experienced cook; from the decent drapery, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, to the huge full-bottomed periwig of a bedizened monarch; from the purity and delicacy of a Roman matron, to the filth and nastiness of a village pig-stie; from the sweet fragrance emitted by the bloom of a young, lovely, and beautiful female, in the morning of her days, *decorating the horizon of life*, to the foul stench exhaling from the mental blotches, and running sores, of an old, rotten, ulcerated, aristocrat. His reasoning is of that species, which is calculated to affect, rather by the accumulation and combined force of a number of arguments, each of which appears light, and airy, and refined, in itself, than by the strength and solidity of any single and independent proposition.

Gentleman's Magazine. November.

Our sentiments of the Revolution and similar Societies have been uniform, and still are, that, like all other societies, they are made up of intriguing malcontents who guide, and weak enthusiasts who are led. But we have that confidence in the judgment and prudence of our fellow-citizens, that the majority will not easily be misguided or misled. To all who require the guidance and leading of *sober reason* and *sage experience*, we recommend Mr. Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution.

Analytical Review. November.

The truth is, that brilliant as are Mr. Burke's abilities, they are untempered with (what alone stamps a value on the endowments of the mind) *judgment*. The dupe of his imagination or his passions, he despises arrangement or logical precision. He loses himself in a wilderness of words and figures. For want of temper and *cool reflection*, he is an old statesman *without* the benefit of *experience*; an univocal scholar without methodical science. He is but seldom correct and consistent.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

[Concluded from Page 97.]

THIS generous man, who deserves to be classed in the very small number of true heroes * hastened to the place of execution, where Ming was on the point of being launched into eternity. The moment he saw him, he rushed through the crowd, and throwing himself into his arms, addressed the people—"Citizens, said he, spare the innocent, and punish the guilty; whom you now see before you!"—"Where is he?" exclaimed the crowd; "where is he?" "I am the man, said Fong, who dipped my hands in the blood of Outing, and who, therefore, ought to suffer death." A thousand cries now rend the air, in admiration of the justice of *Tien*, who watches over innocence. Ming was immediately released, and conducted home by his family, attended by the acclamations of the multitude, who could not, however, withhold their compassion, and even sentiments still more favourable, from the criminal who possessed sufficient elevation of mind, to discover himself, and to sacrifice his own life, in order to save that of the unfortunate old man. He was first loaded with chains, then underwent a hasty examination, and by his own confession, was convicted of the murder of Outing.

These preliminary forms were no sooner gone through, than

* A work containing a just list of the very few privileged mortals who have merited the appellation of Hero, would be an undertaking that would do honour to philosophy and to this enlightened age. It would be necessary first to define with precision what we are to understand by the word Hero, for the greatest part of our errors proceed from a scrupulous adherence to expressions, without sufficiently attending to the ideas they are meant to convey. Such a discussion, conducted with justice and vigour, might tend to repair, in some degree, the evils occasioned by that crew of scribes and compilers who dignify themselves with the appellation of *historians*. What is useful or prejudicial to mankind, what should command esteem, what incur reprobation, what is really GOOD or BAD, would then be truly and accurately defined; while in the consideration of those important questions, titles, rank, adulation and satire, would be wholly thrown aside; such a judgment would be like that which is pronounced on the Egyptian monarchs after their death. It must be acknowledged that the exhibition of such a picture would open our eyes to a number of erroneous opinions, which seduce our minds and lead them astray; every object would be exposed in its proper form. Let it not be urged that we have already too many books; rather let it be said, there are too few; that many remain to be composed of which we are in the greatest want; and that philosophy and morality are yet in their infancy. For instance, how many authors have informed us that Cromwell was a great man!—The assassin of his king;—the disturber of public tranquillity; who caused torrents of blood to flow—a great man!—And those same writers have insulted his son Richard, because he had sense enough, to lead a life of innocence and obscurity, to continued bustle, agitation and crimes! "*Ocæca hominum mentes!*"

they

they prepared to execute the sentence of the law; his garments were already torn off; and the shining axe, that was to sever his head from his body, now glittered in the hand of the executioner—when a voice was heard in the midst of the crowd, exclaiming—“Stop—stop.” A man was seen running towards the spot with the utmost speed, and almost out of breath. “Let the execution be suspended but for one moment,” said he. Fong recollected the voice, and casting his eyes to the place from whence it proceeded, distinguished Kiang. “What are you come here for, Kiang?”—“To discharge my duty,” replied he; “and to rescue innocence from unmerited punishment.—People—look upon that worthy being—and know him for the first, the best of friends.”—Kiang then gave a short account of the whole transaction, and expatiated on the generosity of Fong, whose wife, instructed by the public voice of the fate which threatened her husband, had instantly repaired to his retreat, and informed him of it; when he did not hesitate a moment to obey the dictates of equity and nature. He now embraced the worthy Fong, who maintained that all he had been saying was a gross falshood, which friendship had urged him to advance; that he himself was the true criminal, and the only person who deserved to suffer.

The spectators surrounded these two extraordinary men, and displayed a mixture of astonishment, admiration, pity, and grief, while sighs and melting tears demonstrated the depth of their sorrow. They all expressed their wonder at the extreme generosity of the two friends, who were combating, each of them, for the glory of dying for the other. There is not a crime, perhaps, which magnanimity and elevation of soul does not expiate, or at least palliate. The judges, uncertain how to act, and affected with the scene, dreaded to pronounce sentence; they contented themselves, therefore, with securing them both, and committing them to prison.

The cause was carried before the supreme tribunal, at which the Emperor himself presided, who ordered Fong and Kiang to be brought into his presence; where they still continued their heroic contest. The wise Yao, after duly weighing every circumstance, at length discovered the truth. “Worthy man,” said he to Fong, “hear the sentence which justice dictates.—Remain at the foot of my throne; subjects like you can never be too near their sovereign; if any thing can raise men to a par with kings—it is virtue. As for you, Kiang, though I cannot but admire your fortitude, and compassionate your fate, I must still condemn you to die. Whoever has shed blood, deserves to have his own blood shed.” Fong interceded for his friend; but the Emperor interrupted him, “He merits all your esteem,” said he; “happy mortal! you are at liberty to listen to the voice of friendship and compassion—that heavenly voice which exerts itself in the breast of humanity; but it behoves me, Fong, to be *just*. It is one of the misfortunes attached to sovereignty, that the Emperor must combat and subdue

the feelings of the man; the fate of Kiang is decided, and I'll appeal to himself whether or not, in my decision, I have deviated from the paths of equity."

Kiang prostrated himself at the feet of his master; he acknowledged that it was *Tien* who had spoken by the mouth of the Emperor, of whom the only favour he had to implore, was the permission to embrace his friend, before he died. Fong fainted away when the officers of justice tore Kiang from his arms to conduct him to the place of execution.—But when he recovered his senses, the object that presented itself to his sight, made him imagine he was in a dream.—It was no other than Kiang—Kiang, restored to his friend, and seated by his side at the foot of the throne! "You now see," said Yao, "a second monument of justice.—As a punishment for his crime, Kiang has been subjected to all the horrors of death; he has seen himself on the brink of the grave—that was sufficient to expiate his offence; it was then my duty to be just through the medium of mercy; and to reward a generous action; such was the sentence which *Tien* himself urged me to pronounce.—May I imitate the supreme Being in his goodness!—I am now permitted to yield to the mild empire of beneficence.—Become, both of you, the ornaments of my court; and let China be indebted to you for lessons of true friendship."

We cannot conclude this instructive anecdote, the authenticity of which is established beyond the reach of confutation, without presenting our readers with the character of the virtuous Yao, as delineated in the *Chuking*, a work of the celebrated Confucius. "The services which he had rendered the state, is visible in every place, at all seasons, and to all men. He was diligent, enlightened, polite, and prudent, and these virtues were all the gifts of nature, neither constrained nor assumed; he was truly respectable; he knew how to be humble; and the fame of his virtue has spread over the universe. He could give to rational nature all the splendour of which she was susceptible, and by that means he established harmony and affection in his family; he maintained good order and equality among his subjects, who having received, through his care and example, the light of true reason, became happy; and union and concord were diffused over the face of the earth,"—&c. Every account of this monarch, which has been transmitted to us, tends to prove that he merited the eulogy here bestowed on him. He did not chuse his successor from among his courtiers and the nobles of the empire; but sought for virtue and talents in a cottage. He named Chun, as his successor, who having been rejected by his parents, had been compelled to adopt the profession of a fisherman, in order to obtain a subsistence. Yao tried him for three years, before he would appoint him to succeed to the throne; when that term was expired, he assembled his courtiers, and thus addressed them:—"It is now three years since I commanded you to seek for a virtuous man, capable of governing with wisdom, and of maintaining

taining peace among his subjects. In consequence of this order, you assisted me in rescuing Chun from a state of obscurity, and you praised him before me; although I was then fully convinced of the justice of your commendations, I was yet determined to put them to the test of experience, and I have had the pleasure to find you were not deceived.—Chun, approach.—During three years, I have traced your words and actions with an eye of discernment; I have the consolation to know that you have wisely enforced the execution of my commands; that your councils have been replete with prudence; that you have not only discovered the means of acquiring the affection of my people, but even that of my nobles; and that, in less than three years, you have changed the whole face of my empire. This day will I reward your virtue—come and place yourself on my throne.”

Such a sovereign well deserved a sceptre; and, what is rather extraordinary, his successor resembled him, and now partakes, with Yao, the veneration and homage of the Chinese. G.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR 1791.

By Quintus Quoz, Esq.

ANOTHER year has past away,
 And lo, another new year's day!
 But why should we review
 The too neglected season past;—
 Years are not made of stuff to last,——
 More welcome be the new!

And when the months that now advance
 Have hobbled out their annual dance,
 And Christmas comes again;
 Tho' some dark days be veil'd in sorrow,
 If joy and sunshine crown the morrow,
 We ought not to complain.

If on this day we meet again,
 May we meet wiser, better men;
 That when we meet no more,
 When the short storm of life is past,
 Tho' wreckt, we may be safely cast
 Upon some happier shore!

AVARICE PUNISHED.

A ludicrous Adventure, from the Italian.

THERE was formerly at Milan, a German officer, named **Gulfard**, a very worthy man, and firmly attached to the prince in whose service he was—a circumstance not very common with men of his nation; as he always, from a point of honour, repaid whatever he borrowed with the utmost punctuality, he was never at a loss to find money, and at a very trifling interest, whenever he wanted it. This officer had conceived a violent passion for a most beautiful woman, called **Ambruogia**, the wife of **Guasparuolo Cagastaccio**, a wealthy citizen of Milan, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy and friendship; but he concealed his affection for her so carefully, that neither her husband nor any one else had the smallest suspicion of it. Having some reason to believe that he was not disagreeable to the lady, he at length ventured to make known his passion, and to sue for such a return as could not be deemed equivocal. After much solicitation, she suffered herself to be prevailed upon, and consented to crown his wishes, but on condition, that he would preserve an inviolable secrecy, and reward her kindness with two hundred crowns, which she then wanted.

Gulfard was so disgusted with her avarice, which he had never suspected, that his love was nearly changed into hatred; but he concealed his resentment, and resolved to deceive her. With this view he gave her to understand that he was ready to comply with her proposals, and only wished to be richer, that the sum might be made more worthy her acceptance; as it was, however, she had only to fix the time when he could wait on her, and the money should be ready. She told him that her husband was going to **Genoa** very soon, and that she would not fail to send for him the very day of his departure.

Pleased with this intelligence, **Gulfard** took an opportunity of calling on the husband, the next day, and told him that he wanted two hundred crowns, which he should be glad if he would lend him on the same terms as usual, a request with which **Guasparuolo** cheerfully complied, and gave him the money immediately.

In a few days the merchant set out on his journey, and his wife, true to her word, dispatched a trusty servant to her gallant, who obeyed the summons with joy, and carried with him the stipulated price of his happiness. He had the precaution, however, to take a friend to her house, in whose presence, and in that of **Guasparuolo's** clerk, who happened to be there, he said to **Ambruogia**—“Here, madam, are two hundred crowns, which you'll be kind enough to give to your husband, on his return from **Genoa**.” The lady, imagining he said this merely from policy, that no one might suspect the true cause of the payment, took the money, and assured him

him his desire should be fulfilled "But, let us see, says she, whether the money is right." She immediately counted it on the table, and finding it exact, locked it up, and afterwards told Gulsard that he might call again in the evening, when he would find her alone. He accordingly went at the hour appointed, and the mercenary beauty having led him to her chamber, they passed the night together.

As soon as the husband returned, Gulsard, accompanied by his friend, went to his house, and finding him with Ambruogia, said—"Guasparruolo, as I did not appropriate the two hundred crowns you lent me before you set out on your journey, to the purpose for which I borrowed them, I returned them to your wife, the very day of your departure, so I must beg you will erase them from your book." Upon this the husband, turning to his wife, asked her whether she had received them, who, seeing it would be in vain to deny it before one of the witnesses that saw the money paid, was compelled to acknowledge that she had, and imputed her silence on the subject to her want of memory.—"Make yourself easy then, said the merchant to Gulsard, I will cross it out of my book directly." The officer then took his leave, highly pleased at having thus punished the avarice of his mistress, and enjoyed her favours exempt from interruption or expence. The sensations which the lady experienced were very different—vexed to the soul at being duped by her gallant, she resolved to be circumspect in future, and a length became constant through spite. G.

MEMOIRS OF AN INDIVIDUAL.

CHAPTER VIII.

A critical Touch upon fashionable Novel Writing; and a morning Walk.

HAVING reached the metropolis, that great forest of adventure, where I never was before in my life, it must not be wondered if I launch a little out of the straight line of novel narrative, in which, circumstance usually treads upon the heel of circumstance, jogging on towards a long anticipated and unavoidable conclusion. A kind of writing most ingeniously calculated to suit the tastes of a certain set of readers, who seldom open a book twice in the same place, but let them open it where they will, they find things in the same chain; and the loss of few, or many links, is no loss at all, for the lady with the softly sliding poetical name is led, by a kind of literary predestination, "through fire and through flame, through ford, and through whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire," for years of sleepless nights, with all her unfaded charms about her, to the arms of the man of all men in the world, for whom she had entertained

entertained the fondest love, without the least reason to hope its ultimate success; and though the reader is gratified with a peep into the perspective, let him dip into what page he pleases, the poor forlorn heroine is suffered to pine on through a succession of adventures and vexations, sufficient to exhaust the strength, and break the spirits, of a porter, to the end of the chapter; yea, verily, to the end of the fourth volume.

Whatever may have appeared mysterious in the two or three last chapters, relative to the lady for whom I wish the reader to be interested, I am not yet at liberty to unravel the mystery; and for one of the best of all possible reasons; as I follow the minutes of my journal I do not find that at the point of time of which I am writing, nor till a considerable time afterwards, I knew any thing about the matter myself.

As Mr. Bradford's politeness did not dictate to him *a la Boswell* to keep me up till two or three o'clock in the morning after a long and fatiguing journey, talking of ghosts and apparitions*, or any thing else, I was soon after supper in bed, as soon in a profound sleep; and, in the morning, according to my provincial practice, up with the sun; not that I had the pleasure of contemplating his radiant countenance as in the country, otherwise than by reflection on the opposite walls. Here, as I found nobody up but myself, I might have given into a fine strain of novel soliloquy on the charms of the lady whose *Grecian form*, glowing with *Titian tints*, I might have supposed pressing the yielding down in the very next room; but all the loves, graces, and soft sensibilities, forgive me! The first thought which entered my head after recollecting myself, was how I should procure my luggage, which contained my money, from the inn, particularly when I put my hand in my pocket, and found I had not sufficient about me to pay a coach. Now be it known to the reader, that the unaccountable comicality of my nature, would not have suffered me to have mentioned this very trivial circumstance to any of Mr. Bradford's family; therefore I availed myself of their not being yet risen, and took the more unaccountable comical step of letting myself out at the street door, on the Quixotic expedition of walking to the inn, above three miles, through a more than Cretan labyrinth of streets, which I had never past but in a coach by night; and this was at a time in the morning when it was more than probable I should not meet with much *civil* information; however, off I set; and, after two hours walking, as I thought with great philosophical sagacity, by astronomical observation, without asking any questions, I found myself, by the time the buzz of business began to spread—in the Park.

* Vide Boswell's Journey with Dr. Johnson to the Hebrides.

LINES,

Written with Chalk upon the Park-pales of a Gentleman's Seat in Warwickshire.

A Fine park, but no deer!
 A large house, but no cheer!
 For squire Hawkins lives here,
 And drinks only small beer!

HUMOROUS COMPARISON

Between the Bucks of the past and present Day. Written by Mr. Andrews.

SWEET image of mamma, in every feature,
 The youth came forth, a most delicious creature;
 With full-dress'd skirts, not quite unlike a hoop,
 Hat under arm, fine button, and gilt loop—
 Stiff stock, long sword, still dangling in the way,
 He sometimes ventur'd to a first night play;
 Tripp'd through the lobby, most completely curl'd;
 Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world.
 Thus he discours'd, "Sir Dilberry, odd's so!
 Dear, dear, good-lack! have you a place below?—
 Dem it, don't croud so, fellow—Oh! how shocking!
 He's spoil'd my hair, and dirtied all my stocking."
 Such was the Smart our grandmamma's would praise,
 Rather unlike the Smart of present days.
 For I defy all History to show,
 One thing in nature, like a modern Beau:
 Hat slouch'd, short stick, knee trappings, that bring back
 The memory of renown'd Sixteen String Jack:
 Eternal boots, and collar, you'd suppose,
 Cut, in kind contact, with his Buckship's nose:
 Thus trimly deck'd, each night among the doxies,
 He storms the Lobby, and assails the Boxes;
 With gait and manner—something in his way,
 Proves his rare taste, and descants on the play—
 "Here, Box-keeper! why don't the rascal come?
 Halloa—Tom Gerkin! can you give us room?
 What this!—The farce—Macbeth—an opera?—Oh!
 Come out last season—stupid stuff—damn'd low!
 Zounds, let's be off;—Zounds, be a little calmer;
 Who's that, the *Jordan*?—No, you fool—R. Palmer."

THE
CORRESPONDENT'S MUSEUM.

THE NECESSITY OF SWEARING!

A STORY.

A Parson, once, of Methodistic race,
 With band new stiffen'd, and a lengthen'd face,
 In rostrum mounted high above the rest,
 With long-drawn tones, his friends below address:
 But while he made the *Gospel Shop* thus roar,
 Three drunken failors peep'd in at the door.
 His rev'rence *twigg'd* 'em; baited fresh his trap,
 New converts from Old Nick and Co. to nap.
 The poor pew op'ner, too—a grave old woman—
 With furrow'd face, just like our * boatswain's yeoman—
 Poor! did I say—Oh! how I wrong the race!
 His rev'rence told me she was rich—in *grace*!
 I say, this good old creature, thinking right,
 As soon as Neptune's fons appear'd in fight,
 Turn'd up her eyes with truly solemn stare,
 And to address them duly did prepare;
 With preface of three dismal groans compos'd,
 She op'd her lips, and thus her mind disclos'd—
 "Ye wretched men, conceiv'd and born in sin,
 The Gospel's gates are open, enter in;
 Come, and be sav'd, ye fallen sons of Adam——"
 At which they all roar'd out, "God d••n ye, Madam!
 Your jawing tackle's at its proper pitch,
 Get out, ye nasty, stinking swabfac'd b••h;
 Go, hang yourself, you terrible old c••t!
 What *humbug rig* is this that you'd be at!"
 Such language, fung out in a failor's note,
 Soon reach'd the man in black, who preach'd by rote—
 He—and here centers what I wou'd remark—
 Being no novice, beckons to his clerk:
 The Amen-man did instantly obey,
 And got instructions what to do and say;

* This story was turned into rhyme at sea, where this allusion held good, the said person being much wrinkled with age.

Up to the tars he goes, as he was bid,
 Outhawls his box, with—"B... ye, take a quid!—
 What cheer, my thund'ring bucks? how are ye all?
 Turn in, and give your fins an overhaul."
 The sailors turn'd their quids, and roll'd their eyes,
 And view'd their benefactor with surprize;
 Swore—d... their blood, he was an hearty soul,
 And in they stagg'ring bundled, cheek by jowl;
 Found a snug birth, and stow'd themselves away,
 To hear what maffer Blacky had to say.
 His rev'rence preach'd, and groan'd, and preach'd again;
 But, says our story, it was not in vain:
 The plan succeeded, which he had concerted,
 They went in sinners, but came out converted.

Now on this story I shall just remark,
 That those few damns, coin'd by the preacher's clerk,
 And which he utter'd while the tars addressing,
 Prove, consequently, that a *damn's* a *bleffing*;
 When thus applied, just like a blister-plaister,
 To keep a person from a worse disaster.

J. M.

COMPARISON

Between Mr. Burke and Hudibras:

THERE seems to be a remarkable similitude between the intellectual endowments, the features, and the moral characters, of these illustrious men. As to mental attainments, the profound knowledge of scientific and classical learning, the acute syllogistic skill, and the elegant rhetorical fluency of each of them, are very nearly equal. Hudibras, whether haranguing the multitude, or holding instructive dispute with his ingenious follower, Ralpho, always draws the deepest allusion from abstracted learning, always illustrates by elegant quotation, always adorns with the most splendid figures of oratory. Mr. Burke, whether deigning to instruct or perplex the herd of country gentlemen, or exerting his talents in opposition to the Minister, never fails to draw comparisons, which, to some may seem far fetched and pedantic, to employ the brightest tropes, and the most fanciful imagery.

With respect to their political characters, Hudibras was warmly attached to his party, and enthusiastically forward to espouse its interests: Mr. Burke is scarcely less ready to lay hold of "his basket hilt" on every occasion, and seldom declines defending any topic, however venturous the service may be. With respect to moral distinctions, Hudibras affected a kind of metaphysical subtlety in deciding; Mr. Burke can also weigh grains, and scruples, and practi-

tise a most amusing intricacy in these discussions. Hudibras has been accused of casual tergiversation in politics; Mr. Burke has hazarded the like imputation by his conduct with respect to the affairs of a neighbouring kingdom. The warm affection of the knight for his mistress, can only be equalled by the superannuated gallantry Mr. Burke displays in expressing his sentiments of the Queen of France. Their fate is nearly similar. Through altercation, and contumely and blows, Hudibras and his squire pursued their respective fortunes. Accompanied with incidents not more agreeable, have Mr. Burke and his associates run the career of party contention. The prospects of the knight are for ever closed: how Mr. Burke's may terminate, we will not venture to prophecy.

L. M.

LINES,

To an elegant and well educated young Lady, who asked the Author a very particular Question, wherein her future Happiness might be concerned—demanded a sincere and direct Answer; yet was offended at the *truth*.

'TIS not, Myra, lovely smiles,
Nor the polish outward seen,
If the mind at *truth* recoils,
What is beauty's transient sheen!

Vain the rosy-tinctur'd face,
Arched brow, or brilliant eye!
Vain improvement—vain each grace;
These are charms that fade and die.

I know you fair, nay, think you wise;
Yet high in scorn you daily ride;
Bold, you demand a *truth*, with eyes
That kill—with what?—With too much PRIDE.

Forest, Hants.

S. P. K.

WAR WITH THE DEVIL,

Or, an Extract from the Christmas Night Sermon of a Shropshire Parson—preached near St. George's Fields—and taken in Short Hand.

"AS sure as the Devil is in London," is a proverbial saying in Shropshire. Well;—my brethren, and I believe it may be true. But is he not pretty well besieged here on all sides? Yes; yes; we have him all roundabout—I have obliged him to decamp from his old tabernacle here in St. George's Fields. Here it was, as Milton says, 'often on the verging deep he encamped his legions.' No, no, the devil does not like the looks of R.....d

H..l.

H..l. If he should come up this way, I shall fire upon him with this great gun, (*presenting a large bible*) Should he retire to Wapping—Why, my brethren, we will catch him in the Mulberry Gardens, and make him appear in his own shape, as Ithuriel did in the garden of Eden. We will make him rue the day he has the temerity to enter Mr. B..t..n's house of God near Whitechapel; and should he attempt to get in Tottenham Court Road, we will bind him there hand and foot for a thousand years. If he is foolish enough to go over into the Borough, there our brother S...h catches him: and, I warrant you, should he venture at Bankside, A...f...g will drown him in the Thames.—Ah! my brethren, I hope he will venture over the Bridge, and go into the Old Jewry, and then F..ff..t has him as fast as Holofernes was nailed to the floor of the tent, for that dear man, I can assure you, stands ready to give him a warm reception.

Are any of his children here to night?—nay, do not deny your father, the devil, to me; no, no, I know him too well, and pray tell him to take care to keep clear of St. Dunstan's in the West, lest he get another snap at the nose. Be sure you bid him keep away from Black Fryars; St. Peter's, Cornhill; St. Authilir's, Watling street.

For my part, I value him not, and that he knows. He very well remembers me having given him many a drubbing. Like a cunning old fox, he keeps in his hole, and seldom ventures abroad when he fears to meet such champions as me, and brother B...w..r of Stepney. All the Spitalfield weavers are already in arms against him in White Row; and in Rosemary Lane the old rag folks have quite dusted his coat. Mr. JOHN he very well knows travels all over the country to pull him down from his usurped throne at Bristol; but he will not venture to come this way, nor that way, until he fancies the coast is clear; but should he come in my neighbourhood, I will break that prop, to which the largest mast hewn on the Norwegian hills appears but as a wand, and no more shall it support his uneasy steps over the burning marl. H. L.

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

AT the distance of an hundred miles northward from the metropolis, in a small market town, lives Miss ——— possessed of a very small fortune, but yet large enough to support her in a state of decent independence. She might, but for an unhappy propensity of interfering too much into the private affairs of others, live comfortably and respected. Instead of which, she is deservedly detested, and sincerely despised. Always happy, when she can speak ill of any person, whether apparently her friend or foe, she seldom confines herself strictly to the *truth*. To hurt either the *feelings*

or *character* of others, is to her a source of triumph—To wound the first, she employs a large portion of ill-natured satirical wit, which, it is to be hoped, will sometime recoil upon herself with redoubled force—To injure and destroy the second, she makes use of *insinuations*, blendid with a *seeming cautiousness* of offending against the laws of truth, which to those not well acquainted with her real sentiments, pass as absolute fact, and fail not, more or less, to injure in their esteem, those, who are unfortunate enough to fall within the scope of her malice. Possessed of but few *seeming* friends, she makes them, in their turns, the subjects of her satire, and malignity, and feels the greatest pleasure in betraying, the first opportunity, the very small degree of confidence with which they sometimes incautiously honour her.

A woman, with such a disposition as this lady possesses, ought to be held up as an object of universal detestation, till she changes her conduct. But it is hoped there is no very great number among the fair to whom this portrait is as applicable, as to the lady from whom it is drawn. But however small the list, may they meet with that punishment which *she will* meet with, which she so much deserves, and which she seems most to dread, that of living to the end of her days, an old maid!

M. S. D.

Grantham, December 14, 1790.

ANECDOTES AND BONS MOTS.

Transmitted by Correspondents.

THERE was a time, when the arts and sciences were considered by the church as earthly things unworthy of a Christian. It is even said on this subject, that an angel whipped St. Jerome for endeavouring to imitate Cicero's style. The Abbé Cartaut, however, pretends, that he only whipped him for imitating it so *badly*.

G.

When Malherbe, the French poet, was on his death-bed, his Confessor, in order to inspire him with the greater fervour and resignation, entered into an elaborate but inelegant description of the joys of Heaven, making frequent use of the lowest and meanest expressions. The description being ended, "Well," said he, to the sick man, "do not you feel a great desire to enjoy these celestial pleasures?"—"O! fir," replied the bard, with more wit than piety, "your bad style gives me a disgust to them."

An Irishman shewing to his acquaintances the drawings of some remarkable buildings he had seen abroad, a gentleman in company objected to one of them, and alledged it was not like the place said to be represented. "By Jafus!" says Pat, "but you're after being mistaken now; for it was drawn from *life!*"

R.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

DECEMBER 1790.

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

THE EMPIRE.

THE Emperor has at length been crowned King of Hungary, and some circumstances attending his coronation have exhibited his character in a point of view, not less striking than favourable. On his accession to the imperial throne, the Hungarians, eager to profit by the confusion that is too frequently attendant on the death of a monarch, advanced certain claims, a compliance with which, they seemed to insinuate, they should insist on before they would acknowledge Leopold, as their Sovereign. Claims thus preferred, no prince could, without a total disregard of his own dignity, and a dangerous inattention to his own interest, possibly listen to; the Emperor accordingly rejected them with becoming firmness, and positively declared that he would submit to no other terms than those which had been imposed on his mother, Maria Theresa. The Hungarians murmured, and some symptoms of dissatisfaction and revolt appeared among them; but the Emperor was resolute, and his coronation experienced not the smallest interruption; when the ceremony, however, was completed, he voluntarily granted those claims which he had before resisted, and by this instance of well-timed indulgence, secured the fidelity of his subjects, by the double tie of awe and esteem—the first inspired by his resolution, and the latter, the effect of his lenity.

In Brabant the progress of the Imperial troops has been incredibly rapid; and the phantom of a government supported by folly and fanaticism—has totally disappeared. The pompous resolutions of Congress, which seemed to threaten an obstinate resistance, and gave rise to apprehensions that a vast effusion of blood would precede the decision of the contest, have fortunately proved futile and ineffectual. The people, impressed, at length, with a due sense of their situation, have universally submitted; the peasant has forsaken his musquet to return to his plough; the spirit of revolt appears to be totally broken; and Leopold is at last received as the undisputed sovereign of all his extensive dominions.

RUSSIA.

The Empress, still intent on conquest, and rejecting all reasonable overtures for an accommodation, pursues her contest with the Turks, with that spirit of perseverance which marks all her proceedings. A desperate engagement has taken place between the Ottoman army and that of Prince Potemkin, in which the latter is said to have obtained a decisive advantage; but the Russian accounts of the action bear such strong marks of exaggeration and falshood on the face of it, that it is impossible to form any opinion on the subject. Certain, however, it is, that the daring ambition of this turbulent Princess, has become an object of serious apprehension to those potentates who regard an exorbitant accumulation of power by any particular sovereign, as pregnant with danger to that just equilibrium which is best calculated to preserve the welfare and felicity of Europe. Hence projects are indisputably formed, and preparations made, for humiliating the inordinate pride of the Empress, and for compelling her to accede to such terms as reason would dictate and justice enforce. The ensuing spring will doubtless witness the developement of these salutary schemes, which, being founded on the most equitable principles, will, we trust, be attended with the most complete success.

FRANCE.

By a report delivered to the Assembly at the commencement of November, by the Committee of Finances, founded on documents transmitted to them by the Comptroller General, it appears that the arrears of taxes then due amounted to the enormous sum of twenty-two millions, five hundred and eighty thousand livres—upwards of nine hundred thousand pounds sterling!—This is one of the blessed effects of an inefficient government!

A plan of the King's for the formation of a new military household, in pursuance of the advice of the *Marquis de La Fayette* (we know not his new *democratic* name) was noticed in the Assembly, gave rise to the following motions in the Assembly, from a M. Beauzat:—1. Is it proper that the king of a free nation should have a military household? 2. In what manner shall the *guard of honour* intended to surround the King of the French be formed?—This being a favourite topic with the *patriots* who enjoy any degradation of their monarch, it occasioned warm debates, in which much noise, asperity, and vehemence was displayed, but little reason.—The consequence of the motion was, that the King himself should have no power to form his own household, but that the military and constitutional *committees* (France, be it observed, is now governed by *committees*, within the House and out of it) should form one for him, at least should adopt the plan on which it should be formed!

The National Assembly has been since principally occupied in forming municipal regulations, and in other matters of internal policy, interesting only to themselves. Their extreme tardiness in completing their new constitution strongly marks their inadequacy to the task they have so rashly undertaken, and must convince all, who are open to conviction, of the madness of abolishing established laws and customs, before proper substitutes are prepared. The only decree worthy our notice is one by which all the estates forfeited, on account of a difference of religious principles, during the persecuting reign of that *illustrious* monarch, Lewis the Fourteenth, are to be restored to the lawful heirs of the objects of such persecution.—This breathes a spirit of toleration, which does honour to the Assembly; and we sincerely wish that in political matters they would evince an equal spirit of wisdom and prudence.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Substance of the King's Speech, concluded from our last.

His Majesty next noticed the peace between Russia and Sweden, and the war which still continued between the former and the Porte; intimating his intentions of employing the weight and influence of his kingdom for the restoration of *general tranquillity*.

After expressing the pain which he felt from any additions to the public burthens, and his persuasion that his faithful Commons, from a conviction of their necessity, would cheerfully grant the requisite supplies; he noticed the interruption of the tranquillity of our possessions in India, by an unprovoked attack (by Tippoo Saib) on an ally of Great Britain, (the King of Travancore), and said that the prudent measures adopted by the British government there, and the confidence reposed in the subjects of Great Britain by the native powers, in consequence of the system (Mr. Pitt's India Bill) adopted by Parliament, afforded the fairest prospect of a speedy and successful termination to the contest.

His Majesty concluded his speech by recommending the state of the province of Quebec, and the necessary regulations for its government, to the attention of Parliament.

When the King left the House, the usual address of thanks, which was moved for by Lord Powler, and seconded by Lord Hardwicke; passed without a dissentient voice. Lord Stanhope rose, previous to the question being put, and in a declamatory speech replete with extraneous matter, accused Monsieur
de

de Calonne, the former prime minister of France, of having published a libel against the King of Great Britain, contained in a pamphlet written by that gentleman on the French revolution. The pretended libel consisted in a declaration that all the sovereigns in Europe must be disaffected to the National Assembly; in the course of this ridiculous speech he adverted to Mr. Burke's pamphlet on the same subject, which he insinuated was *beneath his notice*. (Qu. ?—did not the noble lord mean—*above his comprehension?*) as he regarded it as mere *poetry*—by which we apprehend he must have meant *fiction*.—The House paid this speech all the attention it *deserved*—by immediately calling for the question.—The Commons have unanimously re-chosen Mr. Adlington for their speaker, in a manner that reflects great honour on that gentleman.

We are now enabled to speak, with some degree of certainty, on the merits of the Convention concluded with Spain, which has undergone a parliamentary discussion, as ample as its consequence deserved. It appears that the advantages acquired are fully adequate to the expence incurred; the most complete reparation for the insult offered to our flags has been obtained, and a recognition of our right to fish in the South Seas, and to settle on the unoccupied parts of the coast has been secured, by which means a new channel is opened to the enterprising spirit of our merchants, and a new source of wealth to the nation. These surely are objects of the highest importance, the consideration of which should induce us cheerfully to submit to those burdens which the expence of attaining them has rendered necessary to be imposed.

On the 15th of December, the Minister opened the Budget, and after stating the expences of the late armament, which amount to three millions one hundred and thirty-three thousand pounds, he proposed the means of providing for them. The first object he noticed was the unclaimed dividends in the Bank of England, from which he intended to appropriate to the use of Government the sum of five hundred thousand pounds. A new tax on sugars, of 2s. 8d. per cwt. he calculated to produce two hundred and forty thousand pounds. By an additional duty on spirits of one-sixth more than is at present imposed, would be productive two hundred thirty-five thousand. By an additional duty of three pence per bushel on malt, one hundred and twenty-six thousand. By an additional duty of ten per cent. on the house, window, horse and servants taxes, one hundred thousand; by an addition of one third on the game licences, and by doubling those of gamekeepers, twenty-six thousand. By a regulation of the tax on bills of exchange and receipts, and by a progressive encrease of the duty according to the sum, seventy-two thousand. The whole amount of these taxes will be eight hundred thousand pounds, so that with the five hundred thousand to be taken from the unclaimed dividends, thirteen hundred thousand pounds will be paid off the first year. All the taxes are proposed to be continued the second year; to be diminished the third, and to be wholly taken off at the expiration of the fourth year, by which time the debt will be entirely liquidated. As to the *mode* of paying the sum borrowed, there can possibly be but one opinion—the wisdom and policy of it is self-evident; it avoids every interference with our system of economy, and enables us to pursue the well formed plan for reducing the national debt, without delay or interruption.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

COVENT GARDEN.

On the eleventh of November, a new piece entitled the *German Hotel*, and translated from the German by a Mr. Marshal, was represented at this theatre. It is of that species which the French distinguish *seriously* by the title of *Drame*, and *ludicrously* by that of *Comedie Laronoyante*; by which will be understood that it is neither tragedy nor comedy, but a compound of both. The plot is replete with improbabilities and woven with more intricacy than skill: the principal character is a villain, not unlike Count Fathom, whose attacks are directed

rected against the happiness of a family for which he affects the greatest friendship and regard. This, it will be seen, is no new character, nor indeed is there any novelty, nor a single striking passage throughout the whole piece. The moral, however, is commendable, tending to enforce the common observation that guilt carries with it its own punishment. The play was prefaced by a prelude, which represented, in a proper light, the *infamy* (we cannot give it a *milder* name) of damning plays on the first night of representation as a mere matter of *sport*, without any regard to the genius, the labour, or the feelings of the author, or even to the merits of his piece. We recommend, in a peculiar manner, the perusal of this prelude to the coxcombical offspring of a certain Dentist, not a hundred miles from Carleton House, whose ill-timed hisses we have often had occasion to observe, and have ascribed them to the true cause—a desire of displaying to advantage a *set of teeth*, which certainly do credit to the skill of his father. He should recollect that authors, though proverbially *poor*, can yet afford to buy *canes*.—

The only novelty produced at this theatre, in December, was a speaking pantomime, entitled “The Picture of Paris in the Year 1790.” The scenery, representing different views in the metropolis of France, is painted in a style of peculiar excellence. The poetry, by Mr. Merry, is not unworthy the muse of Della Crusca—and the music does honour to Mr. Shields.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Andrews’s long-expected comedy—and thence entitled, more aptly than truly—“Better Late than Never,” was brought forward at this theatre on the 13th of November.—If the present production cannot justify our compliments to the author on the extent of his genius, it at least enables us to congratulate him on the depth of his dramatic erudition—for it has convinced us that he can read with advantage, though he cannot write with skill. To be plain—this piece, improperly denominated a comedy, should be considered as a farce of five acts, or, rather as a theatrical medley, without consistency of character, or regularity of plot. There is nothing like originality from the first scene to the last; yet, though the incidents and characters be chiefly stolen, the author has contrived so to disfigure and deform them, that none of the original excellencies are retained, and they all appear unnatural or misplaced. A pantomimical bustle, a kind of studied confusion, prevails throughout the piece, as if intended to conceal a glaring barrenness of sentiment and poverty of wit. As to the plagiarisms, with regard to incident, situation, and character, they are too numerous for us to particularize—we shall only therefore observe, that Augusta is the very heroine of Colman’s *Suicide*—Flurry is formed from Foresight, in *Love for Love*, and from some of the old impotent husbands of Congreve—The circumstance of Saville’s quarrel with Augusta, in which the latter first shews the native timidity of her sex—and then, on the arrival of a third person, assumes the tone of a bully—is taken from “She would and she would not.” There are many other plays too, both ancient and modern, to which the author stands highly indebted. Mr. Andrews has attempted, in *Grump*, to dramatize the character of Briggs in *Cecilia*, which might have been easily and successfully managed—but, unfortunately, he here appears as a mere *excrescence*, and being undistinguished by that dryness of humour and quaintness of remark which renders the original so interesting, we are wholly at a loss to recognize the ludicrous cit of Miss Burney. From the unskilful manner in which the character of Sir Charles Chouse is delineated, we cannot discover whether the author meant him as a rogue or as an honest man. *Diary*, a novel reading chambermaid, who is continually quoting ‘hard names,’ which of course gives rise to continual blunders, is old as the stage. Mrs. Flurry is the very *bumble* counterpart of Lady Teazel. The serious scenes in the last act form, indisputably, the best part of the play; in these the language and sentiments are frequently impressive and interesting, and tend to convince us that the author is not destitute of talents, though he has certainly mistaken the application of them.—The Prologue, by the Duke of Leeds, is not above mediocrity; but the Epilogue, by the author, is excellent. For an extract from it, see p. 143—

THE
ATTIC MISCELLANY.

NUMBER XVII.

HISTORY OF NICOLAS PEDROSA.

A Tale, by Mr. Cumberland.

NICOLAS Pedrosa, a busy little being, who followed the trades of shaver, surgeon and man-midwife in the town of Madrid, mounted his mule at the door of his shop in the Plazuela de los Affligidos, and pushed through the gate of San Bernardino, being called to a patient in the neighbouring village of Foncarral, upon a pressing occasion. Every body knows that the ladies in Spain in certain cases do not give long warning to practitioners of a certain description, and no body knew it better than Nicolas, who was resolved not to lose an inch of his way, nor of his mule's best speed by the way, if cudgelling could beat it out of her. It was plain to Nicolas's conviction as plain could be, that his road laid strait forward to the little convent in front; the mule was of opinion, that the turning on the left down the hill towards the Prado was the road of all roads most familiar and agreeable to herself, and accordingly began to dispute the point of topography with Nicolas by fixing her fore feet resolutely in the ground, dipping her head at the same time between them, and launching heels and crupper furiously into the air, in the way of argument. Little Pedrosa, who was armed at heel with one massy silver spur of stout, though antient, workmanship, resolutely applied the rusty rowel to the shoulder of his beast, driving it with all the good will in the world to the very butt, and at the same time, adroitly tucking his blue cloth capa under his right arm, and flinging the skirt over the left shoulder *en cavalier*, began to lay about him with a stout ashen sapling upon the ears, pole and cheeks of the recreant mule. The fire now flashed from a pair of Andalusian eyes, as black as charcoal and not less inflammable, and taking the segara from his mouth, with which he had vainly hoped to have regaled his nostrils in a sharp winter's evening by the way, raised such a thundering troop of angels, saints and martyrs, from St. Michael downwards, not forgetting his own namesake Saint Nicolas de Tolentino by the way, that if curses could have made the mule to go, the dispute would have been soon ended, but not a saint could make her stir any other ways than upwards and downwards at a stand. A small troop of mendicant friars were at this moment

conducting the host to a dying man.—“Nicolas Pedrofa,” says an old friar, “be patient with your beast and spare your blasphemies; remember Balaam.”—“Ah, father,” replied Pedrofa, “Balaam cudgelled his beast till she spoke, so will I mine till she roars.”—“Fie, fie, prophane fellow,” cries another of the fraternity, “Go about your work, friend,” quoth Nicolas, and let me go about mine; I warrant it is the more pressing of the two; your patient is going out of the world, mine is coming into it.”—“Hear him,” cries a third, “hear the vile wretch, how he blasphemes the body of God.”—And then the troop passed slowly on to the tinkling of the bell.

A man must know nothing of a mule's ears, who does not know what a passion they have for the tinkling of a bell, and no sooner had the jingling chords vibrated in the sympathetic organs of Pedrofa's beast, than bounding forward with a sudden spring she ran roaring into the throng of friars, trampling on some and shouldering others at a most prophane rate; when Nicolas availing himself of the impetus, and perhaps not able to controul it, broke away, and was out of sight in a moment. “All the devils in hell blow fire into thy tail, thou beast of Babylon,” muttered Nicolas to himself, as he scampered along, never once looking behind him or stopping to apologize for the mischief he had done to the bare feet and shirtless ribs of the holy brotherhood.

Whether Nicolas saved his distance, as likewise, if he did, whether it was a male or female Castilian he ushered into the world, we shall not just now enquire, contented to await his return in the first of the morning next day, when he had no sooner dismounted at his shop and delivered his mule to a sturdy Arragonese wench, when Don Ignacio de Santos Aparicio, alguazil mayor of the supreme, and general inquisition, put an order into his hand, signed and sealed by the inquisidor general, for the conveyance of his body to the Casa, whose formidable door presents itself in the street adjoining to the square, in which Nicolas's brazen basin hung forth the emblem of his trade.

The poor little fellow, trembling in every joint and with a face as yellow as saffron, dropt a knee to the altar, which fronts the entrance, and crossed himself most devoutly; as soon as he had ascended the first flight of stairs, a porter habited in black opened the tremendous barricade, and Nicolas with horror heard the grating of the heavy bolts that shut him in. He was led through passages and vaults and melancholy cells, till he was delivered into the dungeon, where he was finally left to his solitary meditations. Hapless being! what a scene of horror.—Nicolas felt all the terrors of his condition, but being an Andalusian and like his countrymen of a lively imagination, he began to turn over all the resources of his invention for some happy fetch, if any such might occur, for helping him out of the dismal limbo he was in: He was not long to seek for the cause of his misfortune; his adventure with the bare-footed

footed friars was a ready solution of all difficulties of that nature, had there been any: There was however another thing, which might have troubled a stouter heart than Nicolas's—He was a Jew.—This of a certain would have been a staggering item in a poor devil's confession, but then it was a secret to all the world but Nicolas, and Nicolas's conscience did not just then urge him to reveal it: he now began to overhaul the inventory of his personals about him, and with some satisfaction counted three little medals of the blessed virgin, two Agnus Deis, a Saint Nicolas de Tolentino and a formidable string of beads all pendant from his neck and within his shirt; in his pockets he had had a paper of dried figs, a small bundle of segaras, a case of lancets, squirt and forceps, and two old razors in a leathern envelope; these he had delivered one by one to the alguazil, who first arrested him.—“And let him make the most of them,” said he to himself, “they can never prove me an Israelite by a case of razors.”—Upon a closer rummage however he discovered in a secret pocket a letter, which the alguazil had overlooked, and which his patient Donna Leonora de Casafonda had given him in charge to deliver as directed.—“Well, well,” cried he, “let it pass; there can be no mystery in this harmless scrawl; a letter of advice to some friend or relation. I'll not break the seal; let the fathers read it, if they like, 'twill prove the truth of my deposition, and help out my excuse for the hurry of my errand, and the unfortunate adventure of my damned refractory mule.”—And now no sooner had the recollection of the wayward mule crossed the brain of poor Nicolas Pedrosa, than he began to blast her at a furious rate.—“The scratches and the scab to boot confound thy scurvy hide,” quoth he, “thou afs-begotten bastard, whom Noah never let into his ark! The vengeance take thee for an uncreated barren beast of promiscuous generation! What devil's crochet got into thy capricious noddle, that thou shouldst fall in love with that Nazaritish bell, and run bellowing like Lucifer into the midst of those barefooted vermin, who are more malicious and more greedy than the locusts of Egypt? Oh! that I had the art of Simon Magus to conjure thee into this dungeon in my stead; but I warrant thou art chewing thy barley straw without any pity for thy wretched master, whom thy jade's tricks have delivered bodily to the tormentors, to be sport of these uncircumcised sons of Dagon.” And now the cell door opened, when a savage figure entered carrying a huge parcel of clanking fetters, with a collar of iron, which he put round the neck of poor Pedrosa, telling him with a truly diabolic grin, whilst he was rivetting it on, that it was a proper cravat for the throat of blasphemer. “Jesu-Maria,” quoth Pedrosa, “is all this fallen upon me for only cudgelling a restive mule?” “Aye,” cried the demon, “and this is only a taste of what is to come,” at the same time slipping his pincers from the screw he was forcing to the head, he caught a piece of flesh in the forceps and wrenched it out of his cheek, laughing at poor Nico-

las, whilst he roared aloud with the pain, telling him it was a just reward for the torture he had put him to awhile ago, when he tugged at a tooth, till he broke it in his jaw. "Ah, for the love of Heaven," cried Pedrofa, "have more pity on me; for the sake of Saint Nicolas de Tolentino, my holy patron, be not so unmerciful to a poor barber-surgeon, and I will shave your worship's beard for nothing as long as I have life." One of the messengers of the auditory now came in, and bade the fellow strike off the prisoner's fetters, for that the holy fathers were in council and demanded him for examination. "This is something extraordinary," quoth the tormentor, "I should not have expected it this twelvemonth to come." Pedrofa's fetters were struck off; some brandy was applied to staunch the bleeding of his cheeks; his hands and face were wash'd, and a short jacket of coarse ticking thrown over him, and the messenger with an assistant taking him each under an arm led him into a spacious chamber, where at the head of a long table sat his excellency the inquisidor general with six of his assessors, three on each side the chair of state: The alguazil mayor, a secretary and two notaries with other officers of the holy council were attending in their places.

The prisoner was placed behind a bar at the foot of the table between the messengers, who brought him in, and having made his obeisance to the awful presence in the most supplicating manner, he was called upon according to the usual form of questions by one of the junior judges to declare his name, parentage, profession, age, place of abode, and to answer various interrogatories of the like trifling nature: His excellency the inquisidor general now opened his reverend lips, and in a solemn tone of voice, that penetrated to the heart of the poor trembling prisoner, interrogated him as follows—

"Nicolas Pedrofa, we have listened to the account you give of yourself, your business and connections, now tell us for what offence, or offences you are here standing a prisoner before us: Examine your own heart, and speak the truth from your conscience without prevarication or disguise." "May it please your excellency," replied Pedrofa, "with all due submission to your holiness and this reverend assembly, my most equitable judges, I conceive I stand here before you for no worse a crime, than that of cudgelling a refractory mule; an animal so restive in its nature, (under correction of your holiness be it spoken) that although I were blest with the forbearance of holy Job, (for like him too I am married and my patience hath been exercised by a wife) yet could I not forbear to smite my beast for her obstinacy, and the rather because I was summoned in the way of my profession, as I have already made known to your most merciful ears, upon a certain crying occasion, which would not admit of a moment's delay."

"Recollect yourself, Nicolas," said his Excellency the inquisidor general, "was there nothing else you did, save smiting your beast?"

"I take

"I take faint Nicolas de Tolentino to witness," replied he, "that I know of no other crime, for which I can be responsible at this righteous tribunal, save smiting my unruly beast."

"Take notice, brethren," exclaimed the inquisidor, "this unholy wretch holds trampling over friars to be no crime."

"Pardon me, holy father," replied Nicolas, "I hold it for the worst of crimes, and therefore willingly surrender my refractory mule to be dealt with as you see fit, and if you impale her alive, it will not be more than she deserves."

"Your wits are too nimble, Nicolas," cried the judge; "have a care they do not run away with your discretion: Recollect the blasphemies you uttered in the hearing of those pious people."

"I humbly pray your excellency," answered the prisoner, "to recollect that anger is a short madness, and I hope allowances will be made by your holy council for words spoke in haste to a rebellious mule: The prophet Balaam was thrown off his guard with a simple ass, and what is an ass compared to a mule? If your excellency had seen the lovely creature that was screaming in agony till I came to her relief, and how fine a boy I ushered into the world, which would have been lost but for my assistance, I am sure I should not be condemned for a few hasty words spoke in passion."

"Sirrah!" cried one of the pious judges, "respect the decency of the court."

"Produce the contents of this fellow's pockets before the court," said the president, "lay them on the table."

"Monster," resumed the aforesaid pious judge, taking up the forceps, "what is the use of this diabolical machine?"

"Please your reverence," replied Pedrofa, "*aptum est ad extrahendos fetus*."—"Unnatural wretch," again exclaimed the judge, "you have murdered the mother."

"The Mother of God forbid," exclaimed Pedrofa, "I believe I have a proof in my pocket, that will acquit me of that charge;" and so saying, he tendered the letter we have before made mention of: The secretary took it, and by command of the court read as follows:

"Senor Don Manuel de Herrera,

"When this letter, which I send by Nicolas Pedrofa, shall reach your hands, you shall know that I am safely delivered of a lovely boy, after a dangerous labour, in consideration of which I pray you to pay to the said Nicolas Pedrofa the sum of twenty gold pistoles, which sum his excellency——"

"Hold," cried the inquisidor general, starting hastily from his seat, and snatching away the letter, "there is more in this than meets the eye: Break up the court; I must take an examination of this prisoner in private."

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE PHYSICIAN OF A DAY;

OR, THE WONDERFUL CURE.

A Tale. By Quintus Quoz, Esq.

A learned leech, of some renown,
 The Galen of a country town—
Learned, I say, because I ween,
 Books, in his time, the man had seen—
 Not that he made much fuss about them,
 Yea, latterly, he did without them,
 For, on a file most neatly strung,
 That still within his study hung,
 The recipes of those before him
 He studied with all due decorum ;
 With scissars clipt them from their places,
 And patch'd to suit all sorts of cases.—

Thus books, of formidable show,
 Issue from Paternoster-row ;
 Thus poor divines, the scraps of paper
 That wrap their cheefe or evening taper,
 From authors of all churches join,
 And sumptuously on Sundays dine.

To wave more rigmarole digression,—
 All men must live by their profession—
 And with his chariot, be it said,
 The doctor *drove* a roaring trade ;
 His chariot that on box before
 A rosy whisker'd coachman bore,—
 Now as this coachman's rising fame
 Is half my theme, I give his name ;
Simon it was—a doctor too,
 As far as farriery could go ;
 A horse, when sick, with certainty
 He knew to cure or let him die ;
 His master's knowledge and his own
 In this acquir'd a like renown.

Alike their fame, but not their gains,
 Simon got nothing for his pains ;
 All was included in his wages,
 Whose mite no salvo for old age is,
 Which now was trotting in his rear,
 For he had past his fortieth year ;
 Had mist the housekeeper in marriage,
 And still was driving the old carriage ;

Old Peg had took the doctor's stuff,
 And left this wicked world in huff;
 Nor hope her lover seem'd to have,
 But to keep driving to *his* grave;
 Till one day waiting for his master,
 Who had been call'd to a disaster,—
 Somewhat that ail'd a scolding wife,
 Whom he but quitted with her life,
 And whose kind spouse, with parting smile,
 Most amply fee'd him for his toil—
 The coachman thought these glittering gains
 His master got with little pains,
 And thought himself was just as fit—
 With as much *learning*, as much *wit*,
 So to be driv'n and leave off driving,
 The privilege of trade as thriving,
 As his *wife* master's—*entre nous*—
 He knew him many years ago,
 The offspring of a city foot-man,
 No doctor's coachman, but his footman;
 And vow'd to urge his mental claim
 To future fortune and to fame.
 This so possess'd his anxious brain,
 That soon his master thought, with pain,
 As in a ditch the chariot sunk,
 His faithful coachman mad or drunk.
 "What devil's tricks are these?" in ire
 He cried, immersing from the mire:
 "Why, Simon, man, have you been drinking"—
 "No, Sir, not I; but I've been thinking,
 As I grow old, and am not quite
 So perfect in my strength and fight
 As once, to have my wages paid,
 And look out some more thriving trade.
 I'd thank you, Sir, for your decision;
 But think, myself, to turn physician!"—
 "Physician, Simon!"—Here was stopt
 The doctor's speech; for just then popp'd
 His own beginning in his head;
 And thus, in softer phrase, he said—
 "Friend Simon, I applaud your spirit;
 I knew you not of so much merit.
 But think you, you can undergo
 The trials that we doctors know?"—
 To make my story short and sweet—
 For this was argued in the street—
 The doctor promis'd that, next day,
 His man should go with him and say

Whether

Whether on trial 'twas his will
 Hence to be driv'n or drive *him* still.—
 The doctor just at that time had
 A patient in a quinsy bad,
 Whom all his art had been in vain,
 To set upon his legs again ;
 Him he inform'd, without delay,
 That he should bring with him, next day,
 A learned friend, that to his face,
 They both might well consult his case.—
 So said and done the doctors came ;
 Simon was one, but not the same—
 A monstrous wig approach'd his nose,
 A bag behind, and black his cloaths.
 But previously I should have said,
 The nurse had mels'd a marmalade—
 And put it in a certain pot—
 The doctor urg'd her to the plot.
 Now be it clearly understood
 The pot was clean, the mels was good.
 Which being brought him from a nook,
 He stirr'd it, smelt, a spoonful took,
 Tasted and put it in its place,
 Nor chang'd a muscle in his face.
 This all behind the bed was done,
 So that the patient lost the fun ;
 But 'twas determin'd, in his sight,
 That he'd be better by next night.—
 This said, the doctors went away,
 And Simon came alone next day,
 Resolv'd to practise what was taught him—
 The *case of secrecy* was brought him ;
 Of which most liberally he took,—
 The patient laught, the quinsy broke,
 To see the faces Simon made,
 For Nature mixt this marmalade!—
 Sick, blundering headlong to the door,
 His new profession he forswore ;
 Confessing, in most foul condition,
 He was not form'd for a physician !

THE WHOLE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND BEHAVIOUR, BIRTH,
PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION, OF

BOB BARRATTY,

A celebrated and well known Character, from Life.

BOB Barratty was born in a country famous for *great men* of every description. Bob's parents were poor, yet honest; and having but humble ideas, thought of bringing him up to an humble avocation: but Bob, spurning the dunghill which produced him, contrived to have himself placed in a more elevated situation. He was bound apprentice for seven years to a jeweller in Dublin; and contrived, during his probation, to appear what is called in that city, a *buckeen*, or *buck diminutive*.

When Bob had served his time out, his means being scanty, his occasions manyfold, and his debts greater than he could discharge, he paid his creditors by a slippery trick, and made a *Sunday* excursion to Park Gate, from whence he bent his course to London. In a short time, he got employed by a working jeweller in Bond-street; and might have done well in the service, but impelled by his original spirit of *greatness*, he *lived away* as usual, and was at length reduced to devise what are called *ways and means*, for existence.

As it is impossible to carry on great schemes without the assistance of able associates, Bob looked round him, and with a judicious eye selected a few friends, upon whose *abilities* he might depend in the hour of distress and danger. Among those was **BILLY LOWLY**, a *Caledonian* adventurer, who having, like many other *great men*, left the cold breezes of the north for the more salutary airs of a southern aspect, resolved never more to review the regions of his nativity. **BILLY** had, by good fortune, got into the service of a modern empiric, a man of some ingenuity, and a countryman, who also bore a high preference to the superior advantages of old England. He had, among a variety of other curious articles of health and ornament, invented a **CAKE NOSTRUM**, for *polishing* and giving a peculiar *shining* quality to the *dullest understandings*, inasmuch that lords, commoners, orators, and, indeed, every class of mankind, became his customers. Billy Lowly, observing the profits which arose from this and other curious inventions, wound himself so completely into the good opinion of his master, that he not only married his niece, but soon got a share in the business. Bob found him a ready, and versatile genius, and fixed upon him as the pole star (we had like to have said *pole-cat*) of all his actions.

A young officer, who had fought bravely, and fortunately, in the late American war, returned with plenty of honours, wounds, and
VOL. II. Y money.

money, just at a time when Bob Barratty was driven to his last shifts. By an unaccountable whim of fortune, not material to our biography, Bob became known to this young son of Bellona, who, recovering from his wounds, dipped deeply into all the fashionable pursuits of the town, and found great *convenience* in Bob's *experience, adroitness, and acquiescence*.

Knowing that the Lieutenant—for such was his rank—was one day preparing for a masquerade, Bob advised with his friend Billy, how he might convert the circumstance to his advantage: and the result of the conference was as follows.

In the evening, Bob waited upon the Lieutenant; and in speaking of the most fashionable disguise, observed that nothing was so much the *ton* as a plain Venetian black domino, provided the wearer bore any distinguished mark of wealth and magnificence; such as a diamond button or pin, or any ornament of great value: adding, that he could procure the use of something in that way for a night with great ease. The Lieutenant readily accepted his proffer; and Bob, stepping out for about half an hour, returned with a breast-pin, a single brilliant, which he estimated at *two hundred guineas!* The Lieutenant, though a great *amateur* of such things, was yet no great judge. The prodigious fine water of the present object, however, caught, not only his admiration, but secured his confidence.—Bob begged, for *special reasons*, it might not be seen by any one; and, happy in an opportunity of *obliging* his friend, left him without further ceremony.

Fortune, that capricious, and often cruel, deity, who had heretofore promised *great* things in favour of Bob's *greatness*, and on the *greatness* of his friend Billy, who was to be an equal sharer in the proceeds of the present *manœuvre*, now on a sudden left them both in what the *Greeks* call a *lurch*. The surgeon who attended the family, with whom the Lieutenant lived, happened to enter the apartment before Bob's orders of concealment were complied with; and, taking up the ring, made certain scientific remarks upon the *perfections* of *modern imitation*. The Lieutenant, suspended between resentment and pity, smiled with ineffable contempt upon the disciple of Esculapius, and gravely assured him it was no imitation, but a real diamond of the finest cut and water; and of the first value!—*Mr. Forceps*, however, was not to be dissuaded, and the dispute was ended, as many others are, by a bet of twenty guineas. The parties, with a third person as a witness, sallied out, and presented the *gem*, as by agreement, to an eminent jeweller in the Strand, who instantly decided against the Lieutenant, wondering, at the same time, that his judgment could be so imposed upon.—The soldier, however, was yet positive, and would have remained so, had not the jeweller proposed the certain test of a small file, which being applied, immediately and effectually sullied and defaced all the brilliancy of the disputed object.

No sooner was this incontestible cloud thrown upon Bob Barratty's

ratti's brilliant, but it reflected a certain light upon the duped Lieutenant's mental dulness; he saw, at once, the imposition and the intent, and, with a becoming spirit, resolved upon ample retribution.

Next morning, before the inspirations of *Bacchus*, and the Paphian *goddess*, had time to subside, Bob requested a restoration of his ring: but the Lieutenant, with a melancholy countenance, declared that to be impossible; for that he had unfortunately let it fall from his finger; and that, notwithstanding every possible search had been made for it, it was inevitably lost!! Bob expressed his fright and concern, with a tolerable good grace and colouring;—and declared, that without he was enabled to replace it with a *fac simile*, he was a ruined man for life!—His friend Billy Lowley, who was a man of honour, would attest the value; and, in short, nothing less than two hundred pounds would save him from, perhaps, an ill-natured criminal prosecution, or at best from a debtor's jail.

Through the mask of affected anxiety, however, there appeared those natural glimpses of secret joy, which always attend *great minds* in the full consummation of great achievements. Notwithstanding which, the Lieutenant could not but admire the uncommon fortitude with which Bob supported his plan, and resolved, within his own mind, the final *exaltation* which destiny was of course preparing for so much greatness.

The farce was now in the zenith of its *first* act. Bob, to prove his friendship, as well as his distress at the unfortunate accident, informed the Lieutenant that if he would accommodate him with but half the money for the present, he would borrow the other half of his friend Billy, until a future period. To this the Lieutenant consenting, it was agreed that the parties should all meet that night at a tavern, and the business be then settled.

“Now came still evening on.” Hesperus, that starry host, shone brightest, till Bob's *ring* displayed its peerless light, and o'er his mind its joyful influence threw!—Bob and Billy, accompanied by one of those *respectable* and *useful* characters, vulgarly called Pettyfoggers, attended at the place of rendezvous, where the Lieutenant, with a brother officer and another friend, were ready to receive them.

[To be concluded in our next.]

WHIMSICAL CONTRAST

OF TWO REMARKABLE CHARACTERS.

TOM Tinder is one of these touchy blockheads, whom nobody can endure: The fellow has not a single plea in life for his ill temper; he does not want money, is not married, has a great deal of health to spare and never once felt the slightest twinge of the gout. His eyes no sooner open to the morning light than he begins to quarrel with the weather; it rains, and he wanted to ride; it is sunshine, and he meant to go a fishing: he would hunt only when it is a frost, and never thinks of skating but in open weather; in short the wind is never in the right quarter with this testy fellow; and though I could excuse a man for being a little out of humour with an easterly wind, Tom Tinder shall box the whole compass, and never set his needle to a single point of good humour upon the face of it.

He now rings his bell for his servant to begin the operation of dressing him, a task more ticklish than to wait upon the toilette of a monkey: As Tom shifts his servants about as regularly as he does his shirt, 'tis all the world to nothing if the poor devil does not stumble at starting; or if by happy inspiration he should begin with the right foot foremost, Tom has another inspiration ready at command to quarrel with him for not setting forward with the left. To a certainty then the razor wants strapping, the shaving water is smoked, and the devil's in the fellow for a dunce, bobby and blockhead.

Tom now comes down to breakfast; and though the savage has the stomach of an ostrich, there is not a morsel passes down his blaspheming throat without a damn to digest it; 'twould be a less dangerous task to serve in the morning mess to a fasting bear. He then walks forth into his garden; there he does not meet a plant, which his ill-humour does not engraft with the bitter fruit of cursing; the wasps have pierced his neectarines; the caterpillars have raised contributions upon his cabbages, and the infernal blackbirds have eaten up all his cherries: Tom's soul is not large enough to allow the denizens of creation a taste of Nature's gifts, though he surfeits with the superabundance of her bounty.

He next takes a turn about his farm; there vexation upon vexation crosses him at every corner: The fly, a plague upon't, has got amongst his turnips; the smut has seized his wheat, and his sheep are falling down with the rot: All this is the fault of his bailiff, and at his door the blame lies with a proportionable quantity of blessings to recommend it. He finds a few dry sticks pickt out of his hedges, and he blasts all the poor in his neighbourhood for a set of thieves, pilferers and vagabonds. He meets one of his tenants by the way, and he has a petition for a new gate to his farm-yard,

yard, or some repairs to his dove-house, or it may be a new threshing-floor to his barn—Hell and fury! there is no end to the demands of these cursed farmers—His stomach rises at the request, and he turns aside speechless with rage, and in this humour pays a visit to his masons and carpenters, who are at work upon a building he is adding to his offices: Here his cholera instead of subsiding only flames more furiously, for the idle rascals have done nothing; some have been making holiday, others have gone to the fair at the next town, and the master workman has fallen from the scaffold, and keeps his bed with the bruises: Every devil is conjured up from the bottomless pit to come on earth and confound these dilatory miscreants; and now let him go to his dinner with what stomach he may. If an humble parson or dependant cousin expects a peaceful meal at his table, he may as well sit down to feed with Thyestes or the Centaurs. After a meal of misery and a glass of wine, which ten to one but the infernal butler has clouded in the decanting, he is summoned to a game at back-gammon: The parson throws size-ace, and in a few more casts covers all his points; the devil's in the dice! Tom makes a blot, and the parson hits it; he takes up man after man, all his points are full and Tom is gammoned past redemption—Can flesh and blood bear this? Was ever such a run of luck? The dice-box is flapt down with a vengeance; the tables ring with the deafening crash, the parson stands aghast, and Tom stamps the floor in the phrenzy of passion—Despicable passion! miserable dependant!—

Where is his next resource? the parson has fled the pit; the back-gammon table is closed; no cheerful neighbour knocks at his unsocial gate; silence and night and solitude are his melancholy inmates; his boiling bosom labours like a turbid sea after the winds are lulled; shame stares him in the face; conscience plucks at his heart, and to divert his own tormenting thoughts, he calls in those of another person, no matter whom—the first idle author that stands next to his hand; he takes up a book; 'tis a volume of comedies; he opens it at random; 'tis all alike to him where he begins; all our poets put together are not worth a halter; he stumbles by mere chance upon *The Choleric Man*; 'twas one to a thousand he should strike upon that blasted play—What an infernal title! What execrable nonsense! What a canting, preaching puppy of an author!—Away goes the poet with his play and half a dozen better poets than himself bound up in the same luckless volume, the innocent sufferers for his offence.

Tom now sits forlorn, disgusted, without a friend living or dead to cheer him, gnawing his own heart for want of other diet to feed his spleen upon: At length he flinks into a comfortless bed; damns his servant as he draws the curtains round him, drops asleep and dreams of the devil.

Major Manlove is a near neighbour, but no intimate of Tom Tinder's: With the enjoyments, that result from health, the ma-
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major is but rarely blest, for a body wound, which he received in battle, is apt upon certain changes of the climate to visit him with acute pains. He is married to one of the best of women; but she too has impaired her health by nursing him when he was wounded, and is subject to severe rheumatic attacks. Love however has an opiate for all her pains, and domestic peace pours a balsam into the husband's wound. It is only by the scrutinizing eye of affection, that either can discover when the other suffers, for religion has endued both hearts with patience, and neither will permit a complaint to escape, which might invite the sympathizing friend to share it's anguish. Disabled for service, major Manlove has retired upon half-pay, and as he plundered neither the enemy's country nor his own during the war, he is not burthened with the superfluities of fortune; happily for him these are not amongst his regrets, and a prudent œconomy keeps him strait with the world and independent.

One brave youth, trained under his own eye in the same regiment with himself, is all the offspring Heaven hath bestowed upon this worthy father, and in him the hearts of the fond parents are centered, yet not so centered as to shut them against the general calls of philanthropy, for in the village where they live they are beloved and blessed by every creature. The garden furnishes amusement to Mrs. Manlove, and when the sharp north east does not blow pain into the major's wound he is occupied with his farm: His trees, his crop, his cattle are his nurselings, and the poor that labour in his service are his children and friends. To his superiors major Manlove deports himself with that graceful respect, that puts them in mind of their own dignity without diminishing his; to his inferiors he is ever kind and condescending: To all men he maintains a natural sincerity with a countenance so expressive of the benevolence, glowing in his heart, that he is beloved as soon as known, and known as soon as seen. With a soul formed for society, and a lively flow of spirits, this amiable man no sooner enters into company, than his presence diffuses joy and gladness over the whole circle: Every voice bids him welcome; every hand is reached out to greet him with a cordial shake. He sits down with a complacent smile; chimes in with the conversation as it is going, hears all, overbears none, damps nobody's jest, if it is harmless; cuts no man's story, if it is only tedious, and is the very life and soul of the table.

According to annual custom I passed some days with him last autumn: There is a tranquillity, which transpires from the master and mistress of this family through every member belonging to it; the servants are few, but so assiduous in their respective stations, that you can no where be better waited on: The table is plain, but elegant, and though the major himself is no sportsman, and has done carrying a gun, the kindness of his neighbours keeps him well supplied with game, and every sort of rural luxury, that their farms and gardens can furnish. Nothing can be more delightful than the

the face of the country about him, and I was charmed with his little ornamented farm in particular: The disposition of the garden and the abundance of its fruits and flowers bespeak Mrs. Manlove no common adept in that sweet and captivating science.

One day as my friend and I were riding through his fields to enjoy the western breeze of a fine September morning, our ears were saluted with the full chorus of the hounds from a neighbouring copse, and as we were crossing one of the pastures towards them, we heard two men at high words behind a thick hedge, that concealed them from our sight, and soon after the sound of blows, which seemed to be heavily laid on, accompanied with oaths and cries, that made us push to the next gate with all the speed we could muster. One of the combatants was lying on the ground, roaring for mercy under the cudgel of his conqueror, who was belabouring him at a furious rate: The person of the victor was unknown to major Manlove; the vanquished soon made him recognize the rueful features of Tom Tinder, who called upon the major by name to interpose and save him from being murdered.

This was no sooner done than the cudgeller, who was a sturdy clown, gave us to understand, that he had been doing no more than every Englishman has a right to do, returning the loan of a blow with proper interest to the lender: This the prostrate hero did not deny, but asserted that the rascal had headed the hare as she was breaking cover, and turned her into the wood again, by which means he had spoiled the day's sport.—And did you this designedly? said the major.—Not I, master, replied the countryman, as Heaven shall judge me! I love the sport too well to spoil it wilfully: But if I was travelling along the road just as puffs was popping through the hedge, could I help it? am I in the fault? And should this gentleman, if he be a gentleman, ride up to me as if he would have trampled me like a dog under his horse's feet, and lay the butt of his whip upon my scull? I think no man can bear that; so I pulled him out of the saddle, and banged him well, and I think no good man, as you appear to be, will say otherwise than that he well deserved it.—If this be so, answered the major, I can say nothing to the contrary.—How, sir, exclaimed the squire, who was now upon his legs, is a rascal like this to return blow for blow, and does major Manlove abet him in such insolence?—I am sorry, sir, replied the major calmly, you should put such a question to me; but when gentlemen lose their temper—Sir, quoth Tom, interrupting him, I have lost my horse, and that's the worse loss of the two—'Tis what you are least used to, replied the major, and without more words quietly trotted homewards.

THE
HARMONY OF CRITICISM.

From the Works of the most eminent British Critics.

ART. XXXVIII. *The Speculator*. 8vo. 5s. 6d. Boards.

English Review. December.

WE are not informed whether this work be finished or in continuation. It is divided into numbers in the form of a periodical paper. It is not equal. We are sometimes amused by a style highly figurative, abounding in beautiful imagery, and not without occasional gleams of genius. This, however, is succeeded by tedious descriptions in inflated prose or poetry, without either prettiness or poignancy. The verses discover little excellence, and the fictions are for the most part romantic, improbable, and obscure.

Monthly Review. December.

The Swiss story is simple, plain, and artless; the language a little animated by a spark, seemingly from the torch of *Ossian*, which scarcely appears unsuitable to the scenery and objects.

The other narratives are pleasing, and generally of the same artless cast. The story of Maria comes very near to that of La Roque, in the *Mirror*; and, like it, is plain, simple, and affecting.

ART. XXXIX. *Louisa; A Novel*. 12mo. 2 vols. 5s.

English Review. December.

Louisa, a very beautiful young lady, and the GRAND-DAUGHTER OF AN EARL! (a very important circumstance in the fabrication of a modern novel), is induced, by filial affection, to attend her father, a weeping widower, on a tour to the continent. The young reverend lover of the charming Louisa writes to her on the intelligence of her intended departure the following passionate epistle:

‘The Rev. Mr. Mordaunt to Miss Digby.

‘Dearest Louisa,

‘I am thunderstruck with my sister’s account of your hasty determination to leave England with your father! Surely, my amiable Louisa, you cannot have forgotten the promise you made me when we were last together at Bath! and yet, if you persist in this resolution, it is impossible for you to fulfil it.—If you have any regard for my happiness, you will oblige me in this point, as it will be impossible for me to sur vive your absence.—For my sake, for Lady Manning’s sake, let me conjure you to lay aside all thoughts, for the present at least, of this journey; for if you persist you will drive me to despair.’

From the very warm and passionate strain of this love-lorn epistle, the reader may easily form an idea of the merit of this string of letters, or rather *insipidities*, which are spun out into two volumes, that have neither interest enough to prevent one from falling asleep, nor absurdity sufficient to excite a single smile. Willing, however, at all times to render justice to candidates for public applause,

plause, we subjoin, as a specimen of this performance, that part of it at which we were very happy to arrive, that is, the CONCLUSION :

‘ On Thursday, the Dec. 1777, the Rev. Mr. Mordaunt and Miss Digby were married by Dr. Blewett, in St. James’s Church, by a special licence, in the presence of Lady Manning, Mrs. Mordaunt, Lord L. General Somers, Mr. Digby, and Colonel Nugent ; and at the same time Miss Mordaunt gave her hand to Captain Manly ; their mourning was laid aside for that day, and their appearance as elegant as morning dresses would admit of. After the double ceremony was performed, they returned to Lady Manning’s, who gave a sumptuous entertainment on the occasion ; but there was no ball or other company invited, from respect to Lady Turner, who returned to her own house the evening before. Mr. Digby had given previous directions for the reception of his friends at the Priory. — The worthy Dr. Blewett died soon after, universally regretted. — Mr. Mordaunt accepted the living of the Priory at his lady’s request ; and they have fitted up the parsonage house in an elegant manner. The gardens are contiguous to the Priory Park, with a delightful walk through a shrubbery about a quarter of a mile long.”

Obe! jam satis est.

Monthly Review. December.

We are here amused by some natural incidents, in the course of which an amiable young woman, who postpones an agreeable connection, from a due regard to a kind father, has her prospect of happiness interrupted by the revengeful machinations of a disappointed libertine. These particulars are here related in correct and unaffected language. *The tale is pleasing, and the moral is good.*

ART. XLI. *Letters on Education.* By Catharine Macaulay Graham. 8vo. 6s. Boards.

Monthly Review. November.

After some general observations on public and private education, Mrs. M. G. enters into a long detail concerning the management of children, and she proposes plans, which, in our judgment, are rather original than useful. Who would expect from an English female writer, an apology for mothers, in the fashionable world, neglecting to suckle their own children? What can be more inconsistent, than to discourage the ordinary use of animal food, and yet recommend the medical use of the pure gravy of meat? The extreme hardiness, with which our reformer advises that children should be treated, can never be adopted in a highly advanced state of civilization. The plan of converting early instruction into amusement, on which she lays great stress, has, perhaps, been too hastily conceived. We are of opinion, with Mr. Knox, that children should very early be made sensible that they have tasks of a serious kind to perform, and by attending to them periodically, should contract a habit of application. It is particularly inconsistent in our authoress, who would take so much pains to inure the bodies of children to hardiness, to suffer their minds for want of daily stated employment, to lose the firmness of their tone, and their capacity for vigorous exertions. Few persons, who pay any respect to religion, will, we apprehend, be inclined to follow this preceptress in her advice to keep children *wholly unacquainted with the scriptures.*

In her plan of literary study, among other things, Mrs. M. G. advises, that the rudiments of the Greek language be taught at fifteen, and that reading the Greek history be postponed till the language is acquired. At the age of eighteen, the lad of genius will read with pleasure, (beside the historians,) Plato, Demosthenes, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles : but of the first of these, he is to confine himself to his dialogues : (When is he to read his other works, and where is he to find them?) At sixteen morals are to be studied in Cicero, Plutarch, Vol. II. Z *Epicurus.*

Epictetus, and Seneca, (all, certainly, in the *original*.) The reading of English poetry is to be confined to some select plays of Shakespeare, Addison's *Cato*, Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, Milton and Pope. Astronomy is to be read in Ferguson: *Natural History*, in Pliny, and Buffon: *Politics*, in Harrington, Sidney, Locke, and Hobbes: *Metaphysics*, in Plato, Cudworth, and Lord Monboddo. (Will Lord M. forgive the authors for overlooking his old friend Aristotle?) From the age of twenty, two years are to be spent in studying Revelation; and the course is to close with *mathematics*. This plan of study is certainly *original* and curious: but whether it be any improvement on the method of instruction pursued in our schools and universities, we must be allowed to question.

On the whole, we are of opinion, that Mrs. Macaulay Graham excels more in the character of an historian, than in that of a philosopher. The present work will, we apprehend, add little to the wreath of honour which already graces the brow of this literary heroine.

Analytical Review. November.

This masculine and fervid writer has turned the very superior powers of her mind to the consideration of a subject, which, perhaps, embraces a wider circle of unsettled opinions, than most of those disputed points that have exercised the argumentative talents of ancient philosophers and modern theologians.

We perfectly coincide in opinion with this sagacious writer, not only respecting the importance of the subject, considered in an uncircumscribed view; but also with the tendency of her instruction, which she has intimated in the preface, by asserting that morals must be taught on immutable principles.

Under the head—"Literary education of young persons," a series of books are recommended, calculated to open the mind;—yet, though we think with Mrs. M. that the bible is *not* a book in which children should be taught to read—we should, however, rather advise a parent to let some parts, at least, be interwoven with the first youthful impressions.

This work, which we warmly recommend to parents, adds new lustre to Mrs. M.'s character as an historian and a moralist, and displays a degree of sound reason and profound thought which, either through defective organs, or a mistaken education, seldom appears in female productions.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE POET PHILEMON.

THERE is not amongst all the Greek dramatic poets a more amiable character than Philemon: He was a Syracusan by Suidas's account, but Strabo says he was born in Solæ a city of Cilicia: He was some years elder than Menander, and no unworthy rival of that poet, though more frequently successful in his competitions with him than the critics in general seem to think he deserved to be: Of this we can form little or no judgment; they, who had access to the works of both authors, had the best materials to decide upon. Apuleius however speaks rather doubtfully in the comparison, for he says of Philemon that he was *fortasse impar*; to which he subjoins, that "though his frequent triumphs over Menander are not reputable to insist upon, yet there are to be found in him many witty strokes, plots ingeniously disposed, discoveries strikingly brought

to light, characters well adapted to their parts, sentiments that accord with human life ;"—*Joca non infra, soccum, seria non usque colburnum, viz.* "Jests that do not degrade the sock, gravity that does not intrench upon the buskin."

Philemon lived to the extraordinary age of one hundred and one years ; in which time he composed ninety comedies ; a competent collection it must be owned, though not to be compared to the bulk of Menander's productions, who in half the time wrote more in number, and with a rapidity, for which we have his own word, "for when I have once determined upon the plot," says he, "I consider the work as finished." The longevity of Philemon was the result of great temperance and a placid frame of mind : Frugal to a degree that subjected him to the charge of avarice, he never weakened his faculties and constitution by excess, and as he summed up all his wishes in one rational and moderate petition to Heaven, which throws a most favourable light upon his character, it is with pleasure I record it.—"I pray for health in the first place ; in the next for success in my undertakings ; thirdly, for a cheerful heart, and lastly, to be out of debt to all mankind."—This temperate petition seems to have been granted in all particulars ; he was blessed with a long and healthful life ; he was successful in his undertakings to a degree, which posterity seems to think above his merits, and he triumphed over all his competitors more perhaps through the suavity of his manners than from any actual superiority of his talents : That he was of a gay and happy spirit there is every reason to believe, and his economy secured him that independant competency, which put him in possession of the final object of his wishes. As he lived in constant serenity of mind, so he died without pain of body ; for having called together a number of his friends to the reading of a play, which he had newly finished, and fitting, as was the custom in that serene climate, under the open canopy of Heaven, an unforeseen fall of rain broke up the company just when the old man had got into his third act in the very warmest interests of his fable : His hearers disappointed at this unlucky check to their entertainment, interceded with him for the remainder on the day following, to which he readily assented ; and a great company being then assembled, whom the fame of the rehearsal had brought together, they sat a considerable time in eager expectation of the poet, till wearied out with waiting, and unable to account for his impunctuality, some of his intimates were dispatcht in quest of him, who, having entered his house and made their way to his chamber, found the old man dead on his couch, in his usual meditating posture, his features placid and composed, and with every symptom, that indicated a death without pain or struggle.

This is Apuleius's account, but Oelian embellishes the story with a vision, in which he pretends that nine fair damsels appeared to Philemon, and upon his accosting them as they were going out of the door, demanding why they would leave him, they told him it

was because it was not permitted to man to hold converse with the Immortals: Upon waking from this trance or vision, Philemon related it to his page, and then getting up returned to his studies, and put the last hand to the comedy he was employed upon: "That done," says Oelian, "he stretched himself on his couch and quietly expired." From this silly anecdote he draws an inference, which without his help the world had probably discovered, viz. "That Philemon truly was in favour with the Muses."

Valerius Maximus varies from both these authors in his account of the death of this aged poet; he tells us Philemon was suffocated by a sudden fit of laughter upon seeing an ass, who had found his way into the house, devour a plate of figs, which his page had provided for him; that he called out to the boy to drive away the ass, but when this order was not executed before the animal had emptied the plate, he bade his page pour out a goblet of wine and present it to the plunderer to complete his entertainment; tickled with the pleasantry of this conceit, and no less with the grotesque attitude and adventure of the animal, Philemon was seized with a fit of laughing and in that fit expired. c.

ALDERMANIC FRUGALITY!

THE variation of manners, and the mutability of circumstances, are changes frequently remarked. That nations now advance, and now recede, in the gradations of political and moral energy, is a point universally agreed on: but the annals of the day have exhibited a particular perhaps unparalleled. An Alderman of London stepping forwards as the patron of more than Spartan temperance; advising a mode of liquid nutrition, for which we might in vain look for a comparison, unless we were to investigate the life of Diogenes. Cincinnatus and his turnips must yield the palm to the rigid temperance of Alderman Le M.....—Six and thirty gallons of beer from one bushel of malt! That this may be produced, is surely a singular assertion to hear from the lips of the man from "Norman smugglers sprung." Who would have expected the dictates of Roman abstemiousness, dictates which would not have dishonoured the republic in her purest æra, from one of the corporation of London! Has the exuberant overflow of our great city-feasts never corrupted his immaculate virtue? or does he consider the middle and the lower ranks as mere beasts of burden; necessitated to receive the husks and offal of the rich as more than what they can justly claim; as generous beneficence given by beings greatly their superiors.

It is a curious fact, preserved in an ancient manuscript, that a disposition somewhat similar to our worthy magistrate's, was displayed by an Alderman several centuries ago. He lived in the reign of our Henry the Fourth, and the extravagancies of young Hal

Hal and the celebrated Falstaff excited the severity of his censures against every thing the least approaching to drunkenness. In a conference at a leisure hour with his principal clerk, whom he admitted to great degrees of familiarity, some curious remarks occurred. The Alderman was fordidly penurious, and, to borrow a colloquial expression from a late author, possessed a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet. His clerk was as jovial a boon companion as one would wish to meet with at two in the morning; a large capacious man, resembling Falstaff himself in every thing but his wit: in his hours of merriment he was by no means nice in chusing the objects of his mirth. "Some fool to laugh at" was the height of his felicity, and in such amusement he would joke, hour after hour, without drollery and laugh, without the least appearance of wit. One particular frailty he had: when elevated by the power of Bacchus, he did not always confine himself within the strict decorum which good breeding might demand, and though by no means remarkable for romantic courage, frequently appealed to the law of arms for decision. One evening, in a midnight scene, he engaged with Corporal Nym, and that wary combatant, "taking a thrust, or a blow, at his length," loaded the clerk with pugilistic honours. With these eccentric appearances, he was the most generous, "the best good-natured man," open with liberality which might atone for many foibles. To this jocosophe man the Alderman one day remarked, "That knight, that Falstaff, has more liquor infused into one bowl of sack which he swallows to his own share, than might suffice forty moderate men. What wretched extravagance!" "He can hold a great deal to be sure," replied the clerk, "but, with submission, Sir, I think your estimation, that one of his bowls would serve so many men, is rather overstated."—"Nature of itself requires but little," replied the Alderman; "I have heard of men who could well subsist, nay grow fat, on the wholesome beverage of water: you, I know, are what they call a social companion, or, in other words, a stranger to the delicious qualities of a running spring." "Those delicious qualities," said the clerk, "have certainly never contributed to fatten me: however, one thing I perceive in the conduct of Falstaff which greatly afflicts me; he always devotes the Sabbath to drunkenness. That is to me an enormous offence. I could forgive him almost any thing but that flagrant vice." "However that may be," replied the Alderman, "there is another point to which I am more attentive. The pious young minister whom our gracious Sovereign has appointed, to the great grief, no doubt, of the knight and his pupil, the juvenile Hal, has proposed a tax which will lead to a system of regulations almost totally subversive of drunkenness. The votaries of it are sorely enraged, and utter a thousand wild exclamations. Among the rest, the knight is not inactive; and, as vice is too often successful,
may

may perhaps defeat the noble scheme." "If I am not mistaken," said the clerk, "the wisdom of your minister has attacked the poor instead of the rich." "And what then," said the Alderman, "to use logical terms, he has only preferred the synthetic to the analytic mode of procedure. Instead of directing his attention to the first links of the social chain, he has cast his view to the last. Every part of society must bear its share of the common burden. He will come in time to the rich."

Here there is an irremediable defect in the manuscript. But there is enough preserved to shew a very curious coincidence of sentiments. Though a wish for convivial reformation may perhaps appear by no means so surprising in an alderman of the remote period we have been speaking of, as in one of the present corporation of London.

P.

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

Mrs. B.....

HAVING, in one of our former numbers, paid that tribute to the professional excellence of the husband of this lady, which we thought his *due*, it is but just, that we should also notice the fair partner of his bosom.

The superior taste and execution of Mrs. B..... may, in some degree, be supposed to have descended from her father, who was a German musician, and her mother, the late Mrs. Weichsell, whose warblings in Vauxhall must be recent in every memory. The first attempts of Miss Weichsell were heard with delight by her parents, who bestowed the utmost pains on her education; and her first introduction to the town was at the Haymarket Theatre, about fourteen or fifteen years since, in a benefit concert for her mother. She officiated at many public and private concerts so late as 1782, and was looked upon by the most eminent amateurs as a prodigy in the science, particularly as a performer on the piano forte.

About this time Mr. B..... paid his addresses to her; and his *personal* recommendation soon obtained him the possession of the lady's hand; and, soon after her marriage, she entered into articles with Mr. Daly, the manager in Dublin, where she became a popular singer. At the same theatre, Mr. B..... was engaged to play in the orchestra.

Among the all-accomplished gallants of Dublin, it may easily be supposed that her charming person did not pass unnoticed; and the complacency with which she received their addresses by no means indicated an *inflexible* disposition. Mr. Kray was the first who won effectually on her *unsuspecting* heart; and, to enjoy his company

company without *conjugal* molestation, she dispatched her husband to Liverpool, in order to purchase some music, for which she affected the greatest desire.

After this she was little influenced by those duties which she owed her husband: nay, she would have quitted him entirely, had he not very properly shewn a determination to receive her salary, while she fulfilled her professional engagement.

The manager, although united to a deserving woman, solicited the favours of our heroine; and, either through the ardour of his passion, or the pliability of her disposition, the gentleman did not sigh in vain. Mrs. Daly, it is said, in company with Mr. B....., detected the criminal intercourse; and the latter would have commenced a lawsuit, had not the lady threatened to cause a forfeiture of the articles of agreement, which would have cost him 500*l.* a sum he judged of greater magnitude than the *damages* he had sustained. The adventure, however, at length causing the manager much *pain*, he wisely dropped the intrigue.

After this, the late Duke of Rutland became her admirer: but as her conduct was now less reserved than before—and as the amiable Dutchess was much respected by all ranks—a torrent of indignation fell on our heroine, which compelled her to solicit letters of recommendation from his excellency to the Marquis of Caermarthen, then secretary of state, through whose interest her first appearance at Covent Garden was commanded by their Majesties, when she played Rosetta in *Love in a Village*, in the year 1786.

Though the musical world was enraptured with Mrs. B..... from the first moment she appeared, the middling class could not perfectly applaud her foreign stile, until they had been familiarized to it. A trip which she took to Italy and France, in the ensuing summer after her appearance, with Sacchini, enabled her to make much scientific observation, and greatly contributed to her improvement.

The importunities of *afflicted* swains in this country, also, made but too deep an impression on her yielding heart; and in her list of gallants, she had the honour of registering a royal duke, whose virtues and whose foibles are now veiled by the clouds of death: but we cannot determine whether it was his love of the science, or the *flashes* of imbecillity, reflected on a fascinating object, which produced his sedulous attentions, both in public and private. It was the latter, most probably, as the connexion was soon dissolved by Mr. B——, an amateur in the Mendozian science, who yet is unrivalled.

Mr. and Mrs. B..... have at length renounced the vulgar prejudices of common education; their minds are too expansive, and their feelings too liberal, to be hurt at what would wound, if not destroy, the happiness of a pair in middling life. He receives her salary with much innate satisfaction; and she, in
her

her turn takes every occasion to enquire *affectionately* after the state of his health.

Having thus pursued this lady in the more "tender scenes of the human drama," justice also demands that we should not disguise her public character.

The compass of this singer's pipe is extensive, but not to so great a degree as has been imagined: in the lower part it is very limited. Of this she is sensible; and in her *bravura airs* often substitutes one *octave* for another. In airs of expression, however, the enchanting sweetness of her voice and manner is beyond all praise; and, though there are some singers more sublime, not one, in our opinion, is so pathetic, correct, and delicate. So nice is her ear, that she can immediately point to any instrument out of tune, let the number accompanying it be ever so great. There is a softness, a peculiar bewitching sweetness in her manner, that wonderfully prepossesses every auditor in her favour.

Her person, though not completely elegant, is genteel and pleasing; and of her simple, delicate, and beautiful countenance, the powers of description fail us altogether; it is alike superior to the delineation of the pen, and the colouring of the pencil.

THE LOGGS.

THE family of the Loggs are, perhaps, the most whimsical, mischievous, and ridiculous of any in England.—Old Logg verges upon three score years of age: has a wife, to his sorrow; and children, to the curse of his vanity. Though time has thinned his silver locks, and ploughed furrows in his face, to be thought young and persuasive, is the principal passion of old Logg's heart.

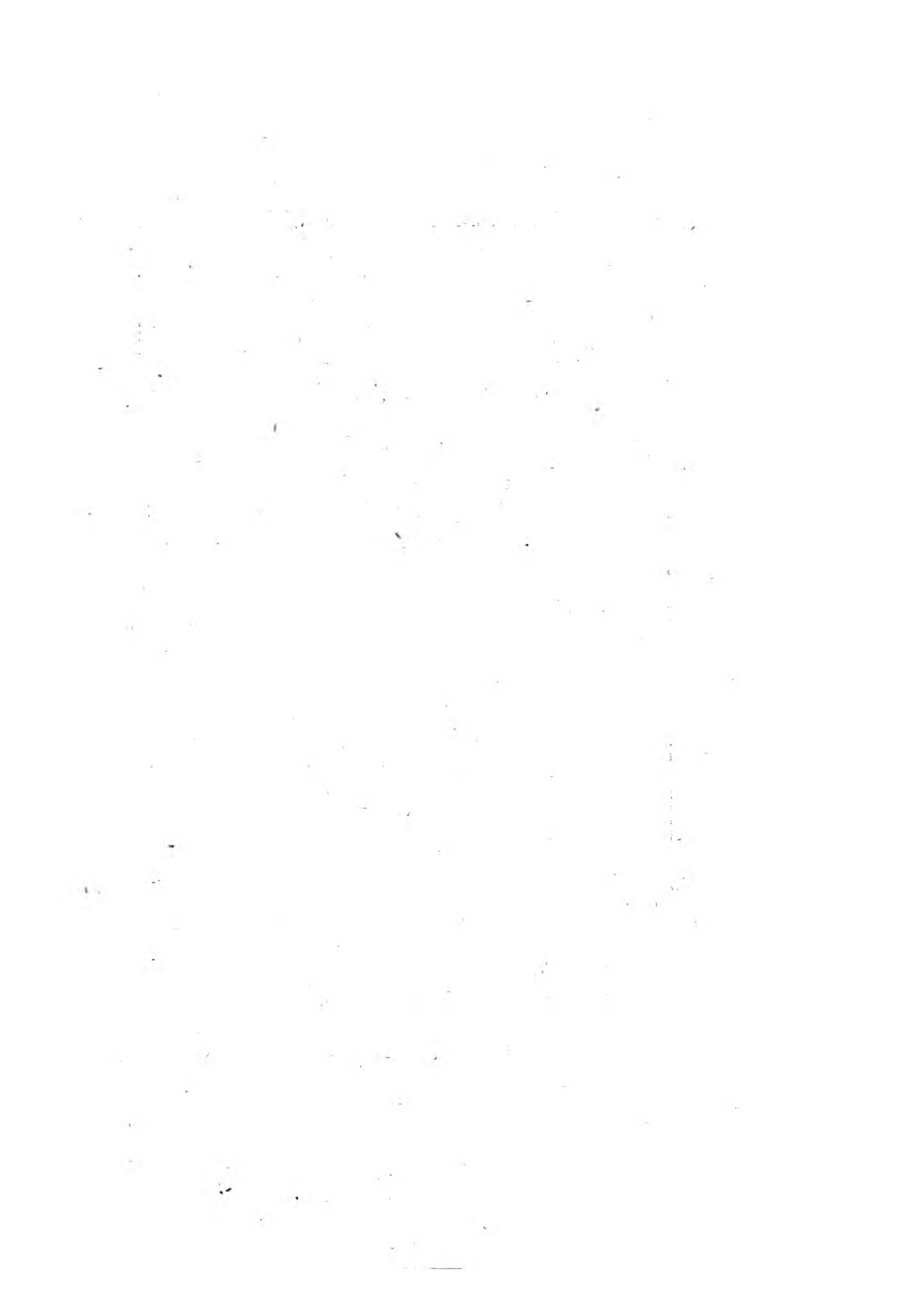
Old Logg keeps a *nymph* of the *frail* order; and she, in return, keeps a *swain* of the pugilistic gender.—Old Logg sports his *nymph* in the green boxes of both theatres, and looks "and says unutterable things."

Young Logg is a *TRUE chip of the old block*. Like old Logg, young Logg keeps his favourite; and, like him also, offers his galantries to the public observation.

Old Logg became a bankrupt, by attempting at literature and political speculation.

By such like preposterous absurdities, young Logg lost a situation in India, which in time might have afforded him bread.

Old Logg encourages all the vices of the worst of *Times*. To noblemen, to gentlemen, to married men, and to unmarried men; to merchants, manufacturers, traders, shop-keepers, shew-keepers; to maids, wives, and widows, noble and plebeian; to reps and demireps; and, in short, to all classes of the community, old Logg writes letters of *invitation*; and should any be daring enough to withhold



ATTIC MISCELLANY.



am
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Hall

is part

Published as the Act directs, by Bentley & C^o Feb^r 1^o 1791.

Protheus on Privileges

Annual Scratch Piece.

Vide pages 177, 178.

with-hold encouragement to his daily dulness—then fly the stink-pots of a printing-house !!

To assist in all the dirty business of calumny and scandal, the Miss Loggs devote their time to family investigation. They have a happy facility in exaggerating trifles, making mountains of mole-hills, and giving whispers of malice the lungs of inveterate defamation. To assert further, the Loggs employ a logger-headed, vagrant Irishman, a fellow who was once tried for a felony, and who saved his neck by a trick; a reptile avoided by mankind, and detested by the softer sex; shunned by his own countrymen, and despised by the world! a slanderer, a liar, and a coward.

Old Logg and Young Logg, for many years, played at HIDE and SEEK, with the public, but were at length found by a true-scented terrier, called INDICTMENT; and Old Logg placed in a situation, where he is always sure of being *come at*; and where he must remain until the day, the *glorious day of exaltation*, when all the slanders and the stink-pots of a printing house will be rewarded by apples, oranges, eggs, and other *good things* of the creation. Y.

HORN

Embellished with an accurate Likeness.

THE annals of the British Empire do not produce a more extraordinary character than that which we have delineated by the pencil in this number of our work. By the outline of his features, the reader may easily perceive an unaccommodating heart, and an adverse disposition;—Stiff and stubborn, as is his name, such is his nature; yet, by a strange incongruity, attributes we find in him, in as great a variety of shapes as any ancient or modern Protheus, either real or imaginary. Jack Lee—not the Jack Lee who some time ago suffered a short public death for committing an act which prevented him from starving—but honest Jack Lee the barrister, once told Erskine, after enumerating his several avocations, that he would be not at all surprized to see him at length a Merry Andrew! so it is exactly with us and our present hero; whose first probation was that of Divinity. He undertook to found the orthodoxical HORN of salvation; but the bishops observing a *black spot upon his tongue*, silenced the infected organ, lest it should contaminate the doctrines it assumed to support and propagate.

The next situation in which we find our disappointed divinity, is that of an open-mouthed Patriot, who, in brotherly conjunction with the present city chamberlain, founded the HORN of liberty in every region, from Saint James's to Saint George's Fields, and from thence all over the islands of Great Britain and Ireland. But a little time separated the patriotic constellations, Castor and Pollux fell to loggerheads and the HORN of liberty was heard no more.

In his third *metamorphosis*, we behold him ready to found the HORN of Litigation. But the Benchers and Judges, conceiving that he could not legally cast off the priestly skin of a divine, and being determined that nothing religious should interfere with their profession, refused to admit him. Indeed, nothing could be more fortunate for public tranquillity than this negative.

The next situation in which we see this eccentric genius, this *Jusus naturæ* of the human species, is not less unaccountable than any of the preceding; for now behold him insulting the representatives of the people, by an ill-timed and offensive publication, affected to be written in defence of their rights.

Having made *amende honorable*, in custody of the serjeant at arms, for this offence, our hero retired for some years from public observation: and here it was that he effected a point the most rational perhaps of any in his history, by virtually persuading an old dotard to leave him his whole fortune.

Being thus secured from the assaults of indigence, he appeared once more to public observation; and in the different elections for Westminster, took a leading part in support of the Court candidate; wrote letters, bills, and paragraphs, and narrowly escaped a cracked scull in an affray where Macnamara received a fractured cranium, from the hand of his own dear countryman, in Covent Garden.

Disappointed in divinity and in law, we now find our Protheus assuming the character of a Knight Errant, and introducing those splendid sentiments of chivalry which Mr. Burke, in his late pamphlet upon the French revolution, so pathetically laments the decline of. When Wizard Withers cast his necromantic spells over the tranquillity and joys of Mrs. Fitzherbert, the sword of our hero 'leapt from its scabbard,' and taking a diagonal direction with a *Drawcanforian* magnanimity, overcame not only the doctor, but every recreant adversary to her happiness. The HORN of Royalty was founded in her defence, and the splendors of a contingent diadem unveiled to her ambition. With respect to the propriety of the pamphlet now alluded to, we shall be silent; but it is with confidence we declare, that the motive which induced the publication was more manly and liberal than any other which we meet with in his history. His observations upon the several relative acts of parliament were incontrovertably true, and his declarations in favour of matrimony, demonstrative and unanswerable.

His last stage of transmigration is that in which we at present behold him; madly endeavouring, by a second insult, to effect a reformation in the House of Commons; and by trampling upon the dignity of the senate, to obtain a seat among the senators. For this most audacious proceeding we shall probably in a short time view him, if not a Merry Andrew, a yet more ludicrous Stage Figure.

NEW DEBATING CLUB.

Burghall's Room, Maiden Lane.

AFTER this Miscellany went to press last month, a new society for free debate opened its doors; of which we avail ourselves of giving an early account, lest it should not be in existence a month hence!

As it is professedly opened on more liberal and *disinterested* principles than those already established, double the usual admission money is demanded at the door.

This may strike the reader as a kind of Dublinism in terms; but the gentlemen conductors being all from that famous city, the phrase is not amiss.

The President, or Mr. *Speaker*, as he is sometimes called, in imitation of a higher office, is well chosen for his situation, being only tolerable when he holds his tongue. Whatever may be the Hibernian idea of liberality and disinterestedness, John Bull, on the night of our reporter's attendance, seemed to have taken the advertised avowal of their sentiments in a vulgar English sense, nobody attending but those who were invited by *orders*; which in justice to their professions, were distributed with abundant *liberality* amongst those who might be supposed capable of *saying something*; but, unfortunately, the lure did not take; the hook for such fish must be baited with something better than paper! The writer of this article, alas! but ill fed through the day, went in the hope of concluding it with a good supper, the usual price of his labours at all the other debating societies in town. With this expectation he had provided an elaborate speech, on each side of the question: one of these he intended to have delivered on that which was predestined to prevail; and the other he would have reserved for the same question at a future opportunity: but having been informed, at the door, that no such supper was forthcoming, he conceives the society lawfully indebted to him in the following bill.

To a shirt washing for the occasion	4.
To a supper of alamode, for which he	4.
could not run a <i>tick</i>	3½
	7½

over and above the loss of his valuable time, which might have been spent in collecting twopenny paragraphs for the morning papers. But it seems the society stood in no such need, as they had amply provided *speakers* of their own.

The gentleman who opened the debate, began by saying, that
A a 2
being

being naturally of a *taciturn* disposition, [here he compared himself to the Spectator] he should not take up above half an hour of their time. Then he went on to speak to the question, which turned upon the respective politics of Burke and Price; and, taking the side of the former, he said he should produce unanswerable reasons for such his opinion; which reasons he actually read out of his author's own pamphlet! and sat down.

After him rose another gentleman, on the other side of the question, who argued exactly in the same kind of way, in favour of Price, by quoting his sermon!

Thus the evening wore away, in mutual quotation, without one sentiment on the subject coming from the speakers themselves; till a redoubtable champion of the Old Jewry rose up, "Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand," and proceeded to repeat a long unintelligible answer to Burke's pamphlet, page for page; which said answer, by the way, had been rejected by all the newspapers in town, ministerial and opposition, as the effusion of some melancholy maniac escaped from his keeper. Whether it was the production of the *theatrical* jacky-dandy who undertook to recite it, has not been ascertained; but the company actually left the room; and the speaker stood alone in the attitude of rhetorical flourish, near the hour of midnight!

Whether he continued repeating in this stile till the morning, the writer of this has not heard; or whether the society continues to meet, he has not thought it worth his while to inquire. c.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1791.

By Henry James Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat.

WHEN from the bosom of the mine
 The magnet first to light was thrown,
 Fair Commerce hail'd the gift divine,
 And, smiling, claim'd it for her own.
 "My bark," she said, "this gem shall guide
 "Thro' paths of ocean yet untried,
 "While, as my daring sons explore
 "Each rude, inhospitable shore,
 "Mid desert sands and ruthless skies,
 "New seats of industry shall rise,
 "And culture wide extend its genial reign,
 "Free as the ambient gale, and boundless as the main."

But Tyranny soon learn'd to seize,
 The art improving science taught,
 The white sail courts the distant breeze,
 With horror and destruction fraught;

From

From the tall mast fell War unfurl'd
 His banners to a new-found world ;
 Oppression arm'd with giant pride,
 And bigot Fury by her side ;
 Dire Defolation bath'd in blood,
 Pale Av'rice and her harpy brood,
 To each affrighted shore in thunder spoke,
 And bow'd the wretched race to Slavery's iron yoke.

Not such the gentler views that urge
 Britannia's sons to dare the surge ;
 Not such the gifts her Drake, her Raleigh bore
 To the wild inmates of th' Atlantic shore,
 Teaching each drear wood's pathless scene
 The glories of their virgin Queen.
 Nor such her later Chiefs who try,
 Impell'd by soft humanity,
 The boist'rous wave, the rugged coast,
 The burning zone, the polar frost,
 That climes remote, and regions yet unknown,
 May share a GEORGE's sway, and bless his patriot throne,

Warm fancy, kindling with delight,
 Anticipates the lapse of age,
 And as she throws her eagle's sight
 O'er time's yet undiscover'd page,
 Vast continents, now dark with shade,
 She sees in verdure's robe array'd,
 Sees o'er each island's fertile steep
 That frequent studs the southern deep,
 His fleecy charge the shepherd lead,
 The harvest wave, the vintage bleed :
 Sees Commerce springs of guiltless wealth explore,
 Where frowns the western world on Asia's neighbouring shore.

But lo ! across the blackening skies,
 What swarthy dæmon wings his flight ?
 At once the transient landscape flies,
 The splendid vision sets in night.—
 And see Britannia's awful form,
 With breast undaunted, brave the storm :
 Awful, as when her angry tide
 O'erwhelm'd the wreck'd Armada's pride,
 Awful, as when th' avenging blow
 Suspending o'er a prostrate foe,
 She snatch'd, in victory's moment prompt to save,
 Iberia's sinking sons from Calpe's blowing wave.

Ere

Ere yet the tempest's mingled sound
 Burst dreadful o'er the nations round,
 What angel shape, in beaming radiance dight,
 Pours thro' the severing clouds celestial light !
 'Tis peace—before her seraph eye
 The fiends of devastation fly ;
 Auspicious round our Monarch's brow
 She twines her olive's sacred bough ;
 This victory, she cries, is mine,
 Not torn from War's terrific shrine ;
 Mine, the pure trophies of the wise and good,
 Unbought by scenes of woe, and undefil'd with blood.

ANECDOTES AND BONS MOTS.

A Nobleman desirous of having a scripture history-piece painted in his stair-case, sent to one of the fraternity of the brush, questioning, "What he thought would be most proper?" His answer was "The children of Israel passing the Red Sea." The Nobleman approved of it much. The next day he observed the Painter had daubed the wainscot entirely with red paint, on which he said it was quite the colour of the Red Sea. "But where are the children of Israel?" "Oh, my lord! they are passed through!"

Voltaire being asked, one day, what he thought of the genius of Milton, "The ancients," replied he, "commanded us to sacrifice to the Graces, but Milton sacrificed to the Devil!"

Charles Fox, about six years ago, was so much involved in his circumstances, that his creditors seized his goods, and carried away even his chairs and stools, so that he had nothing to sit on. About a fortnight after, he was met by a friend, who asked him how he did? "Not very well," says Charles; "how can it be expected, for I have not had a stool this fortnight."

When the same right honourable gentleman brought the India bill into the House of Commons, it was violently objected to, on which F. . . said, if they knew what good consequences would accrue from it, they would change their *note*. George Selwyn replied, If the bill should pass, the nation would very soon not have a *note* to change.

A nobleman wished to have a drawing of his gamekeeper with a dog and gun in the act of shooting. He sent for a painter, who drew a dog and a great tree. The peer asked him where John was? "He is behind the tree," answered the painter. "Very true," said

said my lord, "John used to stand behind the tree—It's an excellent likeness!"

As a smart drest young fellow by the name of Locke (to whom Minerva had not been liberal) was one day walking in the High-street, Oxon, a strange gentleman asked his companion, who that was? "That," replied he, "is a new edition of Locke, without the *Human Understanding*."

A gentleman in the Lyceum, a few days since, viewing the Knights of the Fist, and standing under a kind of gallery on one side, was advised by his friend to remove, lest the gallery should break down: having cast his eye up, he replied, Its contents seemed to be composed of that description of men who are esteemed as of *no great weight!*

J. R.

T H E

CORRESPONDENT'S MUSEUM.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

MODESTY has always been justly esteemed the chief ornament of the fair sex; and certain it is they can have nothing ornamental about them without it. But notwithstanding the truth of this observation, I believe many will agree with me that there is a sort of audacity not at all inconsistent with the strictest modesty, which yet is so far at present misunderstood among us, that it is little cultivated in this Island. Our women have the preference to all others in the world, both for wit and beauty, two qualifications which perhaps naturally render a lady as loving as she is lovely. But how opposite is it to our boasted good manners, that they should be denied the privilege of pursuing the bent of their inclinations, so far as they are honourable!—Not one man, from the beau to the rustic, would deny a lady her choice of a seat at table, or any similar trifle; yet we all join, with one consent, to encourage that ill-natured custom of denying the fair the privilege of making the first advances in love; and, consequently, in debarring several from the chief good in this life—a good husband! Hence arise the unhappy marriages which so frequently occur, and hence that fashionable, though national evil, *keeping*. Were the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, indifferently allowed to make proposals

posals suitable to their real inclinations, love for love would be the word, and that selfish question, Has she the *pence*? entirely out of fashion. This, too, would keep up a general civility and politeness in the nation; for if women, as well as men, might make the first attacks in love, every man would consider himself as a lover, and every thing laudable would be attempted, in hopes to captivate some neighbouring fair one. That this custom would be neither absurd nor inadequate to its purpose, is plain from hence, that ladies who have really made the first advances, have generally met with success, and always with the approbation of every body who heard of it. And beauty, joined with so much eloquence as the women always possess, must needs be irresistible. Alas! then, my fair countrywomen, a privilege which has been so long denied you unreasonably; you need despair of nothing you attempt: dare therefore to be wife, in spite of custom and prejudice.

J. R.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC STORY.

TYPO, a printer, chanc'd to meet,
 ('Twas in an ale-house, not a street)
 A friend, who, since their last adventure,
 In Britain's navy choos'd to enter.
 When Jack first spy'd his former mate,
 He sprung with rapture off his seat,
 And with a sort of rough salute,
 (The printer standing like a mute)
 He halloo'd out, "My lad, what cheer?
 I'm glad, old mes'mate, you are here;
 For tho' I'm now a tar, d'ye see,
 And you a printer still may be,
 I like to see old friends, you dog!
 So come, sit down, and swig some grog."
 Typo, by this, had ope'd his eyes,
 Which had been shut by the surpriz.—
 The *compliments* now being o'er,
 And liquor out, Jack calls for more,
 And still was studious to commend,
 His occupation to his friend——
 How glorious 'tis to men in battle,
 Around when thundering cannons rattle!
 "True, true," quoth Typo, smit with awe,
 "For I was once engag'd in war,
 Tho' without noise, or any strife,
 I ne'er far'd better in my life;
 And must confess, my long-lost brother,
 I should much like to see another;
 For tho' the thoughts of fighting frights me,
 A war—a *paper war*—delights me!"

Eton, Jan. 9.

DUBIUS.

THE CAPTIVITY.

IF wit, annex'd to beauty's charms,
 Could in a God create desire,
 When Celia clasps me in her arms,
 No wonder if I'm all on fire!
I must resign, against my will,
 My pow'rs, too weak to keep their place;
 By ev'ry smile she conquers still,
 Those roseate arrows of her face.
 If beauties then such conquests have,
 Surely their charters are divine;
I now submit to be thy slave,
 Dear Celia, and for ever thine.

Grosvenor Place, 18th Jan. 1791.

M. Q. 6.

IMPROMPTU.

To the National Assembly.

"THE rights of men!" reformers cry—
 "Who shall the rights of men deny?
 A king's a man," they add: Oh then,
 Let kings partake the rights of men.

C.

EPITAPH,

On an old Miser who lately died at Witney in Oxfordshire.

HERE lies old Wood,
 Who ne'er did good;
 But always liv'd by evil;
 He was a hog,
 And dy'd a dog,
 And is now with the devil!

L.

EPITAPH,

On a Decayed Tombstone, in Stepney Church-Yard.

HERE lieth the body of *All-fours*,
 Who spent his money on the whores;
 And if you wish to know his name,
 'Twas *Highest, Lowest, Jack, and Game.*

L.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

JANUARY, 1791.

RUSSIA, POLAND, AND PORTE.

THE war still continues between Russia and the Porte, and the rapid progress of the former in the pursuit of conquest, excites the most serious apprehension in the minds of those potentates, who regard the preservation of the balance of power, as an object of the highest importance to the tranquillity and welfare of Europe. The Empress, indeed, loudly declares that she is not actuated by any hopes of extending her influence or dominions, but her conduct gives the lie to her declarations. Urged by ambition, she presses forward with impetuosity, and, did her ability correspond to her will—would grasp at universal empire. Proudly rejecting the proffered mediation of Prussia, she prepares to resist any attempt to enforce it; and vainly imagines that the same success will attend her operations, when opposed by the veteran troops of Frederick as has crowned her efforts against the undisciplined Turks.—The Porte, in the mean time, encouraged doubtless, by the best founded hopes of assistance—perseveres in her opposition to the encroachments of her imperious rival. Her exertions however, are more successful in the cabinet, than in the field; independent of the protection, expected from Prussia and her allies; Poland has engaged to espouse her cause, and a treaty, offensive and defensive, between these powers, is in agitation, and will speedily be concluded. What hopes of a counter-alliance Russia can form, we are at a loss to conceive, since her projects are such as 'tis to the interest of every potentate to thwart. The ensuing spring, however, will discover the designs of the contending parties, will display their machinations in a proper light, and shew whether a concern for the general tranquillity of Europe will prove the predominating feature in the politics of the day.

FRANCE.

Nothing worthy of notice has occurred in the National Assembly since our last, except the debates and proceedings with respect to the administration of the civic oath to the clergy. On the second of January, the Bishop of Clermont having mounted the tribune, the eyes of all present were attracted towards him, in the full expectation that he was about to declare his attachment to the new constitution, and to take the oath in question. They were destined, however, to be grossly disappointed. For, after pointing out, in a speech of some length, the connection between church and state, and the extent of jurisdiction formerly bestowed on ecclesiastics, he proceeded to shew the necessity of maintaining the dignity of religion in the persons of churchmen; but, here, he was interrupted by a member (M. Treilhard) who observed that as the inferior clergy had taken the civic oath, it behoved the bishops to follow their example; he therefore desired the president would simply ask the bishop of Clermont whether or not he meant to take the oath required by law. After much altercation on this evident violation of the liberty of speech, the question was put to the prelate, who answered that his conscience did not permit him to take the oath required by the decree of the twenty-seventh of November, but that he was ready to take another which he had drawn up for the purpose: this however was rejected by the Assembly, who proceeded to the discussion of some other subject. The consequence of a refusal, in this instance, is the forfeiture of all ecclesiastical benefices, and an incapacity to hold any in future; and as most of the bishops are of the same opinion, a new election of prelates must speedily take place. Many of the inferior clergy, too, who had taken the oath, have since delivered in their retractations; so that the ecclesiastical polity

of France, is likely to experience as complete a revolution as every other part of the government. But how does the exaction of such an oath accord with their pretended system of liberty? by swearing to maintain and observe the particular decree alluded to in the oath, the clergy would bind themselves to approve those violent measures which have deprived them of their lawful possessions—They would kiss the hand that robbed them!—Can a greater exertion of tyranny over the human mind be conceived?—Can a sway more arbitrary and despotic be exercised?—Such is the strange ignorance or infatuation of these puerile legislators, that, in all their boasted refinements of liberty, they lose sight of its plainest and most essential principles. Can they expect to receive commendation for their toleration of different sects, when they continue to tyrannize over the consciences of their own prelates! the inefficacy of their proceedings ought to have convinced them; ere this, that wisdom in all things, but more particularly in the arts of legislation, is only to be derived from experience. Instead, therefore, of vainly despising the laws and regulations of their wiser neighbours, they should have profited by their example, and have sacrificed the ridiculous attempt of attaining to superior excellence, to the more rational effort to secure stability to their government by judicious imitation.

THE LOW-COUNTRIES.

We have at length the satisfaction of being able to congratulate the inhabitants of these provinces on the disappearance of anarchy, and the restoration of peace and public felicity. So long as their resistance was founded on just and equitable motives, we were the first to applaud their conduct and inspire their exertions; but when a change of circumstances entirely altered the complexion of their operations, their measures experienced from us the censures they appeared to deserve. Steady friends to *liberty*; but determined foes to *licentiousness*, our political opinions are founded on invariable principles, which have for their object, the advancement of the social order, and the promotion of universal happiness.

In return for the favourable conditions granted by the Emperor to the Turks, by the convention of Reichenbach, it was expressly stipulated that the mediating powers (England, Holland, and Prussia) should exert their endeavours, in concert with the Imperial minister, to reduce the Belgic provinces to a proper submission, by means of negotiation and remonstrance. These, however, proving ineffectual, force was employed, and the matter accomplished. It then became necessary, as well for the confirmation of his Imperial Majesty's authority over the said provinces, as for the security of their inhabitants, and the mutual interest of the mediating powers, that the bonds of friendship should be more firmly cemented between them; in consequence of which the following articles have been agreed on and signed by their respective ambassadors.

1. That, on receiving the usual homage of the Belgic provinces, his Imperial Majesty shall confirm them in all the constitutional privileges and legal customs which they had enjoyed by the acts of inauguration of the Emperor Charles the Sixth, and the Empress Maria Theresa.

2. His Imperial Majesty consents to bury in oblivion all the excesses that have been committed during the late troubles, and to comprise them in a *general amnesty*, which shall be instantly made public, notwithstanding the former limitation of that amnesty to the 21st of November, with the exception of a very few individuals, whose conduct has precluded them from every claim to this general pardon; and of those culprits, whose crimes are distinct from the disorders committed during the late insurrection. At the same time, it is to be understood, that his Imperial Majesty does not, by this exertion of *clemency*, mean either to acknowledge or confirm those usurpations which, during the troubles, have been made on the rights and prerogatives of his sovereign power.

3. His Imperial Majesty, during the conferences at Reichenbach, having

been disposed to grant certain concessions, not ulteriorly affecting the Imperial constitution, in case that submission should precede compulsion, has yet, at the instance of the mediating powers, granted those concessions which he had been previously disposed to grant of his own accord, as the reward of a voluntary submission, and which are contained in a letter from his Imperial Majesty's plenipotentiary to the mediating ministers dated at the Hague, the 29th of October, 1790, and are contained essentially under the following heads.

1. Regards certain points of ecclesiastical discipline, which have been misconceived. His Imperial Majesty places all such matters under the regulations of the bishops.

2. Respects the university of Louvaine; on the subject of which he will deliberate with the States.

3. The suppressed convents. His Majesty promises to apply the revenues of those convents to such pious purposes as seem to be most analogous to the intention of their respective founders:—and he also promises to revive and confirm in their rights such suppressed *abbey*s as sufficiently enjoyed the privilege of sending deputies to the States.

4. His Majesty positively renounces every pretension to keep a *standing army*, directly or indirectly.

5. Nor will he attempt to raise any troops in the provinces but with the consent of the States, and as exigencies may require. And, confiding in the love of his subjects, and their generous efforts for the support of his empire, he engages *never to levy any tax* upon them, on any pretext whatever, without the full consent and concurrence of the States.

6. The judges of the superior courts are confirmed in their stations.

7. The diploma granted by the Emperor Charles the Sixth to the superior tribunals is made irrevocable.

8. Contains his Majesty's intimation of hearing and consulting with the States and tribunals on the subject of any new and general law.

9. Is an extension of this privilege, on the subject of penal laws.

10. His Majesty engages to re-establish the organization of the government and chamber of accounts on the same footing as in the reign of the late Emperors.

11. Stipulates, that the commander in chief of the troops, and the minister plenipotentiary, shall, respectively, be under controul of the governor-general.

12. The administration of civil and criminal justice being one of those objects most essentially interesting to the sacred rights of the people, his Majesty wishes more than ever to establish, between himself and their representatives, a perfect understanding on whatever concerns their welfare and prosperity: his Majesty will therefore listen to whatever changes or reforms the States may have to propose for the better administration of the laws; nor will he make any alteration in the forms of judicature but in consequence of previous consultation with the States, and with their full consent.

13. Respects commissaries to explain and settle difficulties and differences.

14. Their Majesties of Great Britain and Prussia, and the States General of Holland, become, in the most solemn manner, guarantees to the Emperor and his successors, for the sovereignty of the Belgic provinces, now re-united under his dominion.

Thus every essential point in the formation of a government, calculated for the felicity of the people, is provided for; and a renewal of discord and revolt sedulously guarded against. In the management of this intricate business the prudence and policy of the Emperor are equally worthy of applause; he has wisely foregone every sentiment of revenge, and by the adoption of lenient measures, laid the surest foundation for a prosperous and permanent reign.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The question—whether an impeachment is determined by a dissolution of parliament, is at length finally decided by a formal vote of the Commons, after
an

an investigation not less distinguished for its precision and impartiality, than for the wonderful display of extraordinary talents to which it gave rise. In supporting the rights of the house to proceed with the impeachment, Mr. Pitt exhibited a depth of sagacity, an extent of knowledge, a solidity of argument, and an energetic elegance of diction, that surprized even those who had been most accustomed to hear him, and attracted the sincerest and best founded compliments from both sides of the house. His reasoning produced conviction, and it was accordingly determined that the impeachment of Mr. Hastings is still pending. This was the only question of importance discussed previous to the adjournment of the house, which took place on the twenty-ninth of December, after the King had given his assent to such bills as had passed both houses. On the presentation of those bills to his Majesty, the Speaker addressed him in a short but nervous speech, in which he observed (with regard to the supplies) that the Commons, actuated by a generous and wise policy, had sacrificed the considerations of temporary convenience to those which arose from a just regard to the permanent interests of the kingdom. They had accordingly provided for the complete and speedy discharge of the expences recently incurred, in support of the honour and dignity of his Majesty's crown, and the rights of his subjects, without any lasting addition to the national debt, or any embarrassment to that system which had so effectually sustained and advanced the public credit of the country.

The Commons, he said, were induced to hope that their conduct on this occasion would operate as a salutary example to future times; and that its immediate effect would be to establish an universal conviction of the internal strength and abundant resources of this country, and consequently to afford an additional security for the continuance of the blessings of peace. He concluded by observing, that a measure which was the result of such motives, and which led to such consequences, the Commons were persuaded could not fail to receive his Majesty's most gracious approbation.

The Lords adjourned to the thirty-first of January, and the Commons to the second of February.

From the equipment of a fleet, to be commanded by Lord Hood, it is evident our ministers are convinced of the necessity of checking the dangerous progress of the Russian arms; and should the haughty Empress persevere in her refusal to accede to reasonable terms, there are the strongest grounds for believing that, independent of the Turks and Poles, she will have to encounter the united forces of England, Holland, and Prussia. It is perfectly consistent with the wise system of policy, we have recently adopted, to join our allies in repressing the exorbitant pretensions of Catharine; though deaf to reason, she must yield to force, and the humiliation of her dangerous pride cannot fail to excite the most pleasing sensations in the mind of every friend to humanity.

The nature of our plan not permitting the insertion of much domestic news, we presume that the following

CHRONOLOGY OF REMARKABLE EVENTS OF 1790,
will not be unacceptable, nor unuseful, to our readers.

Jan. 1. 1790. New Year's Day not observed at St. James's, and the Ode prepared by the Laureat forbid to be performed.

2. Accounts from all quarters of the uncommon mildness of the season, spring fruits, &c. being produced.

3. Tippoo Saib's army defeated in an engagement with the Rajah of Travancore.

5. Lord Westmoreland arrived at Dublin as Lord Lieutenant.

6. Turks defeated near Orsova, by Colonel Liptai, an Austrian commander.

7. A Congress of Deputies from the States of the several provinces in the Netherlands, meet at Brussels.

11. They conclude a Treaty of Union.

13. Prince

13. Prince Edward arrived in England unexpectedly.
14. Grand Fete at Carlton-house.
19. A French puppet-show set up in Westminster, with the patronage of several persons of the first distinction.
20. The celebrated philanthropist, John Howard, died at Cherson. His death was announced in the London Gazette.
- The City Members instructed by the Livery to oppose the extension of the Excise laws, in the case of the Tobacco manufactory.
- A man aged 53, walked from Windsor to Hyde-Park and back again in six hours and forty minutes, for a wager. Seven hours and a quarter were allowed.
21. The British and Irish Parliaments met.
- John Frith, a maniac, threw a stone at the state coach, as his Majesty was going to the House of Peers.
27. Dreadful hurricane of wind, which did great damage in the River.
29. Prince Edward set out for Portsmouth to go to Gibraltar.
- Citadel of Antwerp capitulated to the Patriots on terms.
- Feb. 1. Prince Edward failed in the Southampton frigate for Gibraltar.
- The Emperor grants to the Hungarians all their ancient privileges.
4. The French King went to the National Assembly, and gave his unqualified and voluntary sanction to the New Constitution.
8. The Levees of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales began.
9. Extraordinary dispute in the House of Commons betwixt Mr. Burke and Mr. Sheridan, in which the former declared that he was from that moment for ever separated in politics from the latter.
12. Court of Aldermen and Common Council petition the House Commons against the Tobacco Excise bill.
16. Impeachment of Mr. Hastings resumed; charge opened by Mr Anstruther.
19. Dreadful fire at Pedlar's Acre, near Westminster-bridge; many lives lost.
20. Joseph II. Emperor of Germany, departed this life.
25. Impeachment adjourned to April 22.
- Court of Common Council passed resolutions against the repeal of the Test Act.
28. Prince Edward arrived at Gibraltar.
- March 2. Mr. Fox's motion to repeal the Test Act, negatived by 204 to 105.
9. Dreadful fire at Hanway-yard, Oxford-street, by which several persons lost their lives.
14. Violent thunder-storm at Thurso in Scotland.
- Captain Bligh arrived in London, and brought intelligence of a mutiny on board the Bounty armed ship in the South Sea, on the 28th April 1789; when the Captain and 17 others were put into an open boat, and after traversing the ocean for 46 days, the extent of 4200 miles, arrived at Timor on the 12th of June.
15. Mr. Murray descended safely in a parachute from the church tower at Portsmouth.
18. Advices received of the loss of the Vanfittart East Indiaman in the straits of Billoton, in November last.
20. Intelligence received that the French troops had evacuated Pondicherry.
- Lord Effingham landed at Jamaica, as Governor.
29. Treaty of alliance between Prussia and Poland signed at Warsaw.
- April 1. The Royal assent given to a bill to allow 6000*l.* a year to the Speaker of the House of Commons.
4. Foundation stone of the Opera-house in the Haymarket laid by the Earl of Buckingham.
4. Sir George Ramsay, Bart. killed in a duel by Mr Macrae.
11. Orsova taken by the Austrians.
- The Emperor of Morocco died.
13. General Van der Merck arrested by order of the Belgic Congress, and sent prisoner to the citadel of Antwerp.
16. Repeat

16. Repeal of the Tobacco Act lost by a majority of 44.
17. The celebrated Dr. Franklin died at Philadelphia.
19. Rewards offered to apprehend a person called the Monster, who had cut and wounded several ladies.
22. Impeachment resumed.
23. Rules of the King's Bench prison contracted, the Circus, the Dog and Duck, and every public house declared to be out of the rules.
25. Fort of Natoon in the East Indies surrendered to the British troops.
29. Intelligence received of the miraculous escape of part of the crew of the Guardian frigate, which was wrecked on the ice.
- May 4. Advice received at Petersburg, that 20,000 Russians were repulsed in an attack on the Swedish post at Karmankosky.
5. Hot press on the river.
- Notification to both Houses of Parliament of the Spanish hostilities at Nootka Sound.
8. All Officers ordered to join their regiments, and the customary proclamation for seamen.
13. The Swedes make an unsuccessful attack on the port of Revel.
15. They gain a complete victory over the Russian fleet of armed vessels at Fredericksham.
16. Fire in Aldersgate-street, which burnt 30 houses.
18. Russian fleet defeated by the Turks in the Archipelago.
23. The French Assembly, after some days debate, deprive the King of the power of making war.
27. Dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, from eleven to twelve at night.
28. Major Scott reprimanded for a letter reflecting on the managers of the impeachment.
- June 30. — Parliament prorogued.
12. Parliament dissolved.
18. Attempt to assassinate the Spanish Minister at Madrid.
22. Most intense heat in London, with dreadful thunder storm at Newcastle.
- July 3 and 4. Swedish fleet defeated at Vyborg.
7. Dutch fleet joined the British at Spithead.
8. Ry-wick Williams, the Monster, convicted at the Old Bailey; his case referred to the opinion of the twelve Judges.
- 9 and 11. Russian fleet of galleys totally defeated by the Swedes.
- Lord Howe took the command of the grand fleet at Portsmouth.
14. Grand Confederation of the French at the Champ de Mars in Paris.
17. Lord Howe, with a fleet of 31 sail of the line, sailed from Spithead on a cruise.
26. Captain M'Donald, of the Trelawney Planter, ill treated by the Commander of a Spanish ship in the Gulph of Florida.
27. Preliminaries of peace in favour of the Turks signed at Reichenbach, between the Kings of Prussia and Hungary.
28. Forth and Clyde navigation opened from sea to sea.
31. British Parliament prorogued to Oct. 12.
- Aug. 5. An extraordinary Gazette, containing the declaration and counter-declaration signed at Madrid by the Spanish and British Ministers.
6. The *Droit d'aubain* abolished in France.
13. Dreadful storm at St. George's, Grenada, which did much damage.
14. Preliminaries of peace between Russia and Sweden.
17. Grand fleet sailed from Torbay.
26. National Assembly of France agree to abide by the Family Compact, and arm against Great Britain.
- Sept. 9. — Advice received, that M. Neckar had resigned his place as Minister of the French Finances.
13. Dreadful storm at Jamaica, which greatly damaged the shipping.
14. Lord Howe's fleet returned to Spithead.

15. Philadelphia appointed to be the seat of Congress for ten years.
18. Died his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.
21. Great promotion of naval officers.
23. Overflowing of the waters in Scotland, bearing away bridges, &c.
25. New regulations adopted by the Bank in transfers, in consequence of the forgeries committed by Fonton, a clerk.
29. French Assembly decreed 1200 million of assignats.
- Armistice betwixt the Russians and the Turks.
- Dreadful fire at Newport in the Isle of Wight.
30. His Apostolic Majesty chosen King of the Romans.
- Oct. 2. Parliament prorogued to Nov. 25.
5. Dreadful thunder storm at Marseilles.
6. Foot guards ordered upon foreign service.
12. Powder-mills at Dartford blew up, six men killed.
13. Seventy sail of the line in commission.
17. St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, after repairs of two years, opened for divine service.
25. Admiral Cornish, with a Squadron of six ships of the line and a frigate, failed from St. Helen's.
27. Convention between Great Britain and Spain signed at Madrid.
28. Six Cherokee Chiefs arrived in England.
29. Kilia taken by the Russians.
- Nov. 2. Accounts received of the city of Oran, on the coast of Africa, having been almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake.
3. Intelligence of a rupture between Spain and Morocco.
4. Gazette Extraordinary, announcing the Convention to the public.
6. Preparations discontinued at the ports.
11. The Archduke Leopold appointed Palatine of the kingdom of Hungary.
13. Lord Howe took leave of the fleet, and made public acknowledgment to the officers and men for their good behaviour.
15. The Emperor crowned King of the Romans at Presburgh.
17. The ships at Spithead, &c. ordered to be paid off.
18. The City of London address his Majesty on the Convention.
20. His Imperial Majesty makes his public entry into Vienna as Emperor.
21. Storm of thunder and lightning, which did great damage at Salisbury and other places.
24. Namur surrendered to the Emperor's troops, who in a few days re-established his dominion over the whole Belgic states.
25. Parliament met, and chose Mr. Addington Speaker.
26. Parliament opened in a speech from the throne.
27. Sir Robert Boyd failed for Gibraltar as governor.
- Dec. 1.—Tremendous gale of wind off Spithead, which did much damage to the shipping.
3. Duke of Clarence promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral.
14. Articles of Convention approved by the House of Commons—majority in favour of them, 124.
- The person called the Monster, sentenced to six years imprisonment, being two years for each offence on which he was tried at Hicks's Hall.
15. Chapter of the Garter held at St. James's; new Knights, the Duke of Saxe Gotha, Duke of Leeds, and Lord Chatham.
23. This morning, between five and six o'clock, the most violent storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, ever remembered by the oldest persons now living. It did considerable damage in and about the metropolis.
- House of Commons, after a debate of three days, determined that the Impeachment of Mr Hastings should proceed, notwithstanding the dissolution of Parliament. The numbers were 123 against 30.
29. His Majesty went to the House of Peers, and gave the royal assent to several bills, after which the House adjourned to February.

THE
ATTIC MISCELLANY,

NUMBER XVIII.

THE GO SHOP,

Not an hundred Miles from Bow Street.

THIS congress of human depravity, to the scandal of our police, the *primum mobile* of which is centered in its neighbourhood, is an evil too serious for a joke; at the same time that our pledge to the public obliges us to mention it under our head of club history.

The notorious *Hell Fire* of our ancestors was a council of faints compared with it, and not a member of Milton's Pandæmonium would have shaken hands with an inmate of the Go. We include not the *sober convivials* of the evening—by which word is to be understood the space of time including the hours of ten and one—though even this definition of an evening may not altogether accord with the *narrow* ideas of our provincial readers. The dons, who drop in after the play is over, to descant on the merits of the different performers, eat their chops, smoke their pipes, and are able afterwards to *walk* home, we do not involve in the odium; they are mostly men who have some visible means of living; but the more choice spirits who are found in their seats after two, are of another description; geniuses who, almost to a man, live nobody knows how. Any visitor of the house found in his place after two, is qualified for a member, and having paid his forfeit, *Goes round*—that is a quartern of rum or brandy to every member present, including the landlord—becomes possessed, among others, of the invaluable privilege of being admitted at any hour after midnight, as also that of uttering blasphemies too horrid for the hearing of day.

We have been informed—if erroneously we shall be obliged, even to a member of the Go, to undeceive us, that the celebrated and *amiable* Rynwick Williams was the original founder of this social meeting; the authority from which we received this information may probably have confounded persons possessing names the same, or similar, whose manners bore something of the same stamp.

There is no sitting chairman: but at the time of *making* a member, a *chair* is called *pro tempore*; neither has this any pre-eminent place in the room; but any member holds the office till the *GOES* are ordered in; after which, the new member, if he can, usually sings a song; this, the more obscene and shocking it is in a moral sense, the more grateful to the ears of the audience; if he cannot

sing, a deep drawn and far-fetched oath—the more it includes of the christian theology the better—that he *can* not and will not sing is admitted as an apology, provided he gets very drunk.

Boxing is a favourite *science* with them, and nocturnal mischief their highest ambition: a principal man of their number boasts of having, in the course of the last five years, furnished himself with cloaths, by the sale of brass knockers, bell handles, and scrapers, which he had wrenched from doors in his way home to bed. Another qualification they possess, in general, to a very eminent degree, is that of public speaking. The landlord particularly is famous in this way; of whom it has been remarked, that no man has more to say on an insignificant subject, and no one less on a matter of importance; this enables him to cut a great figure among them, as no body of men exercise themselves on subjects of so little utility to the world at large.

We shall not precisely say where this *communion of saints* is held, avoiding the practice of those who puff obscene books, by abusing the publisher who lives at *such a number in such a street*; it being our wish rather to turn the attention of our readers *from* than *to* such a den of *human brutality*; at the same time we lament the pretended necessity there is for such hot-houses, where the fruit of iniquity may the sooner ripen, and fall into the hands of the harpies of justice, who haunt the neighbourhood. c,

A PARISIAN TALE,

By Quintus Quoz, Esq.

WHEN I have got a tale to tell,
Which might as well
Be told in about minutes two,
As half a year,
My skittish muse is much dispos'd to prance
About it and about it, like a cat
Or kitten round a mouse or rat,
With vast ado;
But now, good folks, suppose yourselves in France—
In Paris, and I'll wait upon you there,
For there the feat, of which I mean to tell,
Besel,
Where folks, they say, are free
As we.—

Within the Fauxbourg Saint Antoine,
Near where, extending many a rood,
Old Despotism's fall'n temple* stood,

* The Bastille.

The

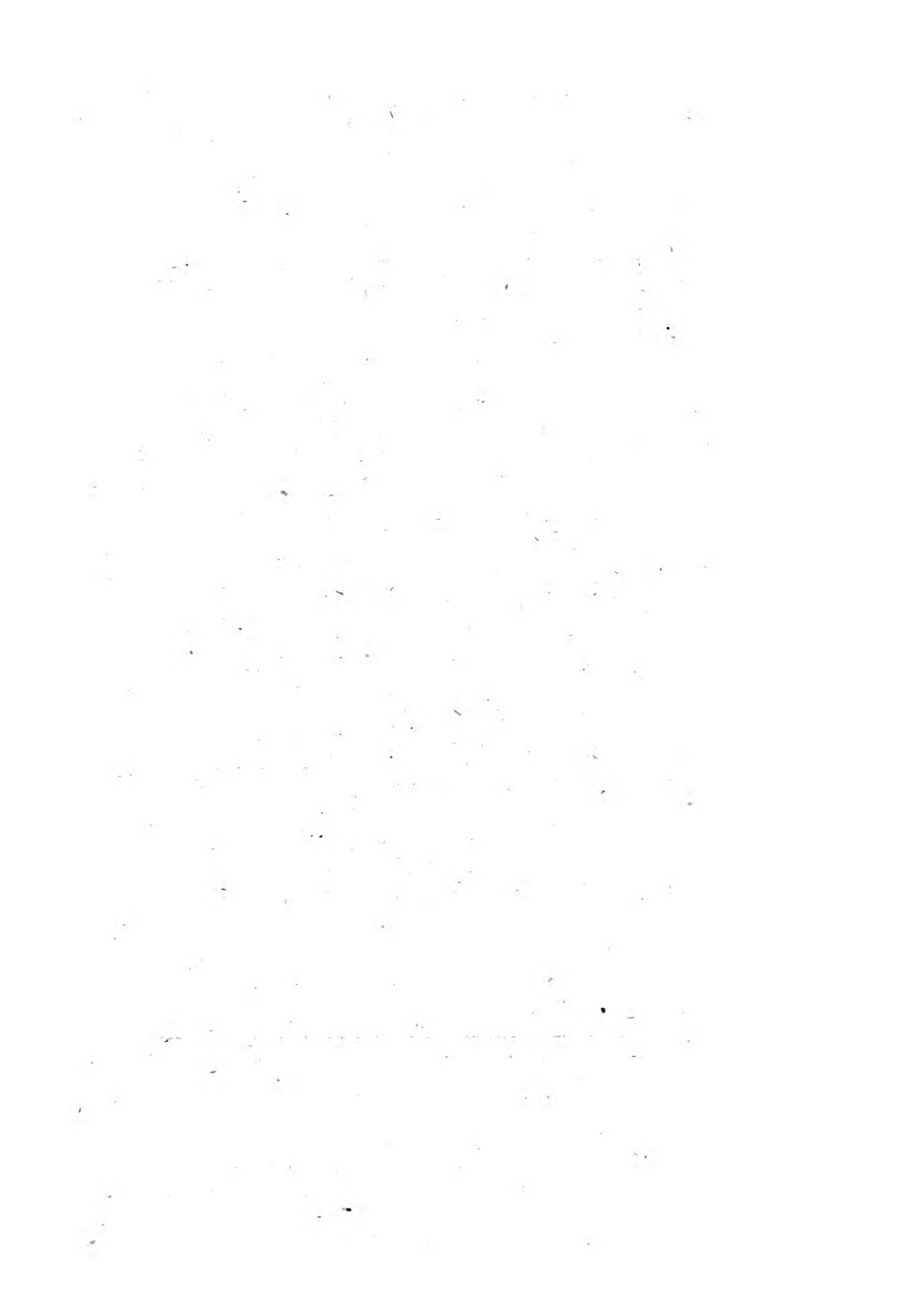
The patriot virtues bleeding at her shrine,
 Her shrine with *lettres de cachet* alight,
 A horrid sight!
 But now since Freedom fair,
 Waves her bright pinions in Parisian air——
 Enough
 Of this poetic stuff.——
 Beneath an old suspicious looking roof,
 That seem'd, for fear of swagg'ring blades,
 In boots, with red and blue cockades†,
 To skulk aloof,
 A nest of folks
 Were seen with downward, discontented looks!——
 A vigilant Hibernian lad hard by,
 Who lodg'd six story high,
 Pronounced them "A rare stock o' rats!"
 That is, *Aristocrats!*
 For from his elevated site,
 He kenn'd them all by night,
 Busy, as fifty taylor's on a board,
 And sent the National Assembly word——
 As how—a set of *rebels* fly,
 That back'd the king, and ought to die,
 Hung altogether in a string,
 Who should in single packthread swing,
 Be dragg'd from ambuscade and night,
 And *a la lanterne* come to light:
 Their deeds were *dark*, he *clearly* knew,
 Because they were *obscure* to view.——
 Thus much he ventur'd to reveal,
 And to it set his hand and seal.——
 Just then L'Assemblée were in loud debate,
 Arguing a knotty case,
 Of vast importance to the state,
 Concerning certain lace,
 And buttons to the coat;
 Of civic note,
 Whether best worn behind, or best before——
 When *Pat's* epistle hush'd the loud uproar.——
 So frets upon the fire a kettle
 Of brags, or other mettle,
 When nothing is put in to boil;
 The vacant water keeps a ceaseless coil,
 But soufe a cold potatoe in the tide,
 The foaming waves subside!——
 The Presidential bell was rung,
 And mute attention on the packet hung,
 † The buckish dress of the Democrats.

When 'twas resolv'd a trusty band should meet,
 And rush impetuous on the guilty street,
 To ruin level the proscib'd *hotel*,
 And hurl its rebel guests to hell!
 This was the mighty MIRABEAU's decree:
 The rest exclaim'd " *Ainsi soit-il!*"
 No sooner said than done;
 Fierce DE LA FAYETTE led them on:—
 Arriv'd at the devoted spot,
 With democratic fury hot,
 They burst the door,
 And rush'd up stairs with horrible uproar;
 Nor stay'd a moment to inquire
 What were the harmless objects of their ire,
 But overset,
 Living or dead, whate'er they met.—
 And, having made the foe defenceless yield,
 They sought to crown their toil
 With spoil,
 That, rich in glittering *colour* strew'd the field;
 When nought save pictures, all in tatter'd bits,
 Or full of slits,
 They saw,
 The worthless trophies of the war!—
 And for the captives, what were they? O dear!
 But meagre sons of paint!
 This copying some *Madonna*, that some *saint*,
Originals for *DESENFANS* to puff,
 Assisted by an English auctioneer,
 Right *Raffaello*, *Angelo* and *Titian* stuff!
 Agoing! *Sirs!* agoing! gone!—
 I've done!

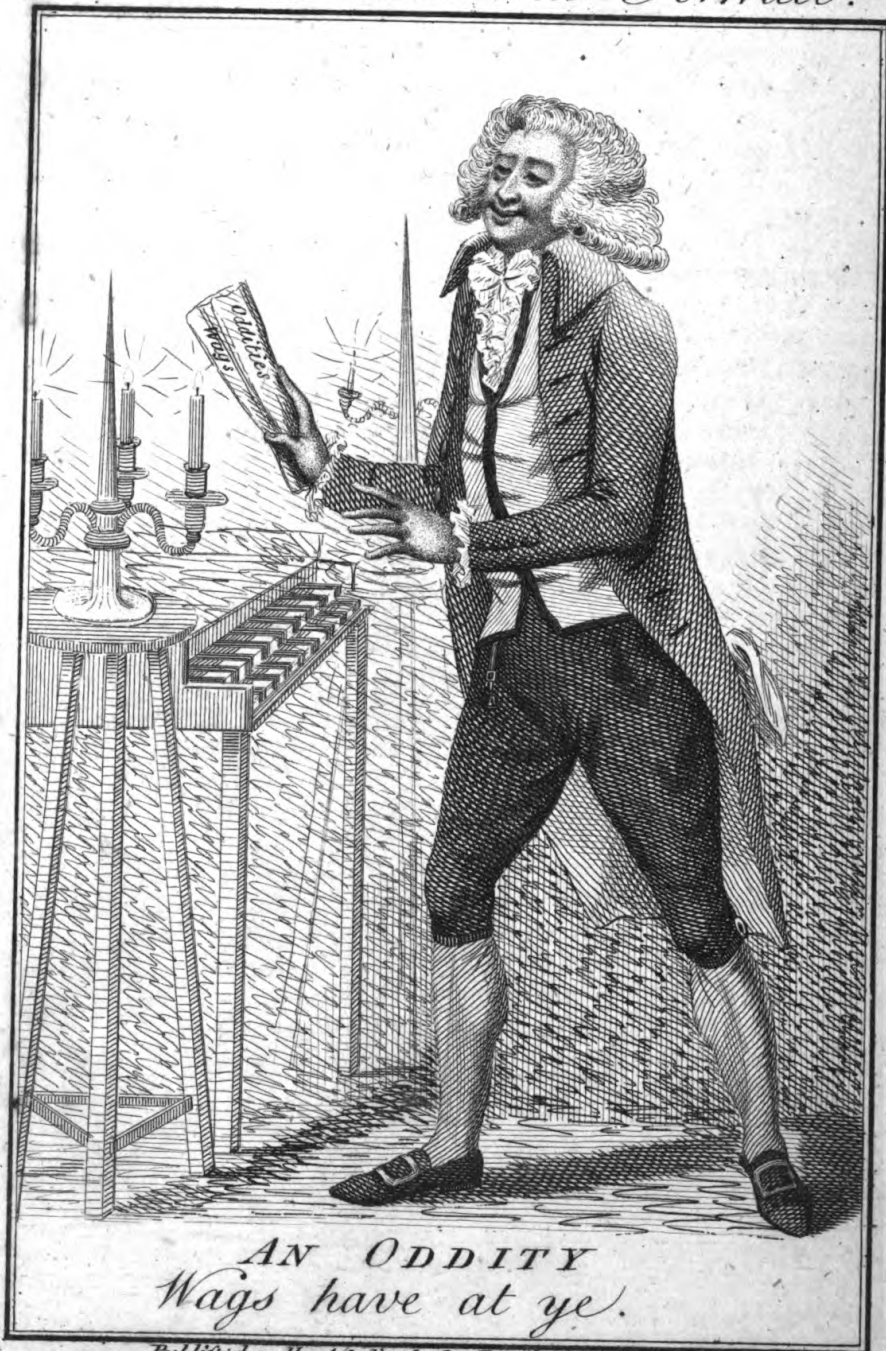
LINES,

Written under Lady Shaw's Epitaph upon the Black Slab in the great
 Kirk in Edinburgh.

HERE lies interr'd, beside a witch,
 Th' oppressor both of poor and rich:
 Now how she finds, and how she fares,
 De'el any kens, and as few cares.



ATTIC MISCELLANY.
A Musico-Oratorical Portrait.



AN ODDITY
Wags have at ye.

Published as the Act directs, by Bentley & C^o March 1st 1791.

V

THE ACTOR. N° XIII.

A

————— Play on.
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—SHAK.

THEATRICUS Automaton to Petronius Broadgrin—

“No man that I know, possesses, in so eminent a degree, the grand requisites for cutting a figure in public, as yourself; these are, consummate effrontery, and a favourable opinion of your own abilities; joined to which, your figure is irresistible; the ladies have only to look and languish!—Your determination to stand alone, is another great thing in your favour, as well in a pecuniary point of view, which by the way is all in all, as a circumstance adding to your fame: you might, indeed, procure almost any one to sing your songs, with a better voice than yourself; but, as you very properly observe, *your songs are such that nobody can make any thing of them but yourself!*” And then for the *speaking*, or rather the *reading* part of the business, as you can *read*, I cannot see why you should put it into the hands of any other person, who might not *understand it*.—Apropos, concerning this prose, which you say must be full of point, I send you *a very scarce volume*, which will furnish you with as many good things as you can wish for; it contains the whole Works of Joe Miller: these you may disguise as you please, and make them pass for your own. Indeed, the book is so little read, that you need not disguise it at all!

Respecting your *poeticals*, you need not go far for subjects, the most suited to your purpose. As you are not nice in your versification, be not over nice in your choice of matter: the pugilistic taste of the age has put mankind more upon a level than formerly, and that taste in particular occupies the spot which you have chosen; so that a sailor's, a waterman's, a sandman's, or a lamplighter's song, will gain you more credit than the most high flown ode, divided into strophe, antistrophe, and epode; not that I should ever suspect you of being guilty of such an eccentric thing; therefore the caution is unnecessary.

If you have an occasion to make people laugh most immoderately by a *bit* at some temporary concern, as for instance suppose an extraordinary high-tide should find its way into Westminster Hall, hear what the papers say of it for a week, and then put their prose into poetry; depend upon it, you might produce something *devilish droll* that way, and you know it would be all your own. In respect to your *action*, I must leave that to your own *superlative judgment*; but, as to your looks—always grin—it will make your audience grin—and that is applause!

EULOGIUM ON RUM.

ARISE, ye pimpled tipling race, arise !
 From every town and village tavern, come ;
 Shew your red noses, and o'erflowing eyes,
 — And help the bard to chaunt the praise of RUM :

The cordial drop, the morning *dram*, I sing,
 The mid-day *toddy*, and the evening *sing* ;
 Hail, mighty Rum ! and by this gen'ral name
 I call each species—whisky, gin, or brandy ;
 The kinds are various, but the effects the same,
 And so I chuse a name that's short and handy ;
 For, reader, know it takes a deal of time
 To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.

Hail, mighty Rum ! thy song-inspiring merit,
 To many a bard well known in these our days,
 Apollo's tipples they find lacks of spirit,
 Mere chicken broth, insipid as their lays,
 And, pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let, aye sea,
 Of tuneful water for one quart of thee.

Hail, mighty Rum ! how wond'rous is thy power !
 Unwarm'd by thee, how would our spirits fail,
 When dark December comes with aspect sour,
 And sharp as razor blows the northern gale ;
 And yet thou'rt grateful in that sultry day,
 When raging Sirius darts his fervid ray.

Hail, mighty Rum ! to thee the wretched fly,
 And find a sweet oblivion for their woes ;
 Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave they lie,
 Forget their kindred, and forgive their foes ;
 And Lethe's stream, so much extoll'd by some,
 In ancient times, I shrewdly guess was Rum.

Hail, mighty Rum ! what can thy power withstand ?
 E'en lordly Reason flies thy dreadful face,
 And health and joy, and all the lovely band
 Of social virtues, shun thy dwelling place ;
 For in whatever breast you rear your throne,
 Like Turkish monarch, you must reign alone.

Oft when bright Phœbus' chariot quits the sky,
 And humbler Cynthia mounts her one-horse chair,

To thy snug altar shall thy votary fly,
 And, rapt in darkness, keep his orgies there ;
 Lift the full bumper to his joyous head,
 And, great as Cæsar, real sublime to bed.

BIBO,

ANECDOTES AND BONS MOTS.

GEORGE the Second returning from one of his excursions to Hanover, being detained some weeks by contrary winds, fixed his residence in one of the storehouses at Helveotfluys. In one of his rambles, meeting a pretty Dutch girl on the quay, he accosted her with a "good-morrow ! what have you in your basket, child ?" "Eyeren, Mynheer ; eggs, Sir." "And what is the price, my dear ?" "A ducat a piece." "What, are eggs so scarce then in Holland ?" "No, Sir," replied the girl, "but *Kings* are !" I,

A gentleman coming to town from Seven Oaks, in Kent, observed on a sign in the road the following lines, which, on enquiry, he found to be the offspring of the landlord's brain ;

' I John Stubbs liveth hear,
 Sells good Branday, Gin and Beer :
 I mead my Borde a letel whyder
 To lette you nowe I fell good Syder.

A few days ago, a certain reverend gentleman and his friend, were passing Antony Bacon's house at Woodford, which stands upon a hill naked and without trees—"Pray," says the parson, "whose house is that ?" "Bacon's," replied his friend.—"Bacon !" says the parson, "*then Bacon wants greens sadly.*"

The following whimsical circumstance is an absolute fact : Some time since a man who had business with a Magistrate, who is an auctioneer, gave much offence by neglecting to call him his *Worship*, on which he committed him to gaol for contempt. When the man obtained his discharge, he constantly attended his *Worship's* sales, bidding for almost every lot, "Three-pence, your *Worship* ! Six-pence your *Worship* !" which caused such scenes of laughter at the auctioneer's expence, that he was glad to give the man ten guineas never to attend his sales any more.

Among the many instances of the lamentable situation of a country comedian, we have been favoured with the following : There is a performer of merit, who upon a late theatrical excursion, played, at Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, the character of King Richard III. at the end of which he undressed and danced a minuet, read the lecture on heads, acted the character Petruchio, and concluded
 with

with a hornpipe which was insisted on by the upper gallery, for all which he shared the sum of four-pence half-penny. This is said to be an absolute fact.

An able physician, whose darling enjoyment was the love of money, on paying a visit to a philosopher, who happened to be one of his patients, found him to be eating a ragout. "What are you about?" said he to him; "such food as this is poison even to persons in perfect health." "I know it, and am to blame," (replied the philosopher) "I shall restrain my appetite for the future; pray what do I owe you for your attendance during my illness?" The physician named a very considerable sum. "You are exorbitant in your demands," replied the philosopher, as he told out the money to him; "take care of your own malady, it is not of less serious consequence than mine; for riches are to the soul of man, what physic is to the body."

APOTHEGMS FROM LORD BACON.

When any great officer, ecclesiastical or civil, was to be made, the Queen would enquire after the piety, integrity, learning of the man. And when she was satisfied in these qualifications, she would consider of his personage. And upon such an occasion she pleased once to say to me, "Bacon, how can the magistrate maintain his authority, when the man is despised?"

In eighty-eight, when the Queen went from Temple Bar along Fleet-street, the lawyers were ranked on one side, and the companies of the city on the other; said master Bacon to a lawyer that stood next him, "Do but observe the courtiers. If they bow first to the citizens, they are in debt; if first to us, they are in law."

In some of James's progresses, he asked how far it was to a town whose name I have forgotten: they said, "Six miles:" half an hour after he asked again; one said, "Six miles and an half:" The King alighted out of his coach, and crept under the shoulder of his led horse. And when some asked his Majesty what he meant; "I must stalk," said he, "for yonder town is slow and flies me."

Sir Francis Bacon coming into the Earl of Arundel's garden, where there were a great number of ancient statues of naked men and women, made a stand, and, as astonished, cried out, "Behold the resurrection!"

THE

HISTORY OF NICOLAS PEDROSA.

Concluded from Page 157.

AS soon as the room was cleared the inquisitor general beckoning to the prisoner to follow him, retired into a private closet, where throwing himself carelessly into an arm chair, he turned a gracious countenance upon the poor affrighted accoucheur, and bidding him sit down upon a low stool by his side, thus accosted him:—"Take heart, senor Pedrosa, your imprisonment is not likely to be very tedious, for I have a commission you must execute without loss of time: you have too much consideration for yourself to betray a trust, the violation of which must involve you in inevitable ruin, and can in no degree attain my character, which is far enough beyond the reach of malice: be attentive therefore to my orders; execute them punctually and keep my secret as you tender your own life. Dost thou know the name and condition of the lady, whom thou hast delivered?" Nicolas assured him he did not, and his excellency proceeded as follows:—"Then I tell thee, Nicolas, it is the illustrious Donna Leonora de Casafonda; her husband is the president of Quito and daily expected with the next arrivals from the South Seas; now, though measures have been taken for detaining him at the port, wherever he shall land, till he shall receive further orders, yet you must be sensible Donna Leonora's situation is somewhat delicate: It will be your business to take the speediest measures for her recovery, but as it seems she has had a dangerous and painful labour, this may be a work of more time than could be wished, unless some medicines more efficacious than common are administered: Art thou acquainted with any such, friend Nicolas?"—"So please your excellency," quoth Nicolas, "my processes have been tolerably successful; I have bandages and cataplasms with oils and conserves, that I have no cause to complain of; they will restore nature to its proper state in all decent time."—"Thou talkest like a fool, friend Nicolas," interrupting him, said the inquisitor; "What tellest thou me of thy swathings and swadlings? quick work must be wrought by quick medicines: Hast thou none such in thy botica? I'll answer for it thou hast not; therefore look you, firrah, here is a little vial compounded by a famous chymist; see that you mix it in the next apozem you administer to Donna Leonora; it is the most capital sedative in nature; give her the whole of it, and let her husband return when he will, depend upon it he will make no discoveries from her."—"Humph!" quoth Nicolas within himself. "Well said, inquisitor!" He took the vial with all possible respect, and was not wanting in professions of the most inviolable fidelity and secrecy—"No more words, friend Nicolas,"

quoth the inquisidor, "upon that score; I do not believe thee one jot the more for all thy promises, my dependance is upon thy fears and not thy faith; I fancy thou hast seen enough of this place not to be willing to return to it once for all."—Having so said, he rang a bell, and ordered Nicolas to be forthwith liberated, bidding the messenger return his cloaths instantly to him with all that belonged to him, and having slipped a purse into his hand well filled with doubloons, he bade him be gone about his business and not see his face again till he had executed his commands.

Nicolas bolted out of the porch without taking leave of the altar and never checked his speed till he found himself fairly housed under shelter of his own beloved brais basin.—"Aha!" quoth Nicolas, "my lord inquisidor, I see the king is not likely to gain a subject more by your intrigues; a pretty job you have set me about; and so, when I have put the poor lady to rest with your damned sedative, my tongue must be stopt next to prevent its blabbing; but I'll shew you I was not born in Andalusia for nothing." Nicolas now opened a secret drawer and took out a few pieces of money, which in fact was his whole stock of cash in the world; he loaded and primed his pistols and carefully lodged them in the housers of his saddle, he buckled to his side his trusty spada, and hastened to caparison his mule. "Ah, thou imp of the old one," quoth he as he entered the stable, "art not ashamed to look me in the face? But come, huffey, thou owest me a good turn methinks, stand by me this once, and be friends for ever! thou art in good case, and if thou wilt put thy best foot foremost, like a faithful beast, thou shalt not want for barley by the way. The bargain was soon struck between Nicolas and his mule, he mounted her in the happy moment and pointing his course towards the bridge of Toledo, which proudly strides with half a dozen lofty arches over a stream scarce three feet wide, he found himself as completely in a desert in half a mile's riding, as if he had been dropt in the center of Arabia petræa. As Nicolas's journey was not a tour of curiosity, he did not amuse himself with a peep at Toledo, or Talavera, or even Merida by the way; for the same reason he took a *circumbendibus* round the frontier town of Badajoz, and crossing a little brook refreshed his mule with the last draught of Spanish water, and instantly congratulated himself upon entering the territory of Portugal. "Brava!" quoth he, patting the neck of his mule, "thou shalt have a supper this night of the best fleve-meat that Eſremadura can furnish: We are now in a country where the scattered flock of Israel fold thick and fare well." He now began to chaunt the song of Solomon, and gently ambled on in the joy of his heart.

When Nicolas at length reached the city of Lisbon, he hugged himself in his good fortune; still he recollected that the inquisition has long arms, and he was yet in a place of no perfect security. Our adventurer had in early life acted as assistant surgeon in a
Spanish

Spanish frigate bound to Buenos Ayres, and being captured by a British man of war and carried into Jamaica, had very quietly passed some years in that place as journeyman apothecary, in which time he had acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the English language; no sooner then did he discover the British ensign flying on the poop of an English frigate then lying in the Tagus, than he eagerly caught the opportunity of paying a visit to the surgeon, and finding he was in want of a mate, offered himself and was entered in that capacity for a cruize against the French and Spaniards, with whom Great Britain was then at war. In this secure asylum Nicolas enjoyed the first happy moments he had experienced for a long time past, and being a lively good-humoured little fellow, and one that touched the guitar and sung seguidillas with a tolerable grace, he soon recommended himself to his ship-mates and grew in favour with every body on board from the captain to the cook's mate.

When they were out upon their cruize hovering on the Spanish coast, it occurred to Nicolas that the inquisidor general at Madrid had told him of the expected arrival of the president of Quito, and having imparted this to one of the lieutenants, he reported it to the captain, and, as the intelligence seemed of importance, he availed himself of it by hawling into the track of the homeward bound galleons, and great was the joy, when at the break of the morning the man at the mast-head announced a square-rigged vessel in view: The ardor of a chase now set all hands at work, and a few hours brought them near enough to discern that she was a Spanish frigate and seemingly from a long voyage; little Pedrosa, as alert as the rest, stripped himself for his work and repaired to his post in the cockpit, whilst the thunder of the guns rolled incessantly overhead; three cheers from the whole crew at length announced the moment of victory, and a few more minutes ascertained the good news that the prize was a frigate richly laden from the South Seas with the governor of Quito and his suite on board.

Pedrosa was now called upon deck and sent on board the prize as interpreter to the first lieutenant, who was to take possession of her. He found every thing in confusion, a deck covered with the slain and the whole crew in consternation at an event they were in no degree prepared for, not having received any intimation of a war. He found the officers in general and the passengers without exception under the most horrid impressions of the English, and expecting to be plundered and perhaps butchered without mercy. Don Manuel de Cafafonda the governor, whose countenance bespoke a constitution far gone in a decline, had thrown himself on a sofa in the last state of despair and given way to an effusion of tears; when the lieutenant entered the cabin he rose trembling from his couch and with the most supplicating action presented to him his sword, and with it a casket which he carried in his other hand; as he tendered these spoils to his conqueror, whether through weakness or of

his own will, he made a motion of bending his knee; the generous Briton, shocked at the unmanly overture, caught him suddenly with both hands, and turning to Pedrofa, said aloud—“Convince this gentleman he is fallen into the hands of an honourable enemy.” “Is it possible!” cried Don Manuel, and lifting up his streaming eyes to the countenance of the British officer, saw humanity, valour and generous pity so strongly characterized in his youthful features, that the conviction was irresistible. “Will he not accept my sword,” cried the Spaniard? “He desires you to wear it, till he has the honour of presenting you to his captain.”—“Ah! then he has a captain,” exclaimed Don Manuel, “his superior will be of another way of thinking; tell him this casket contains my jewels: they are valuable; let him present them as a lawful prize, which will enrich the captor; his superior will not hesitate to take them from me.”—“If they are your excellency’s private property,” replied Pedrofa, “I am ordered to assure you, that if your ship was loaded with jewels, no British officer in the service of his king will take them at your hands; the ship and effects of his Catholic Majesty are the only prize of the captors; the personals of the passengers are inviolate.”—“Generous nation!” exclaimed Don Manuel, “how greatly have I wronged thee!”—The boats of the British frigate now came alongside and part of the crew were shifted out of the prize, taking their clothes and trunks along with them, in which they were very cordially assisted by their conquerors. The barge soon after came aboard with an officer in the stern-sheets, and the crew in their white shirts and velvet caps, to escort the governor and the ship’s captain on board the frigate, which lay with her sails to the mast awaiting their arrival: the accommodation ladder was slung over the side and manned for the prisoners, who were received on the gang-way by the second lieutenant, whilst perfect silence and the strictest discipline reigned in the ship, where all were under the decks and no inquisitive curious eyes were suffered to wound the feelings of the conquered even with a glance; in the door of his cabin stood the captain, who received them with that modest complaisance, which does not revolt the unfortunate by an overstrained politeness; he was a man of high birth and elegant manners with a heart as benevolent as it was brave: Such an address set off with a person finely formed and perfectly engaging could not fail to impress the prisoners with the most favourable ideas; and as Don Manuel spoke French fluently, he could converse with the British captain without the help of an interpreter. As he expressed an impatient desire of being admitted to his parole, that he might revisit friends and connections, from which he had been long separated, he was overjoyed to hear that the English ship would carry her prize into Lisbon; and that he would there be set on shore and permitted to make the best of his way from thence to Madrid; he talked of his wife with all the ardor of the most impassioned lover, and apologized for his tears by imputing them to the

the agony of his mind and the infirmity of his health under the dread of being longer separated from an object so dear to his heart and on whom he doated with the fondest affection. The generous captor indulged him in these conversations, and, being a husband himself, knew how to allow for all the tenderness of his sensations. "Ah, Sir," cried Don Manuel, "would to heaven it were in my power to have the honour of presenting my beloved Leonora to you on our landing at Lisbon—Perhaps," added he, turning to Pedrosa, who at that moment entered the cabin, "this gentleman, whom I take to be a Spaniard, may have heard the name of Donna Leonora de Casafonda; if he has been at Madrid, it is possible he may have seen her; should that be the case he can testify to her external charms; I alone can witness to the exquisite perfection of her mind."—"Senor Don Manuel," replied Pedrosa, "I have seen Donna Leonora, and your excellency is warranted in all you can say in her praise; she is of incomparable beauty." These words threw the uxorious Spaniard into raptures; his eyes sparkled with delight; the blood rushed into his emaciated cheeks and every feature glowed with unutterable joy: He pressed Pedrosa with a variety of rapid enquiries, all which he evaded by pleading ignorance, saying that he had only had a casual glance of her, as she passed along the Pardo. The embarrassment however which accompanied these answers did not escape the English captain, who shortly after drawing Pedrosa aside into the surgeon's cabin, was by him made acquainted with the melancholy situation of that unfortunate lady, and every particular of the story as before related; nay the very vial was produced with it's contents, as put into the hands of Pedrosa by the inquisidor.

"Can there be such villainy in man?" cried the British captain, when Pedrosa had concluded his detail. "Alas! my heart bleeds for this unhappy husband: assuredly that monster has destroyed Leonora; as for thee, Pedrosa, whilst the British flag flies over thy head, neither Spain, nor Portugal, nor Inquisidors, nor Devils shall annoy thee under it's protection; but if thou ever venturest over the side of this ship and rashly settest one foot upon Catholic soil, when we arrive at Lisbon, thou art a lost man."—"I were worse than a mad man," replied Nicolas, "should I attempt it."—"Keep close in this asylum then," resumed the captain, "and fear nothing; had it been our fate to have been captured by the Spaniard, what would have become of thee?"—"In the worst of extremities," replied Nicolas, I should have applied to the inquisidor's vial; but I confess I had no fears of that sort; a ship so commanded and so manned is in little danger of being carried into a Spanish port."—"I hope not," said the captain, "and I promise thee thou shalt take thy chance in her, so long as she is afloat under my command, and if we live to conduct her to England, thou shalt have thy proper share of prize money, which, if the galleon breaks up according to her entries, will be something towards enabling thee

to shift, and if thou art as diligent in thy duty, as I am persuaded thou wilt be, whilst I live thou shalt never want a seaman's friend."—At these cheering words, little Nicolas threw himself at the feet of his generous preserver, and with streaming eyes poured out his thanks from a heart animated with joy and gratitude.—The captain raising him by the hand forbade him as he prized his friendship ever to address him in that posture any more; "Thank me, if you will," added he, "but thank me as one man should another; let no knees bend in this ship but to the name of God.—But now," continued he, "let us turn our thoughts to the situation of our unhappy Casafonda; we are now drawing near to Lisbon, where he will look to be liberated on his parole." "By no means let him venture into Spain," said Pedrosa; "I am well assured there are orders to arrest him in every port or frontier town, where he may present himself."—"I can well believe it," replied the captain: "his piteous case will require further deliberation; in the mean time let nothing transpire on your part and keep yourself out of his sight as carefully as you can."—This said, the captain left the cabin, and both parties repaired to their several occupations.

As soon as the frigate and her prize cast anchor in the Tagus, Don Manuel de Casafonda impatiently reminded our captain of his promised parole. The painful moment was now come when an explanation of some sort became unavoidable: The generous Englishman with a countenance expressive of the tenderest pity, took the Spaniard's hand in his and seating him on a couch beside him, ordered the centinel to keep the cabin private, and delivered himself as follows—

"Señor Don Manuel, I must now impart to you an anxiety which I labour under on your account; I have strong reason to suspect you have enemies in your own country, who are upon the watch to arrest you on your landing; when I have told you this, I expect you will repose such trust in my honour and the sincerity of my regard for you, as not to demand a further explanation of the particulars, on which my intelligence is founded."—"Heaven and Earth!" cried the astonished Spaniard, "who can be those enemies I have to fear, and what can I have done to deserve them?"—"So far I will open myself to you," answered the captain, "as to point out the principal to you, the inquisidor general."—"The best friend I have in Spain," exclaimed the governor, "my sworn protector, the patron of my fortune; He my enemy! impossible."—"Well, Sir," replied the captain, "if my advice does not meet belief, I must so far exert my authority for your sake, as to make this ship your prison, till I have waited on our minister at Lisbon and made the enquiries necessary for your safety; suspend your judgment upon the seeming harshness of this measure till I return to you again;" and at the same time rising from his seat, he gave orders for the barge, and leaving strict injunctions with the
first

first lieutenant not to allow of the governor's quitting the frigate, he put off for the shore and left the melancholy Spaniard buried in profound and silent meditation.

The emissaries of the Inquisition having at last traced Pedrosa to Lisbon, and there gained intelligence of his having entered on board the frigate, our captain had no sooner turned into the porch of the hotel at Buenos-Ayres than he was accosted by a messenger of state with a requisition from the prime minister's office for the surrender of one Nicolas Pedrosa, a subject of Spain and a criminal, who had escaped out of the prison of the Inquisition in Madrid, where he stood charged of high crimes and misdemeanors.—As soon as this requisition was explained to our worthy captain, without condescending to a word in reply he called for pen and ink, and writing a short order to the officer commanding on board, instantly dispatched the midshipman, who attended him, to the barge with directions to make the best of his way back to the frigate and deliver it to the lieutenant: Then turning to the messenger, he said to him in a resolute tone—“That Spaniard is now borne on my books, and before you shall take him out of the service of my King, you must sink his ship.”—Not waiting for a reply, he immediately proceeded without stop to the house of the British Minister at the further end of the city: Here he found Pedrosa's intelligence with regard to the Governor of Quito expressly verified, for the order had come down even to Lisbon upon the chance of the Spanish frigate's taking shelter in that port: To this Minister he related the horrid tale, which Pedrosa had delivered to him, and with his concurrence it was determined to forward letters into Spain, which Don Manuel should be advised to write to his lady and friends at Madrid, and to wait their answer before any further discoveries were imparted to him respecting the blacker circumstances of the case. In the mean time it was resolved to keep the prisoner safe in his asylum.

The generous Captain lost no time in returning to his frigate, where he immediately imparted to Don Manuel the intelligence he had obtained at the British Minister's—“This indeed,” cried the afflicted Spaniard, “is a stroke I was in no respect prepared for; I had fondly persuaded myself there was not in the whole empire of Spain a more friendly heart than that of the Inquisitor's; to my beloved Leonora he had ever shewn the tenderness of a paternal affection from her very childhood; by him our hands were joined; his lips pronounced the nuptial benediction, and through his favour I was promoted to my government: Grant, Heaven, no misfortune hath befallen my Leonora! surely she cannot have offended him and forfeited his favour.”—“As I know him not,” replied the Captain, “I can form no judgment of his motives; but this I know, that if a man's heart is capable of cruelty, the fittest school to learn it in, must be the Inquisition.” The proposal was now suggested of sending letters into Spain, and the governor retired to his desk for the purpose of writing them; in the afternoon of the
same

same day the Minister paid a visit to the Captain, and receiving a packet from the hands of Don Manuel, promised to get it forwarded by a safe conveyance according to direction.

In due course of time this fatal letter from Leonora opened all the horrible transaction to the wretched husband ;—

“ The guilty hand of an expiring wife, under the agonizing operation of a mortal poison, traces these few trembling lines to an injured wretched husband. If thou hast any pity for my parting spirit fly the ruin that awaits thee and avoid this scene of villainy and horror. When I tell thee I have borne a child to the monster, whose poison runs in my veins, thou wilt abhor thy faithless Leonora ; had I strength to relate to thee the subtle machinations, which betrayed me to disgrace, thou wouldst pity and perhaps forgive me. Oh agony ! can I write his name ? The inquisitor is my murderer—My pen falls from my hand—Farewell for ever.”

Had a shot passed through the heart of Don Manuel, it could not more effectually have stopt its motions, than the perusal of this fatal writing : He dropped lifeless on the couch, and but for the care and assistance of the Captain and Pedrosa in that posture he had probably expired. Grief like his will not be described by words, for to words it gave no utterance ; 'twas suffocating, silent woe.

Let us drop the curtain over this melancholy pause in our narration, and attend upon the mournful widower now landing upon English ground, and conveyed by his humane and generous preserver to the house of a noble Earl, the father of our amiable Captain and a man by his virtues still more conspicuous than by his rank. Here amidst the gentle sollicitudes of a benevolent family, in one of the most enchanting spots on earth, in a climate most salubrious and restorative to a constitution exhausted by heat and a heart near broken with sorrow, the reviving spirits of the unfortunate Don Manuel gave the first symptoms of a possible recovery. At the period of a few tranquillizing weeks here passed in the bosom of humanity, letters came to hand from the British Minister at Lisbon, in answer to a memorial, that I should have stated to have been drawn up by the friendly Captain before his departure from that port, with a detail of facts deposed and sworn by Nicolas Pedrosa, which memorial with the documents attached to it was forwarded to the Spanish Court by special express from the Portuguese premier. By these letters it appeared that the high dignity of the person impeached by this statement of facts had not been sufficient to screen him from a very serious and complete investigation, in the course of which facts had been so clearly brought home to him by the confession of his several agents, and the testimony of the deceased Leonora's attendants together with her own written declarations, whilst the poison was in operation, that though no public sentence had been executed upon the criminal, it was generally understood he was either no longer in existence, or in a situation

ation never to be heard of any more, till roused by the awakening trump he shall be summoned to his tremendous last account. As for the unhappy widower, it was fully signified to him from authority, that his return to Spain, whether upon exchange or parole, would be no longer opposed, nor had he any thing to apprehend on the part of government, when he should there arrive. The same was signified in fewer words to the exculpated Pedrosa.

Whether Don Manuel de Casafonda will in time to come avail himself of these overtures time alone can prove: As for little Nicolas, whose prize money has set him up in a comfortable little shop in Duke's Place, where he breathes the veins and cleanses the bowels of his Israelitish brethren in a land of freedom and toleration, his merry heart is at rest, save only when with fire in his eyes and vengeance on his tongue he anathematizes the Inquisition, and struts into the synagogue every sabbath with as bold a step and as erect a look, as if he was himself High Priest of the Temple going to perform sacrifice upon the re-assembling of the scattered tribes.

MEMOIRS OF AN INDIVIDUAL;

CHAP. IX.

A Character.

BY this time fatigued with my long walk, and not a little chagrined at finding myself so out in my geography, I sat down on one of the benches in the Mall, as well with a view to rest my limbs, as to amuse my mind into calmness by contemplating the passing scene. Here I had not been long seated, before I was accosted by a genteely drest man, considerably advanced in years, on the usually introductive topic of the weather; to his observations I simply answered No and Yes without a seeming wish to encourage a farther conversation; as, from the moment of his joining me, partly from his external appearance, and partly from the consciousness of my own figure, dressed as I was in a suit not cut altogether after the last London pattern, and somewhat dusty moreover with my journey, I had conceived him to be, in the common phrase, no better than he should be.—“I grant you, Sir,” said he, after a short pause, finding I was not disposed to proceed, “that I address you as a country gentleman, and you very properly, in that character, avoid familiarity with an entire stranger, of my appearance particularly, in so suspicious a place as this, the haunt of sharpers and bankrupt adventurers, of which latter description I acknowledge myself one; but not of the former.—Have I, Sir, your indulgence to proceed?” I here replied somewhat tartly, that as amusement was my present object, the cheaper the more welcome; but if what he had to say, he exposed as an article for sale, I had only to add, that I was an adventurer like

himself, and could not afford to become a purchaser." This disconcerted him; a faint blush of confusion, methought, chid my precipitancy, and making me a bow in the act of rising to leave me, he added, "As you, Sir, are *too well fortified* to believe that this is the first time in my life, I ever addressed a stranger on the subject of my situation, a narrative of my distresses will only be considered the more artful as the more incredible."

There was something in his manner of saying this, which greatly excited my curiosity, and I would willingly have paid a trifle to hear the story of so extraordinary a character, had I had that trifle in my pocket to have given him. "Sir," said I, wishing not to lose him, "will you consider as a peace-offering for what I have said, my wish that you will take a breakfast with me at my inn?" "Readily!" replied he, the tears starting into his eyes; and after a suffocating pause—"I want a breakfast!"—Gentle reader, imagine to yourself a person nearly advancing to his sixtieth year, of an open ingenuous countenance, a manly figure, and gracefully modest deportment, his apparel that of a gentleman, and though considerably worn, not slovenly, confessing to an entire stranger that he wanted a breakfast! let his past life have been whatever it might, could you have given him only a breakfast? Without knowing how far I was from the inn, and forgetting what but the moment before the recollection of, had acted as a check upon my curiosity, my want of money, I led him the nearest way out of the Park, and calling a coach, desired the coachman to drive immediately to the Swan with Two Necks in Lad Lane. Though it was a long fare, such an effect had the late explanation taken on both, that an uninterrupted silence prevailed till we were set down at the gate of the inn, where the first person I encountered was my friend Bradford, who slept from another coach at the same moment, it seems in pursuit of me. "You are," said he "a most extraordinary man! where have you been?"—"I have been," said I, "walking in the Park, where I have met this gentleman, a friend of mine, and have brought him here to breakfast with me; I am come also to look after my portmanteau." I here desired the waiter to pay the demand of my coachman, and Mr. Bradford discharging his, we walked together into the coffee-room. "And you are acquainted," said he, aside, "with that gentleman?" I gave a nod of assent, and we all sat down to breakfast; after which Mr. Bradford rising said, "let us see you as soon as you are disengaged, I have something particular to communicate on last night's business—Good morning to you!" I promised him I should attend that evening, and he left us. I thought his sudden departure rather singular, after his having come so far; but my growing curiosity to know something more of my new acquaintance, obliged me then to think no more about it. Having seen that my luggage was safe, and paid the reckoning, I begged him to accompany me in search of a private lodging, which I soon procured in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, conveniently

veniently near my intended lounge, the Chapter-house, and of which I immediately took possession, sending a porter for my trunk, and paying my good landlady a guinea in advance. Here I begged my companion to consider himself henceforward at home; and now we were alone together, to put me in a way of doing him as much farther service as might be in my power, by relating to me what was the nature of his necessities. Thus urged, he proceeded to relate the strange unnatural history that follows in the next Chapter.

OBSERVATIONS ON WIT.

From a French Author.

IT appears to me, that Wit may be called the knowledge of causes, relations and effects. Profound wit goes back to causes; that which is extended embraces relations and affinities, and refined wit consists in immediate judging effects. The last kind is a special gift of discernment; it seems to belong particularly to women, for which reason, it perhaps is, that the Germans attribute to them something prophetic, or relative to divination.

Locke's definition of wit is undoubtedly superior to mine. "Wit," says he, "consists in distinguishing resemblances in objects which differ from each other, and judgment in distinguishing in what objects which resemble each other are different." This distinction throws much light upon the nature of wit, and upon that part of it called judgment, which is thereby well defined and established. But a more simple notion must be reverted to. Wit is the aptitude of thought, and thought itself. Every thing intellectual and physical is confined to two operations; conception and production. The man who thinks most, and is most inclined to thinking, possesses to the highest degree the gift of wit. How many authors, rigorously examined according to this rule, would lose their reputation! There is more thought in single pages of Montaigne, de la Bruyere and Montesquieu, than in a whole poem.

If several works were analyzed, leaving apart manner and colouring, and the attention were to be confined to what is profound and extends the sphere of the reader's intelligence, we should be astonished at the mediocrity of the result.

Wit has been compared to the sight, by which the most just idea and the liveliest image is given of it. All its operations may be assimilated to those of the eye, which seems to be the material soul of the body. The properties of wit and sight, are the perception of objects, the distinction of their forms and difference, the judgment of their distance, and seeing clearly far and quickly. These relations have been found so just, that without reasoning upon their causes, the same expressions are used to determine the qualities of wit and those of sight: sagacity, clearness, perspicuity, penetration,

tion, subtilty: obtuse, obscure, are words applied to one and the other. Eyes accustomed to certain objects discover in them shades which escape a more penetrating eye, not being in the same habitude. In this manner, the eye of a connoisseur in painting soon distinguishes a copy from an original; the man of letters, the man of wit, instantly discovers in a work all that relates to the style and genius of a great writer. In the simple statement of a proposition, he quickly discovers distant consequences; in a principle seemingly unconnected, many applications; in a simple idea, something sublime; and, in a brilliant thought, falsehood and affectation.

THE SPOON.

A Whimsical title will sometimes sell a book without any other recommendation. I suppose it was with this view that honest Thomas Doolittle published in the last century, "Buttons and Loops for poor Believer's Breeches." Bunyan, the author of the Pilgrim's Progress, had before published, "The Groans of a Damned Soul!" but both these are outdone by Richard Baxter's "Hearty shove for a heavy Arsed Christian," and, "Whip for the Arse of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon!" This latter author, in a serious work, published by him in 1691, intituled, "The Certainty of the World of Spirits," wherein he attempts to prove the doctrine of a future life, from the possibility of witchcraft and demoniacal possessions, supports his argument by the following story.—Two boistering fellows being met at a tavern, taking meat, and a rich custard coming upon table, one takes a spoonful, and burning himself, recommends his partner to take a spoonful also; this scalding his mouth, watches his opportunity, and out of revenge, when the other held the spoon to his lips, gives him a hearty smack on the chops, and so knocks the spoon down his throat; whence it travelled down lower, and remained there some weeks; when being met again at the same tavern, (for these sparks, he observes, might be said to live in a tavern) he who had swallowed the spoon breaking wind, felt something extraordinary come from him; so putting his hand into his hose* he pulled out the spoon, and immediately dabbed it into the other's dish. You are told this to persuade you of the possibility of witches possessing people's bodies and cramming them with brags and iron. H. L.

* Breeches at that time were called hose, probably from being made of the same materials of stockings.

THE PHYSIOGNO-MAGNETIC MIRROR.

Good morrow, fool, quoth I; No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune.—SHAK.

AS the old acquaintance from whom I receive the following epistle, is of a class of good natured fellows who grossly deceive themselves, I think it a part of my duty to hold my Mirror up to them, in which, if they can spare a moment from *convivial friendship*, they may see, what of all things in the world they seem most unacquainted with—THEMSELVES.

“ Dear Phyz,

“ I was determined to accept the invitation I received at Free Mason’s Hall, and am arrived at *my good friend* the baronet’s—one of the most benevolent souls that ever drew breath!—sat next his lady at table—such a woman, so attentive to her husband’s friends—Moreover, Phyz, there is a sister, and such a sister! thirty thousand pounds, you old Diogenes!—she played upon the harpsichord after dinner, the music of her native heaven! I sung, and while they were all rapt—but that’s neither here nor there—I sung, in my best stile—she look’d unutterable things—O if I could but pluck up confidence to speak to her—What have I about me, that would not please such a woman?—an empty pocket you say—but she reads novels; and then her brother’s friendship, a friendship so open, so unequivocal! After the cloth was removed, in came three or four jolly squires of the neighbourhood; they came, it seems, to hear my last edition of Dibden’s songs—never was I so loaden with rapturous praise in all my life—I am to dine with them all, and there is not a man among them, I am confident, that would not exert his utmost influence to serve me, if I did but give the slightest hint of a wish that way. The baronet bade me consider myself master of his house, and all about him—this was in the moment of convivial sincerity—I will certainly ask him for his sister—As for herself—I am to take a part in an opera at her brother’s little theatre, in which she will be the heroine; what an opportunity, with all the aid of music, to breathe prevailing things! So you see it is not possible for me to be in town perhaps all the summer; and what, you most incorrigible cynic, if I should then come in Sir Charles’s first coach *en famille*, would you not then be compelled to own that I had chosen a right track? But no more of that—where I am going to visit to-morrow, I mean to open my budget of *good things*; the baronet wanted me to be *devilish witty* with his friends after dinner yesterday; and I thought he looked rather disappointed that I was not; but you know there would be no carrying on successful business with such a stock as mine, if it was all to be lavished at a single sitting: my motto is, in the words
of

of the chorus, to "*sing a little, and joke a little, and dance a little,*" and let me alone to make my way with the present generation, while you are poring over your old musty papers, and framing apothegms for the next. You have the key of my lodgings—take the scarlet suit and sword out of my trunk, and get what you can of the Jew at the corner—he knows the cloaths very well, and will give more than any body else, because he expects they will be redeemed; after having paid the week's lodging, which you know will be good policy, send me what remains of the money by the stage-coachman; he knows me very well—a civil fellow—he let me ride the best part of the way in the inside of his coach, though I paid only an outside fare, so that I reached this place in decent style without much expence. But I have been unfortunate since, for I was obliged to sit down to piquet with one of Sir Charles's friends, whom I was surprized to find play so well; and, do you know, he disburthened me of four out of my poor five guineas; so that I beg of you to be expeditious in applying to the Jew. Concerning the unfinished little articles—the humiliating matters of profession—for which I have received money in advance—the money indeed that enabled me to take this jaunt—if any person should call about them—tell my landlady to say that I am very ill, or any thing else that she pleases. I am called upon to join a party on the water, where I am to sing!—Adieu! Yours,

KILLIGREW KILLTIME.

Poor KILL was in town two days after this letter, having made his proposal to the Baronet, by whom he was of course laughed at, and the rest of his gay company offering to subscribe a guinea a piece, as a compensation for the jokes he uttered, and the songs he sung; he says he never was so *cut* in his life, and begins seriously to think, at the age of fifty, after having too long neglected the necessary improvement of an elegant profession, to recover his lost time by it's means, that his songs and his jokes were *all* for which his dear friends ever courted him.

DEFINITION

OF THE TERM L'ESPRIT DU JOUR.

From Letters on the Manners of the French by an Indian at Paris.

THOU askest me what is that which is called at Paris *L'esprit du jour*. To satisfy thee is no difficult matter. It is a sort of wit that attempts to brighten ideas, and which, like a will o'the wisp, glances upon things almost without touching them; or rather, it is like those sparks that dazzle for a moment and then disperse, leaving no track behind.

Some authors have compared it to the spray of the sea, which rises in the air, and falls in a manner almost imperceptible. Others have likened it to the flight of a butterfly, that ranges from flower to

to flower, without adhering to the one or the other. This wit is the scourge of learned men, and the torment of society. It has no tendency to serious matters. Should it attempt to discuss, it touches them but slightly, or gets clear of them by a pun which is substituted for argument. It is pleased with fashionable conversations, particularly among the ladies; because it can amuse them with trifles and flattery. Having no foundation, it is soon exhausted; but it has the art of repeating the same thing, so as to make it appear different. In the morning it is employed in filching thoughts from ingenious books, and these very thoughts it appropriates to itself in the afternoon. It is called *L'esprit du jour*, because it changes according to the fashions,—in short, it is a weather-cock that turns with every wind.

A pleasant author lately made a dialogue between Good Sense and *L'esprit du jour*, in which they strenuously contended for their respective rights. It was dedicated to a countess who, when the work was presented to her, tore it into a thousand pieces, “Good sense,” said she, “rendered the society of my father and mother so heavy and melancholy, that they both died without ever having laughed. This was the more to be lamented, because we are not sure that we shall laugh in the other world; and without doubt we ought to take the surest side.”

SATIRE

ON FASHIONABLE GAMING-HOUSES.

FROM a remote part of the kingdom this letter is sent, relative to a point which has caused much varied debate, and much intricate controversy among the inhabitants of the little village where I reside. The subject I mean is that of ladies of the first rank and character having lately established gaming assemblies at their own houses, and invited every description; wealth, poverty, innocence, and vice indiscriminately. For this information we are indebted to those accurate vehicles of intelligence, the London newspapers; the majority among us are inclined entirely to discredit the report, and to believe that, bad as the great metropolis is supposed to be, such a shocking violation of all decency and propriety, such an enormous deviation from moral fitness, cannot be found even in that corrupted scene.

At our little club, where the principal persons of the place meet, the matter was lately investigated: the Vicar remarked, that during his residence in London, he had witnessed hateful vice and calamitous misery; he had seen the caprices of the imagination shift like the varying colours of the chameleon, and the standard of morality regulated by little else than pride, prejudice, and opinion. “But by no wild flight,” said he, “was I ever induced to suppose that the aggregate of fashion and character in the female world would

would ever establish gaming-tables at their own houses, would authorise a scene into which every respectable relative, every innocent female just rising into life, must be irresistibly drawn by the powerful ties of family connexion or intimate friendship. But perhaps the story has been exaggerated. Christian charity induces me to think that the ladies are actuated by motives very different from those which the illiberal herd, whether of the "great vulgar or the small," may attribute to them. These tables may only be fixed a few times in the year. The well known custom by which the Spartans exposed the vice of drunkenness, is doubtless present to the minds of our grave matrons. When the variations of play shall take place, when the agitations which the loss of thousands or tens of thousands may cause in the placid countenances of even noble and right honourable gamesters shall be seen, then will the wives of our Senators bring the rising generation of female life to the view of these extravagancies, and without suffering them to engage in the scene, impress on their tender minds, by the powerful energy of example, the most ineffable contempt for the idle dissipations of chance, and the profoundest dread of those fatal evils which gaming so frequently produces." "If such should be their design," said the physician of our little scene, who sat on my right hand, "the intention is highly laudable; but the intimacy into which my profession at one time led me with the great, renders me very doubtful when I hear of any schemes of reformation originating with them. The ladies in higher life seem to have rivalled that happy æra of feminine corruption when Juvenal lashed the enormities of Roman wickedness. Against particular instances of excellence, I do not except. If the husband can galiant with a thousand different mistresses, the wife makes as little scruple of diverting her languor or her jealousy, in the varied society of as many agreeable gentlemen. They seem now resolved that the ruin of patrimonies shall no longer be confined to the men, that to dissipate the proud boasts of hereditary possession derived from "Knights and Barons bold," shall be within the power of their achievement. "You are a splenetic misantrophe, doctor," said a young gentleman as soon as he had finished; "the most fordid miser or antiquated virgin, could not have made a more disgustful description. If the report which has given rise to our conversation be really true, some temperate declaration should be made to the ladies; somewhat which should unite the most submissive delicacy, with that plain truth which the urgency of the case seems to demand." After this, little passed worthy of attention: that some representation should be made, seemed the general opinion; and if any person was to step forwards to moralize on such an occasion, might not he deliver himself in words somewhat similar to the following? "The scene of higher life is already sufficiently corrupted: but if the practice of gaming in private houses, and under the respectable sanction of ladies of character and honour, should prevail, every possibility

possibility of improvement, or reformation, will be cut up by the roots. A general spirit of inattention to every thing important, will absolutely and finally prevail; the purest innocence will imperceptibly be sullied; the brightest virtue will inadvertently be obscured. The single will contract a habit of mind ominous to every future prospect; the married will go hand in hand to destruction. To be convinced of the truth of this description, the ladies will need but a few moments of reflexion. We will suppose a married lady to engage in these parties; before attentive to every proper duty, she will soon find her mind relaxed from the necessary care requisite to even the least essential obligation. If the husband should be profligate and debauched, the consequences are obvious; if he should be of a different character, his mind must be alienated from the partner of his heart; in either case, the termination will be alike. But the evil which may happen to those already settled in life, is not half the ill to be dreaded; the young and tender mind, the innocent female stepping forwards, adorned with every sweet grace of ingenuousness and modesty, are the objects most to be feared for; they will lose every benefit of early culture; they will enter the seductive scene of visionary wealth, guarded by no instruction against its corrupting power. The endearing influences of motherly affection will be lost; every advantage of precept and example sacrificed; every thing sacred swallowed up in the devouring vortex of ruinous chance."

Amidst all the variations of moral character, I should always wish to consider the ladies as least criminal; their good sense will induce them to listen to this remonstrance; to stem the torrent of this hateful usage. I hope, I have no doubt, they will properly reflect, and resolve to act with a propriety which may prevent any heavy blame from devolving upon them in the present eventful period of society.

PYRRHO.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

A French gentleman, in a description of his late journey to England, speaks as follows of a person he met with in town, and who is probably well known to most people who perambulate the streets of this metropolis. "Among other things remarkable, says he, that I met with in London, was a very pains-taking poor man, who, though he is well known to the public, is not so much distinguished as he seems to deserve: for though nature has crippled his legs, she has given into his hands an unusual perfection in the art of writing; as when the weather is fine, he always inscribes or adorns the pavement with some moral sentence, and a great variety of flourishes. Thus it may be said of him, that he goes about doing good, and that he that runneth may read. Almost every street bears a testimony to his moral character; and though

he is habitually a shuffler, no person's plain-dealing can be more evident. Even the stones obey him! Yet so insensible are his countrymen to his merits, that these doctrinal stones cannot make any lasting impression upon them; unless thrown with violence at their heads! As for me, I have such an opinion of him, that were I premier of Great Britain, I should reward him with the appointment of the chief embellisher of all the state manuscripts.

R.

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

A JEW AUTHOR.

IN a late publication, we presented our readers with a literary *cobler*, in the character of a midwife of the muses, extensively circulating the works of genius and the labours of the learned. We now exhibit another *Crispin*, but in the more ostensible occupation of author and hawker of his own works, and in which business the vanity concomitant with the self-importance of authorship, is as ridiculously displayed, as ever it was in that noted egotist, the late Marquis Descaffaux. Every man has a right to make a jest of himself his own way, and the public have an equal right, in return, to laugh at the folly. It is upon this axiom that the portraits from life were first formed in our magazine. Nor can it give the worthy mind uneasiness when only the vices and foibles of mankind are introduced and ridiculed:

For let the world or sinner it or faint it,
If folly grows romantic, why we'll paint it.

Born with a competent share of what is preferable to genius, in the concerns of business, common sense, our author moved to the middle age of life without being remarked for any literary taste. In fact, bigotry and obstinacy were, and are yet, the principal features of his character.

To making of shoes, he united the talent of turning of hats, and occasionally acted as a *limb of the law*; but about this period, literary fame became his ambition, and to this imaginary good he sacrificed every thing at last, and started upon the world suddenly an author.

It would be invidious to mention his first work, though, in the preface, he *candidly* informs the public it was drawn up with the *most infinite circumspection*. However, as he has since deserved the public praise, and he is not an author by profession, these small matters may be overlooked.

The singularity of a Jew's getting the better of a man of Doctor Priestley's abilities, was his first step to notice among Christians. That most pertinacious opposer of the Christian plan, had invited the Jews to what he called an amicable discussion of the evidences
of

of the two respective systems. Mr. L. answered the first pamphlet, but in a manner that gave the Doctor great reason to complain of his want of candour.

Fired at his success, he goes to work again; and, adding twelve yards more of flannel to his nightcap, he replied to the Doctor, and was now thought to be perfectly crazy, stopping all he met in the street, whether he knew them or not, to read some of his answer, and comparing himself to Doctor Johnson, or any other literate character, drew inferences in his own favour that made him appear truly ridiculous, or like one of Pope's Dunces,

Fire in each eye, and paper in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

We shall conclude our observations upon his literary character, with remarking, that he sells his lentils like a Jew. One single sheet is *sixpence*, without any other ornament than a few *monks* and *friars*.

It sometimes becomes necessary to bribe a bad man to do good; but to make a good action the source of profit, is most inexcusable, and worthy only of a very mercenary genius.

An honest milkman at Mile End, wanting to borrow one hundred pounds, applied to Mr. L. as a very necessary agent, and was quickly introduced to a principal, who treated with him upon the equitable terms of five per cent, but gueses at the milkman's astonishment, at the Jew's demanding five pounds for introducing him to a good man; remonstrance was vain, the bargain had been made, and the Jew insisted upon the ratification of it. However, after much altercation, the milkman paid down two pounds for the valuable consideration of being introduced to a person who was willing to lend his property upon good security. And thus ended this usurious business, in the true stile of Judaism, which affords a much fairer trait of character than any fictitious anecdote hatched up to serve the present moment.

Z. C.

A MESSAGE FROM THE LORD!

WHEN Holt was Lord Chief Justice, a sect somewhat like that of the Methodists, but rather more enthusiastic, was the canker which festered the community; and it being his lordship's opinion, that a severe, and well-timed reprehension was the readiest way to destroy the spreading humour, caused several of the ringleaders to be committed to prison; upon which Mr. Lacy, a follower of their's, more zealous than prudent, went to his lordship's house, and imperiously demanded a conference with him. The porter said his lord was indisposed, and saw no company. "But tell him," said Lacy, "that I must see him; for I am sent, and commissioned, by the *Lord God!*" The porter being

F f 2

struck

struck with the oddity and *seeming importance* of the message, instantly caused it to be delivered; and the judge gave orders that the man should be admitted.

When he entered the room, "I am come," said he to the judge, "with a message from the Lord, requiring thee, on pain of everlasting fire, to grant a *noli prosequi* for John Atkins and others, God's faithful servants, whom thou hast wrongfully cast into prison."—"Thou art a lying prophet," replied his lordship, "for if the Lord had sent thee, he would have directed thee to the attorney-general; for he knows it is not in my power to grant thee a *noli prosequi*." And so wrote his *mittimus*, to keep his brethren company. R.

AN ITINERANT

ORATOR'S SERMON,

Lately delivered in the Spa Fields.

YOU that have *ears* to hear, *eyes* to see, *tongues* to taste, and *throats* to swallow, draw near.—Draw near I say, and pick up the *crumbs* I shall scatter among you.—The *crumbs* of comfort, wherewith you must be *cramm'd*, until you become *chickens* of *grace*, and are coop'd up in the *ben-coop* of *righteousness*.

If your *hearts* are as hard as a *Suffolk cheese*—or a *Norfolk-dumpling*—my *discourse* shall beat them as it were, on a *cobler's lapstone*, 'till they become as soft as a *roasted apple*.—Aye, even as soft as *custard meat*, and melt in your *bellies*, like a *marrow pudding*.

Do you know what *trade Adam* was—I say, do you know what *trade Adam* was? If you don't I'll tell you.—Why *Adam* was a *planter*, for he *planted* the beautiful garden of *Eden*.

Well then, do you know what was the first thing *Adam* set in his *garden*?—Ho! ho! ho! you don't! don't you.—Then I will tell you—His *foot!* his *foot!*—I say, was the first thing *Adam* set in his *garden*.—But he could not keep it there.—No, no, no, no, no, no, he could not keep it there, for *Lucifer* came behind him, tripped up his *heels*, and trundled him out again *neck* and *shoulders*.

I'll tell you a *secret*.—I say I'll tell you a *secret!* *Knees* were made before *elbows*—Aye, *knees*, I say, were made before *elbows*; for the *beast* of the *field* were made before *man*, and they have no *elbows* at all.—Therefore, down on your *knees*, down on your *marrow-bones*, and *pray for mercy*, else you will all be turned into *Beelzebub's* under-ground *kitchen*, to make *bubble* and *squeak* of your *souls* for the *devil's dinner*.

ANSWER

To a Person who sent a Challenge, wherein the Respondent apologizes for declining the Proposal.

Sir,

I Received your polite card of invitation ; by which I perceive you are determined upon a journey to H... I am not insensible to the preference you offer me in accompanying me thither ; but my *time* is so much taken up in real business, that I have *none* to spare in parties of mere pleasure and amusement. In short, such is the general hurry of this place, that I question if you will find any one disposed to be of your party. After all, if you should resolve to set off alone, I can only compliment you with my wishes, that you may experience a quick passage, and a warm reception when you arrive at the place of your destination ; being in other respects

Yours to command

Bristol, Feb. 12.

BRISTOLIENSIS,

LIFE OF BOB BARRATY.

Continued from Page 163.

BOB lamented much the loss of his borrowed gem, and was much afraid of not being able to supply it with one of equal water. The pettyfogger proposed entering on the business, and the lieutenant taking out his pocket-book, cased it of a Bank-note of one hundred pounds value, which he displayed before him on the table. As the keen-eyed kite darts its eager optics upon a devoted chicken, and revolves in its own mind the delicious repast which it will shortly afford ; or, as the adventurous pickpocket who plies about the theatres, observes, with emotions of joy, the end of a white cambric handkerchief dangling from the unguarded pocket of some intoxicated beaux, and contemplates the nett proceeds of a Field-lane market ; so, did Bob view the Bank-note. The pettyfogger produced his bond and warrant ; and also a receipt ready prepared for the money. The soldier dipped the nib of a virgin goose-quill into the dingy concave of an ink bottle, and was just going to sign and seal, when the waiter, followed by another person, hastily entered the room. " Oh, Sir ! Oh, Sir ! Oh dear Sir !" exclaimed the stranger, who was in fact no other than the lieutenant's servant, " your ring is found, and has been just sent to your lodging by Mr. Tramells, who had it from the gentleman that picked it up. Here it is, Sir," continued he, opening a dirty envelope of brown paper. " Here it is just as you had it, except a few scratches occasioned by the file of a jeweller, who was employed to try its quality." So saying, the
 exulting

exulting lackey held out the detested mockery, which at that time had no more lustre than the eye of an antiquated maiden, when she surveys the rising charms of youth and loveliness. As a hireling scribbler of political paragraphs looks when he is detected in betraying the confidence of his employer, or as a genius who, according to modern phraseology, is distinguished by the epithet of *Greek*, looks when he is detected with false dice or cards; so looked the astonished and confounded Bob Barraty; so looked the no less surprized and disappointed Billy Lowly. As a well-trained spaniel who, when he finds himself in the employment of an ignorant sportsman, drops his tail close to his posteriors, and appears ashamed of his avocation, so appeared the pettyfogger. "That is no more like a diamond," cried he, "than a bill of Middlesex is like a bill in Chancery!" "That's no more like a diamond, than a stick of common pomatum is like a box of ambergris!" cried Billy Lowly—"O, ho!" exclaimed Bob Barraty, "by J...s, I am not to be choused that way neither, my dear—that is not the ring at all."—"Rascal!" said the lieutenant, fired with just indignation, and seizing him by the shoulders, "take that—and that—and that!" and so saying, he kicked poor Bob Barraty first round the room, and then fairly into the street. Billy Lowly, in the bustle, sneaked off; but the pettyfogger, who still hoped the adventure would prove profitable, stood his ground, until he witnessed the assault.

After this unlucky miscarriage, poor Bob Barraty was a long while before he could rally resolution enough to shew his head; but at length, finding himself blown, he made a voyage to America; some say at the expence of the public; but as we adhere to strict truth only, and that within our own knowledge, we do not pledge ourselves for the veracity of the fact. Certain it was, however, that Bob made a visit to the other side of the Atlantic, where, by some strange means or other, he got a commission in a provincial corps, and became known to a young nobleman, who, like many other brave and loyal individuals, lost his life in the late unhappy contest. Bob was a sort of Merry Andrew to this nobleman; and living in his house at the time of his death, *took all possible care* of his effects, to a very considerable amount, and returned to London in a short time, *a le militaire*, and *something in pocket*.

But the irresistible itch which Bob had for high living, soon emptied his coffers, and nothing now appeared feasible but matrimony. Accordingly, he fixed his views upon a little plump sparkling-eyed widow, the disconsolate reliet of a city feltmaker, and resolved, if possible, to have her—property. As Billy Lowly had made his way by *polishing understandings*, Bob hoped to make his by *keeping the brains warm*.

Bob was defective in stature, figure, and education. He had that in his countenance which strongly marks the *canaille* of his country, and is commonly called *the potatoe*. He was, beside, a proverbial liar, and possessed a sort of low humour which, among the vulgar, and

and ignorant, was mistaken for wit: yet, with all these blemishes, the widow did not dislike *the captain*, and the thoughts of being united to a man of military fame, absorbed every other consideration. But, unfortunately, Bob was at length *smoked*, his life and character exposed, and his rank refuted. He was in consequence once more thrown from the *capital* summit of his hopes, and walked the streets like a nocturnal spectre who dreaded the morn'g luminary.

[To be concluded in our next.]

HUMOROUS INSTANCE

OF HIBERNIAN EFFRONTERY.

A Certain *gentleman*, from beyond the *Liffey*, happening, by some means or other, in the war before the last, to procure a commission under General Wolfe, had the honour, one day, to receive an invitation from him to supper.—Meeting in the interim, by accident, with one of his brother-officers, who strongly urged him to go and make one of a party at cards with some other gentlemen of the same corps, he excused himself, and added, with a *degage*, though self-important, air of familiarity, “I am to sup to-night with Wolfe!”—The last word was hardly uttered, when up came the General. “If not from respect to myself, Sir,” said he to the astonished Hibernian, “yet from respect, at least, to the rank I hold, for the future say, GENERAL Wolfe.”—“Your pardon, Sir,” replied the other, with a countenance seemingly unembarrassed—“we never say, GENERAL *Cæsar*, GENERAL *Hannibal*! therefore I thought it altogether superfluous to say GENERAL Wolfe.”

A CURIOUS SERMON,

Preached on Michaelmas-day 1736, at the Funeral of Mr. Robert Procter, of Burston Hall, in the county of Norfolk, by Mr. Hin.

“Fight the good fight of faith.”—1 Tim. vi. 12.

BELOVED, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Robert Procter; he was of the family of the Procters in Yorkshire; sometimes at Burston-hall in this county; at which time his brother was high-constable of this hundred: this man of whom I now speak, was Mr. Robert Procter; his wife's name was Burston; she was formerly wife of Mr. Mathew Burston; she came from Hellden-hall beyond Norwich; he was a good man, and a man of God, and a good husband, and she was a good woman, and a good housewife; and they two got money together: beloved, I shall prove to you, that he was a good man and a man of God, by several demonstrative arguments: first, he was a charitable man to the

the poor, a loving man to his neighbours, a favourable man in his tythes, and a pitiful man to his tenants : here sits one Mr. Spurgeon, who can tell a deal of rent he forgave on his death-bed : was not this a good man, and a man of God ? and his wife was a good woman ; she came from Helldon-hall beyond Norwich : a second argument to prove this was a good man, and a man of God, is this, that in the time of his sickness, which you know was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, and Mr. Shimpkin, to pray with him : beloved, he was not so selfish a man to be prayed for alone, but he desired them to pray for his friends and relations, for Mrs. Burston, and for Mrs. Burston's children, against it should please God to send her any ; and to all his prayers he did devoutly say Amen, Amen, Amen ! Now, brethren, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you ? and his wife was a good woman ? she came from Hellden-hall beyond Norwich. Then, beloved, he sent for me ; and I prayed with him likewise, as Mr. Cole and Mr. Gibbs, had done before, for Mr. Burston's worship, and Mrs. Burston's, and for Mrs. Burston's children, against it should please God to send her any ; and to all my prayers he did say Amen, Amen, Amen ! Now was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you ? and his wife a good woman ? she came from Hellden-hall beyond Norwich. A third argument to prove this to be a good man, and a man of God, is this, there was a poor beggar boy, whose name was Thomas Procter, that came over the river Tweed upon the back of a cow, an old cow, beloved ; from Scotland this poor boy came a begging to this good man's house, and to this man of God's door ; beloved, he did not do as some men would have done, chide the boy, and send him away ; no, beloved, he took him into his house, and bound him apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich, and married him to Mr. Robinson's wife's kinswoman, a considerable fortune, to whom he gave a considerable jointure ; then it pleased God, beloved, that this beggar-boy I told you of, that came over the river Tweed, upon the back of an old cow, from Scotland, had children by her, and all daughters ; then it pleased God, beloved, that this Thomas Procter died ; and this man took home his eldest daughter, and brought her up to woman's estate, and married her to so honourable a gentleman as Mr. Burston, who lives at Chamell at this present, who gave her so vast a portion, as is well known to you all, notwithstanding her father was a beggar-boy, and came over the river Tweed upon the back of an old cow, from Scotland. Again, was not this a good man, and a man of God ? and his wife was a good woman ? she came from Hellden-hall beyond Norwich ; you may remember, it is not many years since I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Procter ; I told you then of many of her excellent virtues ; but lest you should forget them, I shall tell you of one of them ; she was a good housewife, and as good a knitter as any in the county ; for after her husband, and the rest of the family were in bed, and the fire raked

raked up, she would set her down upon her knees and knit for several hours: beloved, she knit me a pair of stockings in the same manner, which was the best that ever I wore in my life; but the days are short, and the weather is tedious, I shall not detain you any longer. I think I have sufficiently proved this to be a good man, and a man of God; and his wife was a good woman, she came from Hellden-hall beyond Norwich: but lest the particulars should slip your memories, I shall repeat them over again to you; there was his kindness to his friends and neighbours, his favourableness to his tenants, his pitifulness to the poor, and his devoutness in praying, as appears by his saying Amen, Amen, Amen, to the prayers of Mr. Gibbs, and Mr. Cole, and myself: likewise his transcendent charity to the poor beggar-boy, which came over the river Tweed, upon the back of an old cow, from Scotland, in binding him apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich, in marrying him to his wife's kinswoman, in bringing up his eldest daughter to woman's estate, in marrying her to so honourable a gentleman, in giving so vast a portion, as is well known to you all; and the rest he gave to her sisters: now was not this a good man, and a man of God? and his wife a good woman? she came from Hellden hall beyond Norwich: well, beloved, he has now done his work on earth, in fighting under the world's banner courageously, valiantly and manfully, in fighting the good fight of faith; good husbandry, and getting money: He is now singing hallelujah's in heaven, where we will leave him.

PICTURE OF THE TIMES.

From the Prologue to the "School for Arrogance."

OF fire and murder, marriage, birth, and death;
 Here's more than I can utter in a breath!
 Rapes, riots, hurricanes, routs, rogues, and Faro!
 Famine and fire in Turkey and the plague at Cairo!
 Here's tincture for the gums, which, dentists make,
 Whose teeth eat most when other people's ache.
 Here are rich soups, hams, tongues, oils, sauce, four krout,
 And here's the grand specific for the gout!
 Here's turtle newly-landed, lamb house fed:
 And here a wife and five small children wanting bread.
 Wholesale and retail British spirits here:
 And here's the dying speech of poor small-beer!
 Here are tall men, short women, and fat oxen:
 And here are Sunday schools, and schools for boxing.
 Here ruin'd rakes for helpmates advertize;
 And only want 'em handsome, rich, and wise.

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Great

Great news! Here's money lent on bond—rare news!
 By honest, tender-hearted, Christian Jews:
 Here are promotions, dividends, rewards;
 A list of Bankrupts and of new-made Lords.
 Here the debates at length are, for the week,
 And here the deaf and dumb are taught to speak.
 Here Hazard, Goodluck, Shergold, and a band
 Of gen'rous Gentlemen, whose hearts expand
 With honour, rectitude, and public spirit,
 Equal in high desert, with equal merit,
 Divide their tickets into shares and quarters;
 And here's a servant-maid found hanging in her garters!
 Here! Here's the fifty thousand, fold at every shop!
 And here's the Newgate Calendar—and Drop.

THE PRESENT

MALE AND FEMALE OF FASHION.

From the Epilogue.

MALE.

MOUNTED a loft, the wonder of his age,
 With hackney coachmen furious war to wage:
 Six swandown waistcoats swathe him into shape;
 His legs all buckskin, and his coat all cape;
 With manners, looks, and language, such you'd swear,
 His tutor had been Piccadilly's Bear;
 When most contemptible, most hoping praise,
 And only envious of the groom he pays;
 Four dappled greys in front—behind three men;
 Down James-street dashing—to dash up again;
 Then only in his height and pomp of pride,
 When Girl or Gambler's seated by his side;
 Driving by day, dicing by night his passion;
 Such is the modern man of high-flown fashion!
 Such are the scions sprung from Runny Mead!
 The richest soil that bears the rankest weed!
 Potatoe like, the sprouts are worthless found;
 And all that's good of them is under ground.

FEMALE.

Of Pride, one single sketch in crayons more,
 Behold her torch! Hark! Thunder shakes the door!
 The carriage stops; the footmen make a lane;
 The feathers stoop, and enter Lady Jane;

Perfect

Perfect in how d'ye do, drop, bob, and bow,
 (Curtseys, my friends, are out of fashion now)—
 First to his Grace; next to the next of birth;
 She none forgets—save Genius, Wit, and Worth;
 Whom, if she mark, 'tis with a modish stare,
 To ask who knows them? Or, how came they there?
 Now at the Bank, in antichamber kept,
 Where Pharaoh's host twelve tedious hours had slept,
 She seats herself, like palpitating lover,
 Eager the last night's losses to recover.
 No sense of virtue, dignity, or shame;
 Her greatest pride her knowledge of the game,
 "That pride most piqued, most mortified to see
 A Nabob's wife stake larger sums than she!"
 And now three anxious hours have slipp'd away;
 Three hundreds have been lost, in piddling play.
 No luck for her! aloud fresh cards she calls;
 Her passions rising as her pocket falls.
 She punts: again she loses; and again!
 Oaths quiver on her lip! She names the Ten;
 Stung to the Soul, a desp'rate set she makes,
 Till even the winning Banker deals and quakes,
 Ghastly she pants, with horror in her eye,
 To be the first, the fatal card to spy.
 The fatal card is turn'd, and ends the reign
 Of Fashion, Folly, Pride, and Lady Jane!

E P I T A P H

On a Maltster, in Newington Church-Yard.

THROUGH Christ, I am not inferior
 To William the Conqueror.

E P I T A P H,

On William More, in Stepney Church-Yard.

HERE lies More, and no More than he,
 More and no More, how can that be?

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EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

FEBRUARY, 1791.

RUSSIA.

EMBOLDENED by success, and inflated with ambition, the haughty Catherine appears resolved to pursue the advantage she has acquired over her dismayed adversaries. The reduction of the important Fortrefs of Ismail—marked by deeds of ferocious cruelty, truly worthy of the barbarous ages—by slaughter *unresisted* and indiscriminate!—has facilitated the progress of her army towards the Capital of the Turkish Empire. Ten thousand of her best troops, however, are said to have fallen in the attack, and, though her foes may have lost thrice that number, should they continue to oppose her with the same determined courage, even *conquest* MAY prove fatal to her cause. This is manifest from the immense difference of population between the two Empires; the inexhaustible hordes of Asia can afford a speedy and effectual supply to the armies of the Porte, while those of Russia can only be recruited from an useful and laborious peasantry, essential to the cultivation of the soil, and the consequent support of the State: but admitting that she may not feel the effects of this disadvantage, till, by following the career of Victory, she shall have attained the object of her wishes, in effecting the exclusion of the Turks from their European possessions—Is she so devoid of penetration, so completely destitute of all political sagacity, as, for a moment, to admit the supposition, that the other European States would suffer her to enjoy, unmolested, the fruits of her labours, and quietly to establish herself as a Maritime Power in the Mediterranean!—It cannot be.

Her unbounded views of conquest, and her unquenchable thirst of extended dominion, are pregnant with the most alarming consequences to all the kingdoms of Europe. Russia menaces, at the same time, Turkey, the North, and Germany; the reduction of one—if beheld with an eye of indifference—would accelerate the conquest of the others. Employed, for a series of years, in diffusing terror, corruption, despotism, and war, her policy has no other principles than those of interest, and her daring maxims correspond with that fortune which has too long favoured her designs.—What powerful motives do these considerations supply for a formidable union to check the progress of a power whose projects are so highly pernicious to the general welfare of Europe! Denmark and Sweden were peculiarly interested, from their situation, in the formation of a mutual alliance to maintain the equilibrium of the North, to counterbalance the preponderance of Russia. The Maritime and Commercial States, the South, Italy, and Venice, in particular, are affected by similar interests, and should participate in the same apprehensions. Should Russia establish her power in the Mediterranean, human foresight cannot appreciate or comprehend the wide and wonderful effects of such a revolution.—Happy are we to see that the alarm is taken, and that the wise policy of our Government is exerted, with that of our Continental Allies, if not to crush this Northern Hydra, at least to check its baleful influence, and to confine it within those precincts which nature and reason have assigned it!—

When we consider that Russia has already lost, in this sanguinary contest, two hundred and thirty thousand of her subjects, what must be our sentiments on hearing her boast of her triumphs and exult in her success?—The triumphs of inhumanity must ever be objects of horror to the philosophic mind! Yet has this female tyrant of the North dared to ascribe her success to the favour and protection of *Heaven!*—Has *blasphemously* presumed to insinuate that this vast

vast effusion of human blood has been viewed by the Almighty with a favourable eye; and has publicly founded her determination to extend the desolating scenes of war, on the BLESSINGS bestowed on her arms, by the *God of Peace!*—To comment on such conduct, in terms of adequate force, might be dangerous; we must, therefore, leave our readers to make their own reflections on the subject.

FRANCE.

All the intelligence we receive from this *land of confusion* tends to justify the Reflections of Mr. Burke, which will, in most respects, be found consonant to those which we have occasionally offered ourselves on the subject of the Gallic Revolution, and the measures consequent thereon. The total subversion of an established system of government, we have often affirmed, nothing but necessity can justify; and that attempts to reform should ever precede the determination to abolish, is a maxim founded on principles which no sophistry can shake, no arguments invalidate. The want of a broad settled basis, on which to proceed, frequently betrays the National Assembly into extraneous matters of discussion, and contradictory rules of conduct. This nothing had tended to place in a more striking point of view than two circumstances which have occurred in the course of this month. The King's Aunts being desirous to take a journey to Rome, applied, (in consequence of a new law which renders such an application indispensable) to the Magistrates of Paris for a passport; but the sapient worthies, all whose sagacity consists in the discovery of imaginary plots, had the insolence to refuse the request of the Princesses: and not contented with a simple refusal, these boasted champions of the *Rights of Men*, these distinguished professors in the new school of Gallic Liberty, these declaiming demagogues, whose vociferations on the subject of *Freedom* are so loud and so frequent, presumed to wait on his Majesty, and to remonstrate on the impropriety of his Aunts' intentions! The King, however, with a spirit and propriety that do him honour, and which we heartily wish were more often exerted, replied that—"The Declaration of the *Rights of Men* and *the Laws* of the State allowing every individual to travel and leave the Kingdom at pleasure, his Aunts were certainly entitled to the same advantages as the other citizens of the realm." The reply, to men of common sense and common honesty, must have been decisive—but murmurs have since been propagated, with patriotic industry, throughout the Capital, (that stationary seat of revolt!) and it is highly probable that those *respectable Heroines*—the Parisian *Poisardes*—(in policy and firmness resembling the Semiramis of the North) will, from their regard to a Constitution they have so essentially contributed to form, prevent, by their usual gentle means of persuasion, the Royal Ladies from profiting by a privilege which the lowest peasant in the kingdom is at liberty to exert.—If this be not *Despotism*—condescend, ye enthusiastic admirers of Rebellion!—to favour us with a definition of the term!

The other occurrence which tends to confirm our remark, is the application of M. Castris to the National Assembly, for a reparation of the loss he had recently sustained by a Parisian mob, who had demolished his house and destroyed his furniture. This loss, by every principle of equity, nay, by a maxim of policy too obvious to escape the notice of the most superficial observer, should certainly have been sustained either by the Nation at large, or else by the Municipality of Paris, whose immediate duty it is to protect every inhabitant of the Capital from depredation and insult; but the Assembly, whose wisdom is not to be tried by vulgar rules, thought proper to reject the petition with contempt. This, in the new Gallic Dictionary, may possibly be denominated *Justice*; but to the plain conception of a common reasoner, who is chiefly swayed by custom and authority, in his explanation of words and actions, it must appear in a light so different, as to incur an appellation, of a complexion diametrically opposite.

As a consequence of the same unsettled principles, the Assembly have at length been obliged to retract their former determination with respect to Juries in criminal cases, and to adopt the system of English Legislators, clogged, however, with excrescencies that greatly detract from its beauty. But the mushroom Solons and Lycurguses of France scorn to be considered as "*imitatorum servumpecus*"—Taught by the dangerous herd of Revolution fanatics in England—the *Princes* and the *Priestleys* (the *FIREBRANDS*) of our isle—to regard themselves as a class of superior beings, they disdain the humble office of *imitation*, even though *perfection* be its object.

The political aspect of the kingdom begins to appear clouded and obscured; in Alsace, and other parts of France which border on the German territories, the people persevere in their resolution to oppose the sale of ecclesiastical property, what they justly consider as an attempt to justify and enforce rapine and plunder, by a prostitution of the laws, and an oppressive exertion of authority. Wretched, indeed, is the situation of the *non-juring* clergy, who, from a conscientious discharge of what, at least, they conceive to be their duty, are despoiled of their property and exposed to misery and want. 'Tis true, they are allowed an annuity of, from *eight to twenty* pounds, according to their rank; but this is too pitiful for their acceptance; 'tis mean as the polluted source from whence it sprung—the minds of their plunderers!—One of these unhappy victims of democratic power, is the venerable Cardinal de la Rochefoucault, archbishop of Rouen, a prelate, whose extensive benevolence, unaffected piety, and diffusive charity (we speak from a personal knowledge of his character and virtues) excited universal respect and esteem. Compelled, by the iniquitous spoliation of his revenues, to retire from that station which he had so long filled with honour to himself, and advantage to others, he has been reduced to expose the furniture of his palace to public sale, that he might be enabled to bestow some trifling compensation on those faithful domestics whom he was no longer able to maintain; men who had advanced with him into the toilsome vale of years, and had vainly expected to close the eyes of their aged master, in peace and tranquillity. Thus is one of the first dignitaries of the church, a prelate of irreproachable conduct, reduced, at the age of *EIGHTY*, from a state of *useful* opulence, to experience the miseries of a beggarly dependence—And this tyrannical punishment—which nothing but the most flagrant violation of morality could warrant—is inflicted, forsooth, for a refusal to act in contradiction to the dictates of his conscience, and to sacrifice duty at the shrine of interest!!!

Such proceedings cannot fail, to open the eyes of the rational part of the nation, by removing the thick film of prejudice which has so long obscured them. They have already engendered discontents, which must inevitably continue to encrease till the cause be removed, which the adoption of a different line of conduct can alone effect. A letter, too, from the Emperor to the King of France has diffused universal alarm among the friends of the revolution. It sets forth, that in compliance with the unanimous request of the electoral college, he laid before his majesty their prayer relative to the national assembly; which, during the month of August, had issued decrees that, contrary to the tenour of existing treaties, tended to injure many members of the empire whose cause had been espoused by the electoral college, and for whom, in their name, he now *claimed* restraints. It continues to remind the king of the stipulations contained in the peace of Munster, and in other subsequent treaties between France and the empire, with respect to certain places in Alsace and Lorraine, ceded under the express and positive conditions that the rights of Bishopsrics, and the property of the members of the Empire, should be preserved inviolate and untouched. It further remarks, that as to the jurisdiction not transferred by preceding Emperors, to the kingdom of France, but appertaining to the supremacy of the present Emperor and of the Empire, his majesty must know that nobody can possess the right of transferring to a foreign nation a supreme title over possessions, so circumstanced! It is therefore recommended to the

king that the decrees of the Assembly should not extend to the Empire and its members.

It concludes by expressing the necessity of *annulling* all the innovations which have taken place in consequence of the decree in question, and of placing matters on the same footing they were on prior to the month of August.—What measures the Assembly may be disposed to adopt in consequence of this seasonable remonstrance, a short time will suffice to explain.—They cannot however forget that the Emperor has a numerous and well disciplined army on the borders, and powerful allies inclined to favour and second his operations.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Our government justly anxious to preserve the balance of Europe, are adopting the most effectual measures for thwarting the dangerous designs of Russia, and for accelerating, by a wise exertion of their force, the conclusion of a general peace; remonstrances alone having proved inadequate to promote this salutary object, a fleet is now prepared to co-operate with our allies, and negotiations are on foot for the purpose of detaching from the interest of Russia those Powers which have hitherto displayed an inclination to favour her views. The contest cannot, in all human probability, be of long duration; the Empress overpowered by a decisive superiority, will, we trust, be reduced ere the termination of the first campaign, to resign the field of conquest, to experience the mortification of defeat, and the humiliation of her pride—we know not a single power in Europe but should join us in declaring “’Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

In India, the torch of war is already lighted. Tippoo Saib, (the son of and successor of Hyder Ally) by an unprovoked attack on the territories of our ally, the king of Travancore, has compelled us to take up arms. A numerous and well-appointed army under the command of General Meadows—who particularly distinguished himself during the last war, by his skillful defence of St. Lucia—has subdued the Coimbatore country, and is probably by this time in possession of Tippoo's important passes into the Carnatic. Fortified by alliances with the native Princes, happy in a military commander of approved excellence, and in a governor general of solid talents and unshaken integrity, we may reasonably hope to subdue this unprincipled tyrant of the East, whose happiness consists in spreading desolation around him. But whatever be the *event* of the war, we have the satisfaction to know that our adversary was the aggressor; and that the necessity of preserving inviolate the national faith rendered it unavoidable.

The legislative powers have again resumed their natural functions, the parliamentary campaign has commenced, and exhibits to our view objects of the highest importance to the national welfare. A motion for a committee to examine into the African Slave trade; and a bill for the establishment of Penitentiary houses; have been submitted to the House of Commons; but no discussion having yet taken place, our account and remarks must be consequently postponed to a future occasion. We cannot however but commend the persevering spirit of Mr. Wilberforce, in the noble cause of humanity, which we trust will finally prove victorious over the dastardly efforts of interested policy, and tend to rescue the national character from merited obloquy. The *expediency* of continuing the impeachment of Mr. Hastings is the only object which has experienced a serious discussion in the present month. After a debate both warmly and ably supported on either side, the question was carried in the affirmative, by a considerable majority. We are happy, however, to find from Mr. Burke's declarations, that seven days will never suffice to finish the charges, the excessive length of which afforded just grounds for believing that the trial would never come to a termination. But it still remains to be seen whether the *Lords* will acknowledge the validity of those arguments which declared the inefficacy of a dissolution of Parliament, to effect the discontinuation of an impeachment. Should they differ
from

from the Commons in this respect, a dispute may arise between the two houses, and be productive of much serious inconvenience to the nation. This however we are unwilling to anticipate; the matter too, will experience a speedy decision, as, on the motion of Lord Grenville, a Committee has been formed for the investigation of Precedents, as a basis whereon to found their opinions. Whatever that decision may be, we are not permitted to doubt, but that it will be preceded by the most mature, impartial, and able discussion.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

COVENT-GARDEN.

AT this theatre a new comedy appeared on the 4th of February, entitled the *School for Arrogance*, which was passed upon the manager as the production of Mr. Marshall, the translator of the *German Hotel*; but its real author it seems, is Mr. Holcroft. This piece of *pious fraud* was thought necessary on the part of Mr. Holcroft, on account of some misunderstanding which had taken place between him and Mr. Harris.

The general idea of this comedy, without entering into the minutiae of the plot, is, that of a young man of birth, whose finer lineaments of mind are totally obscured by his arrogant deportment, through which, nevertheless, may occasionally be discerned a native goodness of heart, and a compunctious sense of wrong. These workings are so managed as to discover in the author a great knowledge of nature; and, upon the whole, the character may be pronounced *new*. That of his Irish servant, which occupies a principal place in the piece, is not altogether so: it is the Corally in the *School for Wives*, but not a servile copy. The dialogue is neat, and so far comic as not to degenerate into what it has lately been fashionable to call so. The prologue is written at the galleries, the epilogue at the boxes; the latter is superior to the former.

Two Strings to your Bow, a farce for the purpose of introducing Munden in the character of a bustling servant, has also been revived, at this Theatre. As a drama, it is good for nothing, but as it serves to discover the farcical abilities of the performer.

DRURY LANE.

The *Siege of Belgrade*!—Excellent scenes, excellent acting, and excellent music; to vulgar dialogue, unnatural situations, and execrable poetry, evidently tending, as far as it may be productive of effect, to strengthen the plebeian prejudice against Turks and *Infidels*, and flatter the ambition of christian savages, calculated rather for the meridian of the Austrian capital, than that of a free philosophical country.

PANTHEON OPERA.

The Opera at this place denominated the *King's Theatre*, opened in the course of last month. As we never pledged ourselves to take any notice of the productions of the Italian theatre, exhibitions uncongenial to the taste of this country, we shall simply say of the Pantheon as an Opera house, that it is altogether unsuited to the purpose for which it has been altered from one of the most magnificent ball rooms in Europe—that of *hearing*.

THE
ATTIC MISCELLANY.

NUMBER XIX.

POPULAR CONFLAGRATION.

AT midnight hour, when rest our frames,
When fancy wakes, like wanton dames
Who give their snoring mates the slip,
And to the bow'r sequester'd trip
With tip toe caution, light as elves,
For what they best can tell themselves—
In vision rapt, methought I stood,
Where Thames, erewhile thy copious flood
Roll'd all its tributary rills,
Obsequious to the ALBION MILLS—
Vain tribute! wanting pow'r to save;
The edifice they wont to lave!—
The babbler Fame, in act to blow
Or truth, or fiction to and fro,
Was hov'ring nigh, in patch-work dress—
Her flowing, emblematic vest,
With proof-sheets from the presses lin'd,
Arrested oft the passing wind;
Which now and then expos'd to view,
The labours of a hireling crew;
Their venal puffs, their party-squibs,
And all their ministerial fibs.
At length the goddess took her flight,
Just like, perdie, a paper kite;
I saw her on the welkin float,
I heard her trump's progressive note,
That made the country miller start;
And cheer'd his long dejected heart.—
For him no harvests lately grew;
The rising breeze unheeded blew;
His canvas loosely hung;—no sail
Was set to catch the fickle gale;
His wheel a lazy sabbath kept;
The stream beneath half dormant crept;
Devoid of grain was ev'ry sack,
And, but his wife's, was heard no clack.

MONOPOLY, thou babe accurs'd,
 Of MAMMON's progeny the worst!
 That fain would'ft pounce with harpy claws
 'Gainst nature's, and 'gainst reason's laws;
 A boon dispens'd to all mankind,
 And to no single tribe confin'd,
 The fault was thine, and thine's the boast,
 When millions starve, to thrive the most.
 Avaunt! with thy exclusive claim,
 Whose selfish and ambitious aim
 Is, on our native rights o'erthrown,
 To fix the basis of thine own.—
 But to proceed; the gossip Fame,
 An indefatigable dame,
 Pursuing her intended *tour*,
 Rapt thrice at ev'ry miller's door;
 "And rise," she said, or seem'd to say;
 "Rise, follow where I lead the way!
 You're all supena'd to attend
 The God of Fire, your *warmest* friend.—"
 Then buoyant measur'd back the space
 She'd journey'd out of ALBION PLACE.—
 They, not expecting such a guest,
 To sleep compos'd, enjoy'd their rest:
 Not so their wives, who to their wickets
 Ran peeping, demme, in their smickets;
 And to her spouse, quoth ev'ry dame,
 "Hark! hear'ft thou not the trump of Fame?
 'Tis Fame or Fortune's at thy door;
 Arise, or be for ever poor.—
 For, what with maltsters and distillers,
 But chief those purse-proud ALBION MILLERS,
 For lack of grain thy sacks are shrivell'd,
 Thy wheel, thy stones, thy all, bedevil'd!"
 This said—obedient to his spouse,
 Each miller rose, and left the house,
 Self-int'rest serving as a goad,
 To prick them forward on the road,
 They reach'd their place of destination
 Without or let or molestation.—
 On mixing with the crowd, "Adzooks!
 Instead of these exulting looks,
 We fancy'd dismal signs of pity,
 Were all the wear throughout the city;
 But, bless their hearts! the standers by
 Seem'd more dispos'd to laugh than cry!"

Exclaim'd

Exclaim'd our millers, glad to find
 The mob and they were of a mind.—
 Enquiring next about the fire,
 To gratify their great desire,
 Forthwith a prig, in florid diction,
 Began a lecture upon *friction*,
 Of which the simple countrymen
 Might understand a word in ten.—
 A chimney-sweeper then began;
 But quite upon another plan,
 The gaping millers to harangue—
 But they knew nothing of the slang.—
 A third, in hope of more success,
 His thoughts array'd in plainer dress:
 Quoth he, "Yon building, yester morn,
 Was, gemmen, stow'd with flower and corn;
 Now, where they ground and where they hoarded,
 (As all such places are) was boarded;
 No wonder then it caught like tinder,
 The flame that burnt it to a cinder.
 Look in at yonder opening—there
 Their millstones wrought, full sixteen pair!"
 What! say'st thou! sixteen pair of stones!
 Enough to grind the devil's bones."
 "That I'll not warrant—But I'm sure,
 They ground the faces of the poor."
 Thus he—and thus our Millers spoke—
 "May all such projects end in smoke!"

6.

SINGULAR COMPLIMENT.

THE following hyperbolic compliment paid to Lewis the
 Fourteenth, on occasion of his many victories, is almost literally
 translated from the French of a Gascon author of those days;
 and, extraordinary as it may seem, is said to have obtained for the
 writer of it, the premium alluded to in his Gasconade.

To him, whose muse in lofty strains,
 Shall blazon Lewis' fam'd campaigns,
 And ev'ry great exploit,
 Belongs the prize of twenty pounds—
 What! only twenty! Blood and wounds!
 For each 'tis scarce a doit.

H h 2

THE

THE ACTOR. N° XIV.

See where he stalks.—SWAG.

THEATRICUS seems, at present, to be directing his discourse to a performer of some weight and consequence; if we may trust to his sincerity, and consider the majestic *figure* which he has pencilled, as a Portrait from Life.

You are certainly the most *dignified* performer upon the stage, whether in Tragedy, Comedy, Tragic Comedy, Comical Tragedy, Opera, Farce, or Pantomime, in all which you equally excel; that it to say, you put more of the *actor* into them than any body else would or could, and that from the superior advantages of education which you have over every other performer who might otherwise have rivalled you. While others were learning to *walk* to the effeminating squeak of a dancing master's kit, you judiciously, and at less expence, put yourself under the discipline of the drill serjeant, and with him acquired that firm sublime step which distinguishes all your characters, and which so exactly accords with every idea of the heroic bulkin. The consequence you derive from this, is obvious on all occasions, for great must be the temerity of the actor who ventures within the reach of your military toe; hence you have a noble opportunity of occupying the center of the stage, and of rendering even managerial *consequence* diminutive. Not only in person and air, you possess advantages which none of your cotemporaries can boast, but also in voice, the just management of which, has procured you the reputation of being the *greatest* tragic actor in either of the theatres. It is not every one who is gifted with a good voice, and of those who are, very few *make the most of it*; this, however, is not the case with you; no, nature has been liberal, and you like a *man of spirit*, should be *liberal* in your expenditure. *Empassioned* speaking is considered by all as the soul of tragedy; and you therefore ought to be always in a *passion*? *Modulation* is an old stage trick to gain a man credit for what he does not possess: you stand in no need of it, it is pretty evident to every *corner of the house* that you have a good voice,—the audience expect it of you—and, *with the blessing of G—*, let them have it *all*, as long as possible.

Strive also to be considered as the best reciter of blank verse upon the stage; shew that it is *verse* and not prose, by pausing at the end of every line; other actors, like school boys, are for ever looking after the stops; but be sure you point your author mere *naturally* when out of breath—as a man eats when he is hungry, and not for *fashion* sake, at stated periods—Much also may be said in favour of you as a musical performer; and, if you cannot actually sing songs, be studious always to speak in a kind of recitative, very suitable to the business of opera, in which you are now so happily employed.

FASHIONABLE FRACAS.

MISS Gunning, daughter of General Gunning, and niece to the celebrated Irish beauties of that name—a young lady, equally distinguished for her personal charms and mental endowments—had, for some time past, been honoured with the addresses of the Marquis of Blandford, son to the Duke of Marlborough, and of her cousin the Marquis of Lorn, son to the Duke of Argyle. The former was supposed to be the favoured lover, and his rank and pretensions were such as could not fail to preclude the possibility of a disapprobation—on the part of her parents—of the choice which the lady had made. A correspondence between them, both personal and epistolary, had accordingly been maintained. The Duke of Argyle, as uncle to the lady, and the friend of her family, interested himself in the event; and, from some circumstances of a peculiar nature, suspicions arising in his mind, he suggested doubts, either as to the reality of the courtship, or as to the Duke of Marlborough's knowledge of the affair. These being suggested to the General, he wrote a letter to the noble Duke, *said* to be sent by his own groom, and to contain a communication of the Marquis's *penchant* for his daughter, and a declaration that if his addresses were not perfectly conformable to the wishes of his Grace, the lady should be immediately prevented from giving them any further countenance. This letter was dispatched on the second of February, and on the third at night, the servant returned with an *apparent* answer, expressive of the Duke's approbation of his son's choice, and his entire acquiescence in his proceedings.

Still the scruples of the Duke of Argyle were not removed—the *foundation* of those scruples is one of the *mysteries* of this singular transaction. In order therefore to justify or remove his suspicions, his Grace shewed the letter, received by the General, to Lord Charles Spencer, who declared the writing to be an awkward imitation of his noble brother's hand—but the seal, (of the Duke's arms) he said was either a copy of that seal, or else the seal itself, which the Duke made use of some years ago, but which he afterwards changed for one of a different size and form.

Hence it became evident that a forgery had been committed—by whom? was now the question—A question most difficult of solution. A person, unacquainted with the parties, uninfluenced by prejudice, and guided only by the dictates of reason, would naturally have fixed his suspicions on a *gentleman*, who, fearing disapprobation where he wished for concurrence, *might* have had recourse to a deception in order to ensure the continuation of an intercourse that was flattering to his mind, in the hope that time's efficient hand might remove obstacles which, for the present, appeared insurmountable. Here, however, suspicion *seems* never to have fallen;

fallen: the honour and rectitude of the party, sufficiently known to those who are honoured with his intimacy, probably forbade the presumptuous idea.

The groom was the person from whom the best information could be derived on this intricate business—to him therefore the General applied; and, by the alternate exertion of threats and entreaties, extorted a confession, that the letter he had brought came not from the Duke. From a Mr. Bowen, his cousin and dependant, the General next learned, that his *daughter* had sent a fictitious letter, as coming from the Duke of Marlborough, to Mrs. Bowen, requesting her husband would copy it. With this *prudent request*, the gentleman *politely* complied; and we are given to understand that the lady's motive for making it was—strange to tell! her determination *not* to accept the Marquis of Blandford, but to marry, in contradiction to her mother's wishes, the Marquis of Lorn. Fortified with this intelligence, the General determined to act with decision; on the ninth of February he accused Miss Gunning (to her aunt Minnie) of having forged not only the letter in question, but also those supposed to have been written by Lord Blandford—that she prevented his groom from going to Blenheim, and had given him the letter which he was to say he had brought from the Duke of Marlborough—in consequence of this, he insisted either that she should go into the country, or else leave England: being answered, that she would do neither, but would stay in town and vindicate her innocence, he then declared, in a peremptory manner, that she must *quit his house*. This stern mandate, that favours more of *military* rigour, than of *parental* correction, the young lady was compelled to obey; and, accompanied by her mother, whose affection for her child had been, for some time past, the *sole* inducement to remain beneath her husband's roof, retired, that same evening, to the house of a friend.

In order to justify herself from the imputations cast on her conduct, Miss Gunning has made an affidavit, before a magistrate, in which she not only denies, in the most solemn, positive, and unequivocal terms, the forgery of which she has been accused, but declares that she *never* wrote to, nor had any private communication whatever with Mrs. Bowen; that she never interchanged a syllable with her father's groom, on the subject of his journey to Blenheim; that she verily believed the letter came from the Duke of Marlborough, and that the sentiments she experienced on the occasion, were those of happiness and gratitude.

On the other hand, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen have made oath, equally before a magistrate, and in terms equally positive, that what they had advanced was strictly true, and that Miss Gunning did send a letter to Mrs. Bowen to be copied, inclosed in another which she produced.

Mrs. Gunning has since published "A vindication of her daughter's conduct and her own."

Thus

Thus involved in a maze of contradictions, who shall venture to decide between perjury and truth? Whatever may be *our* sentiments on the subject, we deem it dangerous to promulgate them. Independent, too, of such apprehensions, we are farther induced to withhold our opinion, from the intelligence we have received that an interesting publication is now in the press, containing strictures critical and explanatory, on "The Vindication," of Mrs. Gunning, clearing up mysteries apparently inexplicable, and throwing a broad glare of light on every part of this dark transaction.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO MISS G.....

FAIN would my trembling tongue declare,
The flame that warms my breast,
Alas! the tongue that own'd you fair,
But ill your power exprefs'd.

Confus'd, amaz'd, my languid eyes
Spoke all my secret soul,
And took from love the poor disguise:—
You saw and read the whole.

You knew and felt your fatal pow'r,
'Twas mine the shafts to bear;
Aspiring love, in luckless hour,
Made *me* a victim there.

Tho' sad my lot; I boast a flame,
And dare my passion tell;
May ev'ry swain, may ev'ry dame,
But love as true—as well.

If stray'd my thoughts, ah! think again,
Nor heedless let me grieve,
By words, my meaning plain
I WISH YOU TO CONCEIVE.

SINGULAR RETALIATION.

THERE are not wanting instances to prove that personal deformity might be turned to advantage, as is evident from the esteem dwarfs have been held in, not to mention other monsters amongst the human species; but one that has fallen within my notice,

is such as must at once provoke risibility, and excite one's admiration of a person, who could be jocular on his bodily defects. An ecclesiastic in France, born with the misfortune of having a pair of unshapely legs, one of which however far exceeded the other in deformity, had them generally concealed, not indeed owing to any solicitude on his part to have them so, as they gave him little trouble except when he drew on his stockings, but to the custom of the country, which renders a long habit indispensable. Being one day in a large company, he put forth one leg, to the astonishment of the beholders—the laugh was raised, and the joke circulated at his expence: with a well dissembled confusion, he affected to withdraw the object of their sarcasms; which, one present perceiving, in order to make a little more of the jest, offered to stake a considerable wager, that no person in the room could produce so mishapen a member. Every one being partial to his own legs, as is generally the case, declined the challenge, except the gentleman who gave rise to it; but he having a limb in reserve, and thinking a better opportunity could not offer for retaliating on the wag, shewed the company such a leg as decided the bet in his favour, whilst he exhorted the loser to learn to praise God in all his works.

The above anecdote led me to the consideration of Raillery, which indeed is less injurious than slander, inasmuch as the object of the former being present, has it in his power to retaliate. But if, as must be admitted, it is less criminal, it cannot be denied that it is more offensive, since it bears at once upon honour and self-love. The pain we feel on being rallied for some defect or foible, is aggravated by the humiliating mortification of being unable to retort, and there are few, I believe, who would not prefer being calumniated behind their backs, to being bantered to their faces. We are not however to consider raillery at all times as an outrage, nor consequently as a crime; it is sometimes innocent: when that is the case, it may not unaptly be compared to the lightning, that flashes without scorching. If wit were tempered by prudence, the banterer would be circumspect; but so far from a discreet reservedness is wit, especially that which delights in satire, that it is generally found to be the most inconsiderate: so difficult a matter is it to sacrifice a repartee, that we would not neglect the opportunity of displaying our pretensions to a brilliancy of genius, though certain thereby to forfeit a friend, alienate a patron, or render the kindest benefactor unhappy. I would not be thought to discourage raillery; that were damping frequently the spirit of conversation, and taking off vice and absurdity a powerful restraint. Raillery, when moderately applied, is an agreeable seasoning; when immoderately, a disagreeable bitter.

CRITO.

LIFE OF BOB BARRATY.

(Concluded from Page 223.)

IN this disconsolate predicament, Bob turned his thoughts towards Westminster Hall, and hoped that an action at law, though it could not compel a marriage, would put some few guineas in his exhausted purse. He therefore applied to a lawyer and countryman; shewed him certain letters which passed previous to his being turned out of doors, and a copy of the late husband's will, which he had long before obtained from the Commons. The lawyer desired some time to consider, what kind of case those documents would admit of, and having looked them carefully over, and referred to every previous case of a similar nature, found, that an action would only cast him into public contempt and ridicule, and incur a certain expence, which he as certainly could not defray—In short, the lawyer saw, in the law language, that he had not an inch of ground to stand on, and very fairly told him so.

In attending, however, to the several letters, and from Bob's reports of the widow's *warmth*, the disciple of old Littleton thought the law of *nature* was in Bob's favour, and might possibly prevail. He told him, that, probably, if the scandalous parts of the reports against him were a little softened, and the circumstance of his really having had a commission fully proved, something might yet be effected in the way of reconciliation, and that he had no objection to become the medium of his success, provided his time was duly considered, and the compensation adequate to the consequence. If he effected nothing, nothing was to be expected. If he should be lucky, his trouble and good fortune were to be rewarded.

If the despairing Bob Barratty had been at that moment in the Press Yard of the Old Bailey, pinioned, and preparing for the terrific *drop*, which has been so fatal to some of our greatest modern heroes; and if the arrival of a messenger from the secretary of State's office, with his Majesty's most gracious respite, during pleasure, had been in that awful situation announced to him; he could scarcely have shewn more marks of joy and gratitude than upon hearing this proposal. "My dear Sir!" said Bob, "you will find me the most grateful of mankind! for if I am fortunate enough to get into that snug situation, I shall *take up* immediately, and play no more of my old pranks. No man in the world is so well able to do the business as yourself for me; so let us lose no time; and, by J...s I swear! you shall be amply rewarded, as the best friend I ever had in my life."

Accordingly, the lawyer set out from the east to the west end of the metropolis; and, without much difficulty, obtained an interview with the widow, who appeared to be smart and agreeable enough, of the *Ephesian* order, and perfectly candid. She mentioned what she had heard of Bob's *manœuvres* and escapes; and dwelt,



particularly, upon the imposition held out, of his ever having had a commission. The advocate, in a short time, proved the fallacy of that report; and, in fact, with a good deal of address and art, managed things so well for Bob, as to obtain leave for the hero to justify himself.

Although the lawyer knew Bob to be a rogue in grain, he yet had not the forecast to guard against the probable consequences. He made no specific agreement, and left to generosity and gratitude what he should have secured by pen, ink, and paper.

In some time, the interview took place; Bob was again received into favour; and in a few weeks all the widow's *furs* were at his disposal; Hymen crowned the happy pair at his altar; and Bob was enabled (if nature did not prevent it) to live honestly.

One, two, three weeks, succeeded, and no account from Bob to his "dear friend the lawyer," whose adroitness and advice saved him from shame, disgrace, confusion, and beggary! A month elapsed, and then the lawyer wrote a proper note. No answer. Another note, but no notice. The lawyer, in this awkward and angry predicament, spoke to a third person, who knew the whole business, and who indeed recommended him particularly to Bob: the third person interfered, and Bob desired him to tell the lawyer, that whatever he owed him, he would pay him, but not until he sent in his bill! The middle agent, though he had self experience of Bob's character, was yet, in the present instance, all astonishment! he knew the lawyer could make no kind of *regular charge*, and therefore began to remonstrate with some warmth, and asperity: but all in vain. "Why, b..... and w.....!" cried Bob, "what does he expect?" "A proper return," answered the friend, "for his trouble, advice, interference, and ability." "By J....!" said Bob, "my jewel, I thought you and he knew me better; and I now tell you, once for all, that if five guineas would save him from perdition, he shou'd'nt have it from Bob Barratty." "I thought, at least," observed the gentleman, "that prudence would have induced you to act the part of honesty—I thought you would at least have offered as much as the profits of an action, which would have been to you an action of scandal to all intents and purposes!"—"Ah, my sweet fellow!" replied Bob, "you may save your breath; for, by J....! I won't pay him a guinea!"

To close this curious drama, the lawyer and a friend went, one evening, to a tavern in Bob's neighbourhood, and sent for him in a fictitious name. Upon entering the room, he looked as if just cut down half dead from the fatal tree we have already mentioned! The lawyer assured him there was no harm intended; and removed his fears by encouragement. Being seated, and a little recovered, Bob listened to every charge and statement; acknowledged the truth of each; and very properly observed, that knowing him as the lawyer did, he should not have assisted his designs, in the first place; and, in the next, he should have taken better care of himself.

himself. He resolved not to pay a *farthing*, but what the law compelled him to do: and there was an end of the matter. "Not quite so!" replied the lawyer, "who thereupon ringing the bell, desired the landlord and waiters to attend. "This fellow!" said he, "has just confessed himself to be a rogue, and a most ungrateful rascal: as such, I desire you may turn him out of the room immediately." The landlord and waiters were obedient; Bob bore the disgrace with patience; and went home to console himself in his wife of furs." Y.

COPY OF THE CURIOUS WILL

OF MRS. AGNES GREENHILL.

Lodged in Doctor's Commons.

IN the name of God, Amen. I Agnes Greenhill, relict of John Greenhill, late of the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, Middlesex, being in an ill state of health, and of sound and perfect memory, praised be God for it! do make and ordain my last will and testament as follows.

First, and principally, I recommend my soul into the hands of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and to the most holy, glorious, and undivided Trinity, who I believe shall be my judge at the last day, and into the hands of the most holy glorious, and blessed Mother of God, my saviour Jesus Christ, who, I hope, will make intercession for me at the day of doom, when the last trumpet shall sound, and awake the dead. And, as to my body, I bequeath it to the earth, to be decently interred, in the parish church of St. Bartholemew, near Smithfield, in a vault wherein is laid the body of my dear, most honoured, and angelic mother, whom I loved a thousand times better than my own life. And I desire I may be laid by her at my death, without fail, so help you God, and as you hope for mercy at the last day to fulfil this my desire, and not to fail the fulfilling of this my last will and testament.

As to my body, when I am dead, I desire, if I should die in my chair, I may remain in it five hours, and not to be stript, but buried in what I shall have on me at the time it shall please God to call me from hence to my eternal rest; except my upper petticoat; but no shroud to be put on me; and to be laid in my own bed as if I was alive, till my coffins are made; which shall be three; the first to be of strong oak, as strong and good as can be made, and to be lined with white fatten quilted, and a squab and three pillows and a white sarsenet sheet to be wrapt all over me, when I am put in my coffin; and my corpse not to be shewed to any of my neighbours, no not one, upon any account whatsoever, as you will answer it at the great day. My second coffin to be a leaden one, as strong

as can be made ; and the third to be as strong as can be made, and covered with fine black velvet ; and the nails to be white and not yellow.

I desire to be kept three weeks before I am buried, and to have no bran put into the coffin, but some fine cotton, and not to be foldered up till I am so offensive, they cannot bear me any longer ; and not to leave me alone night or day, till I am done up.

I desire to have the whitest burying that can be made ; white scarfs, and the rings to be white, and white feathers on the hearse ; and to lay in state in my own parlour in a decent manner, not to be buried by day light, but at the hour of nine o'clock, and not before upon any account. I desire you not to fail, as you will answer at the great day.

If Webb should be living at my death, I desire he may make my coffins, and bury me : pay him well for his trouble, and let him and no one else, folder me up.

Whomsoever sits up with my corpse, not to leave open a window or door of the room where my corpse is, on any account. If Mrs. Butler should live with me at my death, she shall have nothing to do with me ; for I know she will have her own way, and do as she chooses, notwithstanding my orders, that I desire no window may be left open upon me when I am dead. If mother Webb should be living with me at my death, I would have her sit up with me while I am above ground, or go to bed in the same room, and keep a fire in the same room where I am. If the smell offends her, she may go out or in, as she may think fit, to take the air. She need not have a fire in the room, without she should be cold. I desire she may have a guinea for sitting up with me, to be paid the day after I am buried ; and she is to have a full suit of mourning.

I desire a funeral sermon to be preached the night I am buried, from this text : first book of Corinthians, and part of the 34th verse : " The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit."—I desire Mr. Cooke to preach the sermon, and to have five guineas for preaching, and gloves, scarf, and ring. And, as to my worldly goods and chattels, and my estate freehold and copyhold, or money, I do bequeath in manner follows. My dear mother, Mrs. Agnes Clerk, did give me her freehold estate in Water Lane, which came to her by her late father George Jarvis, and left to her and her heirs. She having by her will made me her heir to this freehold estate, and my heirs for ever, I give the said estate in manner following. I do give this estate of Water Lane unto my good friend Alexander Jesson and to Mrs. Galliard, of Bury-street, my neighbour, in trust and for the legacies hereafter mentioned, and to their heirs for them to pay into the hands of my servant Mary Butler the sum of twenty pounds a year, for and during her single life ; and if she should marry she is to lose the twenty pounds a year, and to have the sum

of

of fifty pounds of lawful money of England paid her in six months after her marriage; but no more by the year, except ten pounds a year she is to have for and during the lives of dogs, cats, poultry, and birds, besides the twenty pounds. She is not to lose the ten if she does marry, so long as any dogs, cats, poultry, or birds, be living. And so she is to have thirty pounds a year herself, and the dogs, cats, poultry, and birds.

ON THE MARVELLOUS.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

SWEET is the tale, however strange its air,
 That bids the public eye *astonish'd* stare!
 Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
 That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape!
 Behold our infancies in tales delight,
 That bolt, like hedgehog quills, the hair upright.
 Of ghoſts how pleas'd is ev'ry child to hear!
 To such is Jack the giant-killer dear!
 Dread monſters iſſuing from the flame or flood,
 Charm, tho' with horror cloth'd, they chill the blood!
 What makes a tale ſo ſleepy, languid, dull?
 Things as they happened—not of marvel full.
 What gives a zeit, and keeps alive attention!
 A tale that wears the viſage of invention:
 A tale of lions, ſpectres, ſhipwreck, thunder;
 A wonder, or firſt couſin to a wonder.
 Myſterious conduct! yet 'tis Nature's plan
 To ſow with wonder's ſeeds the ſoul of man,
 That ev'ry where in ſweet profuſion riſe,
 And ſprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes!

EPITAPH ON A LADY,

In Whitechapel Church-yard.

HERE lies a lady, who, if not bely'd,
 St. Paul's advice took up, and all *things* try'd;
 Nor ſtopp'd ſhe here, but follow'd thro' the reſt,
 And always ſtuck the longeſt to the beſt.

L.

THE
HARMONY OF CRITICISM.

From the Works of the most eminent British Critics.

ART. XLII. *Elegant Tales, Histories, and Epistles of a Moral Tendency.* 4s. sewed. Kearsley. 1791.

Monthly Review. January.

THIS is a wholesale compiler, who cuts novels down to a proper size, and then bundles them into a faggot, to warm the imaginations of his readers. As a mere collection for idle reading, this might pass without farther notice; but when the pretensions of this faggot maker rise higher, they claim a little examination.

Novel writers may perhaps say, "*these cynical critics tie us down so strictly, that we do not know how to please them; what are we to do?*" To such a question, we shall reply, go, and sin no more; turn to more useful employment, and let not the rare success of two or three masters in this species of composition, tempt you to sink into the lowest class of literary drudges, for poor pay, and public contempt.

Critical Review. January.

This selection is not injudicious; nor is the volume unpleasing or uninformative.

ART. XLIII. *Sermons, by Hugh Blair, D. D. F. R. S. Edin.* Vol. III. *The second Edition.* 8vo. 6s. Boards. Cadell.

Critical Review. November.

The very extensive and deserved reputation of Dr. Blair's former Sermons must render the publication of a third volume a dangerous experiment and an arduous task. No little anxiety must have been felt, that this volume should not be inferior to those which had preceded it; and the public, who had once admired, might be wearied with the repetition, and refuse that applause to another volume of equal, and even superior merit, which they had so liberally bestowed on the former attempts. On the other hand, the author's literary character was secured: it might be considered, that his path was strewn with laurels, which it was only necessary to pick up; applauses were ready, which it was only required of him to come forward that he might receive. In these first moments it is not easy to say which representation is most correct: we can add from the maturest consideration, that the merit of this volume appears to us at least not inferior to that of our author's former volumes.

We leave our author in possession of his well-earned fame, and the best of consolations, the having employed a long life in works of the highest utility, in the most approved attempts to amend the morals and correct the errors of the young and thoughtless, the heedless foibles of the inconsiderate, or the grosser vices of the more abandoned libertine.

Analytical Review. December.

His sermons are not sufficiently religious. His pages may be said to exhibit the blossoms of christian morality, rather than the fruits of christian piety; they

they tend to form the mere graces, and ornamental finishings of character, rather than to give stability and force to the grand essential duties, and important doctrines of the gospel.

A peculiarity in Dr. Blair's pages is a frequent recurrence of the same phraseology, the same forms of construction (which attract our notice only because they are not common) and a continual repetition of the same words. As an illustration of this remark, we request those who peruse the present volume, to attend to the words *state*, *spirit*, *honour*, *honourable*, *high*, and *feeble*. We meet with *feeble spirit*, p. 132. *feeble plank*; and *feeble moments*, p. 317. In all which senses we do not think it strictly proper.

By these, and other peculiarities, Dr. Blair, instead of meriting the honour of an original writer, has rendered himself a *mannerist* in style, which is always a defect. Were we to examine the compositions of our best prose writers, such as Dryden, Swift, Addison, Bolingbroke, and Hume, we should find it impossible to detail their beauties, or defects, in this manner. Their respective excellencies consist not of 'purple patches' that catch the eye of the reader; but whatever perfection they have, it is transfused through the whole; it is a pervading elegance, freedom, simplicity, or energy, that is too intimately blended, and too delicately wrought, to be detached from the ground-work, or torn away by piece meal.

The remainder of our remarks shall be confined chiefly to grammar, of which Dr. Blair has been often neglectful. Errors from his pen are of some consequence. They are likely to spread, to corrupt the taste of others, and give a sanction to the blunders of ignorance. Besides, if it be desirable to give our language stability and a higher degree of cultivation; if it be proper to curtail some of its redundancies, to expunge its barbarisms, and avoid those errors, which the grammarians have long since exposed; from whom ought we more naturally to expect it, than from writers of eminence, from our Professors of Rhetoric, and Teachers of Belles-Lettres? But instead of removing improprieties, Dr. B. has adopted them; and, as far as his example goes, given them authority.

One principal cause of the admirable precision and striking perspicuity of the English language, is the proper use of the articles, the prepositions and auxiliary verbs; in all which we think our author has violated both the prescriptions of authority, and the rules of grammar.

Were his language stripped of its meretricious ornaments, and cleared of grammatical improprieties; were some splendid, but redundant epithets omitted; were many affected transpositions restored to the natural order of syntax, and common sentiments expressed in plain and simple terms, it might serve as the mode of a finished style.

English Review. November.

The name of Dr. Blair is so familiar to all our readers, and so justly esteemed for his elegant compositions, that we need do little more than announce the publication of his third volume.

Dr. Blair has attended to all the various circumstances of common life, and taught us the minutiae of which virtue and happiness are composed. With this view his illustrations are all strong though familiar, his language nervous though fluent, his style correct without tameness, and even the severity of his denunciations tempered with all the inviting graces of Christian moderation and love.

ART. XLIV. *Euphemia*. By Charlotte Lennox: 12mo. 4 vol. 12s. Cadell.

English Review. January.

The former labours of this lady have deservedly placed her in the most distinguished

tinguished rank of the novel writers of the present day. By the publication before us, she has confirmed and increased her reputation. The incidents of this novel are natural, interesting, and well contrasted. The characters are drawn from a correct observation of life. The style is pure, elegant, and unaffected. In short, if this performance does not take a strong hold of the feelings, at least it flows with a certain equability of sentiment that never fails to interest. The following scene, amongst many others of no less merit, touches the heart with a tender simplicity, seldom seen in productions of this species:

‘ It was not more than a quarter of an hour before my mother died, when faintly pressing my hand, which she held in her’s, and looking earnestly on me, ‘ It has been said,’ said she, ‘ with more wit than truth, that virtue was the most beautiful and most unprofitable thing in the world. Can that be called unprofitable which, when supported by faith, can in the hour of death give a calm like this ?’—My heart, sunk as it was with sorrow, caught the enthusiasm of her words. ‘ Oh!’ cried I, lifting up my swimming eyes to heaven, ‘ may I die the death of the righteous, and may my latter end be like their’s!’—A smile of joy beamed over her countenance, now beginning to be overpread with the dark shades of death—once more I felt the faint pressure of her hand, now cold and clammy, and withdrawing from mine. To the last moment she kept her eyes fixed upon me; then gently closing them, her head sunk upon my bosom, and, with one soft sigh, she breathed out her pure and innocent soul.’

A pure strain of morality pervades and sanctifies, as it were, the whole. A number of judicious reflections are exhibited with novelty and neatness. For example.

‘ It is a great misfortune to be so much beloved; for one of whom so many others have need can be of little use to himself. ‘ For my part,’ added she, ‘ I think it better to be less agreeable, and, as somebody says, never to sacrifice to the graces at all, than to become the victim of the sacrifice.’

‘ The many that need, and the many that deny pity, make up the bulk of mankind.’

‘ What a pity that the life of a man who is an honour to human nature should be short! Yet surely he who may compute his existence, not by the number of his years, but his good actions, may be truly said to live long; for good actions are the seeds of immortality.’

Analytical Review. October.

As a great number of pernicious and frivolous novels are daily published, which only serve to heat and corrupt the minds of young women, and plunge them (by co-operating with their amusements) into that continual dissipation of thought which renders all serious employment irksome, we open a novel with a certain degree of pleasure, when a respectable name appears in the title-page. This was the case with the present work; but as we advanced, so many cold romantic flights struck us in the main story, and still more in the episodes, that we could not avoid ranking it with those novels, which, perhaps, tend to lead the female mind further astray from nature and common sense, than even the tales of chivalry to which Mrs. L. has allowed no quarter. Her notions of female delicacy and reserve are carried as far as any sentimental French writer ever pushed them; and though this prudery might arise from a different cause, yet it may be equally baneful in its effects, and banish true frankness and delicacy of mind, to make room for that false enervating refinement, which eradicates not only simplicity, but all dignity of character. We will appeal to any of our readers, whether they would not think that woman very affected, or *ridiculously* squeamish, who could promise to give her hand to her lover one moment, and the next scruple to admit him to a *tete-a-tete* breakfast. But if the ladies are to be cold and *indisposed* to the *marriage state*, the gentlemen are

are sufficiently ardent, weep, kneel and faint in the most impassioned manner. With respect to Mr. Harley, who is termed a hero for acting as any man would have done, that had the least spark of honour in his soul, to say nothing of religion, we think no knight of ancient days ever cherished a more *refined* passion, or more accidentally gained his bride. If the ladies, for such artificial beings must not be familiarly called women, are something like the cherubim under the organ-loft, soft, simple, and good, the gentlemen, and more particularly the poor husbands, are painted in stronger colours, and several of them appear to be drawn from the life by a faithful feminine pencil: the maternal affection and sollicitude, which takes place of every other, is much of the same cast, blind and weak; but the virtue of Mrs. Freeman towers above her sex—Lucretia was a washerwoman to her!

ART. XLIV. *Comparison of the Opinions of Mr. Burke and M. Rousseau, on Government Reform; and Strictures on the Answers to Mr. Burke.* 2s.

Analytical Review. March.

The extracts from Rousseau in the pamphlet before us have as much relation to the publication of Mr. B. as to Jack the Giant-killer. They are merely general cautions to the Poles with respect to the establishment of a free and moderate government.—The *strokes* on the answers to Mr. B. might have been more properly called *extracts*.

Critical Review. January.

The opinions of Rousseau, which in this little tract are compared with those of the author of the 'Reflections,' occur in his treatise on the government of Poland. He urges the Poles strongly to amend, not to destroy; to quietly change, but to risk nothing in projects of innovation. Various other *coincidences* occur; yet Rousseau is deified by the national assembly, and Burke proscribed by its friends.

Strokes on some of the answers to Mr. Burke's work follow, but they are of no great importance. We are glad, however, to see one champion in the field on this side; and our author, with no inconsiderable knowledge, writes with much animation and acuteness!

ART. XLV. *The Trial at large of Edward Lowe and William Jobbins at the Old-Bailey, October 30, 1790. For setting fire and burning the House of Francis Gelding.* By E. Hodgson.

Analytical Review. December.

Of the trial before us, we can only say, that it is full of inaccuracies; Mr. Hodgson, we think, would do well to consult his reputation, and not submit his MSS. to a hasty publication, merely to get first into the market. The speeches of the counsel and judge are wholly omitted.

English Review. February.

This whole trial is given with great correctness!

TRANSLATION OF A LETTER,

From Bernardo Tasso, the Father of the Poet, to his Daughter Cornelia.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

IF man could as easily execute as deliberate, without doubt, my beloved daughter, you would have been so far from being disappointed in the hope that you entertained, that it would have conducted to the object of your desire : but as the power of deliberation belongs to us, so the execution is in the hands of that Supreme Being who governs all our actions. We should be too happy for mortal creatures, if we could put all our designs in execution in what manner and at what time we please. Be assured, that if the thought and hope of speedily returning to you gave me comfort, I am no less disappointed and grieved at the impediments that still detain me : and that your father experiences, as much regret and trouble at finding himself distant from you, as delight and enjoyment in beholding, speaking to, and living with you. If I could journey with the steps, or rather fly with the wings, of desire, with whatever dispatch this packet might be carried to you, it would not equal me in expedition. But, since I must of necessity pace with the steps of difficult and tardy reason, I trust that, if I do not arrive so soon, you will call to your aid that patience which every mind, governed less by appetite and the desire of gratification, than by prudence and reason, ought to possess. I will come as soon as the convenience of the prince whom I serve, and a respect to my honour, will allow me. And supposing that my arrival would at all times give you pleasure, long expectation (as is the case with all things long expected and desired) will serve much to enhance that pleasure. The time I will not promise, that my promises may not again delude you, since their fulfilment depends on the will of another. I was beyond measure gratified by the declaration of your mind with regard to the husband whom our relations would wish to give you ; and I was so much the more pleased as I found your desires agreeing with mine. Be persuaded that I will give you such a husband as you will be judge to be worthy of your society ; and, if he does not abound so much in the goods of fortune as he whom they would choose for you, at least he shall be more opulent in mental endowments, and perhaps not less happily regarded by nature in personal graces. And be certain, that I would seek rather to give you a man who is in need of a coat, than a coat without a man : for to a noble and virtuous mind riches are never wanting, since it is rich in itself ; but to riches there is often wanting a noble mind, and prudence to direct the use of them. Nor let it enter your thoughts that I would give you a person who lives at a distance from me ; since my life would be wretched while consumed

sumed in the unceasing desire of beholding what I most love and hold most dear on earth. Whoever is your husband must be also my son, and live not only under the same sky, in the same city, but under one roof with me; and we must pass our days together with the greatest tranquillity that can be had in this world. Old age will be sweet and easy to me when I behold myself (as I hope God will grant) eternized in your children, and my own image pictured in their countenances. And death will appear to me less grievous when in their last look beholding you in a state of honour and quiet, loved by your husband, and contented in your children, these eyes shall at length be closed by your pale and trembling hands, and I depart this life certain of obtaining the last tears, the last kisses, and every mournful office that is due to a father from an obedient and affectionate child. I will write to Mr. Jerome what is agreeable to your satisfaction and mine; and on the two other things that you enquire about, I will gratify you as soon as we meet; since I would not trust one to writing, nor, in the other, call in the aid of an intermediate person. As to the first, be contented with knowing, that you are sprung from a father whose daughter you need not be ashamed to own yourself: as to the second, that my affection will not suffer me to live long at a distance from you. I was infinitely pleased in hearing from the revered Lady Eugenia, that you pass the greater part of the day, in the pursuit of literature, in the same order and method as when I left you. Be assured that the eyes of your understanding will thus be opened to behold the measureless beauty of virtue without a shadowing cloud, and that, becoming enamoured of this divine object, you will place all your solicitude in endeavours to obtain it; so that she, finding you clothed in her own habit, and deserving of her love, and being by nature generous and complying, will not disdain to love and dwell with you: and from her society you will not only obtain true happiness in this life, but the reward of a never dying memory, which, after God, ought to be esteemed above every other consideration. Remember, that beauty of the mind is so much to be preferred to that of the body; as the one, partaking of the divine essence, bright, eternal, and incorruptible, is superior to the other, dark, earthly, and frail. Render yourself, then, not a golden vessel filled with soil, and other base ingredients, but with pearls and every costly and rare gem. I do not send you any of my compositions, because I have no opportunity of getting them transcribed. Take care of your health, and let me find you such as my hopes promise me. Make my respects to the honoured religious sisters, and love them with that obedience and observance which is due from you, and deserved by them. May the Almighty preserve you virtuous!

"Naples."

THE INQUISITION AND THE BEGGAR.

A ludicrous and true Narrative.

THE principal actor in the following farce, which occurred in May 1784, at Madrid, was Ignacio Rodriguez, a beggar. The first profession of this man was arms; but of his conduct in that line little has transpired. It is certain, that he was with count O'Reilly in the unfortunate expedition against Algiers, where he was wounded in the leg. In consequence of this he was discharged as an invalid, and had an offer of the usual pension; but he chose rather to cast himself on the public, and to enjoy his liberty, than to be lost in obscurity with his companions. For this purpose, he was careful to keep his wound from healing; and, such was his address, that he procured a comfortable living, or rather, as it appeared, fared sumptuously every day.

After some years, he was so unfortunate as to attract the attention of D. Bernardo Cantero, the intendant general of the police, who, seeing him from day to day, enquired for what reason he kept his wound open, and ordered him to have it healed. Rodriguez, not knowing to whom he spoke, replied with insolence, "I ask alms, and not advice." This ill-timed answer proved his ruin.

The intendant, struck with his appearance, and offended with his insolence, watched him, and having observed something uncommon in a long conversation between him and a female, called Juliana Lopez, caused her to be followed, and arrested. This woman, although artful, being taken by surprise, was confused and soon confessed, that the paper she had delivered to the beggar contained some materials for making love powder. On this evidence, Rodriguez was taken into custody, with another female named Angela Barrios, who, being a woman of inferior talents, acted under them, and was employed only in commissions of no great importance. All three being committed to the common jail, were frequently questioned, and the result of their examination was laid before the king, who, by the advice of his confessor, referred the matter to the inquisitors. In consequence of this, the prisoners were removed, and confined in the prison of the inquisition.

No tribunal has such advantages in tracing out the truth, nor can any other investigate a dark transaction with such a certainty of success as this court. Unfettered by forms, and not limited for time, they are at liberty to bring whom they please before them, to take them from their beds in the middle of the night, to examine them by surprise, to terrify their imaginations, to torment their bodies, and to cross examine them at distant periods. With these advantages, the impostor was soon made to confess the whole of his practices, with all the most minute particulars, and the names of the parties to whom he had sold his powder. He explained,

explained, in his confession, the materials of which he had composed it; but these, to a modest ear, should never have been mentioned; and he acknowledged, that every female, after taking it, had been obliged to grant him whatever he chose to ask, without which the charm was to have no effect. Whenever he administered it, he muttered some necromantic formula, that he might give an air of mystery to the transaction, and inspire the mind with confidence in its success.

Juliana Lopez, his associate, served him as an emissary and a panegyrist; and that she might in all respects lend herself to his views and to his wishes, she hired a convenient garden, to which he might retire at all seasons whenever it suited his convenience.

Angela Barrios acted as a servant to the others, and being of a weak understanding, was never admitted to their confidence. Fidelity and silence on her part were sometimes however requisite, and in these she never failed.

The process, according to custom, contained the most minute particulars. Their crimes were proved by a multitude of testimonies, and their guilt was confirmed by their confessions. From these it appeared, that his powder was administered to persons of all ranks; and one of the inquisitors has since declared that many ladies of high fashion in Madrid were duped by him, although out of tenderness their names had been concealed.

When the process was gone through, the judges resolved to celebrate an Auto de Fé publicly in the church of the Padres del Salvador, but the king would not consent that the nuns of St. Domingo should lose their privilege of having the Auto in their church. The inquisitors gave way, but sent a request, that the nuns might not be admitted to the grate, lest their ears should be offended, and the purity of their imaginations should be defiled. This message had the effect which might have been expected. Their curiosity was the more excited, and of all the nuns four only were absent from the grate.

On the day appointed, at six in the morning, the people began to assemble in the street of the inquisition, and the troops took their station to preserve good order. About eight the beggar left his dungeon, leaning on his crutches, and attended by a capuchin friar of no respectable appearance, named Father Cardenus. As soon as he appeared in court, he fell upon his knees before one of the inquisitors, who with the greatest mildness and gentleness addressed him thus: "My son, you are going to hear the relation of your crimes, and the sentence pronounced for the expiation of your guilt. Our lenity is great, because our holy tribunal, always most indulgent, seeks rather to reform than punish. Let your sorrow flow from your consciousness of guilt, and not from a sense of the disgrace you suffer."

This exhortation ended, which is the same, even when the criminal is committed to the flames, they proceeded to throw over
the

the shoulders of the beggar his *san benito*, or more properly his *saco bendito*, being the sackcloth with St. Andrew's cross, anciently worn by penitents. On his head they placed the cap with serpents, lizards, and blackbeetles, a green candle in his hand, and round his neck a halter. To Juliana Lopez the same speech was made, and when she had been clothed in similar attire, she stood, although not with equal confidence, near to her companion.

Last of all came forth Angela Barrio, who, trembling and bathed in tears, fell down upon her knees, and begged the inquisitors to spare her life. She was answered, that the holy tribunal was not accustomed to put any one to death; that they would do her no harm; and that as her offence was not equal to that of her companions, they had not even provided for her a *san benito*, the disgraceful badge, by which all who have worn it are rendered, with their families, infamous for ever.

When every thing was thus arranged, the procession began to move. In front marched soldiers to clear the way; then appeared the standard of the holy office, supported by alguazils, and followed by familiars, with the learned doctors of the inquisition; next advanced the beggar, supported by his crutches, and attended by two secretaries, who carried the whole process in a box lined with velvet; and the little capuchin, as confessor, with the Marquis of Cogolludo, son to the Duke of Medina Cœli, of the blood royal, and the first nobleman in Spain, as alguazil mayor, brought up the rear.

No sooner had the pageant entered the church, than mass began; after which they read the process in the hearing of the whole assembly, which consisted of the principal nobility, with all the ladies of the court, who had been invited by la Marquesa de Cogolludo, and sat with her on a stage raised for this occasion.

The secretaries were frequently interrupted in reading by loud bursts of laughter, in which the beggar joined. The mirth was, however, in some breasts, attended with a degree of trepidation, when in the process circumstances were related, in which ladies who were present, had been concerned, and who expected every moment to be named.

After the whole of the process had been read, the chief inquisitor rang a little bell, and the prisoners drew nigh to hear their sentence. That of Ignacio Rodriguez was, to be whipped through the streets of Madrid, to be instructed and fortified in the mysteries of the catholic faith, by a spiritual guide appointed by the court, with whom he was to go through holy exercises for one month, fasting on the Fridays on bread and water; and at the end of this period he was to make a general confession. He was to be five years shut up in the penitentiary house of Toledo, and afterwards to be banished for ever from Madrid and from the royal mansions, with an obligation to inform the holy office wherever he should happen

happen to reside. The sentence of the other was not so severe.

The whole ceremony ended about three in the afternoon.

The day following, the beggar, naked down to his waist, was mounted on an ass, attended by the Marquis of Cogolludo. Thus accompanied, the impostor was conducted through the streets, but without receiving any stripes; and as he proceeded, he was frequently refreshed by his friends with biscuits and wine; whilst many, who knew not the nature of his offence, thinking him a heretic, cried out, *viva la Virgen, viva Maria purissima*, to which he replied, *por mi que viva*.

This ceremony ended, the Marchioness of Cogolludo gave a grand entertainment to the judges and officers of the inquisition.

Had it been the intention of the king to make the inquisition, preparatory to its abolition, contemptible in the eyes of the whole nation, he could not have taken any step more effectual for the purpose.

T.

ANECDOTES, BONS MOTS, &c.

A Gentleman at Carthagena said one morning gravely to his friend, "Before I go to rest this night, the whole city will be thrown into confusion." This he himself occasioned by going home an hour before his usual time, to the no small vexation of his wife and of her cortejo, whose precipitate retreat, and unexpected arrival in his own house, occasioned the like confusion there; and thus, by successive and similar operations, was literally fulfilled the prediction of the morning.

T.

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the late mourning for the Duke of Cumberland: A taylor, had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time—among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always singing *Rule Britannia*, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus—The taylor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of *Nancy Dawson*. The design had the proper effect—the taylor's elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the cloaths were sent home within the prescribed period.

Charles Fox told an insolent fellow, "he would kick him to hell."—"If you do," said the other, "I will tell your father, how you are squandering his money."

An instance of great simplicity happened last season at Bath—
Mr.

Mr. Dimond, the manager of the theatre in that city, had invited some friends to dine with him, at West Hall, his country residence—As he was passing the larder before dinner, his olfactory nerves were offended, by a disagreeable effluvia, which he soon discovered, was occasioned by a joint of veal nearly putrid—in consequence, he called to his servant, shewed him the tainted meat, and then desired him, to get the key of the garden gate, and throw it into the Avon, which run at the bottom of the parterre—After dinner, the ladies expressing a wish to walk by the side of the river, Mr. Dimond called for the key of the gate, and was not a little amazed to find, that the stupid fellow had mistaken his orders, and thrown the *key* into the stream, instead of the *veal*.

When Charles Bannister, was gudgeon fishing with Mr. Wynn, at Wargrave, he addressed the boatman, “Are you married?”—“Yes, your honour.”—“Don’t your wife scold you?”—“No, your honour; why should she?”—“Because you’re out raking all day!”

This House to lett, enquire within.

Thus read Bannister to Wilson, on the front of a dwelling, which had been apparently unoccupied for some years—“I’ll make some enquiry about this,” said Charles—“Will you be so kind to inform me, Sir, what is the annual rent of that empty house?”—“Fifty pounds, besides taxes.”—“Will you lett any thing with it?”—“No, why do you *ax*?”—“Because if you *let it alone*, it will tumble down!”

In the summer of 1786, as Mrs. Hitchcock’s servant maid, of Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, was following her mistress on a car to Cork, where she had gone a few days before, to join Mr. Dally’s company, she was surrounded by three ruffians, on a mountain between Clonmel and Cork, who brutally ravished the poor creature—when she arrived at the theatre, the despoiled wench ran immediately to her mistress behind the scenes, and told the dismal tale—at the conclusion of the story, Mrs. Hitchcock, who was then dressed for the Queen in Hamlet, bridling up her head, exclaimed with much solemnity, in the language of Shakespear, “Aye, it had been so with us, had we been there!”

When the *School for Scandal* was performing at Drury Lane Theatre with uncommon applause the first season, Cumberland sat in the stage-box, and was observed never to smile at any of the good things which the author had put into the mouths of the scenic personages—When the comedy was concluded, he improperly remarked he was much surpris’d, that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make him smile—As there are social traitors in all circles, this sarcasm was conveyed to Sheridan, who

who very coolly observed, that Cumberland was truly ungrateful, for not smiling at the comedy, as he had seen a tragedy of Cumberland's at Covent Garden Theatre, but a fortnight before, and had laughed from the beginning to the end!

At the last masquerade at the Hay Market Theatre, the Prince, and a party of his friends, were supping in a private room, appertaining to the theatre, when Colonel St. Leger observed, there was a very unfavourable effluvia—"Are you surprised at that," said the Prince, "are we not in a *little house*!"

A tipsy parson in Dumfries was saying from the pulpit, "What was it, think ye, gued people, that swallowed Jonas?—It was na horse, it was na cow!"—"I suppose, said an old woman, it was a whale, your reverence."—"I suppose, replied he, you are a b—; you might as well take the bread out of my mouth, as the word of God!"

A person who kept a Jack-daw, used frequently to put his finger into the cage to him—the Daw bit him, and the man said "D—n it, how you pinch!" The Jack-daw being out of the cage, a Kite took him up, and flew off with him, while the Daw kept crying, "D—n it, how you pinch!"

"Are my *steaks* ready, fellow!" bawled a buckeen at an eating house—"No," replied the waiter, "but I perceive your *chops* are."

A gentleman, who expected company to dinner, had for his principal guest a Duke, whereupon he desired his servant (a country hick) when he accosted the Duke to say, his grace. When the Duke arrived at the door, the servant began, "Bless, we beseech thee, &c." The Duke was struck with the whimsicality of the servant, and gave him money, for which the servant said, "For what we have received, the Lord make us truly welcome."

BANNISTER asked Andrews when he intended bringing forth another new play—"Why, replied Andrews, my muse is big, and will soon be delivered."—"Then, said Bannister, I'll come to the *groaning*."

THE late Duke of Cumberland met Gibbon, the celebrated historian, at Christie's, in Pall Mall—the following dialogue ensued—"Ah, Gibbon, how are you?" "I am well, I hope, your Royal Highness is well." "So, so, like a poor mantua-maker, as a body may say; but I suppose you are at your old trade of basket making, hey Gibbon, scribble, scribble, scribble, scribble!"—The developer of Roman facts, looked piteous on the sprig of royalty, and tacitly left him.

ORIGIN OF JOHN AUDLEY.

WHEN Theatric performers intend to abridge an act or play, they are accustomed to say we will John Audley it—it originated thus—In the year 1749, Shuter was master of a droll at Bartholomew fair, in West Smithfield, and it was his mode to lengthen the exhibition, until a sufficient number of persons were gathered at the door to fill the house—This event was signified by a fellow popping his head in at the gallery door, and bellowing out John Audley! as if in an act of enquiry, though the intention was to let Shuter know, that a fresh audience were in high expectation below—The consequence of this notification was, that the entertainments were instantly concluded, and the gates of the booth thrown open for a new auditory.

LAUGHING IS CATCHING.

A Fat ecclesiastic, and his spiritual under-strapper, vulgarly cycled a clerk, were discoursing over a jug of brown nappy, in Leicestershire, upon the state of their amours in the parish—Each being obstinate as to his superior address and success among the ladies, it was finally agreed upon by both parties, to settle the point in dispute on the approaching Sunday, when they were to take their official stations much earlier than usual, in order to ascertain, by signs, as the ladies came into the church, those they had kissed—

When the vicar's favorites came, he was to lean over the pulpit and cry *quod*.

When the clerk's favourites came, he was to look up at the vicar, and cry *quid*.

This material point being adjusted, the day came, and the first who entered was the Squire's lady—Here the vicar obeyed the obligation—leaned over the pulpit, and cried *quod*.

Next came flaunting in all her airs, the haberdasher's rib from the next market town—The vicar bellowed again, *quod*.

To her succeeded the fat colleague of a rich farmer.

The vicar once more exercised his lungs, and roared, *quod*.

After her came a tallow-chandler's lady, from the town alluded to.—The vicar, again triumphant, ejaculated, *quod*.

Now came the vicar's wife, who was considered by all her neighbours as the eldest daughter of purity.

Here the clerk, turning up his eyes sarcastically towards the vicar, pronounced audibly, *quid!*

"It cannot be," whispered the astonished vicar. "A true bill upon my salvation," rejoined the clerk; "and I dare say, you think my *quid* was worth all your *quods!*"

DELICATE DISTRESS.

MR. Deputy ——— had dined with the cordwainers company, on the ninth of November, 1790, and came home to his lady very ill with an asthma—She, good woman, sent instantly for Doctor L——, and the doctor came——“ I am sorry, Mr. Deputy, to understand, that you are suddenly afflicted with a coagulation in the lungs. Let me feel your pulse. Aye, in a high fever, as I apprehended. Shew me your tongue. Aye, as white as a curd. Open your mouth wider, Mr. Deputy—wider still—Good heavens! what do I see here?” “ Oh, my stars!” bellowed the Deputy’s lady, “ what do you see? tell me, dear doctor, tell me, or I shall die!” “ Why, madam, I see a leg of a turkey, and oyster-fauce!”——*Omnes, ha, ha, ha!*

AN INSTANCE OF HUMAN WEAKNESS.

IN the winter of seventy-six, the late doctor Goldsmith ordered a coach from Covent Garden Piazza to the Devil Tavern, at Temple-bar, at which place a weekly club was then held by the Literati of the day. When the Doctor was set down, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling. The doctor repaired to the club-room; the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, the doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he had imagined was a guinea; he soon perceived the mistake, and told the circumstance to the club.—The company laughed, and the doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week. “ I have brought your guinea back,” said the coachman; “ I know your honour made a mistake; now some scoundrels would have pocketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter; but that’s not my way, your honour; I thank God, if so be I’m poor, I’m honest; it wears well, as a body may say.” “ My dear friend,” exclaimed the doctor, “ I honour and admire your principle; you will please to wait here a few minutes;” upon which the doctor marched up stairs, and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments which a poetic mind, on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of

life. It was generously complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good, but credulous man, ran with the collection to the vulgar descendant of Phaeton, poured it into his hat, and after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and sublime satisfaction which every man feels after the commission of a good action: he entered the room in triumph—his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter; alas, it was at the doctor's expence! —the guinea which the rascal had pretended to return, was a—*counterfeit!*

APOPHTHEGMS, &c.

Chiefly from the Greek, Latin, and Italian.

CORACIUS agreed to teach Sofio rhetoric, for a certain reward, which was to be paid as soon as the pupil had become master of the art. But when he had learnt it, he refused to advance the stipulated sum, upon which he was sued by Coracius. Sofio relying upon the sophistry he had learned, asked him what rhetoric was? "The art of persuasion," replied Coracius. "Oh then," said Sofio, "if I *persuade* the judges that I owe you nothing, I shall have nothing to pay you, because I shall have gained my suit; and if I am unable to *persuade* them, still you will have no demand on me, because in that case it will be proved, that I am not master of the art of persuasion; therefore I think you would do well to proceed no farther." But Coracius, who was not to be foiled with his own weapons, retorted his argument upon him thus: "Though you should succeed in persuading the judges, you shall nevertheless pay me, because then it will appear that you are perfect in the art of persuasion; and if you fail to persuade them, you shall still pay me because then you will lose your suit; so pay you must, and pay you shall."

FORTUNE observing a child sleeping near the brink of a well, awakened him, saying, "Rise from thence, you little fool; for should you chance to fall into the water, it would be said, that *Fortune*, not your own *folly*, was the cause of it."

Zeno being in company with a young man, who had a wonderful volubility of tongue, thus addressed him: "Take notice, my friend, that nature has given us two ears, and but one mouth, that we might listen much, and speak little." Another time the same philosopher being asked to define the distance between truth and falsehood, replied, "The distance is precisely the same as that between the eyes and the ears." We strenuously recommend the advice and observations of Zeno to Mr. A. T.; Mr. F.....s; Mr. G...y, Mr. C.....y; and many other of our most *loquacious* senators.
Alex-

Alexander the Great asked a pirate, who had been taken prisoner, and was brought before him, why he was so daring as to infest the seas and commit depredations in such a shameful manner? "For my own private advantage, as you do," replied the pirate; "but as I only employ a single galley, I am called a *pirate*; whereas, you, because you make your excursions with a whole fleet, are called *King!*" Alexander was so well pleased with the boldness (and probably with the *justice*) of the man's answer, that he immediately ordered him to be set at liberty.

An Archbishop of Florence told Cardinal Alexandrino, that man had nothing in this world but his possessions and his body; the first of which was destined to be preyed upon by the lawyers, and the last by the physicians. For which reason, replied the Cardinal, we find but few lawyers that have any lawsuits, and few physicians that take physic.

The folly of interfering in the affairs of other people was never better illustrated than in the answer of a man who, for some misdemeanor, was receiving a whipping in the streets of Prato. A stranger who was near him, remarking that he walked very slow, said—"Mend your pace, man; the faster you walk, the sooner will your pain and ignominy be over." "When you are whipped," replied the culprit, "you may go your own pace; as for me, I shall walk as I think proper." G.

THE BIRD FANCIER'S CLUB.

Held at the Grey Eagle in Grey Eagle Street, Spitalfields.

THE district where this club is held, has long been famous for the residence of Bird Fanciers and Pigeon-merchants. This company was originally founded at the Sun, in Rosemary Lane; and from thence removed to the same sign in Rose Lane, near Whitechapel. It seems that these geniuses had a particular predilection for light; and the grand luminary of the hemisphere was their ever favourite sign, till the present time, when they meet at the insignia of the only bird which can direct its flight immediately to the sun.

It must not be expected, that the conversation of these sons of *Fancy* can be very entertaining to any one who has discarded bird-catching. At our visit to this society, we found them to consist of *all sorts*, miscellaneously met to drink Truman's Intire, in a room, the light of which was much obscured by the various cages hung at the windows, so that it resembled a great aviary. The discourse then ran entirely upon an almost irretrievable piece of mischief done by a great boar-cat, which the maid carelessly shut up in the room the night before. The landlord, who is a bird-cage maker by trade, was very learnedly descanting upon bird-cage

cage architecture; and laying down, in chalk, a wire gaol upon entire new principles, with as much consequence as St. C---rt would, if he had a contract to build a new vessel, to sail with only one mast from Falmouth. But the attention of the company was soon after diverted to an object of greater magnitude; I mean the annual feast, which one of the members, who was then just about setting off for the country, had made a motion to put down, because he could not attend it; but another, to carry the matter another way, proposed two feasts, one to be held at Christmas, and the other at Midsummer. Confusion, concomitant with variety of opinions, succeeded: and we thought it high time to retire, as we did not think fit to make one of the guests.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY THE SOCIETY.

1. Every member, at admittance, to pay one shilling, and four pence to be spent.
2. None to call for tobacco or pipes, to smook in the club room, under the penalty of sixpence, as the fumes might destroy the canaries.
3. Any member who calls another a Whitechapel Bird-catcher, to pay twopence.
4. The landlord to find cage room for as many birds as the members cannot, or find it not convenient to lodge at home, for two-pence a week, feed included.
5. Every member to subscribe a penny weekly to the box, towards the annual dinner; and, on that day, to pay a shilling more for defraying the expences.
6. That harmony and good fellowship may subsist between the members, none are to *decreminate* another, or vilify his neighbour's character, under the penalty of sixpence.
7. All visitors to be kindly entertained for sixpence.

The Editor gave place to the preceding account—against the wishes of some of his *convivial* friends—to shew that mankind may be happy without the aid of either excessive drinking, or gaming; the Bird Fanciers, no doubt, enjoy as much earthly felicity, as those more enlightened societies, called the Blue Stocking, Anacreontic, &c. &c.

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

A MILITARY LIBRARIAN.

CAPTAIN Goose was originally bred to the harmless business of a *chicken butcher*; but relinquished that occupation, to become a bibliopolian, liking better to deal in books than in geese and turkies. He received, we find, his initiation in the mysteries of

of the muses at York, and from a very small beginning, has stepped into a genteel carriage.

But various are the ways men take to arrive at greatness. Some are content to be simply reputed rich, and remain careless as to fame in general; while others take every method they can devise to be thought opulent, when they are not really so. The Captain, sedulous to acquire both riches and honours, has put himself forward upon the military *musty* rolls of city protectors, as colonel of the *malicious* men of London.

To merit preferment in civil honour, he rode out in the ever memorable year 1780, to collect the serjeants and privates of the militia; but, to a man, they were all too much occupied in reforming the state, under the auspices of Lord George, to attend to the call.

From the time, when parson Fancourt first lent out books in Crane Court, Fleet street, to the present period, the art of *making* novels was never so well executed and understood as by our present hero.

Since the days of the Nobles, none have published more *circulating* trash than the Captain; which induced a gentleman to observe, on his adopting the sign of THE MINERVA, that he had better have taken up the old frontispiece to Pope's Dunciad—An Ass laden with Books!

It was once currently reported, that the Captain gave little for his copies: this extorted from him an advertisement, wherein he inserted the original receipt he received from Mrs. Bennet for one hundred pounds, the consideration paid for the novel of Anna, or the Welch Heiress. He has since ostentatiously advertised, that he keeps five hundred pounds at the banker's, for the sole purpose of purchasing copies: and so he may; but alas! how scantily does he often reward ladies, who write for pin-money, or such as are eager to see their nonsense in print.

The celebrated authoress of Evelina received, and at two payments, but ten pounds for that valuable copy-right.

The Captain, before this, had the good fortune to be famous without knowing it. A certain celebrated writer who went by the appellation of Courtley Melmoth, *took him off* with a deal of humour in a novel which he sold him in manuscript, and, from that day, he has constantly passed by the travelling name of *Captain Goose*. The occasion was as follows.

The author having left his copy with this *patron of learning* for inspection, called several times for an answer; when, being weary, and other avocations obliging him to go into the country, the book was for a while forgotten; but the dæmon of confusion meddling in the matter, the Captain, in one of his hasty fits, sent the copy, with other waste papers, to an auction room; whence it successively became the property of various booksellers, for different
sums.

fums, from five shillings to a piece of gold. However, it some how or other got into his shop again, by the medium of a brother of the trade, who offered to go halves with him in the profits of the publication. Though of a political tendency, and the tide of things having by this altered the measures pursued by the great folks, yet *wrong heads* blunder on ; and the novel was printed and published, to the utter disgrace and confusion of the author, who, when it came to his knowledge, stamped, raved, swore, and threatened ; and a lawsuit had almost been commenced ; but the Captain making ample satisfaction to the author, and reprinting above three parts of the work over again, to accommodate the matter to the temper of the times, the affair subsided.

There is a current report, that the Captain and a certain male laundress are constructing a wooden literary mill, to perform all the operations of bookmaking ; when it may be literally said, that books will be made without brains, or the trouble of thinking. *Block-heads* will then exceed men of learning.

No more need poets waste their time or brain,
Nor trudge along a weary life in pain ;
Since they may their quietus make in drinking,
And raise new rhimes without the toil of thinking ;
Nor need we seek so far as Greece or Rome,
For all their labour is perform'd at home !
And all the works of genius ever nam'd,
Within are curiously contriv'd and fram'd.

ARISTARCHUS.

A RETORT COURTEOUS.

Occasioned by a late Disaster near Blackfriars Bridge.

TO see a fire, the other day,
Came W... , and was heard to say,
" Since no man lost his life,
'Tis well."—" No, marry, not so well ;
But, how it might, I soon could tell,"
Exclaim'd a crabbed wife.
" Indeed !" quoth W... , turning round,
" Your riddle, madam, pray expound ;
Your meaning let us know ?"—
" My meaning's plain," the dame return'd ;
" For instance, Sir, had you been burn'd,
It had been well, I trow."

A FRAGMENT.

IT was one of those dreary days in the month of December, when the face of nature is covered over with a veil of pure white, when the tall firs hang their drooping heads, overloaded with hoary frosts—in short, it snowed fast, and the frost was very severe, when a little boy, who appeared to be about seven years old, came to Philario's door, entreating the servant to buy a bundle of matches. The poor creature was half starved—no stockings on his legs—no shoes on his feet—nor hat on his head—his party-coloured coat, if it might be called a coat, hung in rags over his little shoulders.—He had a small basket under his arm, which contained a few bundles of matches, and about half a dozen of penny prints, by selling which, he earned a small pittance towards the support of his mother and himself—Philario happened at that instant, to come to the door—There is no man on earth possessed of a greater share of humanity than Philario—touched with the distress of the boy, he ordered him to be brought into the kitchen—to be clothed from head to foot—and something to be given him to eat—and afterwards to relate his story—the whole family assembled into the kitchen on the occasion—and while he told his daughter, Philario retired from the circle.—I saw the tear of sympathy, raised by the tale of woe, steal down her lovely cheek—the took out her purse—and conveyed privately into the boy's hand—it matters not mentioning here *how much*—nor does it concern the world to know—it will not be forgotten—it is noted down elsewhere.

“His father,” he said, “when living, was a very bad man, he spent all his money in gaming and drinking, and that he had frequently threatened to kill his poor mother. My mother” added he, “is a very near relation to a celebrated Methodist preacher, but he will not take any notice of us.”—Strange, thought I to myself, that the deluded followers of this man, should have such an antipathy to *doing good*, as to trample on the ties of humanity!—that, instead of “letting their light so shine before men that they may see their good works,” they should blab out their *faith*, by which they encourage men to commit evil ones, without offending that Being, whose sole pleasure is, to do good.—Philario shook his head, and fetched a deep sigh.—“And will you be kind enough,” says the little boy, addressing himself to Maria, at the same time holding out a penny print in his hand, “will you be kind enough dear lady, to accept of one of these print.—it is all at present I can afford, indeed it is—but you are very welcome to it.”—The offer carried its effect along with it.—“Go, my little fellow,” cries Philario, “go call thy mother, and come to me again. Thou shalt go to school, and I hope, at some future day, I shall see thee—if not a great—at least a good subject.” P.

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

Supposed to be written by John Ploughshare, of Devonshire.

[From the Third Canto of Peter Pindar's Loufiad.]

IN comm'd the king at laste to town,
 With doust and zweet az nutmeg brown,
 The hofses all in smoke ;
 Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
 Red colours vleeing, roaring, dringing,
 Zo mad zcem'd all the voke.

Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
 All over douste we spied Squire Rolle,
 Close by the King's coach trattin ;
 Now shoving in the coach his head,
 Meaning (we thoft) it might be zed,
 Squire Rolle and George be chattin.

Now went the Aldermen and May'r,
 Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
 The Royal voke to ken ;
 When Measter May'r, upon my word,
 Pok'd to the king a gert long sword,
 Which *be* pok'd back agen.

Now thoofe that round his worship stood,
 Declar'd it clumsily was dood ;
 Yet Squirt, the people zay,
 Brandish'd a gert hofs glyster-pipe,
 To make un in his lesson ripe,
 That took up half a day.

Now down droo Vore-street did they com,
 Zum hallowin, and screeching zum ;
 Now trudg'd they to the Dean's ;
 Becaze the bishop zent mun word,
 A could not meat and drink avord,
 A had not got the means.

A zed, that, " az vor he, poor man,
 A had not got a pot or pan,
 Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork ;

That

That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
And zeldom made a hearty meal,
And zeldom drade a cork."

Indeed, a is a moderate man,
And zo be all the clargy clan,
That with un come to chatter ;
Who, when they're ax'd to a glafs of wine,
To one the wother they tip the fig,
And beg my Lords's fine water.

Then az vor rooms—why, there agen
A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,
They were zo small, a zed ;
And, az vor beds, they wudn't do,
In number about one or two,
Vor self and Joan the maid.

In voolish things, a wudn't be cort ;
'Twas stoopid to treat vokes for nort :—
No ; twazn't heefe desire.
Prefarment, too, waz to an eend ;
The king woud never more vor'n zend,
To lift un one peg higher.

And yet vokes zay's a man o' sense,
Honest and good—but hoardth his pence ;
Can't peart which drink nor met.
An then why vore ? the peepel rail :—
To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail—
Ould Weymouth o' Long Leat.

Well, to the Dean's, bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin spent,
And guzlin, too, no doubt ;
And, while the *Gentry* drink'd *within*,
The *Mob*, with brandy, ale, and *gin*,
Got roaring drunk *without*.

GREAT CHARACTERS.

[From the same Work.]

MR. MORPHEUS.

NOW Morpheus, (in compassion to mankind,
Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)
M m 2

Amus'd

Amus'd with dreams man's ambulating soul,
 To recompence him for the time he stole ;
 Bade the beau dance, his Delia melt away,
 Who box'd his ears so cruel through the day ;
 Of ancient damsels eas'd the lovesick pains,
 Brought back lost charms, and fill'd their laps with swains ;
 Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame ;
 To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame ;
 Made driv'ling monarchs schemes of wisdom plan,
 And nature's rankest coward kill his man ;
 Gave to the chap-fall'n Courtier wealth and power,
 Who felt no favour at the levee hour,
 Though tip-toe'd, hawk-like, watchful all the while,
 To seize the faintest glimpse of Royal smile ;
 Bade happy Aldermen assume new airs,
 Be-chain'd with all the splendor of Lord May'rs ;
 And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
 Re-gobble all the turtle of the day,
 Bade Gl——r think his might could match a mouse,
 And Chambers fancy he could build a house ;
 And Lady Mount, th' antipodes of Grace,
 Think that she does not frighten with her face.

MADAME DISCORD.

NOW Fame to Discord's dreary mansion flew,
 To tell the beldame more than all she knew.
 Who, at the Devil's table, for her work,
 For ever welcome finds a knife and fork ;
 Discord, a sleeplefs hag, who never dies,
 With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
 Lean, fallow cheeks, long chin, with beard supply'd,
 Poor crackling joints, and wither'd parchment hide,
 As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
 Had clubb'd their yellow heads to form her skin ;
 Discord, who, pleas'd a universe to sway,
 Is never half so bless'd as in a fray :
 Discord, to deeds, indeed, most daring giv'n,
 Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in Heav'n ;
 Stirr'd up the sweetest angels to rebel,
 And sunk the fairest forms to darkest hell ;
 Bade, by her din, the humblest spirits rise,
 Bold to dethrone the monarch of the Skies ;
 For which they very *properly* were sent,
 Unhappy legions ! into banishment ;
 Doom'd, for such most abominable sinning,
 To broil on charcoal, with eternal grinning.—

Discord

Discord, who whisper'd to the jealous Cain,
 " Go, crack thy brother's box that holds his brain ;"
 Which Cain perform'd, in godliness unstable,
 That foe to piety and a brother Abel :
 Discord, who haunts poor G——'s maudlin Dame,
 And makes her Duke of wisdom cry out " Shame !"
 Who, *after* dinner, for her honours screams,
 And grasps a British crown in drunken dreams ;
 Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)
 The D-ke had clapp'd a broomstick to her nerves :
 Discord, who also often doth profane
 The goodly streets and courts of Drury-lane ;
 Where bawd meets bawd, blaspheming, swearing, drunk,
 Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuses punk :
 Discord delighting in the wordy war,
 The pillar of the Senate and the Bar :
 Discord, who makes a ** delight in ode,
 Slight Square of Hanover for Tott'nham Road ;
 Where, with the taste sublime of Goth and Vandal,
 He orders the worst works of heavy Handel ;
Encores himself, till all the audience gape,
 And suffers not a quaver to escape :
 Discord, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose,
 For ever warring with a world's repose!—

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

M A R C H, 1791.

CONTINENTAL POLITICS.

THE political state of Europe affords no *certain* criterion, whereby to regulate our judgment on the issue of those negotiations which are now pending in every court. That Russia, relying on her own strength and resources, proudly rejects all foreign interference in her contest with the Porte, is indisputably true ; but what alliances she can hope to procure, to enable her to sustain the attacks of those confederated powers who menace her on every side, it requires more than common sagacity to discover. We know not a single state that is not interested in the opposition of her ambitious projects. We are told, indeed, that Sweden and Denmark are favourable to her cause ; but these are the very powers who are most interested in thwarting her designs ; their vicinity to her dominions will ever expose them to her attacks, and the history of those countries sufficiently shows that it has ever been the insidious policy of Russia to keep them in a state of degrading subserviency—the comparative weakness of their resources—at all times inadequate to repel her superior force—must render them an easy prey should her strength be increased by the accomplishment of her pernicious schemes. Denmark, indeed, is bound by treaty in case of attack, to afford her a partial protection ; Sweden too, may, *perhaps*, be restrained, by similar shackles, from giving assistance to her foes. But the powerful plea of self preservation is, in political affairs generally suffered to rise predominant to every other consideration, and the Swedish

with monarch has recently exhibited an instance of his conviction that the faith of treaties is not inviolate. His warlike preparations seem to indicate a determination not to preserve a *neutrality*; and if his regard to consistency between his professions and his actions be equal to his personal valour and resolution, his celebrated treatise on the balance of power must be considered as a sufficient pledge to the world, that he views not the aggrandizement of Russia with a *favourable eye*. But, ere the expiration of another month, certainty will take place of conjecture; the campaign will then be opened, and the plans of the different powers be fully developed.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Some objects of importance have been submitted to the discussion of Parliament during the present month. The grand attack made on administration by the opposite party was on the subject of the war in India. Here they made their stand, and experienced a total and a *shameful* defeat. Messrs. Hippley and Francis, supported by their friends, attempted to prove that the war was founded in impolicy and injustice, that Tippoo Saib was an oppressed man, and Lord Cornwallis deserving of censure for his imprudence and temerity in espousing the cause of the Rajah of Travancore. No arts which sophistry could supply, or misinformation afford, were left unemployed on this important occasion; but not a single assertion that was advanced could be supported by argument or proof. The minister replied to his opponents with dignity and firmness, and by evidence the most incontestible, convinced the House that the measures adopted in India were enforced by necessity and sanctioned by justice. As a contrary idea, however, had been industriously promulgated, it became necessary to sanction those proceedings by a formal vote of the House; for which purpose Mr. Dundas moved, "That it is the opinion of this house that the attacks made by Tippoo Sultan on the lines of Travancore, on the twenty-ninth of December 1789, the sixth of March and the fifteenth of March 1790, were unwarranted and unprovoked, and an infraction of the treaty entered into at Mangalore on the tenth of March 1784." This, after some debate, being carried without a division; he next moved, "That it is the opinion of this House, that the Rajah was justifiable, in purchasing the forts, upon every principle of policy, and that the purchase was not a breach of any treaty." Which motion having experienced equal success, he proceeded to his third and last, "That it is the opinion of this house that the treaties entered into by the Governor-general of Bengal, between the East India company, the Mahrattas and the Nizam, are calculated to carry on the war with vigour, and to maintain tranquillity in India; and that the faith of the British empire is pledged to support the same." This also, to the confusion of those who had espoused the cause of the tyrant Tipoo, and reflected on the conduct of our own officers and government, was carried without a division.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Mitford, for the purpose of exempting a certain description of Catholics, distinguished by the appellation of *Catholic Dissenters*, from the operation of certain penal laws, framed in a time of alarm and in days of intolerance—hence erroneous in their principle, and tyrannical in their effect. Those Catholics who claim this partial exemption are denominated *Dissenters*, from having publicly disclaimed certain principles and tenets ascribed to them, hostile to the constitution and to the prerogatives of the sovereign under whom they live—such as the personal infallibility of the Pope, his power to dissolve the obligations of an oath, and consequently the ties of allegiance. We shall not, at *present*, particularize the laws in question; suffice it to say, that the purposes for which they were originally framed, no longer exist, and that the present objects of their persecution essentially differ from those against whom they were originally directed. Mr. Fox, while he commended the principle of the bill, condemned

demned the bill itself as partial and confined in its tendency; for which reason he moved that all Catholics, of whatever denomination or description, should be entitled to the benefits it was intended to secure. In the course of his speech, he expressed his happiness in being enabled to inform the House of the tolerant spirit of this country, as a proof of which he stated, that the *Protestant Dissenters* were unanimous in wishing their Catholic brethren to be relieved from the grievances they now laboured under. Mr. Fox might surely have recollected that this *tolerant spirit* of the Presbyterians, is but of very recent date—that in fact, it exists only in appearance, and has been assumed merely from political motives—To demonstrate the truth of what we assert, we refer him to certain publications of Doctor Priestley and the reverend Joseph Be-
 rington, in which the latter justly corrects the former for the *intolerant spirit* displayed by his sect, and where the *causes* that influenced the adoption of a different line of conduct may be accurately traced and plainly defined. We know not, indeed, to what part of history to advert for discovering symptoms of *toleration* in the doctrines and conduct of dissenters; and the honourable member would do well, when he renews this, his favourite topic, to advance some better proofs than what he has yet offered. We are fearful he will injure the cause he seems anxious to promote, and by confounding objects which should be ever kept distinct, produce an effect diametrically opposite to the avowed purport of his arguments. Mr. Burke expressed his approbation of remedying grievances moderately, little by little, rather than at once; for by degrees the prejudices of the people might be done away, which by one attempt might be strengthened and confirmed. He confuted the doctrine of Mr. Fox,—a popular and a specious doctrine—that a state had nothing to do with the opinions of men, by observing that opinions influenced the passions, passions governed man, and so long as opinions had such an operation, it was the duty of every government to enquire into them, for on the opinions of men in office rested the safety, the prosperity, and the good morals of the people. Of the propriety of the present bill, however, the House appeared to entertain but one opinion, an opinion to which every mind that is not blindly warped by prejudice, and banefully influenced by fanaticism, must heartily subscribe—viz.—that it tends to avert the evil effects of laws which are disgraceful to the statute-book, and to exempt from their pernicious operation, a worthy class of citizens, whose fidelity, honour, and patriotism have stood the test of time, and the ordeal of persecution. The bill has been twice read, and is to undergo a third reading at an early period of the ensuing month. We shall be careful to report its progress, and we trust, its final success.

A violent opposition, from the Directors of the Bank, to the Ministers appropriation of the half million of unclaimed dividends, which we noticed in a former Number, has taken place, and produced a petition to the House of Commons, in order to impede the progress of the bill introduced for that purpose. The more we consider this subject, the greater confirmation does our opinion acquire, that it is a measure founded in policy, and sanctioned by justice. Stripped of all extraneous matter, unclogged by all the fallacious impediments of interested sophistry, a man of the plainest understanding is equally competent to judge of the fact with the deepest politician. The directors of the bank, as agents to the public, to whom the law compels them to present their accounts, have received from the Exchequer certain sums of money for the purpose of paying the interest due to the creditors of the nation, these creditors not having for a series of years advanced any claims to those sums, they remain—at least we are to suppose they do—in a state of inactivity. The question then, is simply this, whether are the agents of the public, who are paid for their labour, to enjoy the use of the money thus unclaimed, or is the public itself entitled to the benefits arising from it? That the *directors* may be interested, in answering this question in the negative, we can easily conceive; that

that many of the city bankers too, may strengthen their negative, we can readily believe, because a friend at the bank, in case of a run, is, to speak the language of the Change, a good thing, but from what motives, except those of party, any person who is neither concerned with the bank nor the bankers can join in the cry of opposition, we are at a loss to imagine. If this sum, now wholly useless to the public, be permitted to remain in its present state, half a million must be borrowed, and fresh taxes imposed for discharging the interest—in this case the public must suffer. But if it be appropriated to the purpose for which it is destined by the minister, who then will be the sufferer? Not any one; for the most ample provision is made by the bill, for every possible case that can happen, in order to prevent a moment's delay in the payment of any part of the sum that may be hereafter claimed,—nay, so scrupulous have the framers of it been to secure the public creditor, that the whole of it will be forthcoming for payment on any day it may be demanded. Still, to comply with the wishes of the directors, as far as his duty to the public will admit of, the minister has declared that if the bank are willing to advance five hundred thousand pounds without interest not be claimed during the time the floating balance remaining in their hands amounts to six hundred thousand, he shall be perfectly satisfied.

Our ministry, having in vain, tried the effects of negotiation, to superinduce the ambitious Catherine, to stop the sanguinary progress of her arms, and listen to reasonable terms of accommodation with the Turks, are at last reduced to the necessity of enforcing their remonstrances, by the *Lex Ultima Regum*. On the twenty-eighth of the month, the following message from his Majesty was delivered by Mr. Pitt, to the Commons.

“His majesty thinking it necessary to acquaint this House, that the endeavours which his majesty has used, in conjunction with his allies, to effect a pacification between Russia and the Porte, having hitherto been unsuccessful, and the consequences which may arise from the farther progress of the war, being highly important to the interests of his majesty and his allies, and to those of Europe in general, his majesty judges it requisite, in order to add weight to his representations, to make further augmentation of naval force. And his majesty relies on the zeal and affection of the House of Commons, that they will be ready to make good such additional expences as may be incurred by these preparations, for the purpose of supporting the interest of his majesty's kingdoms, and of contributing to the restoration of general tranquillity, on a secure and lasting foundation.”

In consequence of the determination to support our allies in their attempts to preserve the balance of power, a formidable fleet is ordered to be equipped with all possible expedition; part of which is supposed to be destined for the Baltic—though of what use it can be there, except a vigorous attack on Cronstadt, Riga, Revel, or Petersburg itself, is intended, we cannot conceive—and the other part for the Black Sea, to prevent the Russian Squadron at Oczakow from seconding the operations of their army in their proposed attack on Constantinople; tho' admitting they have vessels sufficient to transport their troops to the capital of the Turkish empire, our fleet must certainly arrive *much too late* to impede their voyage. In order to man this fleet, a proclamation has been issued by his Majesty, offering the usual bounty to seamen, and press-warrants have been forwarded to the different ports. As this storm has been long impending, and an extraordinary complement of ships have been kept in commission, in expectation of a war, we wish to ask the Admiralty, or rather that noble lord, who from his professional knowledge, is suffered to influence, if not to dictate all the measures of the Board, why, within the last three months, so many excellent seamen have been encouraged to quit the service; we allude to those orders, by which the captains were commanded to tell the crews of their respective ships that such sailors as chose to quit the service should receive their wages and bounty money *immediately*; whereas those who were willing to remain were not to be paid till the ship itself should be paid off!

THE
ATTIC MISCELLANY.

NUMBER XX.

AN EPISTLE

From Sammy Slang, the Smart Shopman, to his Mamma.

DEAR mother, when I came to town,
You said I must not be a clown,
But wash my face, and comb my hair,
And put my cloaths on with an air,
Because that London was a place
Full of gentility and grace,
And folks would laugh, and make a game,
And put me mightily to shame,
If, when I walk'd along the Park,
I did not make myself a spark.—
So, soon as I had got a place,
I set about the work of *grace!*
And bought myself a pair of *things*,
To tie half down the leg with strings;
A waistcoat just twelve inches long,
With three high collars, stiff and strong;
A high-crown'd hat, long-quartered shoes,
Made fast with bows, and sharp the toes;
A close-cut coat—I mean a frock—
A pair of cotton hose—all clock!
These articles, with many more
Et ceteras of dress I wore;
Their various names I shan't set down,
Because they'd be to you unknown.
In all this finery dress'd out,
When evening came, I walk'd about,
When shop was shut, and I had skill
To save a trifle from the till:
You know you us'd to bid me save
Whate'er I could, and so I have;
For many's the good time, and often,
When my old master has been coughing,
I've thrust my scissars thro' the chink,
And angled for a piece of clink.—
But then this money, you must know,
Is not all spent in idle shew,

For with it I improve my mind,
 You told me to be so inclin'd,
 And study, at what time I could,
 The sciences—I said I would :
 And so, when I've an errand out,
 I leave the business I'm about,
 And go to school, to learn to box—
 As I shall shew, by various knocks
 I mean to give, when I come down,
 My old acquaintance in your town.—
 Your operas, and plays and stuff,
 Were not esteem'd polite enough,
 And so they made it all the rage
 To give black eyes upon a Stage—
 But, Lord ! the changing taste of town—
 The thing is mightily gone down.
 I read, before I learnt to fight,
 Of Lords and Dukes, that lov'd the fight ;
 But they're a set of humbugs all,
 Squires, peers, and princes, short and tall :
 No taste, no soul, that P..... of W.....,
 Of whom you've heard so many tales,
 As how he was the boxer's friend,
 'Tis all a lie, on purpose penn'd
 To do him credit—but, d'ye see,
 He had not spirit for't, not he.
 Instead of praising what was done,
 He said he did not like the fun :
 So that the art—I tell it you—
 Remains with the judicious few :
 And when you read, as how a throng
 Attends the spectacle, it's wrong ;
It's honour is the crowd's neglect,
The company are more select.—
 But I forgot to write you word,
 I cannot very well afford,
 With my poor pickings from the till,
 To take of tip-top life my fill ;
 And so I hire a horse a-nights,
 And put the cockney folks to frights.
 You'd laugh most heartily—so funny
 It is to see them give their money.
 How to do this I gain'd the knowledge,
 'Mongst other *arts*, at *Boxing College*.
 Thus you may see I live in clover ;
 And lately I've commenc'd a lover !
 The Ladies, as you've often told me,
 Give the last polish—so behold me

On Sundays, when I'm quite at leisure,
 Taking my bellyfull of pleasure;
 Then out of town I rowl the rigg,
 For you must know I keep a gigg:
 Between my girls I fit in state,
 And often bilk a turnpike gate——
 Mother, my letter here must end,
 Because I'm sent for by a friend——
 Indeed my fashionable guide,
 Who's just a going to be tried
 For money lent against the will
 Of an old Cit on Shooter's Hill,
 One night, in dark and dismal weather,
 When he and I were out together:
 And so you know I must go speak,
 Lest my friend's character should squeak.
 Those d...d——excuse me if I swear,
 It gives a man an easy air——
 Those d...d old wigsbies at the Bailey,
 Make no allowance, they're so scaley;
 'Twas all for fun 'twixt Jack and I,
 To do the old one, *let me die!*——
 I knock'd him down, but what o'that,
 We left him both his wig and hat,
 And only pocketed his cash,
 Because we heard some horsemen splash——
 I got clean off, but Jack was *bad*——
 To leave him now would be *too bad*——
 The man must not be left to hang,
 And so——your dutiful——

SAM. SLANG.

THE ACTOR, N^o XV.

THEATRICUS, in the following fragment, seems to bear hard on a principal performer. On looking at the annexed Portrait, we are reminded of Sir Fretful Plagiary.

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 If mere *tracings* of strong character were to be brought as instances of good acting, you might be pronounced very great; but as "*some are born great, and some atchieve greatness,*" so you conceive that more is to be gained by a substitution of something that is *not* in character, than the simple exhibition of what is. Passion distorts the face, and puts the whole man into convulsions; the arms, the legs, the head, all conspire to aid the sentiment

N n 2

ment

ment of the author; but as passions are various, attitudes are so too, but uniform in their peculiar departments; the restless burblings of anger bear the same marking in every scene where anger is the predominant passion; the same may be said of any other passion, however different its operation upon the human frame; its characteristic uniformity remains with little shades of diversity, derived only from situation and circumstance.

“Now these shades of diversity,” say you, who are a connoisseur in pictures, and a tolerable *Sunday* painter of *City* landscapes, —“these shades of diversity would not be seen at the distance of the Drury-lane one shilling gallery; therefore they must be laid in boldly with a good dab of colour—*damme, there’s an effect!*”—Passion, I have said, throws the human frame into a species of convulsions, but their excess is bounded by nature; they are not violent spasms that call for the straight jacket: and you very properly *think* they would, no more than a *drop-scene* touched in by the delicate hand of a miniature-painter, be seen at a distance; therefore—“*damme, dab again, there’s an attitude!*”—Of this latter description are those fine angular forms in which your exhibition of capital pieces abounds. These I shall enumerate for the use of such young actors as may be desirous of reaching the goal of comic excellence at one stride. The knee bent so as to come in contact with the chin, produces a fine flow of outline, and assists the utterance of an expletive in such a way as to give it the consequence of a word of real *meaning*. The elbow elevated above the head, in the act of taking snuff, and kept in that position for the space of two minutes, gives such force and energy to that otherwise secondary business of a scene, as to make it stand principal. The right and left shoulders should be raised to a height that will conveniently receive the projecting chin, and hold it fixt, while the other features marshal themselves into the *tout ensemble* of a brass knocker, keeping their comic phalanx till every other actor in the scene begins to titter; which being a certain sign that the face is exquisitely comical, the audience in every corner of the theatre are irresistably drawn into laugh also.

And last, not least, it ought to be mentioned as a matter worthy of imitation in all those who have the gift of making *such faces as are not to be met with in real life*, that you always exhibit these wonderful productions of genius in three distinct points of view, in front and in profile, to the right and left, that all may see and admire; mean while the dialogue stands still, like the music in a bravura flourish, evincing that such *brilliant* efforts require no aid of the poet to secure their applause. *Spectatum admisse, risum tenentis?*

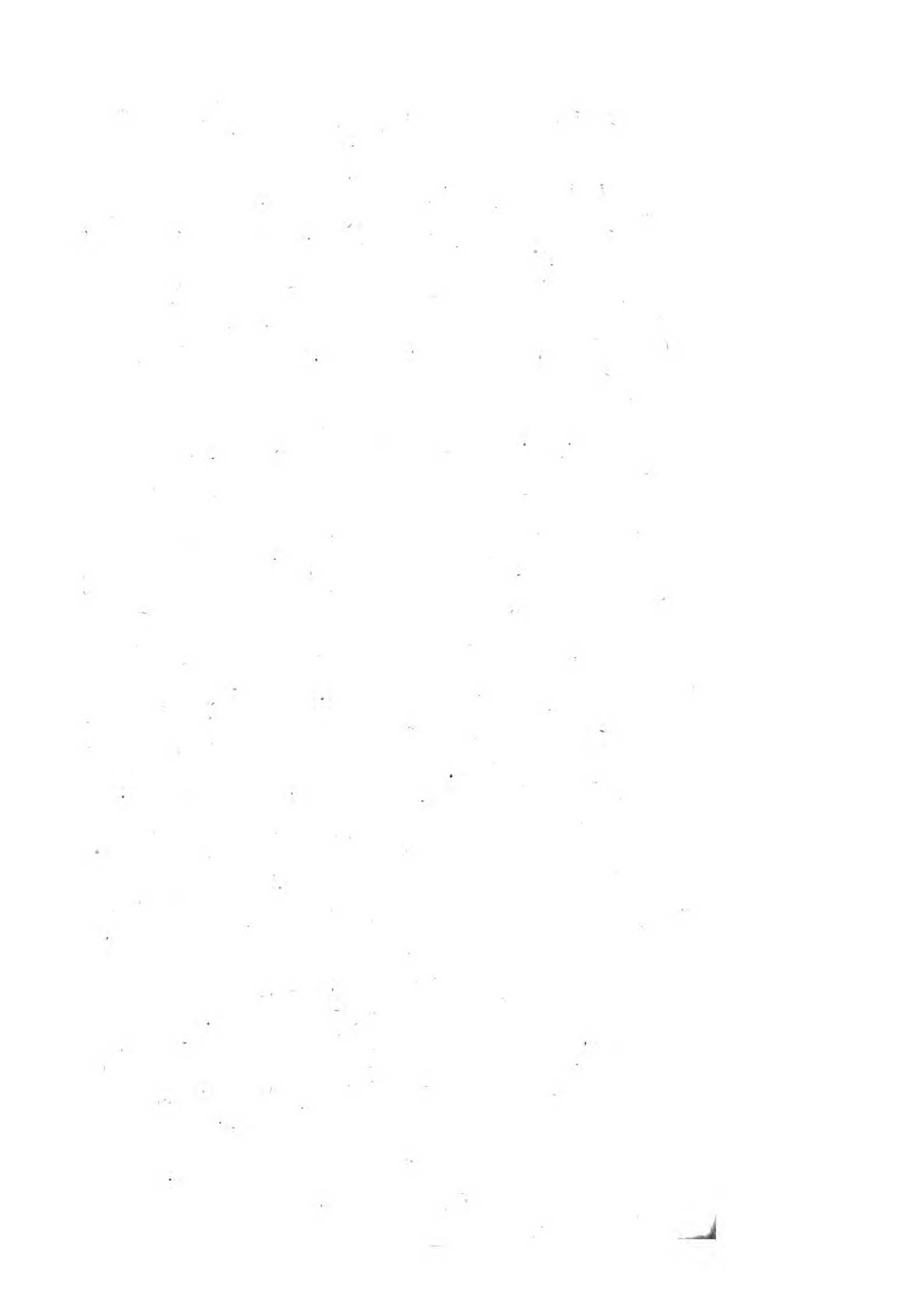
Theatrical Portraiture N.º 9.



Dammé.

Published as the Act directs, by Bentley & C.º May 1.º 1791.

Shoelal. Scatch. Revd.



PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

A DISSENTING DOCTOR.

WE trust our readers are, by this time, sufficiently acquainted with our sentiments, to know that by the exhibition of ecclesiastical portraits, far from seeking to convert religion into an object of ridicule, we mean to *enforce* its precepts. Fully aware that the ministers of religion—as *such*—are entitled to respect, we only expose them to derision or censure, when they act in a manner unworthy of their sacred characters, and deviate from those paths which reason has assigned them.

Among the variety of sects which, dissenting from the established faith of the realm, are tolerated in this land of civil and religious freedom, we know not a character so dangerous to society as the philosophical—political—theological doctor, who is the object of our present animadversions. Nursed in the lap of philosophy, he soon might have learnt to excel, in a science where his superior talents had ample scope for exertion; but the rapidity of his progress demonstrating his skill in controversy, he determined to quit that path which he might have pursued with honour to himself, and advantage to his country, for the intricate labyrinth of polemics, where he judged that artful and insinuating sophistry might be successfully displayed. His entrance on this new career was distinguished by a resolution as strange and eccentric as ever, perhaps, entered the head of man. Inveterate in his opposition to the established faith, he determined to abide by no fixed principles, no settled opinion, but to vary his mode of attack as often as the vigorous efforts of his adversaries should render the ground untenable. Hence one doctrine was no sooner advanced and confuted, than he brought forward another, so that although he cannot operate conviction, in the minds of his opponents, by force of argument, he generally contrives to silence them by dint of pertinacity. Like the coward, who, fearing to be stricken by his enemy's ball, strives to render its effect uncertain, by continually shifting his position. It is the first time, we believe, that any man has had the effrontery to declare, at the commencement of a controversy, that the destruction of the position he sets out with, cannot injure his cause, being prepared with a second to succeed it; and, in case that shall fail, a third, and so on *ad infinitum*: truth, therefore cannot be the object of his search—for truth is fixed and immutable.

Prompt to deny, but slow to admit; bold in assertion, but impotent in proof; subjecting divine authority to the vain decisions of human reason; blasphemously regarding as fabulous whatever is above the limited comprehension of man; he maintains the materi-

materiality of the soul, rejects the divinity of Christ, and derides the doctrine of the Trinity—thus rashly endeavouring to reduce the most sacred mysteries of religion, to a level with our feeble capacities. Though a violent declaimer against the alliance between church and state, which he deems unnatural and sinful, he is perpetually blending politics with religion; like that canonized sinner, *The Canterbury Saint*, he prostitutes the pulpit to purposes of resentment; his sermons rather serve as specimens of invective than as lessons of morality; and he is more anxious to make the members of his congregation able disputants than to render them good christians.

Few of his polemical writings breathe a spirit of moderation; many of them are virulent and abusive, and all of them tend to encourage a sceptical disposition destructive of moral felicity, because it damps hope, and dries up the purest sources of consolation.

Endued, like most of his sect, with a rank spirit of republicanism, that exults in the degradation of monarchs, the civil constitution of his country is not less the object of his aversion than its religious establishment: in the destruction of the latter indeed—and they must inevitably fall together—he triumphs by anticipation, and while his cheeks glow with the pride of success, as he views—like a second Guy Faux—the match destined to give effect to that “train of gunpowder,” which he boasts of having prepared for it, he *gloats* on the rich harvest which the spoils of the fallen hierarchy present to the outstretched hands of presbyterianism.

That the degrader of his Saviour should become a libeller of the Senate, is not a matter of surprise; but that the members of that Senate should tamely submit to the reproach of entertaining sentiments favourable to the “*abolition of Christianity**,” is a circumstance that can only be accounted for, by a supposition that the libel has escaped their notice; we trust, however, that, when apprized of the fact, they will inflict an adequate punishment on the presumptuous man who has dared to advance a calumny so gross, malevolent and seditious; and, finally teach this disturber of public and private repose—this *Fanatical Firebrand!*—that though our laws may be insufficient to restrain his insidious attempts to disseminate discord between our pastors and their flocks, they are still competent to check, in its infancy, the dangerous design of inspiring the people with an evil opinion of their representatives.

G.

* See one of the late frivolous replies to Mr. Burke's most excellent *Reflections on the French Revolution*.

THE SURRY MISER.

NOT far from the most ancient bridge in the metropolis, lives Harpagus—who, no matter how—has accumulated a sum which, in the language of the City, is denominated *a plumb*; and his present mode of living is well calculated to convert it from a simple *orleans* into a *magnum-bonum*.

His house is the mansion of misery;—his sole attendant, a female domestic, is famine personified; no light, but that which nature gives, is allowed to illumine the dreary walls of his apartment; no heat, but what proceeds from the friendly rays of the sun, is employed to soften the rigours of winter's frozen reign. The only food which Harpagus purchases for himself and his associate, is the foul refuse of the shambles, when nearly in a state of putrefaction. No dividend of his lies *unclaimed* at the bank, where he has other employment indeed, than that of receiving the interest of his *funded* wealth; since, though it appears incredible, it is a certain fact, that he receives from the clerks *one penny per diem*, for bringing them the price of stocks from the Rotunda. Nay—no longer ago than Friday the eighth instant—he was paid a shilling by one of them for fetching a pot of porter from a neighbouring public-house!

In short—Miser Miserrimus!—a more miserable miser than Harpagus the annals of avarice cannot present. Nature never designed him for a man; it was her evident intention to favour the vulgar prejudice, and make him a TAYLOR. G.

NAVAL CHARACTERS.

From Shakespear.

ADMIRAL F.....S.

————— May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved, and loving may his rule be,
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.

DUKE of B.....N.

I am nothing; or, if not,
Nothing to be were better.

EARL of N.....K.

I Have been long a sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design.

(To be continued.)

THE QUAKER AND THE BARN.

By Peter Pindar, Jun.

WHEN old Methuselah gave up the ghost,
 And fought his fathers, in the silent tomb,
 He left Aminadab to rule the roast,
 And wing'd his soul away to kingdom come.

Scarcely had Death his glimm'ring eyelids clos'd,
 The latent ebb of life compos'd,
 When master Broadbrim, like a hopeful heir,
 Por'd o'er his father's will, and dropt the onion'd tear.

Onion's a very useful thing,
 Rapt in a muslin handkerchief so white!
 To draw the tear frome etiquette's soft spring,
 At funerals—a pretty sight—
 And much in vogue with mutes and undertakers;
 Whose frothy sorrows foam, like ocean's breakers.

Thus young Aminadab, in Irish knell,
 O'er father's corse; and will "'gan yearn;"
 When, lo! a gift of half a Barn
 To Hezekiah,
 Stopt short at oncè the dismal yell,
 And made his glist'ning eyeballs glow with ire.

Whoe'er has felt blythe Cupid's golden dart,
 Tipt with that Mohawk Jealousy's curst poison,
 Wont wonder our young Squire should start!
 To fix his willow weeping eyes on
 A gift to neighbour Hezekiah,
 Who had just robb'd his arms of prim Miss Dinah.

Howe'er, he plaited o'er his frantic face,
 Tho' most tremendously against the grain,
 And vented passion with a grace,
 When father safely in the ground was lain:

Writing a billet to his rival,
 (Which, to be sure, was wondrous civil)
 He told him, in a stile so warm,
 "Friend Hez, I find part of a Barn
 Has been bequeath'd thee by my honour'd fire—
 I therefore trust thy stars will be so kind,
 As to give thee a western wind,
 When of the eastern part I make a fire!

R O S A.

A SIMPLE FACT.

WHEN the foundation and progress of a story is interesting to the finest feelings of the human heart, there requires but little apology for introducing it to the public eye. The following tale is fraught with some of those melancholy events, in the cause and consequences of which we are all, more or less, concerned.

What afflicts you, my good man, said I? Alas, Sir! Have you seen my child!—The person who thus answered me, was a poor blind man, seated on the trunk of a hollow tree, at the foot of which issued a silver spring; his bald forehead, robbed of its honours by the iron hand of time—his patched wallet, unconscious of the bounties of Ceres—the beached staff on which he rested his debilitated arm—his body, that seemed fainting under the pressure of extreme hunger—his sightless eyes, and tremulous voice; altogether struck me with a kind of reverential horror—I looked once more upon the object which had so riveted my amazement, and thought that Providence had deserted one of her weakest children—the limpid stream, that bubbled at his feet, murmured hoarsely in unison with the language of distress, as if sensible of his accumulated sorrow.

I got off my horse.—I pray you, inform me, my poor old man, have you no one to conduct you to a roof where plenty might gather joy, by wiping the tear of misery from your furrowed cheek;—No one, answered he, feebly raising his snow-white head;—he pronounced these last words in a tone, which made me think, for a moment, that humanity had abandoned the world.—What! not one, my old friend?—Alas, Sir! my wife and eight children, all have deserted me. I am poor, old, and blind, yet I must forgive them; but my daughter, Oh, my daughter!—repeated he, with a deep sigh, that seemed to have escaped from the inmost recesses of his heart.—Are you speaking of a favourite child, my old man?—Ah! good Sir, she is more than a child; she is my friend! it was she whom, of all my children, I neglected when the rays of prosperity gladdened my younger days; and now, when I am fallen into the vale of years, and laden with horror, she is the only one who will administer comfort to my miseries!—When did she leave you?—Yesterday, Sir, for the first time.—You have not surely been unhappy from your youth! you could not have arrived at so advanced an age, if the visitations of sorrow had been continual.—The poor man sighed, and gave me his history in a few words.—I had laboured forty years to amass a few hundred crowns by the sweat of my brow, which I suddenly lost by the person becoming a bankrupt in whose hands I had intrusted my little

capital; the pressure of a misfortune, so serious and unexpected, was infinitely too powerful to be resisted by so weak a philosopher as me; even the force of christianity failed to alleviate the sting of woe. For these ten years past, my being has been comfortless, (said the poor old man, pointing to the place where his eyes once were),—for these ten years I have been praying for my dissolution: many miserable wretches, who are doomed to wander through the darksome caverns of affliction, have hope at least to strengthen them upon their journey; but my expectations of mortal bliss are over.—You must not lose sight of hope, my good old man; it is possible you may yet be happy.—Happy! Ah, dear Sir, circumstanced as I am; even to expect such an event were presumption.—You are not certain, my poor friend, but assistance may be near you, in the moments of your complaining—Assistance! I prithee, Sir, mock not my misfortunes; can the power of kings give me a ray of light? This answer struck me so forcibly, that I immediately turned towards the sun, and could not help uttering a silent prayer of gratitude to the Deity, that I was in possession of so invaluable a gift. He remained silent for a moment, resting his hands upon his staff, and bending his palsied head towards the earth, which seemed, in the melancholy state of my understanding at that period, to call him to her bosom; then, issuing a woe-fraught sigh, exclaimed,—Oh, my daughter! my dear child! but for her goodness I should long since have ceased to exist; when I determine to suppress my being, and die by the slow ministry of hunger—the poor child cries—embraces my nerveless knees—calls me her father—her dear, her honoured father—in a tone of supplication so persuasive and so tender, that the influence of desperation yields to the entreaties of an angel; and yet she does not return! Ah, Rosa! wilt thou leave me here to perish, without the consolation of a last embrace, without the rapture of bestowing my final blessing on my child?—O, my God, dost thou then abandon me!

The awful manner in which he uttered these words, chilled the very pulses of my heart. I lifted my streaming eyes to heaven, and murmured involuntarily, God of Nature, is it possible thou canst have abandoned him!—The poor man thanked me, and I retired, laden with anguish. I had wandered some distance from the miserable man, when I perceived his daughter—I ran to announce the discovery to her father—I would not have exchanged the commission, to have been sovereign of the world.—His greedy ear drank the intelligence with rapture, and the good old man was cheered once more with a moment of joy. His daughter arrived out of breath—She had been far away, begging charity for her unhappy father—I looked at the amiable Rosa, with unutterable delight—I thought her countenance was more than human—she uttered the sentiment of filial piety in so graceful a manner, that pity, admiration, and respect, at once usurped the government of my bosom.

I felt

I felt a delicious emotion in perceiving with what undefinable tenderness the poor old man and his daughter embraced each other. Oh Rousseau! oh Yorick! — if such a scene were to pass near your tombs, would you not burst from the cold monument of death to celebrate the virtues of the exemplary Rosa!

Is it thee, my dearest Rosa?—is it thee? said the aged father, stretching out his withered hands, which seemed to seek the fond object of his regards with sympathetic agency—where art thou, Rosa?—let me press thee to my panting heart. You tarried so long, that I almost began to think you had forsaken me. Rosa instantly kissed the trembling forehead of her parent, and wetted his silver locks with the tears of affection.

I knew, my dear child—I well knew that thou wouldst return—come near me, that I may kiss thee once more. You will never desert this old man again, Rosa, but constantly watch by his side to soften the pangs of affliction. Ah, Sir, replied the lovely girl, do you not know—What, Rosa?—That he is my *father*!—What a sentiment!—Could volumes express more!

—Ye parents, who boast of educating your children agreeably to the principles of christianity, bid them read this tale.

CRITIQUE ON THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

By Anthony Pasquin, Esq.

“IF the comedies of Congreve, did not rack him with remorse in his last moments,” says a noble critic, “he must have been lost to all sense of virtue;” now I will take the liberty of adding, that if Mr. Sheridan never felt compunction, if not sorrow, for producing the comedy of the School for Scandal, he has been more embrazened by habit than any man should be, who wishes to exist in the universe obedient to the behest of the decalogue, and a promoter of the beautiful purposes of society.

When a young man of fashion is emancipated from the severities of the school, or a beardless artisan from the obligations of his indenture, they equally scud to the theatre as the emporium of pleasure, and the mirror of social manners—their minds are then ductile, and their conceptions ruinously ardent—knowing not precisely what is right or wrong, they have not the ability to judge for themselves, but believe that deed to be most excellent, which evidently receives the most applause.

As these premises are unquestionably true, it is the incumbent duty of such capacious minded men, as Mr Sheridan, to depict the progress of human nature with delicate caution, and endeavour to cheat a young generation into an idea, that men are better than they really are, instead of throwing the fascinations of wit and pleasantry

about actions, which should only be represented to excite abhorrence, and establish our antipathies to guilt.

In this diminutive anatomy of the comedy in question, I have no desire to be fastidious—The force of example is so apparent, that this stricture requires no apology—the amiableness and seeming gallantry of Macheath, has brought many to the gallows, and I have no doubt but the gay captivations of Charles has brought many to the Gazette—though observation has taught me to consider a *young saint* as a suspicious character, I believe a confirmed profligate to be more dangerous—The first generally becomes an object of contempt, but the unprofitable issue is only attached to himself—The consequences of profligacy are more serious; with the callow part of the species, to appear a rake, is to appear seductive, and the end of improper seduction is irremediable ruin.

I have my expectations, that we shall be answerable in futurity for our temporal errors, not according to their letter, but their spirit, and that the peccadillo of a peasant shall be forgiven, when the slightest inroad upon worth in a sage shall not—If I am not a false prophet, Mr. Sheridan and his associates may dread a reprimand more awful than Warren Hastings from the *puppet show* of legislation!

To strengthen the bulwarks, which custom has raised against the introduction of debauchery, should be the labour of every wise and good man; but to diminish or remove these barriers is the toil of an enemy to our well being—

Though this comedy certainly possesses a great portion of merit, consistency and probability are not preserved in the construction of the plot; it cannot be supposed that any man in the full enjoyment of his senses, would look with so unscrutinizing an eye upon the enormities of Charles, as Sir Oliver is made to do in the play: if we may judge by the effect of common events, Sir Oliver ought to be portrayed as expressing the highest resentment against his nephew for his atrocious abuse of time and fortune, and the more particularly as he is previously taught by Sir Peter Teazle, to consider him as the first of human profligates, and his personal discovery of his excesses afterwards in company with Moses, more than equal the unfavourable representations of his guardian, yet all these circumstances that would naturally create disgust in the bosom of a prudent man, are supposed to be obliterated by the immaterial circumstance of not disposing of his uncle's portrait—Sir Oliver must be exceedingly biassed by self love, to permit such a trifling sacrifice to his vanity, to outweigh an aggregate of vices; I should not have made such a remark in this part of the essay, if it was not for the purpose of proving, that every time the *School for Scandal* is performed, many unthinking blockheads have their scandalous pursuits justified in their own opinion, by the happy consequences that attend the immorality of Charles; and ridiculously imagine that their relations will copy the example of Sir Oliver, in permitting the ill-directed
effusions

effusions of generosity, to counterbalance the want of every other social virtue, that should dignify the human heart. There is another incident likewise of a very destructive nature, to the happiness of both sexes; Maria is introduced in the piece as having a strong predilection in favour of Charles, in direct opposition to the advice and recommendation of her guardian, whom she believes ought to govern her with the delegated right of a parent; and this rebellion against Sir Peter's wishes, arises totally from her contemplation of Charles's unwarrantable practices, and whom we are led to believe she regards most affectionately in consequence of that contemplation—To bring a young lady upon the stage of elegant manners, and supposed probity of mind, in order to prove that she can be only captivated with licentiousness, is giving a public instance of female depravity, which I hope for the honour of the sex does not exist in nature, but especially uncorrupted nature, as in this state we must believe Maria to be. One of the first causes of female prostitution, is that horrid idea, which is universally prevalent among men, that the beautiful part of our species, look with a favourable eye upon men of unlimited gallantry; it is the nourishing of such an idea, that impels many a coxcomb to make his ruinous addresses to a lady in the first instance, who would not have dared to tread upon the precincts of her chastity, if he had not been encouraged to the infamous trial by attractive examples, similar in their vicious points to Charles Surface.

I recollect being at the performance of this comedy, on the very evening when I first read the King's proclamation against the progress of immorality, and was not a little surprised that the Legislature should tolerate an exhibition so destructive of the material principles of that official mandate; but that astonishment was partly *done away*, when I recollected that the author was himself a Legislator! remarkable for his *exemplary life*, and a vehement corrector of the manners of some of our best chief Governors in India!

The broad attack upon matrimony is equally reprehensible; on this particular point, the author seems to have exhausted all his stock of irony and ridicule, and every character in the piece, comes forward high primed and pregnant with some bitter and unprofitable remark to undermine the glory of the nuptial union—Sir Peter as speaking from experience, represents his uneasiness as torments not to be endured, and Sir Oliver hears his complaints without amazement, from an idea that such complaints are inseparable from the state—Lady Teazle strengthens the abhorrence of the male part of the audience to the hymeneal influence, by the following immediate and gross declaration, which she delivers to her husband on her first entrance—at the beginning of the second act.

“Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, just as you please; but I know that I ought to have my own way in every thing; and, what's more, I will.”

Was this expression put into the mouth of a singular or eccentric personage,

personage, the author might plead in extenuation of this outrage to the general good, that the sentiment was only peculiar to a particular character; but this is by no means the case, as the language of every person in the piece is of the same repulsive complexion—I felt myself more zealous to expose these serious offences to virtue in the comedy under discussion, from a thorough and well grounded knowledge, that the stage, under proper management, might be converted into the best possible school of morality; and who can wonder that so noble an institution has so many formidable opponents among the most discerning of mankind, when its examples are so base, and its licentiousness so unrestricted!—

Though it is very necessary, that the governors of our metropolitan theatres, (and blessed governors they are, heaven knows!) should attend to the fluctuations of public taste, in order to amuse their patrons, and make the undertaking advantageous to themselves, yet there is one point, which policy should direct them ever to have in view, I mean a due regard for the interest of morality, for however the inconstant dispositions of society may vary to other pursuits, I hope, and trust, there is but one opinion relative to the necessity of prolonging the existence of virtue as much as possible, at least the great and good will always war on her side, and the wishes of the great and good *should be fulfilled*—

To all the comic writers of the age, I beg leave to recommend Hogarth as an example; and although he was a painter, such a recommendation is warranted by experience; when Hogarth delineated the absurdities of social life, the palpable intention upon the face of his performance, was, a zealous desire to laugh vice and folly out of countenance: hence the praises of observation that accompany his name; for while one half of the world are laughing at the satiric donations of his pencil, the other are subliming his memory by the application of the words, Moralist and Reformer of Human Manners—

At the commencement of the fourth act of the *School for Scandal*, Mr. Sheridan has made his favourite hero deliver a sentiment, for which, no doubt, all the commercial parts of the kingdom are much indebted to him: the declaration is fashioned as follows:

Careless is represented as giving advice to his bosom friend Charles, after the latter has received the timely supply of money from his uncle in a feigned character—

Careless—“Hark’ye Charles, don’t let that fellow (meaning honest Rowley) make you part with any of that money to discharge musty old debts. *Tradesmen*, you know, are the most *impertinent* people in the world.”

To which philanthropic piece of advice, the ductile and all-emblazoned Charles makes the following reply.

Charles—“True, Careless, *and paying them* you know, would only be *encouraging them*.”

This is a blow at *common honesty* with a vengeance!

In

In a succeeding scene of the same act, the following colloquy ensues between Charles and his humble monitor Rowley.

Charles—"But come, I have no time for trifling—Here take this bill and get it changed, and carry a hundred pounds to poor Stanley, or we shall have somebody call that has a better right to it."

Rowley—"Ah, Sir, I wish you would remember the proverb—"

Charles—"Be just before you are generous—Why so I would if I could: but justice is an old, damned, hobling beldam, and I can't get her to keep pace with generosity for the soul of me—"

Who can marvel at the numerous instances of bankruptcy, which constantly sully the face of the Gazette, when such fascinating enticements to profligacy are held out upon the stage, which has been long considered as "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times."—Thus is the all-accomplished, though contaminated Charles, exhibited at the theatre, to encourage every fashionable friiky-whisky semblance of a man, to forego the ancient principle of honesty and sobriety, and led even to imagine the offence meritorious, by the eventual success of the scenic example—

If this solicitude on my part for the establishment of social probity, should appear as futile, I would beg permission to ask this simple question, Why does every well-minded and reflecting parent, and every circumspective master, enjoin the youth to whom they are attached by love or duty, to see the tragedy of George Barnwell? The question is self answered; it is with an earnest desire that they may profit by the influence of *example*—It is that they may be taught to believe, that the end of a dishonourable course of life is a shameful death—that whoever violates the hallowed injunctions of the commandments will not be suffered by the unerring hand of God to violate them with impunity—and that immortal bard whose works illustrate our stage and illuminate our nation, has expressly declared,

————— I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently,
They have proclaimed their malefactions.

This quotation will entirely overthrow the following remark made by a noble critic—"that language is the most comprehensive vehicle for communicating emotions." On this theme I differ from his lordship entirely, and am convinced that dramatic action, is infinitely more powerful, and has so complete an ascendancy over the human imagination, that we frequently lose sight of the well wrought fiction altogether, and warmly participate in the good or ill transactions of the scene, even to a degree of maddening enthusiasm—admitting this, how highly instrumental might dramatic representations be made to prune the excrescences of national vice,
and

and uphold the ministry of virtue; and in proportion as the means of doing good may be embraced by our dramatist, is Mr. Sheridan culpable, in not seizing so enviable an opportunity—

If we may judge of causes by effect, these are the glorious days of libertinism, when sorrow for the commission of sins is expunged from the heart, and men may be infamously unawed by the terrors of responsibility; what other idea can we possibly entertain, when such reiterated applause is constantly bestowed upon the scenic irregularities of Charles Surface; the necessity of amendment in a young man of loose conduct, is totally abrogated by the following nervous, and comforting sentiment from Sir Oliver!

“Odds my life, Sir Peter, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth: 'tis like ivy round the saplin, and spoils the growth of the tree.”

“Bravo, old Noll—Epicurus could not have said more in so few words—Yet this Sir Oliver, who is so outrageously vindictive to poor Prudence, we understand from the dialogue of the comedy, to be one of the best men in the world, nay he even presumes to hint as much himself, when he mentions his deceased brother to Rowley.”

“When I was at his years, Master Rowley (speaking of Charles) egad, neither my brother nor I were very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.”

Thus may the rising generation meet the age of manhood unshackled by any of those *ridiculous prejudices* which were wont to cleave to the bosoms of our forefathers; and the callow offspring of our nobility shall be accompanied even to the very threshold of the senate, by voluptuousness, riot, and dissipation—

Yet with great deference to Sir Oliver's opinion, or rather to Mr. Sheridan's eccentricities of mind, I cannot avoid thinking, that *prudence* is a lady of some estimation; and although her society may be infectious, I doubt much if that infection is unprofitable—I verily believe that the majority of the author's *friends*, never had an excessive *penchant* for the scandalized nymph; still even that weight of respectable authority cannot induce me to think, she is such a shocking wench, as Mr. Sheridan would make us believe—

Every public writer or orator, who endeavours to separate criminality from contrition, however witty or excellent in its kind the exertion may be, is an enemy to human felicity, and a deceiver to his God, inasmuch as he exercises his pre-agency, and mental endowments for the suppression of that cause, he was designed to maintain—

Were the immoralities of Charles counteracted by accompanying apologies, I should not be such a foe to his local glory—like the irregularities of a certain *illustrious young gentleman*, which create both pain and pleasure—pain, that he should be in any sense erroneous,

erroneous, and pleasure, on beholding in the midst of his juvenile excesses, luminous traits of greatness and goodness, beautifully presaging a life of honour!—To be good, and to seem so, are distinct qualifications—the first, is the result of innate worth—the other, the first agent of perdition.

In the interview between Lady Teazle and Joseph Surface in his library, this wholesome conversation takes place, upon the Lady's declaring, that Sir Peter's jealous disposition is almost sufficient to justify her in an act of connubial infidelity.

Joseph—"Certainly, my Lady, for when a husband grows suspicious, and withdraws his confidence from his wife, it then becomes part of her duty, to endeavour to outwit him; you owe it to the natural privilege of your sex."

Lady Teazle—"Indeed!"

Joseph—"Oh yes; for your husband should never be deceived in you, and you ought to be frail in compliment to his discernment."

For the influence of this scene, and the convenient doctrine it contains to furnish married ladies with an apology to themselves, as well as their husbands, for a breach of that *filly obligation* called a marriage vow, no doubt the tenants of Doctors Commons are indebted to Mr. Sheridan, the poaching of gallantry upon the forbidden manors of matrimony would in all probability cease, and wedded females become chaste and ridiculous, if it was not for such occasional covers of excuse being exhibited, for the game to retire in, when hard pressed by the rude tongue of authority.

In this act, there is an egregious and unpardonable solecism in action—Mr. Sheridan, has made Joseph declare to Sir Peter, that his principal reason for affixing the screen in that position was, to prevent a curious lady, who lived opposite, from being acquainted with the persons of his visitors—yet five minutes before, he *bides* Lady Teazle behind it, though the closet, in which he pushes Sir Peter, was then unoccupied! by this manœuvre the lady must be evidently exposed.

After a succession of trifling incidents, the piece concludes with the union of Charles and Maria;—in a previous scene, Joseph is compelled to retire with shame, which is engendered from a variety of incongruous and unnatural circumstances, strangely huddled together, for the mere purpose of rendering Joseph an object of detestation to the audience, though most assuredly, when the merits and demerits of the two brothers are duly considered, it must appear to every one, that notwithstanding Charles is so highly favoured by the author of the comedy, as to make every member in it pre-disposed to look with an eye of charity, if not satisfaction upon his enormities, yet Joseph is the less dangerous precedent for society; for though it must be acknowledged, that he is a villain of the first order, he has the grace to throw a veil of decency over the deformity of his pursuits; and surely such an example, must be less pernicious, than him who openly triumphs, even when engulfed in the vortex of dishonour.

RECIPE

For raising an Independent Company.

SEND a good bawling ferjeant into a country village, with a drum at his heels. The latter must first alarm the cottages—and the other must tell every extravagant story he can think of, as fast as possible, of—“ London being paved with gold !—that ready roasted pigs run through the streets with knives and forks stuck in their backs—that the East Indies has two Suns—and that nobody drinks any thing smaller than porter, &c. &c.

Then, when he has made three or four fellows, who attend to him, drunk, at the ale house, and freely enlisted them, he has only to *tie them, neck and heels*, put them into a cart, and send them up as—Volunteers to serve his Majesty.

PANEGYRIC UPON INEBRIATION.

Spoken at the Great Bottle Club, held at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall.

I Am neither insensible of your dignity, nor of my own weakness; yet, if you were better, and I worse, as I am doomed to speak, I expect you will spare me the trouble of making any apology for my presumption. I am sure I may make large allowances for your goodness and generosity: yet I must confess, that I rather wish than hope to please. What I am about to trouble you with, is a few reflections on Deep Drinking and Drunkenness; the utility of which I mean to point out, as a subject which the present depravity of the times renders peculiarly interesting.

Any man who is, in the least, conversant in public life, must be sensible of this. It is no uncharitable calculation to suppose that one half of the human race have, in a great measure, deserted the cause of Bacchus—have shamefully turned their backs upon the sparkling glass and flowing bowl, and gone, in common with the very beasts of the field, to quench their thirsts at the purling stream or bubbling fountain—or if at any time they are prevailed upon to taste the nectareous juice, it is done in a manner so niggardly and sparing, as to dishonour the name of Drinking.

If we look back into the early ages of the world, how many illustrious advocates and votaries of inebriety do we meet with!—Noah, however, though an early, was yet but a middling toper. He was once, by the bye, confoundedly fuddled with the produce of his own vineyard; but as we never hear of his having repeated it a second time, and seeing that all his other actions are far from speaking him a good subject of Bacchus, we cannot recommend him for an example. Any man may stumble upon a good action; but it is perseverance alone that merits applause.

Encouraged

Encouraged by wine, an ancient Lot laid the foundation of two great and populous nations; Moab and the children of Ammon; and I doubt not, but many honourable and useful families of the present day, owe their existence to the nocturnal excursions of adventurous and intriguing Bacchanals.

Alexander the Great had natural ferocity enough to deal death and destruction through the world, among those he oddly enough called his enemies: but to wine alone he was indebted for that generous ardour, which gave him resolution enough to sacrifice even his best friends; and to wine at last, he surrendered his pretended immortality. But we need not search the pages of antiquity for examples to recommend this vivifying antidote to spleen and dulness, this deifying stimulus to heroism and population. How many are there in this respectable society, who owe their greatest actions, both public and private, to the commendable pursuit of Drunkenness! How many distribute large fortunes in the temple of Bacchus, which would otherwise be circumscribed to the narrow limits of wives and families!—How many among us are there whose wives, in consequence of this nocturnal practice, are afforded liberal opportunities of granting services and favours which otherwise they probably would not think of.

It is easy to discover, that words are altogether inadequate to describe the gladness of the Drunkard's heart; nothing less than experience and observation can serve the turn. His ineffable raptures are either expressed by wry faces, eyes winking with delight, or bursts of inexpressible sounds and laughter.

What inward greatness of soul, and strength of mind, must a superior Drunkard suck from the flinty lips of bowl or bottle, when, with the most philosophic composure, he can wallow in mire, or perhaps, something worse, can sweetly kiss his mother earth—embrace the filth of a dunghill, or bathe in the loathsome dregs of a common sewer? can I say without repining—nay even with complacency and delight, sleep on a bulk head, in preference to a bed of down, and laugh at visionary joys instead of possessing real happiness!—How often do we see him, from some internal heartfelt motive, extending his jaws, and bursting into peals of thundering laughter, without any of those exterior causes which are necessary to provoke the sober fool to merriment! But this is not all: drunkenness will most effectually purge away that foolish sympathy which a person would otherwise feel for human nature in distress: so that, if a man beholds his wife and family kicked out of doors—their beds seized and taken from under them, by an unfeeling landlord, why he is thereby enabled to submit to the will of fortune: or should it be necessary, for the support of his own exhausted funds, to rob and cut the throat of his unsuspecting neighbour, which is now and then the case, a plentiful portion of wine, brandy, or more inspiring gin will enable him to do it with as much bravery and courage as if he had been bred up in the school of Tippoo Saib:—and

should he, after all, become the victim of legal resentment, like Gay's hero, by the use of such liquors, he may "stand the test."

Death is an evil we have all to combat; and perhaps few, like a person quitting the world in this way, shall do it with so much pomp, or be so numerously attended at his exit.

For your encouragement, ye heroes of the bottle! attend to the issue of a man so fortunate. He shall be endowed, as it were, with a spirit of prophecy, and be able to predict the very day and manner of his death. At his last hour he shall be punctually waited on by the officers of the state, and a numerous train of the lower order. While others walk humbly on foot, he shall be borne in a vehicle with a particular badge of honour about his neck: and, lastly, he shall swing away his life without a groan or a sigh, raised from the earth above the gaping and admiring world.

When the soft passion of love takes possession of the aching breast, it reduces the man who is not wise enough to seek consolation in his bowl or bottle, to the condition of a fawning spaniel, ready to lick the dust of his fair one's feet. But the jolly son of Bacchus salutes her with a bold front, and resolute mien, as if determined to insist upon an immediate surrender:—disregarding foolish forms and ceremonies, he comes at once to the point. His loud, and consequently persuasive, eloquence, aided by the shower of nectar, blown from his liquorish mouth, together with the fragrance proceeding from his stomach, surcharged with odorous brandy, cannot fail to soften the most obdurate nymph.

Horace, the great master of lyric poetry among the Latins, has discovered the high value he set upon Drunkenness in words to this effect. "What is beyond the power of Drunkenness! it discovers the most important secrets; thrusts the coward into battle, and relieves the burden of anxiety from the human mind." How often do we see the drunkard so full of bravery, that he will nobly rush into the most imminent danger, merely to show his stout heart. I have known a man who, when drunk, would strip himself as naked as Adam in his innocence, and run headlong into thickets of briars and thorns, to the great admiration of every beholder!—What more, then, need be said to recommend it! How amiable does the drunkard appear! View him in the public streets! how is he followed! view him in his house, how is he adored! Behold his children, how are they clothed and educated; how are they instructed in religion and morality!—How does peace and happiness shine in his wife's countenance! and how are his more distant relations charmed at the report of his fame!

M.

OLD

OLD GREGORY.

"I Am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate which he had just purchased. "I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and am but sixty-five years of age; hale and robust in my constitution—so I'll eat and drink, and live merrily, all the days of my life."

"I am now worth a hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended the summit of the hill, from where he had full prospect of all his estate. "And here," said he, "I'll plant an orchard; and, on that spot, I'll have a pinery—yon farm-house shall come down," said old Gregory; "it interrupts my view!"

"Then, Sir, what will become of the poor farmer, and his family?" asked the steward, who attended him.

"That's his business," answered old Gregory:—"and that mill must not stand on that stream," said old Gregory.

"Then how will the villagers grind their corn?" asked the steward.

"That's not my business," answered old Gregory.

So—Old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a full bottle of port wine—smoked two full pipes of tobacco, and fell into a profound slumber.

Old Gregory never more awoke! The farmer and his family still live in the farm house, and the villagers still grind their corn at the mill.

M.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

"Unthought of frailties cheat us in the wife."

WHO could suppose that the following pictures came not from the pencil of malignity, but of truth? Who could imagine that Locke was fond of romances? that Newton gave implicit credit to the dreams of judicial astrology? That Clarke valued himself more for his agility than his science? and that the liberal writing and poetic Pope, was an arrant epicure?

This picture of human frailty may be extended as the portraits are numerous. Queen Elizabeth was a coquette—the great Bacon was in the constant practice of taking bribes. On the eve of an important battle, the Duke of Marlborough abused his servant for extravagance, in lighting too many candles. Luther was so immoderately passionate, that he frequently boxed the ears of Melancton; and Melancton himself was a believer in dreams. Cardinals Richlieu and Mazarine were so superstitious, as to employ and pension Morin, a pretender to astrology, who calculated their nativities.

Dryden
was

was also a believer in astrology. Hobbes' family believed the existence of ghosts and goblins; and the great Tacitus, who appears in general to be superior to superstition, was grossly infected by it in particular instances.

FATE OF GENIUS.

PLAUTUS turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a jail; Pado Borghese had fourteen different trades, yet starved amidst them all. Tasso was often distressed for a shilling, Betivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected. Cervantes, and several of our English authors of genius, died of hunger. Camoens ended his days in an alms-house! and Vaugelas sold his body to the surgeons to support life. M,

PROPOSALS

FOR OPENING A SCOTCH EATING-HOUSE,

Or North Country Ordinary, and Scotch Chocolate-house, in the Neighbourhood of St. James's.

Dear Country Folks,

WHAN I considered, and righty weigh'd the swarms o' ye that come t' this toun, and how yer poor distressed and starved weams want sic gud and wholesome meet as ye were used to, and best agrees wee yer constitution; this, I say, and the tender love I always had for ye, first gar'd me to think o' setting up a North Country Ordinary, or Scotch Chocolate-house, for the accommodation o' a' that loo'd themfels, and had ony regard for the preservation o' their ane healths.

But before I wad undertake a thing o' sae great consequence, I thought advisable and best, first to a't o' advise and consult wi' sic o' yer fels as war in toun about it. According I did sae, but ae, vow! gin ye seed the joy and plesure that appear'd in their countenances, ye wad a thought they wad a louped out o' their skins, a' protested and sweer'd b' the fals o' ther bodies, gin I wad but undertake setting up sic a house, they wad warrant me, that I wad have mere business than a' the eating hooses o' this heal city o' London, and put them a' the' gether.

But in gud trowth, I am as ald farran as ony o' them a'; and (gin ye'll believe me) right leath was I to trust either their eaths or words; for to say among ourfels now, my nean country-foke are a pack o' paky slippery cheels and hea ye a gud a warrant to play ye a pliscan, as ony Cornish or Country o' York man, and that' a bald word nou!

But

But now t' prevent any misunderstanding on te side or tither, I defired that they wad come t' sic terms as wan secure me fra being a loser in this affair: they mest solemnly pretested, and sweer'd our and our again, that as long as I kept gud stirabout, sowins, skim'd-milk, and butter-milk, they wad stic as close t' me as the fark upo' me bak; and therefore begg'd yence more to publish t' the warld my proposals, and let them ken what they war t' hea for their filler.

Now thinks I t' mysell, ye ken weel enough, they are a devilish side-weam'd pack o' fallows, and wad flou the deel, and a' o' thin meet intil them, se I was resolv'd to consider it weel, and how it wad answer, for this I am sure of, that deel heat they care for the quality, se there be but enough o't. And therefore I do propose as follows.

P R O P O S A L S.

I. Stirabout aways to be the stanin dish.

II. There is ald and gud saying, "that variety is the plesure o' this warld," and to please the palats o' oney ye an o' yea that's deny stomack'd ye's hea lang keal, and backed keal, and rumbled keal, and sypos, and a piece o' gud eaten bannock, ilkie ye an paying four babees.

III. Now I'm persuaded, that nene o' ye will want ony sippers, but, gin ony o' ye do, there will be enough o' cald meet left, and that he's hea for nothing, and gin that wonnot please, ye's get a wee wheen Sowins and othem opothem, t' sup 'till ye cast again.

IV. On the Sabbeth, when come from the prechin, ye's get a gud finged sheep's heed, wi' ilkey yen a bicker o' barley brose, and a haggis o' our ane gud wife's making; and tho' I say't that shou'd not say't, there is'nt a better kook in a the toun; and the deel gee her thanks, for she was born at Lough-Harber in the Heelands of o' Scotland, and her mither was born at Arintrow. And as for the making o' a haggis, stirabout, souins, bannocks, or been meel and mashlin puddens, shell turn her back t' nene that ever weer'd a heed between the shoulders o'them.

N. B. Ye mun understand that on this day yer to hea ne stirabout, when they are sic denties, and ilkie body mun add a babee more.

V. That I will settle a correspondance wi' the Leigh merchants, t' send me a heal bark leadned we oten meel and souin feeds.

VI. Gud meeta'ways deserve gud drink, and I's warrant ye shall ne be wantin: for I will agree wi' a brewer for all his Tisan: they ca' it here in this toun taplash, besides whigg, wyey, butter-milk, souin sheyrins, scridab, sputrah and jut, addin yae babee mere.

VII. That hoose furniture will be provided, and gotton in order for accomodating o' a my guests, I'll hea a gud mickle pot, spur-tels,

bles, o' a' sizes, bickers, trinchers, coges, kimlins, horn spoons, cutties, fourms, haffacks, three legged stools, &c. for nethin shall be waitin. As for a jack and speets, we shall hea no occasion for.

VII. By what is propofed, let me fee wha can live se denty, and at se sma charges? that ilka one mae gang hem t' their beds every night fartin.foe, for ne mare than fix babees a day.

IX. For the further encouragement o' a' my freens, they shall be shav'd and powder'd on the Saturday wee gud oten meel, and a bit o' the North Country butter, and that will answer in the place of powder and oil.

X. I shall fay ne mere upon this heed for the present, but gin I find it will answer, wha kens, but we may reech to a bis o'roast meet at laft: I had a-mest forgotten to acquaint ye, that yes hae gud attendance, for Jannet and myself will do that, for nae lasses will I keep: Batty and Spotty, I's warrant ye will keep a' clean and, live brawly.

The following honeft bodies that war in toun, wee joy fre tho very fals o' them, subscribe their names as follows:

ROBERT MC MUFTY,
JONNEY MC MUSTY, &c. &c.

A MODERN TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

Or, a Northern Exhibition.

AN Autocratix in the North,
Once iffu'd notice, setting forth,
That she would, on a certain day,
An unexampled feat display.
For she sometime had been preparing,
(To set the eyes of Europe staring)
The greatest wonder under Heaven,
Transcending far the former Seven.

You, peradventure, Sirs, have heard
Of that gigantic statue rear'd
At Rhodes, with legs so far asunder,
That full-rigg'd vessels scudded under;
Yet never mast was known to hitch,
In passing, 'gainst his Highness' breech.
This Colossean model, **KATE**
Resolv'd, it seems, to emulate;
Nay, pledg'd her honour she'd surpass
That ancient prodigy of brass,
And shew her neighbours something more
Than they had ever seen before.
Indeed, to straddle o'er the *Dwina*,
Was nothing deem'd by the Czarina.

But

But, reader, prythee think how wide,
 How straining, too, must be a stride
 From *Petersburgh*, or *Oczakow* ;
 Almost to the *Archipelago* !
 Hear this, ye timid British dames,
 Who boggle at the river Thames !
 Yet this triumphal arch to raise,
 To eternize her claim to praise
 With recent victories elate
 Vow'd CATHARINA, fix'd as fate,
 And over earth an arch to throw
 As wide as the prismatic bow.

The day appointed, and the place
 For this prodigious structure's base,
 His sov'reign to POTEMKIN cry'd,
 A prince attendant at her side—
 " My fabric here will I erect,
 Myself the pile and architect ;
 In *Muscovy* this leg shall stand,
 Whilst this I set in *Turkey-land*."
 " Be cautious, good my liege, I pray,"
 Quoth he, " since this important day
 May bring you large access of fame,
 Or be the era of your shame :
 Consider, Madam, the extent ;
 And, should you slip, (which heaven prevent !)
 Your majesty would be the sport
 Of ev'ry eunuch at the *Port* :
 How they'd exult to see the hair
 Of—Turkish horse-tails wave in air !
 Whilst you, the idol of our hearts,
 Who brav'd the worst—to shew your parts,—
 Were in the Lord knows what position ;
 How awkward were the exhibition !—
 Though you but meant to signalize
 Your prowess, by the bold emprise,
 The wags would say, 'twas but to show
 The rich imperial *fur-below*."
 " The step is hazardous indeed ;
 But, with thy aid, I may succeed,"
 Was her reply—so lift my train ;
 For glory's meed, who would not strain ?
 I stand resolv'd—the die is cast—
 'Twas thus the *Rubicon* was past."
 Expectant of the great event,
 Of KATE's portentous leg's descent,
 Suspense held mute the potentates
 Of all the European States,

Who, for no party yet declaring,
 Resolv'd to take their fill of staring.
 At length our British *Palinurus*,
 A branch of commerce to ensure us,
 Began the first to speculate
 A little on the affairs of KATE—
 Thought he, Perhaps she may determine
 To purchase our good-will with ermine ;
 If so, why may not I compound,
 (As in the case of *Nootka Sound*)
 For wherewithal to make a *muff*,
 Of which *I see* she has enough—
 This resolution taken, presto,
 Appear'd our Premier's manifesto ;
 Our men were press'd, our fleet was mann'd,
 The Baltic expedition plann'd,—
 She saw our Minister equipping,
 And had a list of all our shipping ;
 What vessels were upon the stocks,
 And what repairing in the docks ;
 What stores, what seamen were on board,
 She better knew than Ch-th-m's Lord,
 A nobleman, whose naval skill
 Was matchless—said his brother WILL.
 But, what must raise our wonder more,
 Of her intelligence—the *bore*
 Of ev'ry gun to KATE was known,
 As well, or better than her own—
 'Twas hardly credible, but then
 She had her *secret-service Men*,
 With whom she'd sometimes condescend,
 Her mind in private to unbend.
 Whilst we were threat'ning, she was cap'ring,
 As if she fancied us but vap'ring ;
 And tho' her purpose she suspended,
 Still was her desp'rate leg protended.

GARRICK TO HIS COUNSELLOR,

On being involved in a Lawsuit, respecting the possession of a House at Hampton.

ON your care must depend the success of my suit,
 The possession, I mean, of the house in dispute ;
 Remember, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
 And the worst of his tribe—tho' the best are so so.
 In law, as in life, I well know 'tis a rule,
 That the knave should be always too hard for the fool :
 To this rule one exception your client implores,
 That the fool may for once kick the knave out of doors.

THE PHYSIOGNO-MAGNETIC MIRROR,
No XI.

A DUNNING SCENE.

A Notion univerfally prevails, that Debt implies no guilt, and fixes no stigma on the character of a perfon fo involved. At firft fight, the opinion appears plausible enough; neverthelefs, it may with good reafon be controverted. In order to difcover how improperly it is underftood, when taken in its latitude, we need but draw a line between different kinds of debts; claffing them under the heads of innocent and criminal ones. Innocent debts are fuch as are contracted under the preffure of neceffity, debts which the contractor has no prefent means of difcharging, but liquidates by a courfe of unremitting induftry; or, at leaft, endeavours to do, impreffed with a fense of the obligation he lies under to his creditor, exclufive of pecuniary confiderations. Criminal debts, from whatever caufe they may proceed, are thofe which a man is dilatory in difcharging, although fufficiently enabled fo to do, without apprehenfion of embarralling himfelf. There are few perhaps who may not recollect instances, within the circle of their own acquaintance, of men who have fuffered by misfortunes, who have furmounted their difficulties by the indulgence and well-timed affiftance of friends, and when, in a thriving condition, have again, by a train of untoward circumftances, been reduced to greater diftreff than before, infomuch that, inftead of cancelling old debts, they have been obliged to borrow more, if fortunate enough to find perfons inclined to adminifter to their neceffities. Such examples of the inftability of fortune, muft claim our pity, far from provoking our cenfure; and fo long as they are not acceffary to their loffes, and labour ftrenuoufly to retrieve them, will be accounted guiltlefs, though all their friends fhould fuffer by their reverfe of fortune. Who can help being roused to indignation, while he compares thofe efforts of honeft, but unfucceffful induftry, to the effrontery of fuch an unprincipled knave as I am going to introduce! Mr. S—— was of that description—his door was ever befet with creditors—with the cooleft indifference would he hear, as he lay in bed, their clamorous importunity: numberlefs were the vifits he received of this kind; but come when they would, S—— always contrived to be invifible.—He was juft gone out, or he was in the country, or my lord fuch a one was clofettetted with him on bufinefs of importance—was the anfwer given by his fervant from a window of his mafter's bed-room. He was faid likewife to have foiled them more than once by the help of a parchment nofe, which, with a little alteration in his drefs and the tone of his voice, difguifed the man to all intents and purpofes; and thus equipped, would he boldly anfwer all comers in the abfence of his footman. One morning,

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however,

however, whilst they were concerting measures for the day, came a shoal of tradesmen, as by general agreement, and on the same errand. "My master's dangerously ill," said *John*, "and cannot be spoken with." "We insist upon seeing him!" vociferated twenty mouths at once; "or we must resort to the law!" Then he would parley, and surrender upon terms. "'Pon honour, gentlemen, you use me very ill—'Tis damn'd hard, methinks, that I could not be ill, without such an unmannerly intrusion—Fie upon it, I thought you had more consideration—I protest you don't deserve..... however, *John*, bring me my purse, and those notes on my bureau—No, I don't want them—they don't deserve a fixpenny piece—and yet I would lay my life, you are all come for that purpose—Is it not so? what say you, Mr. *Varnish*?" "That curricle, Sir, is unpaid for, and tis now a year and a half since—" "Did I not advance ten guineas? you are very hardly dealt by truly—'tis really a premature demand—why, look ye, there's Mr. *Peck*, who stands by you, he has been my baker, how long, let me recollect—*Peck* how long have you served me with bread?" "Two years and three quarters, an't please your honour." "I don't know whether I have paid you any thing in part or not."—"Not a farthing, your honour."—"Look ye there, now, *Varnish*, not a farthing—he knows how to conduct himself towards a man of honour—you cannot do better than imitate my friend *Peck*—Good morning—*John*, attend Mr. *Varnish* to the door, while I speak to Mr. *Peck*—Well, *Peck*, you shall not fare the worse for your patience, you shall continue to have my custom, be well assured—how is it that your bread is so much better than any others? 'tis exquisite—better I never tasted—he that would find fault with such bread as yours, ought to..... but, *apropos*, how much am I indebted to you?" "Ninety-one pounds, five shillings and odd pence." "Six shillings, you may say; I don't haggle about shillings—ninety-one pounds six shillings." "Ay, it must be that at least, and a very reasonable bill too. It shall be paid, it shall, honest *Peck*, in three months at farthest. Now, you will oblige me, you will indeed, if you don't neglect coming at that time; or you need not take that trouble, I'll send it by *John*—*John*, be careful to remind me of it.—T'other door, Mr. *Peck*.—*John* how can you let gentlemen wait so? open the door for Mr. *Peck*.

Odso! Mr. *Vintner*, my wine-merchant, as I hope to live! I had intended to send for you."—"Dear Sir, you are very good, to be sure, and money is at all times—" "Aye, but hear me, Mr. *Vintner*; I wish I could say your wine was good—I think it will be the death of me! How the devil you sophisticate it, I cannot guess, but it is execrable! Why, I have hardly a leg to stand upon, after I have drunk but three bottles of it! Yet you expect money, forsooth! No, not yet, good Mr. *Vintner*. For such stuff as you send me, I must have longer credit; so fare you well.—Shew him out, *John*.—What, my little *Snip* here too! the worthiest fellow that

that ever cracked a bottle, by Jupiter ! I am really ashamed that small bill should remain unpaid till now—Threescore pounds, you say ! it distresses me quite ; it ought to have been settled long ago ; it is nothing but what is just. After your having cloathed myself and family these three years, that I should be so forgetful as—I shall never forgive myself ; and I should dread the forfeiting your good opinion, were I not certain that you relied on my principle. It was that prevented your calling sooner—you were always considerate—What would I give, that my tenants were like you ! But you shall have your money, upon the word of a man of honour, as soon as my rascals——” “Your servant, Sir.” “Yours, most cordially, my little Snip——What the Devil ! does the fellow think I have nothing to do with my money, but to pay taylors, while so many gentlemen of character here are put off ! I believe, my friends, what I owe you, can amount to no great matter ; and you see I am endeavouring to satisfy you all ; and as you have waited so long, patience must be habitual to you. In God’s name then, practise that virtue a little longer.” So saying, he shot away, leaving them mute in astonishment at his matchless effrontery. F.

THE CONFESSOR DUPED;

From the Italian.

IN the good city of Florence, where gallantry was ever more predominant than love or constancy, there formerly lived a lady whose person and mind were distinguished by the most precious endowments of nature. Wit, grace, beauty, youth—in short, every object of adoration which a woman can possess, was hers. Her name, from prudential motives, we omit, as well as the names of the other persons, who are concerned in the anecdote we are about to relate. Suffice it to say, that this lady was descended from a noble family, whose poverty, however, was such as induced them to consent to an alliance with a rich merchant who offered to take her without a fortune. Her head was so filled with the dignity of her birth, that she regarded this marriage as humiliating, and thence could never prevail on herself to bestow her affections on her husband ; who, indeed, had little to recommend him ; his sole merit consisting in the immensity of his wealth, and his knowledge of commerce.

His wife’s contempt or indifference for him was carried so far, that she never would allow him to enjoy the most endearing privileges of a husband, unless when impelled by the fear of an open rupture. As nature, however, was not silent within her, she determined to find a more pleasing substitute for the gratification of her dictates.

When resolutions of this nature are once embraced by a woman,

man, the interval between their adoption and execution is seldom long. She one day met, on her road to church, a young gentleman of the town, whose figure charmed her so much, that she immediately conceived a passion for him; love soon made such a rapid progress in her bosom, that if she passed a day without seeing the object of her wishes, the succeeding night was sure to be sleepless. For his part, he experienced no interruption of his usual tranquillity, being wholly ignorant of the lady's passion for him, and she being too prudent to reveal it either by letter, or by means of a friendly confidante: such measures appeared to her to be pregnant with danger. But as bounteous nature had, among other qualifications, endued her with a considerable portion of cunning, she found a method of making her passion known without the smallest risk to herself.

Having remarked that the object of her desires paid frequent visits to a monk, who, though a handsome man, led a very regular life, and enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity, she thought it possible to employ the friar as a channel of communication between her and her lover. After she had thoroughly revolved the circumstance in her mind and determined on the mode of proceeding, she repaired to the convent to which the monk belonged, and sending for him, expressed a desire to have him for her confessor, with which the good father, judging by her appearance that she was a woman of consequence, readily complied. When she had made a general confession of her sins, she told him that she had a secret to entrust him with, and a favour to ask of him, "I stand in need, my reverend father," said she, "of your advice and assistance in the affair which I am going to mention to you. You are now acquainted with the name and rank of my parents—I have likewise told you who my husband is—but I have not yet told you, what is necessary you should know, that he loves me more than life. My desires are no sooner known than gratified; he is extremely rich, and his whole fortune is appropriated to the anticipation of my wants and wishes. I trust you will believe me when I assure you that my affection for him is such as it ought to be. My love is at least as fervent as his. I should consider myself as the most ungrateful and the most contemptible of my sex, were I to harbour the smallest thought prejudicial to his honour, or even offensive to delicacy. You must know, then, my good father, that a young man, whose name and condition I am ignorant of, and who doubtless mistakes me for what I am not, lays such close siege to me, that wherever I go, I find him at my heels. I appear at the door, at the window, or in the street, he is the first object that meets my sight. I am even astonished that he has not followed me hither, so closely does he watch my motions. He is tall and well made; his face is tolerably handsome, and he is generally dressed in black. He has the air of a man of distinction; and, if I mistake not, I think I have frequently

frequently seen him with you. As such kind of conduct often exposes a woman of virtue to calumnious reports, I, at first, intended to request my brothers to speak to him; but on reflection I thought it best to say nothing to them, lest it might be productive of evil consequences. In order therefore to avoid any thing of that kind, I resolved to address myself to you; and I was impelled to this by the consideration, that you appeared to be acquainted with him, and that you are entitled, by your character and profession, to give lessons not only to your friends, but to all others. Let me entreat you then to reprove him severely, and to engage him to give me no further trouble. If he be inclined to gallantry, let him apply to other women; there are enough of them, thank heaven! and he will have no difficulty to find one that will think herself flattered by his attentions. For my part, I am by no means ambitious to be honoured with them; my thoughts are otherwise employed. I know too well what I owe to my husband, and to myself."

When she had said this, she held down her head, as if about to cry.

The monk easily conceived, from her description of the person in question, that it could be no other than his friend. He bestowed great commendations on the virtuous sentiments of his penitent, which he believed to be sincere; and he promised her to do what she wished. Then, as he knew she was rich, he was careful to give her a little discourse upon charity, which he concluded, in the usual style, by explaining his own wants and those of the convent. "Let me entreat you," replied the lady, "not to forget what I have been saying: if he denies the fact, tell him if you please, that you had it from me, and that I complained to you, on purpose that he might know how much I was offended with his conduct."

The confession being finished, and absolution received, the penitent profited by the confessor's concluding exhortation. She took out her purse, and gave him a considerable sum, requesting him to say masses for the repose of her departed friends; after which she took her leave.

Some days after this, the youthful object of the lady's love, went, as usual, to call on his friend the friar, who took him aside in order to bestow a little wholesome reproof on him, for his pretended assiduities, and wicked designs, on the fair devotee. The gentleman, who did not know her, who did not even recollect to have ever seen her, and who seldom passed her house, answered, very naturally, that he was at a loss to comprehend his meaning. But the credulous confessor hastily replied—"It will answer no purpose to affect astonishment and pretend ignorance; I know the whole affair, so it is in vain to deny it. If I had learnt it from strangers, or even from the neighbours, there might indeed have been some grounds for doubting the truth of it; but I had it from
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the lady herself, who is quite in despair about it. Independent of religious considerations, you should be induced to quit the pursuit, from the impossibility of succeeding in it; for I assure you the lady is virtue itself; therefore let me beg of you to give her no further trouble." The young man would fain have defended himself, by observing that she must have mistaken him for another person; but the monk stopped his mouth—"All you can alledge," said he, "is useless; she described you too minutely for me to suppose that it was not you she was talking of."

The youth, less stupid than the good father, conceived that some mystery was concealed beneath these unmerited reproofs. He therefore assumed an appearance of shame; and promised, in future, to give no room for complaint. The moment he left the monk, he went to the street where the lady lived, and saw her at the window. She no sooner perceived him, than she exhibited unequivocal symptoms of joy, being convinced that he had understood the drift of her application to the friar. The gallant having caught her looks, and observed them marked by love and pleasure, was no longer in doubt as to the truth of his conjecture. He therefore paraded before her house several times a day, and each time he saw her, served to confirm him in his opinion.

The belle, equally acute in her observations, was not long before she perceived that he returned her love; but in order to wound him more deeply, and at the same time to give him a stronger proof of her affection, she went again to confess to the same monk, and began her confession with tears. The good father, affected with her grief, asked her whether she had any fresh subject for uneasiness. "Alas! said she, I have more complaints to make against your friend, against that accursed wretch, of whom I spoke to you the other day. I verily believe he was born to torment me: he follows me incessantly, and would fain make me do what would for ever deprive me of my peace of mind, and destroy that confidence which urges me to open my heart to you." "What, exclaimed the friar, does he still persist in parading before your windows?" " Oftener than before, replied the worthy devotee: one would suppose he was determined to exact vengeance of me for the reproaches which he has experienced from you; since he now passes my door seven times a day, whereas before he seldom passed it more than once. Would to heaven, too, he would confine himself to that and to ogling me through the window! but that does not content him; he has had the effrontery to send me, by a woman, a purse and a belt, as if I was in want of such things. I was so enraged at his impudence, that if my respect for you had not restrained me, I know not to what lengths I might have proceeded. I moderated my anger, however, out of regard for you, who are his friend; and even resolved not to mention it to any body before I had communicated it to you. At first, I left the purse and belt with the
mes-

senger, with orders to return them, but recollecting that women of that stamp are apt to keep whatever they lay their hands on, and that this in particular might have retained the present, and have given him to understand that I had accepted it, I thought it better to bring the things to you."

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE STRANGERS AT HOME.

A new Club, held every Saturday, at the Garrick's Head, Bow Street.

OF all the numerous societies, which this great metropolis produces, there is not perhaps one more attractive to self-love, or conducive to universal benevolence, than that held under the above denomination; for there the harmony of soul, as well as sound, is to be met in full perfection.

It is remarkable, and highly honourable to the respectable performers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres, that they are not less distinguished for brotherly affection than for professional excellence. It has been said, but certainly without much truth, that the jealousy and envy of a green room is equal to that of a palace, and that the smiles of a Manager are as pleasing to the humble imitators of Generals, Ministers and Orators, as the smiles of a Monarch are to those characters in real life. Preference must certainly afford pleasure to every man; but we believe there are no set of men on earth, who enjoy peculiar merit and its concomitants with greater modesty than the sons of Thespis. We always see them cheerful in themselves; we never hear them detract, or even insinuate detraction; we rarely find personal animosity, or quarrels, among them; and, to their honour be it spoken, they seem to be the least inclined to literary sparrings, of any set of men on earth—while contractors and great companies, authors and reviewers, orators and placemen, revolutionists and aristocrats, are seen worrying each other, and tormenting the peaceable world with opposition of opinions, subtlety of constructions, and abuse of common sense. The harmless and truly rational Player devotes his time to the necessary duties of his avocation, and strengthens the band of friendship by the innocent delights of conviviality.

It may appear, at first sight, as if the Society of **THE STRANGERS AT HOME** was indebted for its denomination to a late dramatic effusion; but, whatever may be the merits of that production, certain it is, that the name adopted by the society derives from the principles of the institution: every regular member may introduce a Stranger, for whose character and good conduct such member is held responsible. The Strangers—i. e. the visitants—are always treated with a friendly familiarity, and though but in a manner itinerant, are encouraged to conceive themselves **AT HOME**. Should their behaviour, in any respect, be irregular, it is a **STANDING RULE**, that they are not to be either fined or publicly censured; but the members who introduce them

them are to drink each a bumper (which can scarcely be done without a blush) by way of oblation, and promise in future to leave such STRANGERS AT HOME.

By the regulations of this Club, no person, except three principal officers, a Poet Laureat, Secretary, and Treasurer, but those of the Sock and Buskin, can be admitted a member; and, so strong are the inducements, or rather mental advantages, of those offices, that it requires exceeding great ability, as well as interest, to obtain an appointment to any one of them.

The following respectable names are among the members: Mr. Johnson, Mr. Bannister, sen. Mr. Bannister, Jun. Mr. Farren, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Inledon, Mr. Munden, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Holman, Mr. Quick, Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Aikin, Mr. Fennel, and Mr. Suett.

The following song, for convivial sentiment most justly admired, was written on purpose for this society, and is sung by Mr. Johnson with all that charming melody and cheerful manner, which have so much recommended and endeared him.

SONG.

YE good fellows all, Care's an arrant old ass!
 Avaunt, his dull Methodist face—
 Let's drown him as fast as we can in the glass,
 And let mirth take the puritan's place.
 Yes, Comus! with pleasure thy phizz we admit,
 Whose motto is FRIENDSHIP and FUN;
 Now let those who can't blaze like a beacon with wit,
 Raise the laugh by a joke, or a pun.

CHORUS.

Then push round the bottle—he's wife who enjoys;
 To be sad is the blockhead's endeavour:
 And now for a toast, to delight you, my boys—
 Here's the PRINCE, and Old England for ever!

Let Envy's dark dæmon incessantly toil,
 Let the arrows of calumny fly;
 The youth on their mischief looks down with a smile;
 His virtues their venom defy—
 Like Anacreon of old, he the myrtle's soft power
 With the vine's purple branches still blends;
 No dull stupid maxims that bosom can four,
 That delights in its country and friends.

Let Britain rejoice in the fortunate hour,
 That gave birth to her favourite child;
 At which Envy and Tyranny only could lour,
 Whilst Commerce and Liberty smil'd—
 Now let each British bosom with rapturous glow,
 And effusions of joy, rend the skies;
 For Fate it ordain'd him to heal all our woe,
 And the arts of our foes to despise.

CHORUS.—Then push, &c.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

APRIL, 1791.

FRANCE.

[*March, omitted in our last.*]

THIS month, like the last, has witnessed fresh scenes of anarchy and confusion. The Parisian *Poissardes* confirmed our prediction, by repairing to Belle-Vue with a view to secure the persons of the king's aunts, that they might be restrained from pursuing their intended journey to Rome. Fortunately, however, they arrived an hour too late; the royal ladies had already departed, and were permitted to proceed without molestation till they reached the gates of Moret, where the municipal officers, proud of their newly-acquired authority, which they doubtless imagined could not be more patriotically exerted than by shewing marks of disrespect to the family of their sovereign, immediately arrested them. Passports were produced from the king and his minister, with a declaration of the municipality of Paris, disclaiming all right to prevent the free egress of any citizen from the kingdom. These however were deemed insufficient, and these sagacious magistrates, eager to display their zeal or their consequence, determined to consult the National Assembly on this important subject! Before, however, the Representatives of the nation could decide on a business so intricate, the light infantry of the regiment of Hainault, with more spirit and gallantry than the soldiery of France have lately evinced, rushed into the town, liberated the royal captives, and enabled them to pursue their route. At Arnai-le-due they experienced a second interruption, which formed the subject of a remonstrance from the king to the assembly, who, after a debate, noisy, tumultuous, and violent, at length condescended to decree, that "as the arrest of Mesdames was not sanctioned by any existing law, it should be referred to the executive power. The ladies therefore were permitted to leave this blessed land of LIBERTY; but the people, dissatisfied with their departure, evinced a strong disposition to become riotous; they entered the gardens of the Tuilleries in prodigious numbers, and peremptorily demanded that the king should issue orders for their immediate return: this modest request not meeting with compliance, they became outrageous, and so much mischief would probably have ensued, as might have furnished ample subject for a second panegyric by that staunch friend of the Gallic mob, the political preacher of the Old Bailey, but for the happy interference of the National troops, who arrived in time to disperse them.

In the mean time the Constitutional Committee has introduced the form of a decree, the purport of which, to enforce the residence of all persons engaged in the discharge of any public functions; it also enacts that the king shall remain in the vicinity of the National Assembly, during the time of its sitting; that the Dauphin, as heir to the crown, shall not leave his Majesty, without his express permission, nor the kingdom without the leave of the legislative body; and lastly, that all such of the royal family as shall violate this law, shall, *ipso facto*, be excluded from the succession.

Some farther proceedings in the spoliation of private property have distinguished the annals of the month; by a single decree, an estate, worth fifty thousand pounds sterling, has been taken from the Duke and Dutchess of Polignac, merely because it was given them by the king; an action too, is ordered to be commenced against them and Monsieur de Calonne for the recovery of thirty-two thousand pounds, which had been paid by the latter—when in office—to the former, for the purchase of certain manerial rights. The plans of such a legislature for securing property—the second desideratum on the list

of social advantages—must be a singular curiosity—we doubt not but it will form a worthy counterpart to their celebrated declaration on the rights of men.

A plan has been submitted to the Assembly for suppressing the *Hotel des Invalides*, that superb asylum for maimed and disabled soldiers, erected during the destructive reign of the fourteenth Lewis. The motion was opposed by the Abbé de Maury. “It is proposed,” said that ecclesiastic, whose spirit and perseverance we are always happy in an opportunity to applaud—“that the municipality of Paris should purchase this magnificent pile, for the purpose of converting it into an hospital; but where will it be able to raise the immense sum necessary for such a purpose? At the same time that I make this observation, I applaud the foresight of those who wish to multiply the establishments of hospitals, as their new sublime regeneration cannot fail to supply them with inhabitants.”

On the third of the month, a knight of the order of St. Lewis was discovered in the private apartments of the Tuilleries, with a dagger concealed in his bosom; but whether for the purpose of assassination or defence, time only can discover. He was immediately put under arrest, and an alarm was speedily diffused over the capital, where, it is singular, an insurrection took place nearly at the same instant, on the transfer of some prisoners from Paris to the castle of St. Vincennes, that had nearly been attended with very serious consequences. The mob were bent on the demolition of the castle, and had begun their operations when the troops arrived; these they at first resisted, but seeing them resolute, they were soon compelled to retire, leaving seventy prisoners behind them. On the return of the guards to the capital, they found the gates shut against them; an entrance was procured by force, and tranquillity restored, till night, when, under pretence of anxiety for the king's safety, the apartments of the palace were filled with armed persons, but the impossibility of distinguishing friends from enemies, rendered it necessary to issue a general order of exclusion. Since that day the officers of the household and their domestics have alone been admitted to the royal residence. During the tumult that prevailed in the city, the most violent debates occurred in the National Assembly, on the means of restraining the present licentiousness of the people, and for the prevention of farther emigration. The chairman of the committee, to which these important questions had been referred, having prefaced the motion he was about to make with a tedious dissertation on their favourite topic, the *natural rights of man*, he was called upon from all sides of the house to come to the point, when he very candidly told them that the committee had indeed prepared some laws, but that they were so conscious of their inconsistency with the original declaration of rights (to which they might justly have ascribed all the commotions which now formed the subject of complaint as well as all those which preceded them) that he did not dare to present them without first bespeaking the indulgence of the house! Such is the efficacy of abstract theoretical decisions when attempts are made to reduce them to practice! The debate continued some time with great warmth, and at length terminated without coming to any determination on the subjects before the house!

April.] The National Assembly, in virtue of that despotic power which they have arrogated to themselves, still continue to pursue their favourite plan of *Confiscation*. From the plunder of communities they have at length descended to the pillage of individuals. The Prince of Conde, from his refusal to violate his oaths of allegiance, and to degrade the dignity of his rank and name, is become an object of dread and detestation to the democratic leaders. Hence an arbitrary decree has been passed not only to annul a contract made during the present reign, by which an annuity of twenty-five thousand pounds was secured to the prince, but even to revoke all the gifts and cessions to his illustrious ancestors so far back as the year 1648. A curious illustration this of the *rights of men!!!* The nation who submits to
such

such despotic proceedings—than which the annals of monarchy the most absolute, afford nothing more atrocious—must be considered as slaves the most abject and pusillanimous, and as such, become an object of universal contempt.

GREAT BRITAIN.

This has proved a busy and important month in the political world; objects of great magnitude with regard to the interests of the nation and the superior rights of humanity have been submitted to parliamentary discussion, while the people, notwithstanding the continuance of warlike preparations, have preserved their wonted confidence in the minister—a confidence justly merited, and productive of the happiest effects, as the present high price of the funds sufficiently testify.

In our last we noticed his Majesty's message to the Commons, communicating his intention of supporting his interference with Russia by force of arms, should the milder mode of negotiation prove finally fruitless. The natural consequence of the message was a motion for an address, which gave rise to a debate on the propriety of the House pledging itself to defray the expences of an armament with the purport and nature whereof many of the members professed a total ignorance. On the part of those who opposed the address it was contended, that in the war between Russia and the Porte, the Turks were the aggressors—the champions of *Tippoo Sultan* were, at least consistent in defending the cause of *Catherine*—that no possible good could accrue to this country from the most successful prosecution of the measures proposed to be adopted, nor could our commerce or national character receive the smallest detriment from an extension of the war, or from the accomplishment of the Empress's ambitious schemes; it was considered by Mr. Fox, as a matter of astonishment, that ministers could be so hardy or so indiscreet as to advise the adoption of a measure which he deemed utterly repugnant to every principle of good policy and sound prudence. He reprobated the unlimited confidence extended to the minister of the present day; a confidence by which the House not only surrendered all right of judgment for itself, but by which, in opposition to sense and reason, it sanctioned measures the most impolitic and unjust.

In illustration of this doctrine he quoted their present conduct, in proceeding to vote the necessary supplies, without a single intimation of the precise object of such armament, or a single reason given in justification of it.

He contrasted the present measures with the conduct of administration in 1782, when they refused to take part in the dispute which then subsisted between the Turks and Russians, relative to the cession of the countries of the Cuban and Crimea; and concluded with an attack on the period which had been chosen to take an active part in European politics, instead of standing forward at the time when our fleets were manned and the spirit of the nation was alive.

On the other side, the augmentation of our naval forces, and our interference between Russia and the Porte, were defended upon the ground of good policy and expediency. The minister contended, that supporting the balance of power in Europe, was a measure, which, in all enlightened times, had ever been adopted as a fixed principle with every potentate therein; and in the whole course of its annals he could not discover a period wherein it was more absolutely necessary to put that principle in practice, than at this instant. By uncommon strides of power, and of achievements, the Russian empire was not only spreading its vast boundaries throughout half of Europe, but was actually endeavouring to extirpate a whole nation, and extend its conquests over the richest and most fertile country of Asia. The Ottoman states were following fast under the rod of its prowess, and unlimited sway appeared to be the sole object of its all-conquering force and all-subduing machinations.

These circumstances were, he justly maintained, in themselves of too important a nature to the very being of this kingdom as a commercial state, not

to rouse it from the reluctant lethargy of two years ineffectual mediations, and force it to back its interference with something more substantial than mere remonstrance; this proved the policy of the measures intended to be adopted by government in the vigorous efforts meant to be pursued for effecting a general pacification, upon terms honourable and advantageous to this country, and equally salutary to its allies.

In all matters where the faith and practice of nations admit a circumstance to be in itself politic, it thence, he averred, becomes wise, prudent, and just. But we were, he observed, in a very particular situation at present with regard to our proceedings; we were bound by the most solemn treaties with great and powerful nations, and were moreover bound to them as well for our own advantage, and for the reciprocal utility of society and civilization, to each of which we were ultimately obliged to subscribe by every human and moral tie. Our very existence both as a commercial and a warlike nation depended thereon, and that great law of nature *self-preservation* first persuaded this union between us and other states, and the obligation we are under establishes the *justice* of those measures, being the only mode by which it can be supported.

He next defended the *expediency* of prosecuting the measures adopted with vigour and animation, since they were so evidently calculated to let the world and the haughty court of Russia know that Great Britain will no longer tamely bear the aspiring projects of any rival power in Europe, to advance with arts or arms into measures hostile to her welfare, or injurious to the peace or prosperity of her allies.

Adverting to Mr. Fox's observations on "Confidence," which in his opinion was due to ministry, so long as a ministry existed in this country, he for his part, declared, in the face of that country, and before that House, that no longer than he himself stood in his own conscience perfectly satisfied that he merited it, no longer did he wish, or would he impose upon the good sense or good-nature of the kingdom in desiring or seeking it. In no instance of his life could he discover how or where he forfeited his title to it, and till he did, it was not possible for him to perceive how the honourable gentleman could be justified in torturing even vehemence itself to tantalize and to reproach it. Without confidence in executive governors, there is an end to government; and without mutual support, there is an end both to the people and to the state.

From these observations he trusted that the bugbear *distrust* would have no weight with the discerning part of mankind, but that the fallacy of such advice would be discovered when they attempted to investigate its verity.

Whatever information was wanting, he said, had been given; the necessary secrecy that was attached to the proceedings of government was the only thing withheld, nor was that withheld for the sake of creating an apprehension for our safety, or for our success in the prosecution of those exertions which were eventually necessary; but merely for the sake of not counteracting them, either by the wayward zeal of friends at home, or by the sacrifice of enemies abroad. In answer to the enquiries made by the opposite side as to what were the dangers to be dreaded, should we sit quietly down and behold our allies butchered, plundered, or even insulted, and not resent their wrongs, he contented himself with expressing a hope that gentlemen had not come to that pass of inconsiderate party spirit, as for a moment to make reason subservient to prejudice.

After reasoning some time on the necessity of being punctual in observing our faith with our allies; on the importance of our continental connections, and on the policy of impeding the rapid progress of the Russian arms—he begged it might be understood, that whatever should be the nature of the demands made by us on the court of Petersburg, however they may and must have the welfare of Prussia in their view and as their object, still their primary principles shall be the peace, honour and dignity of Great Britain.

Having

Having replied to every argument of his opponents in an able and masterly style, he concluded a speech marked by strong reasoning, great perspicuity and striking eloquence, with giving his hearty assent to the motion for an address, which was accordingly carried by a majority of ninety-three.

But encouraged by the mention of that *official* secrecy which Mr. Pitt had expressed his determination to preserve, the opposition *courageously* resolved to renew an argument in which they knew their most formidable adversary must be doomed to silence. Mr. Gray therefore, on the twelfth of the month, brought forward a string of propositions, the purport of which was to condemn those very measures which the House had by their late address pledged themselves, in a certain degree, to support. His motion was prefaced by a petulant speech, as usual more distinguished for personal invective and passionate exclamation, than for sound sense or logical reasoning. He began by expressing his confidence that the propositions he should offer would only be opposed or rejected by those, who had been *unworthily advanced* to situations they *unworthily filled*. An arrogant and false assertion, containing indecent reflections, and shewing a determination to make up for weakness of argument, by strength of abuse! He maintained that war could only be justified by one of these three motives—first, to redeem a right forcibly withheld from us; second, to provide for our own safety; and thirdly, to repel any unjust attack upon us, or upon our allies; and as the war upon which we were about to enter, came under neither of those heads, it was consequently unjustifiable. He was compelled to acknowledge the propriety of preserving the balance of power in Europe, but denied that the success of the Russians could have any possible effect on it; after *talking* (we cannot call it arguing) in this style for some time, and bestowing on Russia the new coined appellation of our *natural ally* (in support of which he might have appealed to her ARMED NEUTRALITY during our contest with America) he concluded by challenging the Minister to come forward openly in support of the war (for he argued as if a war was inevitable), and not shelter himself under the veil of state secrecy, and evade by a previous question what he could not negative by argument.

As nothing new occurred in the course of this debate, which was in all respects similar to that which took place on the address, we shall only observe, that Mr. Sheridan attempted to convince the house of the propriety of voting for the propositions of Mr. Gray, by a speech distinguished by irony more keen than just; by a play upon words more ludicrous than well-applied; and by a general condemnation of all the Minister's plans and negotiations, including the late dispute with Spain, the war in the East, his present interference with Russia, and lastly by an eulogy on the *freedom* of France!

He was successfully answered by Mr. Dundas, who declared he should be contented to oppose to the *inflammatory declamation* of Mr. Sheridan, dull and dry matters of fact. He ably defended the Minister from the aspersions that had been cast upon him; justified all his measures, and concluded by commenting on the impropriety of Mr. S.'s reflections with regard to the dispute with Spain, which had been *unanimously* approved by the house; and which of course that gentleman himself must have joined in commending. On a division, Mr. Gray's propositions were rejected by a majority of EIGHTY.—After the division, Mr. Fox, enraged at the *fruitless* attempts of his friends to betray the Minister into imprudent communications, attacked him with infinite virulence. He said (in the authoritative tone of a *dictator*) that his sullen and obstinate silence could not and *should not* be endured; that he would not find it consistent with his usual state to remain silent; he must be now convinced by the division that had taken place, that his war was unpopular in the *Country*—which was aroused from the *letargic* state in which it had lain so long; and that the day of confidence and delusion was extinct. The Minister must therefore account to that awakened country for the deceptive language which from year to year, he had put into his Majesty's speeches from the throne; and until he did answer, he must expect to have motions, day after day, until that minority, so threatening to him in its first aspect, should become a majority.—This threatening language

guage brought up the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who professed his inability any longer to remain silent, though he avowed his determination not to be provoked to disclose any matter which he should think for his Majesty's service to conceal. All the rudeness he had experienced in that day's debate, should not disturb his temper—but he should be ready to meet Mr. Fox, on as many motions as he and his friends might chuse to make: as to his Majesty's speeches from the throne not holding forth any intimation of this possible turn, it behoved him first to shew that his Majesty's ministers were not of opinion that the belligerent powers were able to make peace on terms to which this country and its allies could have no objection—Mr. Fox, undismayed, renewed his attacks, but in vain. Mr. Pitt put an end to the debate by a positive declaration that he would keep his temper, and not be driven from the ground of necessary concealment which he had taken.

Persisting, however, in the same endeavours, the Opposition, once more brought forward their motions, on the fifteenth, in a different shape. A Mr. Baker moved, "That it is at all times the right and duty of this house, before they consent to lay any new burthens on their constituents, to enquire into the justice and necessity of the objects, in the prosecution of which such burthens are to be incurred;"—and secondly, "That no information had been given to that house which could satisfy the house that the expences to be incurred by the present armament, were necessary to support the interests of this country." The same arguments that were employed on the two former occasions, were here reported with little variation, and less effect.

The arguments of the Opposition in the various debates we have noticed, appear to have been founded on the rankest republican principles; the writing, and the speeches of a certain extensive party, on the subject of the French Revolution, have been calculated to disseminate ideas hostile to the constitution of the realm, and to produce consequences replete with mischief and with danger. The recent publications, of a man who was formerly secretary to the Rebel Congress, and who was educated in the school of republicanism, is a link of the same treacherous chain; it is a libel the most impudent and flagitious that ever appeared even in a country where licentiousness was most prevalent; and did not the insignificance of the author afford him a refuge beneath the degrading mantle of contempt, his ears must pay the forfeit of his insolence. In this book of calumny, the inutility of a king is boldly asserted, and we confess that to us there appears but little difference between deposing a monarch, and stripping him of those prerogatives which are peculiarly characteristic of royalty.

Do not the arguments of Opposition necessarily lead to this ignominious spoliation? they advise us to adopt the measure of FRANCE—in other words, to reduce the king to a cypher, and to involve the nation in anarchy and confusion. To weaken the executive government, is to weaken the state—Shallow must be that politician who cannot see the truth of this position.—We must forbear, however, to enter farther on this subject, and conclude our account of this debate with a few remarks of Mr. Pitt, which place the business of the armament in a proper point of view. He declared himself as much alive to its importance, as much averse from the horrors of war, as much disinclined to sacrifice the darling objects of his life, and on which he had hoped to rear his fame and character, as any man could possibly suppose.

He remarked that the present question was not—whether any farther steps were to be taken in this important business? the house were not called on by his Majesty's ministers to go forward; they were called on by others to recede from their former determination. They were asked to cancel their confidence, and to fetter the executive power, but no pains were applied to furnish an efficient substitute. If in three months ministers were to say, that the negotiation had been broken off at a precise point, and adding that war was to be the consequence, to call for the supplies without giving proper explanation—without furnishing the *ultimatum* on the rupture that had occurred—then the question would be distinct, and no man could say that Parliament would not in such a case have a right to refuse the supplies.

At half past three in the morning a division took place, and the motion of Mr. Baker was rejected by a majority of Ninety-two

THE
ATTIC MISCELLANY.

NUMBER XXI.

THE JE NE SCAI QUOI CLUB,

Held at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall.

EVERY institution at which the illustrious Heir Apparent of the British Diadem presides, or in which he is in any degree concerned or interested, must naturally be supposed to participate the benevolence and dignity of his great and elevated nature.—The Club which we now have the peculiar satisfaction to treat of, was formed between three and four years ago, and is held at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, the second Monday in every month.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES,
Perpetual Chairman.

MEMBERS.

Duke of York	Colonel St. Leger
Duke of Clarence	Colonel Hulks
Duke of Orleans	Sir Charles Apgill
Duke of Norfolk	Captain Tinker
Duke of Bedford	Mr. Warton of Yorkshire
Duke of Dorset	Mr. Hinerly the Banker
Lord Caven	Mr. Sheridan
Lord Rawdon	Mr. H. Aston
Lord Barrymore	Captain Payne

And several other great and distinguished Noblemen and Gentlemen.

The musical department is under the management of Dr. Parsons, and consists of the most approved selections of Catches, Glees, Duets, and single Songs. The Catches and Glees are generally performed by four gentlemen particularly engaged for that purpose, and the Songs by Mr. Johnston, Mr. Bannister, Senior, and other eminent dramatic performers, who constantly receive cards of invitation.

Most of the members, if not all, being free and accepted Masons, His Royal Highness frequently forms Lodges, where the sublime business of that ancient and highly honoured fraternity is carried on with masterly magnificence; where friendship, love, nobility of soul, universal benevolence, and all the sublime and ruling attributes of Masonic Science, diffuse their most sacred influence; where the unqualified eye cannot pene-

trate—where the impure ear is unsusceptible of sound—of which the prophane tongue dare not utter—and to which the unenlightened imagination cannot extend.

The Club dinners, as may be supposed, are in every respect adequate to the consequence of the members which compose it. Two courses and a desert of the choicest viands, and wines of the first growth and specie; but as the formality of regular suppers would impede the evening harmony, broiled bones, and some other trifling articles, are only served up.

The *Je ne sçai quoi* Club differs in one respect from every other: there is no specific qualification; neither is there any ballot for members: the Royal President proposes whom he thinks proper; and such persons are of course approved of. The secretaries are Captain Morris and Captain Sutton; by whose vocal powers and pleasantry the meetings are ever harmonized and enlivened. M.

THE ORATORICAL SWOONER.

IN stating the biography of this distinguished Barrister, we need only refer to the Scotch Peerage for a circumstantial account of his ancestors and family, which were, and are to this hour, noble in every just sense of the expression.

He was originally intended for the land service of his country; but having held a commission in a marching regiment for a few years, he judged that the line of naval glory might be more productive, both as to profit and promotion; and having a wife and young family depending entirely on his talents and industry for existence, he changed his element, and became a son of the salt wave.

In the several duties of his profession, no youthful ardour was more conspicuous than his; and it is but justice to admit, that in his military pursuits, he always manifested that kind of gallant spirit, which is the constant concomitant of a generous and dignified nature.

Finding, however, that fortune was not more propitious in the sea, than in the land service, and judiciously observing the many difficulties as well as the great loss of time which attended military eminence, he once more changed his course, and with a very scanty means of supporting himself and his family, by this time considerably increased, entered seriously upon the study of the law!

In the course of his probation, no man ever studied with greater attention: he well knew the saying of John Ruso, that a poor man is always in a strange country, and that of Ovid, also, *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis Amos*: and as he meant to be at home in the general meridian of London, and have good things
at

at the best and cheapest rate, he took all possible pains to attain the means of prosperity.

So extremely attentive, indeed, was the honourable subject of our Biography in attaining the elements of his new avocation, that he abstracted very much from society, during the necessary period of his qualification, therefore we must be silent; he certainly moved behind a veil of obscurity, which perhaps the generous eye would not wish to penetrate; his dress and external appearance were however such as bespoke but little internal comfort, and those who knew the weight of his talents, longed much to see him redressed by the regular exercise of his ability.

His first speech at the Bar of the Court of King's Bench, which had been long estranged to oratory, was one of those animated compositions which arrest not only the passions, but the reason also. It charmed the surrounding auditory, and drew from the admiring attention of Lord Mansfield, a most marked and refined compliment;—such an eulogium as may be supposed to proceed from so great a lawyer, and so bright a genius.

The late Lord Ashburton, then Mr. Dunning, who was at that time in the meridian of his extensive practice, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Wallace, and some few other men of sense and liberality, complimented the profession upon its good fortune in the accession of such great ability; but the inferior swarms of Wig Blocks, who heard him, were absorbed between envy and apprehension. The fact was, that in a very little time he became a sort of magnet, and by his intrinsic qualities attracted a large quantity of that auriferous metal which many philosophers, as well as many lawyers, so much admire, so much want, and so often seek in vain to obtain.

Thus far, as faithful historians, we have exhibited the bright side of our Hero's character; and we would with pleasure, continue to dwell thereon; but an impartial adherence to truth compels us to shew those more opaque and unpolishable parts, which were perhaps intended as foils, in which the brilliancy of nature might "stick more fiery off, indeed."

Character, as well as every individual, has no doubt two sides; but if it were possible for any character to be as if innately regular, a very little knowledge of law would soon give it, that universal contrast, so inherent to him, an infirmity.

Our Hero now saw the necessity of changing his sentiments, and converting his abilities in favour of any cause in which he had the good fortune of being concerned. A few little qualms of conscience no doubt disturbed him in the onset, but the experience and weighty arguments of certain respectable attorneys, soon eased him of all such weakness, and gave him resolution sufficient to answer every purpose; and in short, to make him a complete lawyer in the fullest sense of the word.

But, however great our Hero may be in the various and necessary

cessary course of his calling, there is one recommendatory circumstance, in which he certainly outdoes all his competitors. Action, say the judges, is the life of oratory, so thinks our hero; and to so complete a degree can he exert his powers, in that respect, that a stranger, or a person unacquainted with the manœuvre, would sometimes imagine him, by the exquisite sensibility of his feelings, deprived of all animation. Thus it was upon the trial of Lord G—— G——; and thus it has been upon other occasions. We cannot indeed ascertain, whether his fees bear any proportion to his appearance of feelings; but the fact of fainting is too well known to admit of controversy.

As the bulk of our work is not susceptible of long narratives, we shall conclude our account of the ORATORICAL SWOONER, with the following short anecdote.

Upon a disputed election, Jack Lee and our Hero happened to be employed by the contending parties, and the latter having passed some satirical strokes at the former, particularly on account of changes in opinion, honest Jack retorted, by observing, that the remark was natural to a person who had himself made so many changes: he had known the gentleman a Soldier, he had seen him change to a Sailor; and again had seen him changed into a Lawyer. "Those," continued he, "were changes with a vengeance; and I should not be at all surprised if one day or other I should see the gentleman changed into a MERRY ANDREW.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES,

At the Royal Academy, 1791.

WHEN we say that neither the President, Opie, nor Wright of Derby, have sent a single picture to the Academy, much praise of this year's exhibition cannot be expected to follow.

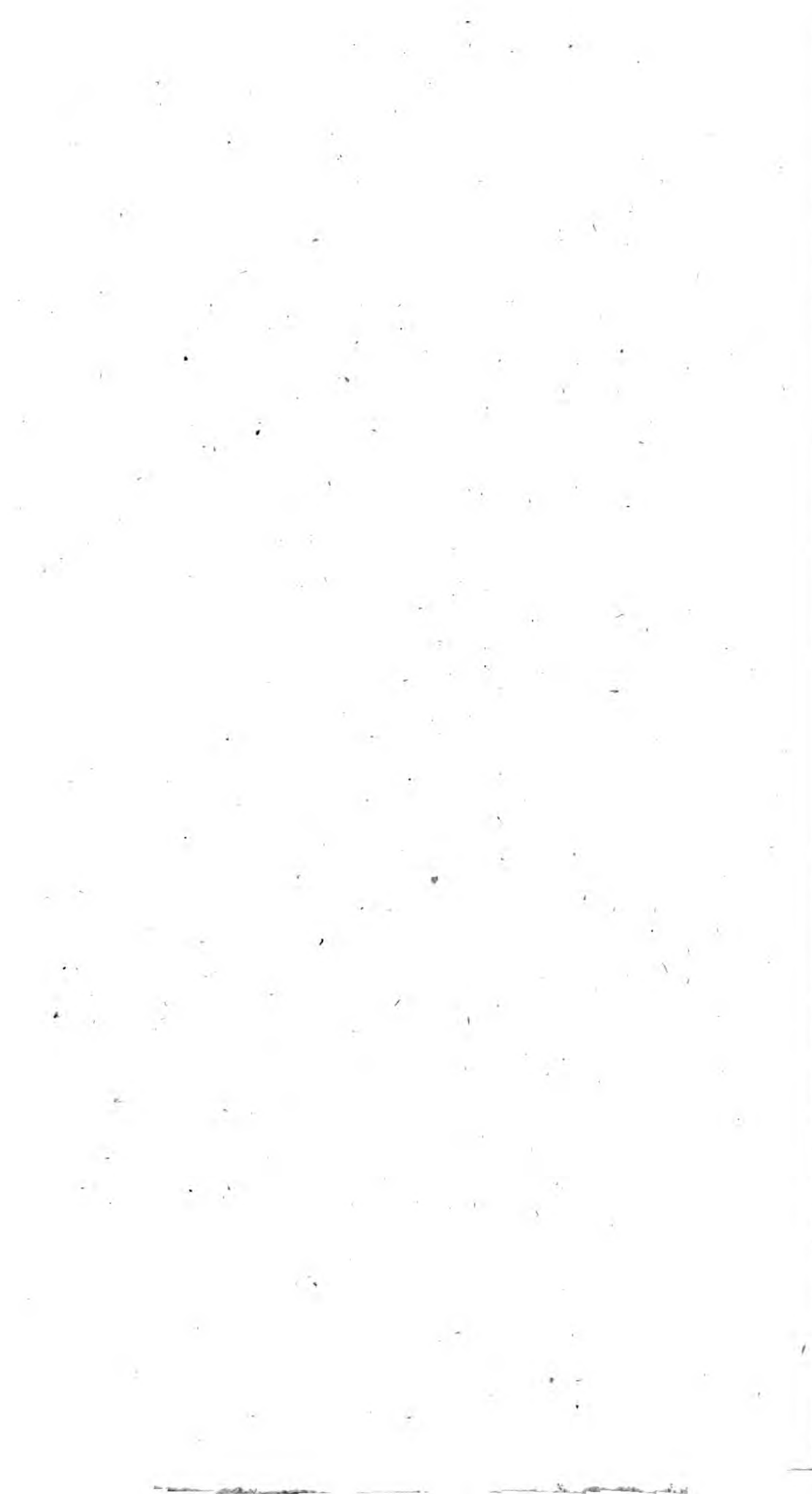
The historical productions are few, very few, and those in general wretchedly poor; what has been done, at all deserving of praise, has been altogether to the credit of the younger artists; among those, LAWRENCE, SINGLETON, and WESTALL stand conspicuous; so much so, that the Royal Academicians, almost to a man, are unnoticed. WEST indeed, as usual, has occupied some of the best situations in the rooms, without adding any thing to a fame which has yet much to acquire, before it can rank very high. RUSSEL has followed him with a glare of gaudy crayons, elegantly framed and glazed; the *Deluge* of WEST—one of his largest pictures, is a *retrograde* copy of LOUTHERBURG's in the Poet's Gallery, and his *Eve driven out of Paradise* has a fringed petticoat! Of the carmine-faced portraits of RUSSEL, it

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*ATTIC MISCELLANY.
Legal Portraiture N^o 3.*



A Legal Faint i.e. a Feint.

Published as the Act directs, by Bentley & C^o June 1st 1791.



it may be said, that the best painted are not like, and the best likenesses are the worst executed.

HODGES has been liberal with his *trowel*, as if he had painted with a determination to fill up so much space as was allotted them in the Academy at a week's notice; however—unceremonious as he has been in the business—his pictures are amongst the best of those exhibited by the R. A.'s.

HAMILTON has produced some perpendicular figures, and employed them in what he calls history pictures, but further than very well executed single figures, they deserve no praise.

Bourgeois is become one of the Academy, and has got, somehow or other, a title into the bargain: but, notwithstanding the anticipating puffs in his favour which appeared in all the newspapers, the visitors of the Exhibition find nothing to praise; instead of his having produced something better than usual, to prove his boasted superiority over his old master Louthembourg, he is this year greatly *behind himself*. Louthembourg has but three pictures, and they are *small*.

Farrington and Webber have been, upon the whole, successful.

Angelica Kauffman has adopted a much inferior style and manner than her former, and seems altogether lost.

Northcote has done nothing—but what had better be forgot.

Monsieur Mosnier, of the French Academy, has exhibited some good pictures, to the disgrace of the English School, and therefore he has been liberally abused. Worse pictures than we ever remember to have seen in the Academy have this year been admitted, and better than many of those painted by Royal Academicians have not been hung up, because, forsooth, their *sizes* did not suit laudable management!

Wheatley is at a stand; and Bigg improves. Graham promises much, and Martin nothing. Rising abilities have not had fair play, and Downman's large picture does not deserve its situation. Singleton has improved his colouring.

To descend to the drawings, and again to mention Westall, we can conceive nothing beyond his productions on paper; why not paint history?

West has drawn better than he has painted; and so much so, that we could almost wish him to forsake painting. We do not say so of Rigaud; his drawings are wretched.

To say there are some of Sandby's landscapes, is to say there are some good ones.

Tretham is wonderfully well; but Metz, with all his correctness, is uninteresting.

Of the sculptures, little can be advanced in their favour. Banks stands foremost; but Bacon has done very little.

Taking the Exhibition altogether up-stairs or down, Westall is the most valuable exhibitor, and his drawings the most valuable productions of the whole.

THE LEVEE.

An Epistle from Quoz in Town to his Uncle in the Country.

YOU have heard of a Levee, dear uncle, no doubt—
 A levee no *very great man* does without ;
 'Tis a place where *we people of genius* demean us,
 With proper devotion, before a Mæcenas.
 With all my abilities long was I trying
 To catch a great man those abilities eyeing :
 I rhym'd it, and pros'd it, and puff'd my sweet self,
 Till the newspapers made a great hole in my self ;
 And all that I got, in return, was my name,
 With quack doctor's paragraphs, handed to fame.
 To be sure, SELECT Poetry stood at the top ;
 But beneath was some *pill* or restorative *drop*,
 My place in the paper betray'd to the town,
 I pay'd for the praise, and so mis'd my renown :
 At length, by the guidance of one who had met
 A patron at Epsom, by making a bet,
 I found out the way to be patronis'd too—
 I'm a dab at the science of boxing you know.
 So hearing LORD SCRUB was a choice amateur,
 Of his high mett'd notice, I made myself sure
 By praising his judgment display'd in a fray,
 That happen'd 'twixt two noted boxers one day.
 As I hop'd, it turn'd out, for he seiz'd my hand fast,
 And pronounc'd me a lad of d—'d excellent taste ;
 And, what put the matter beyond his surmitse,
 I happen'd just then to have two purple eyes :
 So from that day to this, that I now write you word,
 No two are more thick than myself and my lord ;
 I'm the first that have audience on high levee days,
 And may pick out the part that I please in his plays ;
 May chuse which I will of his mistresses cast-off,
 And my very worst lines with his sanction have past off.—
 Here follows a list of the worthies by name,
 Who owe to his kindly protection their fame ;
 The genius sublime who ranks next to *your humble*—
 Is a man who knows best, of all others, *to tumble* ;
 One PEIRROT, a monstrous fine fellow, that stole
 His lordship's good graces by playing the fool—
 The next is JEM GINGER ; he comes with brown bags
 And how to breed cocks *up to game* makes his brags :

Then

Then follows a bruiser, his name is BUNGEYE,
 With a fitt like a head, and an arm like a thigh :
 A tight little Groom is the next on the roll,
 Born, sweated, and train'd in the Newmarket school ;
 His crony a Coachman, who knows to command
 On the edge of a precipice, six nags in hand ;—
 For the smiles of the patron wait next in the hall,—
 This JEHU and that little SPLITBREEZE we call—
 These my lord's bosom friends, but the rest without name,
 Are too many in number a varse each to claim ;
 Of pimps, bawds, and sharpers, a numerous bevy—
 And this, my dear uncle's the sketch of a Levee.

Q. QUOZ.

THE ROYAL DISASTER,

A TRUE TALE.

FAR from any political motive (for I am rather a friend than otherwise to the present constitution) I send you the following, in hopes of extorting a smile from the readers of the Attic Miscellany. It is an account of a recent disaster, which befel our Royal Master a few days since in W——r Park, on a field day. I cannot vouch for the truth of his Majesty's falling on a Surreverence*, but his falling down is a fact ;

Which tho' but known to few,
 None can with certainty deny.

King G——e one day was walking out,
 (It seems he often roams about)
 Invited by the sound of drum,
 He to the noise in park did come :
 The King in martial matters wise,
 Stood still a moment with surprize,
 To see his soldiers exercise. }
 How handy each was with his gun,
 How quick they fir'd one by one ;
 How regular they kept their ranks,
 How nimble each about the shanks :
 How hard they work'd for little pelf,
 How happy he did not, himself :
 All this G——e thought, while standing still,
 But never thought he any ill.

* This is not unlikely, as the Park is plentifully stocked with Cows, and of course there must be dung in many places.

One

One moment here their feats were showing,
 Another that way they were going :
 At length the men, by Captain's orders,
 Wheel'd round about the palace borders ;
 They all turn'd round with so much haste,
 That no one could run half so fast :
 Now, so deceitful was the fight,
 That George thought he stood very right :
 Unluckily the men had not,
 Within their cruppers, peepers got ;
 And little dreaming such a thing,
 They ran against their sovereign King,
 Who, 'ere he could beyond them jump,
 He found himself upon his rump.
 The people now came flocking round,
 To see who lay upon the ground ;
 They took him up—a heavy task !
 And thus he answer'd, when they ask'd,
 “ Not hurt—Not hurt—upon my word—
 “ The worst on't is—I'm in a t——d!!!”
 His dialect all people knew,
 And each did—what I hope you do.

Methinks a very good Caricature might be made of the above, K---g G---e wiping his breech, some of the Lords (Attendants) coming towards him, stifling a laugh, and the unmannerly soldiers, who still kept going on, grinning, would with one or two Officers fill up the back ground. Had I but an Hogarthian pencil !
 Your's, PAUL PINDAR.

REMARKABLE

SAYINGS OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.

SOCRATES, when the news was brought him, that he was condemned to death by the Athenians ;—“ and so are they, said he, by nature.”—“ But, replied his disconsolate wife, “ alas! they have condemned you unjustly !”—“ what, said he, would you have had me justly condemned ?” and the day he was to drink the fatal draught, a friend having sent him a fine new gown, “ why, said he, will not that which served me alive, serve me to die in ?”

“ This life, said Plato, is nothing but a short stay in a strange and foreign country.”—So Cato, when speaking to Tully, said, “ nature has given us here an inn only to lodge in, not a place to dwell in.”

THE CONFESSOR DUPED.

Concluded from Page 305.

"**H**ERE they are, I must beg you to deliver them to him, and tell him at the same time, that I despise both him and his presents, and that if he does not cease persecuting me in the manner he now does, I will inform my husband and brothers of it, let what will be the consequence; for I would rather he should run the risk of losing his life, than that my reputation should suffer. Shall not I do right, my good father, in applying to them, if your exhortations again prove fruitless?" "I am not at all surprized at your anger," answered the monk, as he took the purse and the belt, which was extremely rich—"it is certainly well-founded, and worthy a woman of honour and virtue. I lectured him on his conduct the other day, and he promised me to change it; but since he continues, in spite of my reproofs, to infest your house, and has the audacity to send you presents, I promise you, I'll give him such a trimming that I dare say you'll have no further reason to complain of him. Take my advice, and don't mention the matter to your relations, who might take some rash step, which you would afterwards blame yourself for. Entertain no apprehensions as to your honour—let what will happen, I'll bear testimony to your virtue."

The lady appeared to be consoled by this discourse; and after leaving some money with the friar to redeem some of her friends from purgatory, she departed, loaded with thanks and benedictions.

She was no sooner gone, than the monk, too artless to discover her intention to render him a dupe, sent for his friend. The young man immediately perceived by his countenance, which exhibited strong symptoms of indignation, that he was about to hear some news of his mistress. He listened, without interrupting him, till he had said sufficient to make him acquainted with the lady's intentions. He experienced every kind of reproach which the honest zeal of the friar could suggest. "You solemnly promised me," said he, "that you would cease to persecute this poor woman, and yet you have the effrontery to send her presents!"—"I send her presents!" exclaimed the youth, who wished to draw him into an explanation.—"Yes, you!" replied the monk, "and you need not attempt to deny it, for she has given them to me, that I might return them. Here look at them; do you know them again?"—"I have nothing more to say," answered he with an affected air of confusion and humiliation; "I acknowledge my error, and since this lady is so savage and inflexible, I now give you my word of honour that she may remain in tranquillity for me." The monk then gave him the purse and the belt, and ex-

horted him to keep his promise more religiously than before. The young man promised to be more circumspect in future, and left him highly pleased at having received a certain proof of his mistress's affection. The present was rendered more pleasing by the device on the belt—"Love me as I love you." He instantly repaired to a spot immediately opposite the lady's window, from whence she might perceive that he had received her present. The belle was delighted to find that she had to deal with an intelligent lover; and that her intrigue went on as well as she could desire; her husband's absence was all she now wanted, to render her wishes complete.

The opportunity she so ardently longed for, speedily occurred. A few days after her interview with the monk, her husband was obliged to go to Genoa on business of importance. He had no sooner left the house than she repaired to her confessor, to whom she renewed her former complaints with additional force—"Reverend father," said she, "I am now come to tell you that I can bear it no longer—let what will happen—my husband must know it. Your friend is a devil incarnate. You would never guess what a trick he played me this very morning, before day-light. Having learnt, by some means or other, that my husband set off yesterday for Genoa, he had the insolence to come into our garden, to climb up a tree immediately opposite my chamber, and to open my window—he was on the point of entering the room, when fortunately, awakened by the noise, I got up to see who was there. I was going to call out thieves, but the wretch told me his name, and conjured me for your sake, to make no noise, and to suffer him to retire. I therefore contented myself with fastening my window, and he doubtless ran off, since from that moment to this I have heard nothing of him. I am now resolved not to take it as I have done; I have been too patient out of regard to you, who are his friend, and this I suppose has emboldened him to proceed so far with his insults. If you had suffered me to pursue my first intention, it never could have happened." "But, madam," replied the monk, "are you quite sure it was him—have not you mistaken him for some other person?" "God bless you, father, I know him too well to be mistaken, even if he had not told me his name himself." "I cannot but own," said the friar, "that his attempt was a criminal one. You did well to shut the window in his face, and to withhold your consent from such a damnable project. Your virtue merits all the commendation I can bestow on it; but since Providence has rescued your honour from shipwreck, and you have twice followed my advice, I flatter myself you will give me the last proof of your submission, by listening to me once more. Permit me to speak to him again before you inform your friends of his impudence. Perhaps I may be so fortunate as to engage him to subdue his brutal passion. Should I fail in my attempts to restore him to reason, you may then act

as you think proper." The belle, with great apparent reluctance, consented to defer her complaints to her relations, and left him with assurances, that it would be the last time she should apply to *him* on the subject.

She had scarcely quitted the convent, when her lover arrived to see if there was any news for him. The monk let him into a private apartment, where he lectured him severely on his breach of promise and want of integrity. The young man being accustomed to his reproaches, suffered him to proceed without interruption, in the hope that he would soon explain himself more clearly. But as he continued in the same style of general reproof, without any particular application, he, at length, asked him what he had done to excite such anger in him—"Done!" exclaimed the priest; "how cool the wretch is! one would swear now, his conscience was as white as snow—or else that he had forgotten his crimes, as if it was an age since he committed them—Say, monster as you are, have you forgotten the atrocious insult you offered last night to the worthiest woman in the world? where was you before day break this morning? speak, do!" "Where was I; why at home, to be sure, in my bed."—"In your bed! had you not been prevented, you indecent wretch, you would have been in another's bed!"—"Ah, I find," said the young man, "do what one will, you are immediately informed of it."—"That is true: but could you seriously imagine, that because her husband was absent, the worthy woman would receive you with open arms? Good heavens! is it possible my friend should have become a nocturnal rambler; that he should have degraded himself by breaking into people's gardens, and climbing their trees in order to force his way into the chambers of women of virtue? Are you mad then, to believe that this holy person will suffer herself to be overcome by your importunities? Know, that you are an object of aversion to her; yes, I am certain, there is nothing on earth that she abhors so much as yourself; and yet you will persist in your rash endeavours to gain her affections! but even had she forborne to make you acquainted with her aversion for you, ought not my exhortations, and the promise you made me, to have restrained you? I have hitherto prevented her from mentioning the circumstance to her relations, who would doubtless have exacted exemplary vengeance; but if you persevere in tormenting her, I have permitted, and even advised her, to have recourse to them. Therefore act accordingly—It is no longer in my power, nor is it my inclination, to screen you from the punishment which your crimes so richly deserve."

The lover perfectly comprehended the meaning of his mistress. He soothed the monk, as well as he could, by promises of reformation, and by solemn assurances that he should hear no farther complaints from the same quarter. "From this moment," said he, "I pay homage to virtue, and I return you my warmest thanks

for having hitherto prevented her from mentioning my conduct to her friends. You may depend upon it, *I will profit by your advice.*"

In fact he did profit by it, for plainly perceiving that his mistress had no other intention in what she said, than to supply him with the means of seeing her, he did not fail to repair to the garden, the following night, and to climb up to the window by the tree which had been mentioned to him by the monk. The lady, who was not asleep, as may easily be supposed, but, on the contrary was burning with impatience for his arrival, received him with open arms. All troublesome ceremonies were abridged, and they immediately proceeded to reap the reward of their skill and address. After many professions and proofs of affection, mutually given and received, the simplicity of the friar, who had so well served their love, without even suspecting it, supplied them with a copious subject for laughter. The husband too was not forgotten in their jokes; and before they parted, they took proper measures for meeting again without the assistance of the confessor. The lovers conducted their intrigue with so much prudence and secrecy, that though their interviews were frequent; and they sometimes passed whole nights together: neither the scandal of the town, the suspicions of the priest, nor the jealousy of the merchant, was ever excited.

To this tale is Mrs. Centlivre indebted for one of the best incidents in her excellent comedy of the Busy Body—we mean the appointment given by Miranda to Sir George Airy—through the means of Marplot—to meet her “at the garden gate, at the hour of eight.”

G.

MEMOIRS OF AN INDIVIDUAL.

CHAP. X.

Fashionable Education—The History of the Stranger commenced.

“YOU see, Sir, before you the wretched father of a son who, at this moment, is indulging himself in all the luxuries of life, procured at the hands of that father, who himself at the same time has not the means of existence beyond what charity may furnish!” “You speak,” said I, “paradoxically.”—“Permit me, Sir, to proceed—The son of whom I speak, first *blest*, as I then thought, my sight at a time when fortune smiled propitious upon all my concerns; I had a virtuous, accomplished, and amiable wife; and my circumstances were such as competence might look to with a pleasing wish, unalloyed by ambition. I shall not detain you with a detail of uninteresting matter, which makes up the

the bulk of lives occupied in the domestic employment of rearing a beloved offspring: suffice it to say, that at the age of fifteen, after an infancy well spent, as I thought, in the business of juvenile study, I considered my son entitled to all the privileges of manhood, without reserve; and entered upon the office, according to a *fashionable system*, of introducing him myself to all those scenes of dissipation, into which I supposed he would find the way with more hazard without me. I entered him at a club of fashion, where he had an opportunity of seeing how necessary it was for a man of figure to lose money with temper, if he should be thrown into company where occasional play was as necessary: that it was so, I conceive, the example of all our fashionable acquaintances had convinced him from his childhood, and therefore never represented to him the depravity of that taste which first introduced games of chance as a substitute for rational conversation.

I accompanied him to that more fascinating scene of female resort, a Masquerade; and simply cautioning him against the lowest allurements on the score of his health, left him to pursue his midnight conviviality, unrestrained by farther admonition; archly observing, that it was time for an *old man* to have done with those things.

The common effects of wine upon young constitutions, not hitherto habituated to it, I thought the best practicable lecture against dangerous excess of that kind; but, alas! I too late found, that candour takes from the criminality of folly, and that what is not positively proscribed, will, from custom, be considered as indispensably right.

I learnt from his servant, that his gay companions, to whom he now flew on every occasion from me, represented me as an old fellow with a colt's tooth, who courted his son's introduction of him into scenes, where he would not else be a welcome guest; that my very face would be a restraint upon their pleasures, though my manners were not; so that, in public, I soon had the name of a profligate old gentleman, whose more virtuous son blushed for his conduct; the impropriety of which the abandoned young man did not now hesitate to hint to me with a great deal of affected filial regard, and mock modesty of sentiment. Thus foiled at my outset, in all that I had anticipated from my liberal plan of education, I set about repairing the injury by resuming the authority of a parent, and enforcing the wholesome restraint of a more limited finance: but it was too late; the remedy which my crude sagacity, blundering out of error into conviction, suggested, was worse than the disease. In answer to my prudent representations, which were conveyed to him by letter, as I seldom saw him personally, I received the following short epistle.

SIR,

You refuse to accept my bills—I have then to rest upon my own industry—you taught me to play with temper—the desperate throw of this night shall either way set me independant of your farther assistance.

.....

On the receipt of this at my house, a few miles from town, whither I had retired to avoid an interview, I ordered post-horses, and reached the neighbourhood of St. James's, in time to learn that my unfortunate son had lost money to a greater extent than my fortune would bear, without material injury to my estate, and that he had not been visible to any of his connections since the fatal moment.

ON THE RECIPROCAL BLANDISHMENTS

OF

MR. HAYLEY AND MISS SEWARD.

TICKLE *me*, says Mr. Hayley,
Tickle *me*, Miss Seward, do!
Depend upon't, then I'll not fail ye,
But, in my turn, will *tickle* you.
To it then they fall a *tickling*—

SHE.

‘Sir, your poems are divine!’

HE.

‘Madam, I'll aver it, without sticking,
‘You alone are all the NINE!’

SHE.

‘Britain's *wonder*!—Britain's *glory*!—
Mr. Hayley, that is you!’

HE.

‘Ma'am, you carry all before ye—
Trust me, Litchfield's Swan, you do!’
Thus these feeble Bardlings squand'ring
Each on each their lavish rhymes,
Set the foolish reader wondering
At the Genius of *the times*.

So have I seen, *great* Dr. Gráham!
Two frowning *porters* at thy door,
Whose very fierceness did betray 'em,
And shew their want of heart the more.
Yet have they been so dizen'd out,
Sofeeming of their courage jealous,
As to persuade the *rabble rout*,
They both were most TREMENDOUS FELLOWS.

THE PHYSIOGNO-MAGNETIC MIRROR.

N^o XI.

THE EGOTIST.

IT happened to me not long ago to fall into company with some very respectable persons, chiefly of the mercantile order, where a country gentleman, who was a stranger to most of the party, took upon him to entertain the company, with a tedious string of stories of no sort of importance to any soul present, and all tending to display his own consequence, fortune and independance. Such conversation was ill calculated for the company present, the majority of whom had I dare say been the founders of their own fortunes, and I should doubt if there was any quarter of the globe accessible to commerce, which had not been resorted to by some one or other then sitting at the table. This uninteresting Egotist therefore was the more unpardonable, as he shut out every topic of curious and amusing information, which could no where meet a happier opportunity for discussion.

He was endured for a considerable time with that patience which is natural to men of good manners and experience in the world: This encouragement only rendered him more insupportable; when at last an elderly gentleman seized the opportunity of a short pause in his discourse to address the following reproof to this eternal talker.

“ We have listened to you, sir, a long time with attention, and it does not appear that any body present is disposed to question either your independance, or the comforts that are annexed to it; we rejoice that you possess them in so full a degree, and we wish every landed gentleman in the kingdom was in the same happy predicament with yourself; but we are traders, sir, and are beholden to our industry and fair-dealing for what you inherit from your ancestors and yourself never toiled for: Might it not be altogether as amusing to you to be told of our adventures in foreign climes and countries; of our dangers, difficulties and escapes; our remarks upon the manners and customs of other nations, as to enclose the whole conversation within the hedge of your own estate, and shut up intelligence, wide as the world itself, within the narrow limits of your parish pound? Believe me, sir, we are glad to hear you, and we respect your order in the state, but we are willing to hear each other also in our turns; for let me observe to you in the style of the Compting-house, that conversation like trade abhors a monopoly, and that a man can derive no benefit from society, unless he hears others talk as well as himself.”

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE.

SAY little flutt'rer, whither would'st thou fly !
 Devoid of harm thyself, thou fear'st no harm ;
 Yet know, unnumber'd snares beset thee nigh,
 Snares which too late thy safety may alarm.

Too delicately fledg'd to brave the air,
 Which first entic'd thee from thy nest to spring !
 How wilt thou, bird, avoid th' impending snare,
 And seek sweet refuge by the feeble wing ?

As some sweet infant leaves her guardian's eye,
 Intent on gath'ring kingcups in the meads,
 May chance near some translucent riv'let ply,
 Where pendent flow'rs inverted lift their heads.

Lur'd by the visionary tints, she bends,
 And smiling spreads her little fingers wide ;
 Her eager grasp the spacious glory blends,
 Amid th' encreasing circle of the tide.

And now in vain she craves her guardian's aid,
 As vain she struggles with the ruffled wave ;
 'Till quite o'erpower'd the lovely passive maid,
 Relinquish her sweetness to the crystal grave.

As premature thy fate, unguarded thus,
 To flutter long the much frequented way ;
 Perhaps, discover'd by some agile puffs,
 Thus, grimly pleas'd, shall with thy plumage play.

Then let me hence conduct thee, helpless bird !
 And seek a blest asylum for the youth ;
 Why palpitates thy heart ? doubt not my word ;
 Nor aught shall violate the voice of truth.

No wiry limit shall my bird, immature,
 No silken gyve immanacle thy feet ;
 Nor fatal steel, from flight thy wing secure,
 To damp the song of freedom, wildly sweet.

The peaceful garden be thy sacred home,
 There may thou many a short excursion try,
 Ere vent'ring to ascend th' empyreal dome ;
 There may'st thou revel, there securely lie.

If

If bent on wandering, this gay parterre
 Yields not sufficient charms to stay thy wing ;
 Fly where thou list, may safety tend thee there ;
 There chaunt thy vespers ; there thy matins sing.

Go, little captive, liberty is thine ;
 Enjoy the privilege that nature gave.—
 And ever be the sweet reflection mine—
 From harm, unguarded innocence to save.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

CHIVALRY, or knight errantry, received a mortal blow about one hundred and fifty years ago from a certain Spaniard, by name Cervantes, who, in a pleasant history of the life and adventures of the renowned Don Quixotte de la Mancha, takes occasion, with an exuberance of genuine wit and pointed satire, to lash that sort of bombastic foppery which in those days so much prevailed.

But it seems the age of chivalry was not quite gone, till some fifteen or eighteen years after Mr. Burke's beatific vision. Then indeed, it was clear as demonstration, that it was gone for ever ; and he was convinced from this wonderful circumstance, namely, because ten thousand swords would not voluntarily leap from their scabbards to avenge a supposed insult offered to the Dulcinea of his vision. Alas ! what could have induced these relentless blades (now no longer chevaliers) thus to skulk in their peace-loving scabbards ! Was it the power of rust, or of some vile necromantic ? Perhaps this supineness might have proceeded from their fixed aversion to a bloody, fierce, and wilful democracy, whence they were determined not to stir without receiving the word of command from some aristocratic wight. And, haply, there might be none who felt bold enough to give it exactly at that critical juncture—O what a falling off was there ! Yet let them still fall off, till they sink into the profound—Let them fall, till they become ploughshares and pruning hooks—low plebeian instruments !

The fate of Don Quixotte's heroic exploits proved contrary to his generous though ill-directed intention ; for instead of reviving the musty profession of knight errantry, they served only to hasten its utter extinction.

In like manner it seems more than probable that Mr. Burke's *invective* against the French Revolution, will in no small degree tend more speedily to establish it.—*Risum teneatis, &c.*

It were also to be wished, that his *latter end* might resemble that of the famous knight of the sorrowful countenance, which when he had renounced his former fripperies, was peaceable and

rational. But in consideration of Mr. Burke's private virtues, and philanthropy, I sincerely hope the *period* may be very remote.

An old Constituent of the

Bristol, May 21.

NEW DON.

THE CONTENTED CUCKOLD.

IN former times, a gentleman of Florence, the smallness of whose fortune had reduced him to engage in commercial undertakings, which soon rendered him a man of great opulence, established his residence at Paris. He had an only son, named Lodovico, whom he destined for the noble profession of arms, that he might not forget the illustrious race from which he was descended; and with this view he obtained a commission for him in the French service. Some time after he procured him a place at court, where he was esteemed for the prudence of his conduct, and by those sentiments of honour which he had contracted by associating with men of rank and education. This young officer fell, one day, into the company of certain knights who had just arrived from Jerusalem, where they had been to visit the holy Sepulchre. The beauty of the women in France, in England, and in other countries which they had visited, became the topic of conversation; one of them maintained that all Europe could not produce a face so fair and a form so perfect as those of Beatrix the wife of Egano di Galussi, an inhabitant of Bologna. His companions concurred in opinion with him, and they all launched out in praise of this incomparable woman.

Lodovico, who had never yet experienced the passion of love, became warmed by the animated eulogia bestowed on this Italian dame, and before he parted from the knights, he conceived a violent inclination for her. From that moment she monopolized his thoughts, and burning with impatience to see and be near her, he told his father, that he wished to set out for Jerusalem, and as such pilgrimages were then in fashion, he easily obtained the permission he sought for. He accordingly took leave of his friends, and went straight to Bologna, where he assumed the name of Anechino. He was so fortunate as to obtain a sight of the object of his desires the very day after his arrival; when she appeared to him still more beautiful than his imagination had painted her. His love, of course, acquired additional strength, and in a transport of amorous passion, he solemnly swore that he would not leave Bologna before he had gained her friendship and her favours. After reflecting on the most probable means of forming an acquaintance with her, he thought the best way would be to enter, if possible, into the service of her husband. With this view he sold his horses, gave the necessary instructions to his servants, whom he ordered to take no notice of him during his residence in that

city, wherever they might chance to meet him, and then, by means of his landlord, he learnt that Egano was actually in want of a servant, and was by him recommended to the place.

Anechino, delighted with the thoughts of continually beholding the object of his adoration, served his master with so much zeal and affection, that he soon gained his confidence. In short, he acquired such an ascendancy over him, that Egano entrusted him with affairs of the greatest importance, did nothing without his advice, and in a short time promoted him to the post of intendant of his household.

One day when Signor Egano was gone to the chace, and Anechino remained at home, Beatrix, who had not yet perceived his affection for her, though she had conceived a particular partiality for him, from observing the good qualities he possessed, sent for him to play a game at chess. It will easily be imagined that the proposal was eagerly accepted. Our lover, who was more anxious to please, than to beat, his fair opponent, suffered her to win every game; but he lost with such address, that it was not possible for her to suppose that he did it on purpose; the belle was accordingly charmed with the apparent superiority of her skill. When some ladies, who had called to see Beatrix, and had fate by her the while she was playing, had retired, Anechino, as he continued his game, suffered a deep sigh to escape him. "What is the matter with you," said the lady, fixing her eyes on him with a look of tender concern, "why do you sigh thus? are you vexed because I have beaten you?" "Alas, madam, no—it is something of a far more interesting nature than play that makes me sigh!" "I request then, if you have the smallest regard for me, that you will tell me what it is." At these words, which were pronounced in a tone that was truly affecting, a second sigh issued from the bosom of Anechino, infinitely more expressive than the first—an explanation was consequently insisted on by the lady in terms of greater earnestness. "Will you not be angry, madam, if I reveal to you the cause of my sighs—I am only restrained from so doing by the fear that you would mention it again."—"Rest assured," said she, "let it be what it will, that I will neither be angry, nor mention it to any person living without your express consent—therefore speak without fear." "On these conditions, madam, I will venture to open my heart to you."—He then told her, with tears in his eyes, who he was, related what he had heard of her beauty, mentioned the passion he had conceived for her before he had seen her, expatiated on the consequences of that passion, and finally revealed the motives which had induced him to enter into the service of her husband. He concluded by asking her a thousand pardons for his temerity, and by entreating her to regard his affections with pity; adding, that if she were not inclined to return it, he hoped at least she would not refuse him the pleasure of continuing in the place he then occupied. O sin-

gular sweetness of temper ! O admirable goodness of the ladies of Bologna ! How often have ye shown yourselves worthy our praises in cases like the present ! ye are not fond of sighs or tears ; your hearts, naturally open to sensibility, know how to afford them a remedy, and to favour the wishes of your lovers. Why cannot our commendations prove adequate to your merits !

The lovely Beatrix, who had looked Anechino attentively in the face, while he was speaking, being convinced he had advanced nothing but what was truth, experienced such a lively emotion, that she mingled her sighs with his. After a short pause, doubtless arising from a struggle between love and virtue, (in which the former is generally sure to prove victorious) she thus addressed him. " My dear friend, you have every thing to hope for. My heart feels for you more than my tongue can express. Yes, you have just conquered that heart, which has hitherto resisted the temptation of pecuniary gifts, and the most assiduous attention of the most accomplished cavaliers. It is your's, my dear friend ; you seem worthy to possess it, and I promise you that, ere another night shall have passed, I will give you the most unequivocal proofs of my love. After all that you have done for me, you deserve to be happy, and happy you shall be. Come to my chamber about midnight ; you will find the door open ; you know on which side of the bed I lay ; if I should chance to be asleep, you will have nothing to do but to awaken me, and I will satisfy your desires. To convince you that I mean to fulfil the promise I now make, receive this kiss as the pledge of my sincerity." She then threw her arms round his neck ; they embraced each other with amorous warmth, and would doubtless have encroached more essentially on the pleasures of the night, had they not been afraid of interruption from the servants. They thought it prudent, however, to separate for the present, and retired to wait in eager expectation for the hour of rendezvous.

When Egano returned from the chace, he found himself so tired, that he ate his supper at a very early hour, and then went to bed. The belle soon followed him ; and, in compliance with her promise, left the chamber door open. Anechino, punctual to his time, entered the room, shut the door gently after him, approached the bedside, and cautiously placed his hand on the lovely bosom of his mistress. Beatrix, whom expectation had kept awake, seized his hand between her's, pressed it to her heart, and betrayed such agitation, that she awakened her husband. " You was so fatigued," said she to him, last night, " that I did not chuse to enter into conversation with you ; but, now tell me, pray which of your servants do you think the most honest and faithful ; and which of them do you like best ?" " Why this question, my dear ?" answered Egano ; " do not you know that I have the greatest regard for Anechino, and repose more unlimited confidence in him than in any one else ?—but for what do you ask me that ?" Our lover
hearing

hearing his own name thus brought in question, made several attempts to withdraw his hand, not doubting but his mistress was going to betray him; but the belle held it so fast, that all his efforts to escape were fruitless. "My reason for asking," continued Beatrix, "is this:—I thought, like you, that Anechino merited your esteem and confidence more than any one else, but at present I am convinced of the contrary. Would you believe that this very day, while you was at the chase, he had the audacity to talk to me in a style of gallantry, to tell me that he loved me, and even to make me proposals?—It is very true I assure you; and that you might have ocular demonstration of his unworthiness, I pretended to enter into his views, and made an appointment to meet him under the fir-tree in the garden, at one o'clock this morning. You may suppose it is not my intention to go, but if you wish to do a good action, and to convince yourself of the perfidy of your intendant, take one of my petticoats and my cap, and go and wait for him; I am sure he will not fail to be there." "It is a matter of too great importance," replied the husband, "to suffer this opportunity to escape; I will go directly." Then groping about in the dark for his wife's petticoat and cap, he put them on as well as he could, and repaired to the garden, where he waited for Anechino beneath the tree which he supposed was fixed on as the place of rendezvous. He had no sooner left the room, than his wife arose and ran to fasten the door. Anechino, who was half-dead with fear, and had in vain endeavoured to escape from his mistress, whom he suspected of perfidy, was equally surprized and delighted at this unexpected denouement to a scene, the opening of which had presented so unfavourable an aspect. When Beatrix had got into bed again, the lover, without further ceremony, undressed and placed himself at her side, with a degree of joy more easily conceived than expressed. After having rioted in pleasures which love alone can appreciate, the belle, judging it was time for him to depart, told him to get up, and taking a stick, repair in haste to the garden. "There," said she, "pretending to have solicited my favours merely for the purpose of putting my fidelity to the proof, the moment you descry my husband, begin to abuse him, as if it was myself, and give him a sound drubbing. It will be an excellent joke, and afford us infinite mirth."

Anechino accordingly arose, and arming himself with a stick, hastened to the garden. Egano, whose patience was nearly exhausted, pleased at seeing him coming, advanced to receive him. But he was greatly surprized at hearing Anechino exclaim—"Perfidious woman! I could never have believed that you could prove thus ungrateful to the best of husbands! Could you imagine, that I, too, could be base enough, to injure that worthy man, by an attack on his honour? Be no longer deceived—my intention was only to try you." When he had said this, he lifted up his stick,
and

and applied it pretty smartly to the shoulders of Egano, who, delighted with the apparent integrity of his intendant, willingly pardoned him for the pain he put him to; but as he was by no means anxious for a repetition of the blow, he took to his heels without uttering a single word. Anechino, however followed him close, and mingling blows with his reproaches, exclaimed—"Infamous woman! your baseness deserves a much severer punishment. If I forbear to inform my master of it, it will be more from a regard for his happiness, than for you, who merit no forbearance whatever."

When Egano returned to bed, he was questioned by his wife as to the reception he had given Anechino—"Was he punctual to his appointment," said she—"Ah! would to heaven he had been less punctual!" answered her husband; "for imagining it was you, he loaded me with abuse, and gave me such a drubbing, that my shoulders are much bruised with it. I was quite astonished that a young man like him, should have dared to make proposals to you. I suppose, that having observed your freedom and gaiety with your friends, he wanted to put your virtue to the proof; I wish, however, he had confined himself to reproaches."—"And so do I," replied his wife, "I ought to thank heaven that I have escaped the beating; I should not have come off so cheaply as you have. But since he is thus honest and faithful, he should be treated with proportionate consideration and respect." "Most certainly," rejoined the husband, "there never was a young man who better deserved encouragement."

After this adventure, Egano flattered himself with the idea of possessing the most virtuous wife, and most zealous intendant, that Italy could produce. Beatrix and her lover often laughed at the singularity of the scene. The blind prejudice of the husband afforded them full liberty to meet whenever they pleased; and they profited by this indulgence in multiplying their enjoyments, as long as Anechino remained at Florence, which he did not leave till obliged to depart for Jerusalem. G.

BENEVOLENCE.

O'ER Howard's tomb soft Pity weeps,
Bewailing still her fav'rite's fate;
And thence the muse invokes her aid,
Of kindred merit to relate.

Like him to sympathize with woe,
Like him to heal the broken mind,
And rear Affliction's drooping head,
Belinda's gen'rous soul inclin'd.

But

But still her charitable views,
Her narrow fortune oft withstood ;
For what, alas ! avails the will,
Without the power of doing good ?

Her uncle dies, and leaves his niece
A clear eight thousand pounds per ann.
" Ah ! now," she cries, " I'm blest indeed,
I'll help the poor where'er I can."

Strait at the word, before her door,
An old decrepid man appears,
Bent on his crutch he begs an alms,
And moves her pity with his tears.

Belinda felt for his distrefs ;
She shed a tear, and shook her head ;
Then gave the old decrepid man
A large—*large crust of—mouldy bread!*

EPIGRAM,

ON A WEDDING PEAL.

JOHN wedded last month, and for ringing the bell,
Tipt the sexton a crown for his trouble ;
For tolling this morning the dear woman's knell,
John made his gratuity double.

A FRAGMENT.

IN a war between the Greeks and the Duke of Benevento, the latter was in every rencounter worsted by his enemies, and reduced to the utmost straits. In this extremity, he had recourse to Theobald Marquis of Spoleto, his ally, who flew to his assistance, with the avowed intention of extirpating the Greeks ; to effect which, he began with the following expedient—Having made some prisoners, he pronounced sentence of instant castration on them ; which having been executed, " Return to your general," said Theobald, " and tell him that, in order to your speedier journey back to the emperor, whom I know to be fond of eunuchs, I have made bold to ease you of part of your luggage, and that I purpose, God willing, to send him a further reinforcement of you in a few days." This promise he was accordingly taking the proper measures to perform, when a woman, whose husband had the misfortune to be taken, presented herself at the camp piteously imploring access to the Marquis ; and having been ushered
into

into his presence, "You look dejected, madam," said he; "what may be your grievance?" "An't please you, most potent Signor, what astonishes and distresses me is, that you, the greatest hero of your sex, should wage unequal war with our's! The Marquis, for his part, could recollect no instance since the days of the Amazons, of war being made on womankind. "Ah, Sir, if to cut off—" said the disconsolate Greek, unable to proceed, overpowered as she was by her feelings—"if to cut off—" said she, making a second effort—"what we hold dearest in the world—our husbands, from all intercourse with us; if that be not making war, destructive war! upon us, what must I call it! We have lost our cattle, our baggage too, without a murmur. But, alas! so irreparable an injury as I hear some women of my acquaintance have sustained, would not let me rest till I had thrown myself at your feet, to solicit your compassion in behalf of myself."—The good wife was so successful in her solicitation, it is said, as to obtain her husband's release; and being asked at her departure, whether she could reasonably object to his being punished if found in arms ever afterwards—"No, marry, heaven forbid," quoth she, "cut his hands off, and welcome; and his legs, and his ears, and his nose—pull out his eyes, or his teeth, or his tongue, or———

S.

CHARACTER OF A BLUNT FELLOW.

A Blunt Man is a character frequently to be met with in society; and far from being reckoned an engaging one notwithstanding the many valuable qualities lurking under the rough husky texture that nature has thrown over them. That he should be a disagreeable companion, is indeed no ways surprising, since those who know or experience his intrinsic worth, bear no proportion to the numbers who are witnesses of his forbidding asperity of manners.

A person of the above description not long since made one of a respectable company, consisting partly of reputable tradesmen, partly of men of fashion, some of his acquaintance, others not. The former, who could venture to rally him on his failing, without fearing to forfeit his friendship, would now and then jocosely expostulate with him, when he seemed to wantonly violate the rules of good breeding.—"Ay," says he, taking his pipe from his mouth, and blowing into my face an unmannerly whiff by no means of the aromatic kind, I could assure him, "Ay, you may think as you like of my inattention to ceremony—That is not the criterion I would be judged by: the maxims by which I regulate my life are, to speak the truth, to serve as many, and injure as few, as I can.—I give my advice, if required, in matters suited to my capacity, to my friends, and all who think it worth their attention.

I am

fied, and find fault with every thing it offers us; nevertheless it is with the most painful reluctance we depart, when summoned out of it.

Authors are almost ever at variance, and denying each other; thanks to the jealousy which fomenta a jarring spirit amongst them—were it otherwise, farewell criticism—bookfellers, and bookbuyers would then be the dupes.

Nothing is more grating to the ears of a sensible man, than the awkward panegyric of him attempted by a fool.

Andrew Doria, the gallant Genoese admiral, being asked by Philip the Second, which were the best ports in Spain, "June, July, and Carthagen," replied Doria, intimating that during the above months all ports were good, and Carthagen at all times.

A foreigner entering St. Paul's church at the time that Oliver Cromwell's horses were quartered there, sarcastically observed, that in this country, man and beast served God alike.

The late Mr. O'Kelly, well known to all lovers of the turf, having at a Newmarket meeting, proposed a considerable wager to a gentleman, who it seems had no knowledge of him; the stranger suspecting the challenge came from one of the blacklegged fraternity, begged to know what security he could give for the payment of so large a sum, if he lost, and where his estate lay; "O! by J...s, my dear, I have the map of it about me, and here it is sure enough!" said O'Kelly, pulling out a pocket-book, and giving unequivocal proofs of his property, by producing bank-notes to a considerable amount.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

SOME of the fashions which prevail in this great city, and are thence disseminated through all the other cities, and towns of inferior note in the kingdom, though considered as a benefit on the score of their conducing to the subsistence of many thousands of haberdashers, milliners, mercers, and mantua-makers, besides divers collateral branches dependant on them, are nevertheless deserving of animadversion—one in particular, which has had a long reign, considering the rapid succession of modes starting up among us, and still continues unexploded, notwithstanding the necessity there appears for a reform. I had waited patiently for some months without discovering my secret wishes for its removal, in the fullest confidence that the fickleness of our fashion-mongers would do the business, but guess my disappointment when I found they were as tenacious of it as ever! The gay season now setting in will doubtless

less be made a pretext for continuing it, till it has done more mischief.

What I allude to is the custom of wearing Deep Veils, an appendage highly prejudicial to many of the liege subjects of this realm. Several to my knowledge have already complained of its effects, after having fallen victims to its deception—I must do the ladies the justice to say that some of them, and those the handsomest, are generous enough to pin up their curtains, while the ill favoured of the sex wear them pendent, and, as it were from a masked battery, do great execution. Not that I would discourage the ladies from heightening by all honest means the charms Nature may have dispensed to them, but for heaven's sake, let them not aim at making more of Nature's gifts than ever she intended. However censurable such conduct be, I am convinced it proceeds from no sinister motive; a desire to render themselves agreeably attractive in our eyes, with a view to the chaste endearments of wedlock, being generally the principle that actuates them; which is not to be wondered at in an age like the present, wherein the unmarried recoil from the trammels of matrimony with as much horror as they would from men-traps. True it is, the many *faux pas* made lately within a short period, operate as a serious warning against entering into that state; yet who can help feeling for the unblemished of the fair sex, whom the dread of celibacy obliges to recur to artifice. A friend of mine was thus hampered by surprize—In the outset of my courtship, the curtain, said he, (borrowing a theatrical phrase) was dropt, and never rose till the last act, when I was cozened out of my liberty by a face like Medusa's.—Had I not been provided for, said I, the like misfortune had perhaps befallen myself. My friend's curiosity was raised; to gratify it, I added, Walking sometime ago with an acquaintance, we were met by a lady, as I then imagined, of exquisite beauty, albeit unpossessed of any personal attractions, as I afterwards learned; indeed her face, viewed through the medium of a curtain, was bewitching; had she been the Medicean Venus, and I a thorough paced connoisseur, my admiration of her could hardly have been greater—What a lovely face, whispered I to my companion; do but observe the symmetry, the expression, the assemblage of charms in that countenance! Hush! hush! said he, 'tis my maiden aunt Deborah in her fiftieth year at least, with a face pitted like a honeycomb!

L U X U R Y.

THE general taste of the people runs so much upon expence and luxury, that it is no wonder we should be as poor as prodigal. No wonder so many bankruptcies should daily occur, whereby many innocent people are ruined. The man of middling circumstance imitates the expences of the most wealthy, while the poor are

are scarcely left sufficient to maintain a miserable portion of life. A nation under these circumstances will always exhibit strong marks of folly and indigence.

The following anecdote is a strong illustration of this assertion. I wish it may make an impression on those who read it.

In the reign of James the Second, an eminent burgomaster of Amsterdam, having with much grief observed the degeneracy which began to spread among his countrymen, and the excesses which were the effects of wealth and idleness, took this method to show the citizens the folly and danger of their prodigalities.

He invited the whole magistracy, consisting of thirty-six persons, to a dinner; and they expected, no doubt, to be entertained with every variety and delicacy that the season or foreign climates could produce; but how great was their disappointment, when they saw the first course upon the board? it consisted of apples boiled in buttermilk, turnips, carrots, red-herrings, and sallad. For drink there was plenty of small-beer.

The host invited his guests to fall to; the women pleaded want of appetite, the men looked like the young prophets, when they cried out that death was in the pot, and scarce a syllable was uttered till the burgomaster's table was cleared of its homely viands. It then appeared that under every plate was a scroll of paper, signifying that such was the fare of their forefathers, when their city began to thrive, and its inhabitants to have a name among the nations.

The second course was then served up, consisting of butchers meat of every kind, roast and boiled, but all undisguised by the art of cookery, and without any other sauce than what might be supplied by appetite. English beer and French wine were likewise added to the sideboard; and when the table was cleared a second time, certain other verses presented themselves, by which the guests were informed, that with regard to the wants of nature, these were luxuries; that it was the office of reason to regulate both the taste and appetite; that by living thus, they would leave both their wealth and their temperance to their heirs, who being used to such excellent examples, would blush to be thought degenerate.

The table was then spread with all manner of fish and fowl, wild and tame, exquisitely dressed, and relished with the most poignant sauce, which were served up in a plate accompanied with wines of the first growths of the Rhine, Moselle, Champagne, and Burgundy, and followed with a poetical memorial, importing, that all beyond enough was too much—that all beyond nourishment was luxury, and that all beyond decency is extravagance; that intemperance had a smiling aspect, but a dreadful retinue, consisting of the whole assemblage of diseases; that death had been their cook; and that he had infused a slow poison in every sauce.

The last scroll seemed to strike a momentary damp upon the spirits.

rits of the guests, which was soon removed, on the appearance of a most magnificent desert; to which not only all Europe but both the Indies had contributed: it was followed by wine of Tokay, and various liquors, with every other delicacy that unbounded wealth could produce or purchase. The hand-writing again denounced that luxury is to property, what a plague is to health. That it is equally contagious and equally destructive. That it is the disease of which the noblest monarchies and most flourishing states have died. That when it became epidemical in a country depending on commerce, a dissolution must inevitably follow; and that if it was not restrained in Amsterdam, that great city would again be reduced to a fishing village, and their posterity become as poor as their ancestors had been, but without their continence, industry, and virtue.

The wise, seasonable, and excellent admonition of this notable burgomaster, it is more than probable, had just as much effect at Amsterdam, as the repetition will in this city. His rigour was, perhaps, ridiculed by a few, the truth acknowledged by the majority, and the application neglected by all.

So powerful is reason in the field! so insignificant are the fruits of her victories!

I.

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

PARSON SACK, THE REVEREND COAL-HEAVER.

THERE exists in the human mind a strong interest in the minutest concerns of the conspicuous characters in life. To this motive may be ascribed the biographical labour of life-writers, from Plutarch to the historian of Jonathan Wild. We find ourselves interested in the actions of others, and inquire into their progress from obscurity to public notice, with as much satisfaction as we may feel in seeing ourselves in a mirror. But this comparative pleasure may be said often to arise from spleen; and the labours of the biographer seldom operate to the advantage of the individual he delineates, for in becoming too intimately acquainted with their weakness, we lose the pleasure of admiration arising from the distance of the perspective. Even the great Dr. Johnson has suffered much in public estimation by the over officiousness of his anecdotal friends; more so perhaps than his great crony and friend Mr. Boswell will be able to retrieve. But this cannot be the case with the rhetorical orator now under consideration; for the more nearly we view him, the more we must admire his adroitness and ingenuity, resources which never fail, when constantly employed to one object, whether it be to become High Chancellor of a kingdom, or High Priest of a sect.

Born

Born in the wilds of Kent, and brought up to the useful labour of digging fuel out of the bowels of the earth, he was some years advanced in life before he felt the powers he possessed. However, he left that labour as soon as he could, and lived in a gentleman's service some time; during which, the most signal exploit he performed was, the seduction of an honest taylor's daughter, and whom he refused to marry, although he acknowledged she had sufficient beauty, and was a good moral person; but observing, how few celebrated earthly beauties were enrolled in his bible, and that *toasts* were scarce, though the daughters of Cain were fair, he put her away, asserting, that whom God had not joined together, a trifle will put asunder.

In a publication of his, called *The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer*, he rejoices that he had not allowed that beloved prize to escape out of his hands, to gratify and satisfy his rival, with the honourable token of her virginity, by dropping a pure maiden into his bosom.

Now what are we to think of the morals of a man, who thus insults the violated laws of society? and who but must rejoice when they find him, a little after, in company with threescore Irishmen, digging up potatoes in Essex, lodging at night under hayricks, and skulking about for fear of the parish officers of Frittenden. It was at this time he assumed the two last syllables to his name, which only before consisted of the first, the name of his putative father, his real father not being his mother's husband, but only occasionally a *friend*, and known in that part of the country by the name of *wild R—ff—ll*.

Thus this professor of religion, we find, sported into the world, the consequence of an unlawful amour—boasting of his illicit intrigues, baitardising himself, villifying his family, and, lastly, changing his name to avoid the pursuit of justice, which at last overtook him; and he paid the fine customary on such occasions. We are informed, that the fruit of his dalliance is still living, though totally disregarded by his sophistical father, who has since been called to grace; which, though sufficient to comprehend so vile a sinner as Parson Sack, has not yet, he tells us, opened the spiritual eyes of his son.

When jeered by some of his countrymen for changing his name, he gave the following biblical reply—"Saul the persecutor was changed into Paul the preacher. Hunt signifies a chace, and William defence; now I am a hunter, and my business is to hunt subtle foxes out of their refuge of lies; and am I not set here for a defence of the gospel?" Thus this artful professor can apply scripture, in exculpation even of adultery and whoredom.

For a while he was very intimate with one BEST, better known by the name of *Poor-help*, a madman long confined in Shoreditch workhouse; and he is said to have learned a great deal of his scriptural phraseology from him; but these worthies could not

agree in points of faith. Parson Sack being a violent follower of Jack the reformer, and the madman a staunch advocate for Arminian principles, which, by the bye, are not calculated to set off the talents of a preacher like Parson Sack, whose eternal election, he asserts in the pulpit, is made sure.

To do justice however to his abilities, he is a man of wonderful *drollery*, and chearful disposition, in conversation; but in the pulpit, he is a very Boanerges, pouring out his conceits at all quarters of the meeting.

In his unregenerate state, he says God kept him upon the dung-hill of poverty; a very fit place for a sinner like him; but now that he has confessed his follies, he has fared like a high priest. Hear this! ye sons of the vanity of self-righteousness, and, like Parson Sack, preach and confess all your follies; even avow more wickedness than you ever committed, that the sure mercies of God may be manifested; then the useful mammon of this world will pour into your hands plentifully. Like Parson Sack, if an unknown breeches-maker sends you a pair of new buckskin cases by an extraordinary conveyance, give him a bill upon the BANK of FAITH for double the sum, and so you shall enjoy all this world can afford; and if you observe a numerous sect still encreasing and gaining ground, inveigh against their principles, exclaim against their practices, and finally consign their profession to the flames of hell. Teach your hearers to have an aversion to people of other sects, only because they differ in sentiments; and bar up the way to heaven in every tract but your own.

Of Parson Sack's compositions, the numerous titles quaintly enough express the manner and contents; so we shall say nothing about them in respect of style and character, but of his preaching, a short specimen may not be altogether unnecessary. The following was taken in short-hand by our *bunter* after wonders, the Sunday after the decease of the great apostle of Arminianism.

"Yes, my breatheren, such were his stints of piety, he used to ford the swamps of Arminianism with—but he has had a tumble now, like Satan, the first tumbler, that fell from above into the bottomless-pit, he has fallen from the height of his ambition into his grave. Now I read in Revelations that there was once war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon and his angels, and Michael conquered. From this no good man can doubt, but by this we are to understand Christ and this assembly here met in his name, and since we find they fight in heaven for us, why should we not fight here upon earth? What need have we to be afraid of the Arminians? Their dragon is now fallen, after sweeping down a third of the stars of heaven; I rejoice that I have lived to see this day, and I am come here to preach against his myrmidon missionaries, and in spite of the Devil that is all their master, for none of God's ministers are to be found amongst them." This rant lasted throughout the whole sermon.

ARISTARCHUS.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

MAY, 1791.

FRANCE,

EACH new month exhibits some new proof of the gross folly of advancing abstract propositions as rules of conduct, either in public or private life. The French theory of the rights of men, whenever attempted to be reduced to practice, displays the vanity and imbecillity of the Gallic legislators in a curious point of view. That the rights of the monarch should be more circumscribed than those of the subject, not their greatest enthusiasts, nor their greatest profligates, have yet dared to maintain; yet their whole conduct towards their king only tends to convince him, and to convince the world—how much he is a prisoner.

Intending to pay a visit to his palace of St. Cloud, his carriages and servants were prepared for that purpose—Accompanied by the queen, and escorted by his *chief gaoler*, M. de la Fayette, he left the Louvre; but he was immediately stopped by the mob; and the National Troops, in the true spirit of factious cowardice, refusing to interfere, the Royal Family were obliged, after being exposed for the space of two hours, to every species of insult and brutality, to return to their apartments.

As punishment for public outrage, when committed against the sovereign, or his *friends*, is not included in the new criminal code of France, the traitors who thus attacked the king were suffered to pass unnoticed; and, as if his Majesty had not already experienced sufficient degradation, an impudent paper, called An address from the municipality of Paris, was presented to him by Bailly the Mayor, who is so highly distinguished for his rebellious principles—*honoured* with the immediate confidence of the people they said, it was their duty to make known to his Majesty the alarms which had agitated them. Hence they informed him that the people saw with alarm the throne surrounded by those men who had declared themselves their enemies, and whose counsels were *perhaps* perfidious suggestions.

If, said they, these men were friends to your person, they would make known to you the wishes of the people; if they were truly religious, they would not calumniate them. But, Sire, we must tell you, the people love the king whom they deceive, the power which they abuse, and the religion whose treasures feed their idleness. We beseech you to send from your palace, those who, concealing the regrets of their pride under hypocritical fears, occasion uneasiness in your loyal, generous soul, and *provoke* the just distrust of a people, jealous of the heart, and of the confidence of their king.

Instead of treating this presumptuous address, by which he was indirectly given to understand that he was neither at liberty to chuse his own servants, his friends, or his chaplains—nor to stir from his prison without the permission of the mob—instead of treating it, we say, with that degree of indignation and resentment which it was so well calculated to excite, the king bowed, like a spaniel, to the hand stretched forth to correct him, and, in compliance with the *commands* of his *gaolers*, ordered a letter to be sent to his ambassadors at foreign Courts, expressive of his approbation of those measures by which he has been stripped of all the prerogatives of royalty, and sunk into his present deplorable situation. While we reprobate the licentious conduct of this democratical faction, we cannot but confess, that by displaying a mind so wholly destitute of vigour and spirit, the king has forfeited many of his claims to esteem, and has almost converted our pity into contempt.

It would be as endless as unpleasant to trace all such proceedings of the National Assembly, as exhibit proofs of their ignorance and inability to fulfil the grand task they have undertaken—it is the burden of Atlas applied to the shoulders of a babe. In the course of the present month—as another curious exemplification of their favourite doctrine of *The Rights of Men*, they have resolved that they will never even take into consideration any proposal for the emancipation of slaves in the West-India islands, unless at the spontaneous request of the Colonial Assemblies! and this humane resolution is formed into a *constitutional decree*, irrevocable by any future legislature! Thus are the poor natives of Africa doomed, by these *Free Men* (as they call themselves)—these boasted champions of *Liberty*—to *perpetual slavery*! for if they remain slaves till regained by the humanity of the *Planters*, of whom the colonial assemblies are chiefly formed, their liberation must certainly be deferred *ad Calendas Græcas*!

We have frequently expressed our opinion that the treatment of the clergy, by the French *Revolutionists*, proceeded from a disregard to the religion they professed—the higher the rank they enjoyed, the more marked the contempt they have experienced—Bishops have been sentenced to plunder and degradation—Cardinals have been doomed to death (though fortunately the sentence of the mob has never been executed) and the Pope, the highest dignitary of the Catholic church, having refused to countenance such as have taken the civic oath, has actually been *burnt* in effigy by the Parisians. He was carried to the place of execution, decked with all the symbols of his spiritual power. A Marquis de St. Haruge condescended to act as executioner to his Holiness, in which capacity he pronounced the following sentence.

“That the ring of the fisherman should be taken from his finger, and the pectoral cross from his breast, to be deposited in a place of safety as an evidence of the *respect* which the nation bore to the Catholic religion, and that afterwards he should be committed to the flames.”

Two papers were fixed on the representative of his Holiness, one on his breast, the other on his back—on the first was written *Fanaticism*—on the second, *Civil war*, and in place of the ring they gave him a poinard. He was then reduced to ashes, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude, who assisted at the ceremony.

Though *we* are far from confounding the cause of religion with that of the Bishop of Rome, yet when we reflect on the degree of veneration which the sovereign Pontiffs have invariably, for ages, experienced from the French, and the lofty ideas entertained of their authority by that nation, we cannot but believe that the reign of the Catholic faith is hastening to its end—not that any doubt of its purity will effect its destruction—but that the rage for innovation, so universally predominant, and the studied contempt for every thing which their ancestors have held sacred, will finally lead them to the rejection of every principle of honour, and to the dissolution of every tie of religion.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Clouds and sunshine alternately obscure and illumine the political hemisphere—with respect to a war with Russia, all is doubt and uncertainty—the vigorous continuance of martial preparations is equally essential to the support of hostilities and the enforcement of a general pacification. Every precaution which prudence could dictate, or policy suggest, has been adopted by the minister. Anxious to secure a port in the Baltic, in case it should be found necessary to employ a fleet in that sea, a requisition has been officially made to the Danish ministry, for the use of their harbours, for the purpose of shelter or procuring provisions. But the answer of the King of Denmark appears to be couched in such equivocal terms, that whether it be intended to convey a refusal or consent, it is difficult to conjecture; or, indeed, how far his compliance may be deemed compatible with
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that system of neutrality which he professes his determination to observe, is no easy matter of decision.—It is a point that has never been formally settled—the exact line of discrimination between shelter and assistance has never been marked with precision.—The laws of nations, though not silent on the subject, afford no just criterion of judgment—nor will the authority of Grotius be received as decisive in a circumstance wherein so much depends on the relative situation of the contending parties.

In India, the progress of our arms has been so rapid, as to dispel most of those apprehensions, to which the strength and vigour of Tippoo Sultan, the astonishing activity of his troops, and his local advantages, had given rise. A small army under the command of Colonel Hartley, early in the month of December, defeated thirteen thousand of the enemy's troops, and the number of prisoners he made was nearly as great as that of his own forces.—In other parts of the country, our operations have proved equally successful. Five different armies are about to enter upon the territories of Tippoo in the Mysore Country, when, pressed on all sides, he must either relieve himself by some desperate effort, or unknown resource, or else submit to receive such terms as the conquerors shall think fit to impose.

On the eighteenth and nineteenth of April, was discussed a question of the greatest importance of any that have occupied the attention of the House for a considerable length of time. Our readers will easily conceive we allude to the motion for the abolition of the Slave Trade by Mr. Wilberforce. We shall not attempt to detail the arguments of those who supported this motion; suffice it to say that we never heard a question discussed in a more masterly manner, and never saw were abilities exerted for a more laudable purpose. The principal champions for the abolition of this inhuman traffic were Messrs. Wilberforce, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Frances, Courtenay, and W. Smith, who displayed uncommon talents in the developement of this interesting business, which they espoused with a warmth that did honour to their hearts. They proved to the full satisfaction of every disinterested person not only the justice and humanity, but even the policy and expediency of the abolition proposed. They clearly demonstrated the sufficiency of the present stock of negroes—under proper management and humane treatment—for the future cultivation of our sugar islands; while they exhibited from incontestible evidence, a scene of oppression, fraud, cruelty and murder, (the constant concomitants of a trade founded on a violation of the most sacred right of humanity;) that excites sensations of horror too potent for expression. Yet notwithstanding the force of arguments that were adapted to soften hearts the most hardened, and to convince understandings the most difficult; notwithstanding the members were repeatedly conjured to reflect that on the vote they were about to give depended the happiness of millions; that by it the rudest nations might be taught that there is, to an enlightened people, nothing so dear as benevolence and humanity; and that an example would thereby be set to all Europe, and the means be supplied of diffusing felicity to the human race over one half of the globe—notwithstanding a combination of motives the most powerful that ever assailed the hearts and heads of men, the motion for the abolition—we blush for our degraded country as we record it!—was negated by a majority of seventy-five! Yet it affords some alleviation to the concern we experience on this triumph of interest over justice and humanity, to know that many respectable members have solemnly pledged themselves not to lose sight of this grand object, but to persevere, to the latest period of their existence, in their attempts to procure that abolition which has now been rejected. We trust that all the evidence delivered to the House and to the Privy Council, will be speedily published, that the people at large may be convinced of the iniquity of that system which those who encourage the barbarous traffic of human flesh contribute to support.

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A debate of some importance occurred in the House of Commons on the sixth of May, on the subject of forming a new Constitution for the Province of Quebec.—The House having formed itself into a Committee for that purpose, Mr. Burke arose and began his speech by adverting to the opinion expressed on a former night by some, that the debate might take a turn that would render it necessary to call some of the Speakers to order. He lamented, and very justly, this avowed readiness in some persons to call others to order, on a business that involved the most extensive topic of argument. The House were then about to exercise the highest possible act of Sovereignty, in the formation of a constitution for the government of a very considerable body of men; in doing of which they ought to be well assured of their competence. The first question, therefore, that arose, was, had they or had they not the right to form such government? For if they had not, the forming a wise government would be equally an assumption with the formation of a bad government, and could only extend to the mitigation of that assumption. It was necessary then to enquire where the right originated, that we claimed to legislate for Canada. If the right of legislation and of forming governments, was to be guided in this country by the foundation of the rights of men, as taught in another country, and as countenanced by many in this, that doctrine would go to prove the right claimed by that House to be an usurpation, and would, if established, render the duty of Parliament short; for a letter would only be necessary then to send to Canada, for them to convoke the inhabitants of the Province, to chuse what kind of government they might think proper. There was, however, another ground of right to form a government, viz. The Law of Nations. The question that would then arise, which of the two were the House to follow—the theoretical rights of men, or the known laws of nations? If the House proceeded, they must so proceed upon the latter ground; for having obtained Canada by conquest, we had a right, by the Law of Nations, to form a government for her, founded on justice, equity, and for the happiness and actual liberty of the people. We had the cession of the former sovereign, and the laws of prescription, another part of the law of nations, to establish our right, on those grounds, or none could we be warranted in, in the exercise of the power we were then about to exert, and on which he was convinced we had a right to make laws for Canada.

Mr. Burke, we are persuaded, would have thought it as needless to dwell on this right of legislation, as we should to repeat such arguments, at any other period than the present—but at a time when notions, dangerous though fantastical—seditious, though absurd—and propagated with success, though marked with imbecillity—are circulating throughout the kingdom with all the unceasing assiduity of artful fraud, and designing malice; when the seeds of discontent are industriously scattered, and the basis of our excellent Constitution attacked by saps and mines—it behoves every patriot to stand forth in its defence, and to descend even to the exposition of self-evident truths, that, it is scarcely to be conceived, could escape the commonest understanding.

Having thus established the right, the next question Mr. Burke observed, would be, on what principles, and on what examples, that law should be founded? The principle on which we should act, he doubted not would be readily admitted to be, that we were bound to give them the best government they were capable of receiving for the promotion of their internal happiness, and the external relation they bore to this country. In doing of which, however, he was apprehensive, that some gentlemen might conceive it improper and unnecessary to resort to the experience of antiquity, and that they would give the preference of resort to the happiness of Paris, to the proceedings of London clubs, and to the Paris lanterns for illumination. It was not his intention to resort to antiquity; he would take as the examples

on which he should argue the constitution to be given to Canada, those of the American, the French, and the British constitutions. He said, the constitution of America was fit to be considered upon the present subject, on account of the province for which we were about to provide a constitution, being in its neighbourhood; and as we were bound by policy to provide a constitution that would give the Canadians no reason to envy their neighbours. He did not, however, suppose that others would resort to America for an example, as nothing appeared now to be palatable, but what was drawn from French academies; but he warned the House against the adoption, or imitation of their foolish, wicked, unhappy, and corrupt theories: he hoped we might be warned by their horrible monument of folly, not to force circumstances to laws, but to make laws for circumstances; on which principle the people of America had acted;—they, however, migrated to Canada, governed as it now is; there was then no danger to be apprehended of a migration from Canada to America, when the present government of Canada should be still further corrected. The Canadians had ever shewn a strong adherence to the British government; to provide therefore, a government for them founded on that basis, would not be considered as an offer of violence to their feelings, nor give them reason to envy a republican government when in possession of a checked monarchy.

The American constitution was made as agreeable as the circumstances would admit, to the British—the difference between their revolution and that of France, would bear no comparison; the Americans had what was essentially necessary for freedom, they had the phlegm and the good temper of Englishmen—they were fitted for republicans by republican education in the form of their government, maintained by a vigilant and beneficent monarch.

The formation of their present government was preceded by a long war, in which the military discipline they maintained, prepared them for the civil discipline of a republican government—their revolution was not brought about by base and degenerate crimes, nor did they overturn a government for the purposes of anarchy—they had not the materials for a monarchy, or for an aristocracy; but they raised a republic as nearly representing the British government as it was possible—they did not run into the absurdity of France, and by seizing on the rights of men, declare that the nation was to govern the nation, and Prince Prettyman to govern Prince Prettyman.

Candour required we should detail this part of Mr. Burke's argument, in favour of the American revolution and system of government, though we differ from him, almost in toto, on that subject. This is not the place for discussing the grand question, relative to the *emancipation* of America, but with regard to her constitution, we cannot omit to observe, that to us there appears no reason to sanction her rejection of a monarchical government, and we are of opinion that the inveterate animosity of the Americans against this country, at the period of their emancipation, was the sole motive which influenced them in the adoption of a republican system, which, however qualified, had something in its principle so radically bad, that its defects must ever be numerous and manifest.

Wants of room lays us under the necessity of deferring the remainder of this debate till next month.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

COVENT GARDEN.

On the twenty-sixth of February a new opera called the *Woodman*, was produced at this theatre, written by the well-known Reverend Bate Dudley. We have often had occasion to observe that the generality of opera-writers appear to think any attention to the established rules of the drama unnecessary. From the known literary talents of the present author, we were led to hope for a specimen of operatical composition very different to what of late we have

been

been accustomed to witness; in this, however, we were greatly disappointed. *Simplicity* is the leading characteristic at which Mr. Dudley appears to have aimed in the plot of the *Woodman*; and we must acknowledge that he has been *so far* successful, as we never recollect to have seen any thing more *simple*. In short, there is a sameness throughout the piece which disquiets, while the paucity of incidents affords no compensation for the want of variety. It must be considered as a dramatic bagatelle, which as an after-piece might have been tolerable, but it is by much too trifling and unimportant for an opera. Shields, too, has not been so happy as usual in his composition of the music: scarcely a song was encored the first night, nor have succeeding representations increased the approbation of the public.

On the fourteenth of April was represented a farce by Mr. O'Keeffe, entitled, "*Modern Antiques, or The Merry Mourners.*" This piece is calculated for the meridian of *St. Giles's*. Coarse, vulgar, and uninteresting, it seeks to extort laughter at the expence of common-sense. The principal character—an old blockhead who is a dupe to his passion for antiques—is old as the stage: but so long as the public will patiently *listen to nonsense*, authors will not be wanting to *write it*.

A comedy called *Wild Oats* by the same author, was likewise brought forward on the 16th of April, for the benefit of Mr. Lewis. This production is superior to the former, but is still so irregular and eccentric as to render it wholly undeserving a place in that class of dramatic compositions, in which it aspires to be ranked. Reduced to a farce—and it will well bear reduction—it may possibly live a short time.

A tragedy, called *Lorenzo*, was represented for the first time on the 4th of April. Its author, Mr. Merry, is well known in the literary world, where he has acquired no small degree of celebrity, under the poetical appellation of *Della Crusca*. It is not our province to enquire into the justice of *that* celebrity; but if we may decide from the present specimen of his talents, the judgment of the public has been hasty and inconsiderate. The plot of the tragedy is uninteresting and improbable, and the incidents injudiciously managed; but our grand objection is, to the affected quaintness of style, which is evident throughout the piece. In short, Mr. Merry appears to us to aim at becoming the matter of a new poetical school, in which a general personification of inanimate objects makes us imagine ourselves in another world, the incomprehensible language of whose inhabitants tends to confirm the delusion, while it leads us to lament the want of an interpreter. It is with concern we see a fertile imagination and classical knowledge so strangely disguised.

MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE, MAY.

PANTHEON.

Within the *abridged* walls of this *theatre*—as it must now be called—a *Masquerade* was attempted on the 19th, the very night previous to one being announced for Ranelagh. As was expected, the masks were few, and of those there was scarcely one well supported, if we except Dighton's *Cobler*. The whole company did not exceed seven hundred; but it seems, they were pleased with the refreshments, as they did not separate till all were consumed!

RANELAGH.

On the 2d and 20th the doors of this delightful promenade opened to receive masks; on both nights the companies were numerous and respectable, but on the first there were not many masks; on the last, there was a greater number, and better supported than usual, particularly Pettit's *Cobler*, Williams's *Dancing master*, Ferry's *Lady Pentweasel*, Swan and Fuller's *Cook and Scullion*, Rees's *Managerial Runner*, and our friend Collings's *Subscription Poet*; besides a number of decent subalterns. The *Prince* and the *Duke of Clarence* were present; the wines were good, and even costly; there were *Champaign* and *Burgundy*. The company amounted to one thousand five hundred.

THE
ATTIC MISCELLANY.

NUMBER XXII.

SONS OF THE THAMES SOCIETY,

Meet at the Ship, the Mariner, Bank-side, every other Monday.

THESE freshwater sailors are the lineal descendants of the sons of the Regatta, who a few years ago made no small eclat on the river, to their own *honour* and the profit of the boatmen who live upon it. A barber and a taylor, who had both been at sea, were the fathers of this adventurous society, which is now mostly composed of young spirited men, whose ambitious views lead them to try their skill and courage upon the fluid element. They met with a small check some time ago, from a prudent regulation which took place in the police of this city, in preventing the common custom of lending boats for days and half days for Sunday diversion; but they overcame this difficulty, by purchasing a cutter of the late Mr. God-f-ry, of Westminster Bridge, to which they have since joined a punt, and now weekly can visit the heights in the river, or even go as far as Kingston and Richmond.

The number of the members of this society consists at present of twenty-four. The fee for admission is two shillings and sixpence, and the subscription to the stock for the purchase of oars, flags, painting, and repairs of the boats, is eightpence per week. On meeting nights they spend sevenpence, and fine threepence for absence. Their other fines arise from mistakes in their naval capacity, such as running aground is two shillings and sixpence; foul of another boat, one shilling; or against the water marks, one shilling and sixpence. Their grand day of exhibition is the famous first of August, when Dogget's coat and badge is annually rowed for. On this day they are usually accompanied with their favourite fair ones; some of whom are even seen at that time in blue jacket-riding habits, and other insignia of marine uniforms: they are then accompanied with music, and have a good dinner provided at the White Swan at Chelsea. At their last meeting, a new ode was read, previous to its being performed on their next grand day; but as a copy cannot yet be procured, we shall content ourselves with presenting our readers with that which was performed the last first of August, hoping that the variations we have made therein from the original copy, will in some measure compensate for the tardiness of publication.

VOL. II.

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A GRAND

A GRAND ODE,

As it was performed by the Sons of the Thames, August 1st, 1790.

RECITATIVE.

BRITANNIA ! blest with soft repose,
Amidst her verdant vallies charms,
Thus from her peaceful cottage rose,
And call'd her warlike sons to arms.

CHORUS.

Prepare, my sons, for warlike deeds prepare,
This day my glories all my sons shall share ;
And thou proud Neptune o'er the wat'ry main,
Wast the bold ensigns of my lofty reign.

RECITATIVE, Accompanied.

The goddesses never sues in vain ;
Mark the chiefs' propitious nod, —
The fiat echoes o'er the main,
And lifts in wild amaze the choral-crowned god.
His awful trident shakes the ground,
No longer silence reigns around ;
Wild furies lash the trembling shore,
Day shuts one eye—and winds tumultuous roar !
Whilst Neptune with indignant smile,
Thus greets the goddesses of our isle:

AIR.

To blazon out this foolish day,
Thy will let other pow'rs obey,
But cousin Thames—I blush for thee,
Hide, hide for shame, thy rev'rend head,
Or hike thee off to Thetes' bed,
And grace not thou their jubilee.
Foaming rise resounding billows,
Madly tear the bending willows ;
Till Thames his grisly beard shall hide,
And swell in punch the flowing tide.

FULL CHORUS.

Quickly ebb'd the affrighted flood,
Leaving nought but ooze and mud,

RECITATIVE.

Folly's sons now flock around,
So eager all to view the fight,
But lo, their boats are all aground,
Under sail swampt in the night.

DUET.

DUET.

Fools array'd in various classes,
 Under white or blue or red ;
 Shallow blockheads, city asses,
 Weak and strong, and fat and fed.—
 All hands hawling !
 Ladies squalling,
 Jumbled thus with mortal dregs ;
 Topers quaffing,
 Boatmen laughing
 At the ladies bandy legs.

CONCLUDING CHORUS.

Britannia, hail, kind nurse of Folly's crew !
 Thy policy shall ring from shore to shore ;
 Who idly cherishes of fools a few,
 To toss their caps, and make ten thousand more.

L.

LUDICROUS

ESSAY ON PRECIPITANCY.

In a genuine Letter to the Editor.

ONE of your monthly publications exhibits, if I mistake not, a picture of Procrastination, which, though called by some author, "the thief of time," is not in my opinion attended by so vexatious a train of consequences, as its opposite extreme, Precipitancy. The dilatory may plead, with some colour of plausibility, for their defect, by giving it the name of cautious deliberation ; a plea to which the precipitate can have no sort of pretension. Indeed, their fault implies a total absence of circumspection ; and all those who are habituated to it, seem unacquainted with any thing that has the least affinity to system, or regularity of design. Many grave observations in the solemn state of a moralist, could memory suggest to me on this occasion, which, for that same solemnity, I reject : and in support of my assertion, select a few instances only from the many which my own family has furnished me with, within the space of twelve months—these I solicit a place for in your Miscellany, for the especial purpose of submitting them to the eyes of Madam my wife, who, sooth to say, is far gone in the failing I am upon, though not to such a degree as to be incorrigible perhaps : such at least is my hope ; what makes me indulge it is, her being, like most of her sex, a passionate admirer of Mirrors. Now, if one of your's should be so fortunate as to arrest her attention but for a few minutes, amidst the hurry she is almost perpetually in, it may be the means of communicating to her dis-

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position a portion of the *vis inertiae*, which she is in absolute need of, as I purpose to shew. You must know what she values herself much upon, is, a fancied superiority in the direction of her household, and the management of every thing relating to domestic œconomy; but, it unluckily falls out, that the method she pursues, generally speaking, fails of the end she has, if any she can be supposed to have, in view. The day presents to me but one scene of hurry and distraction—in the morning twenty things are begun, and nineteen out of that number are at night as near a conclusion as Penelope's web. Her great aim, (my wife's I mean) is, as it would seem, to compass every thing in one and the same moment; the while, new ideas, fresh concerns start up gradually, and, like the Hesperian fruit, said by mythologists to have been thrown to retard Atalanta's career, divert her from her original purpose. 'Tis a maxim with her, that time is not justly appreciated, by those who squander much of it, in considering how things may be done methodically. She is for going through business with dispatch; but alas! seems not to know that the readiest way to be expeditious, is to undertake but one thing at a time. Such was the reason once alledged by a celebrated statesman, when asked how he contrived to transact a multiplicity of affairs without any appearance of bustle, or impatience. A moral to the same purport might I think be drawn from the well-known fable of Hercules and the Hydra. Let me observe, by the bye, that to reason down this absurd conduct of my wife's, will, I apprehend, be as difficult as the above labour of Hercules. What a world of business is she entangled in? the plot thickening still as she advances in the day—she has taken it into her head, that there's no being notable otherwise; then this hurry of her's upon all occasions, gives one, as she has sometimes insinuated, an air of vivacity: how ridiculous to her appears the comparative slowness of those who execute nothing that they have not deliberately preconcerted! would she did but reflect how severely they might retaliate by commenting on the mistakes occasioned by her precipitation.

Not long ago, being in a hurry to give directions about dinner, before we had finished breakfast, she scalded her lips—another disaster followed close upon this, her great hurry in setting down the cup brought it too violently in contact with the saucer—in short the shock was too great for the fragility of both to withstand—another mischief flowing from this disposition, is, that our domestics make it the rule of their behaviour—"John," said I t'other day to the footman, "why were not those letters carried to the office?" "I was running with them," replied the fellow, "when my mistress, (that is your wife, Sir) bade me step to the grocer's for some spicery and other things, saying she did not know which she should want first, so I was fain to run, for she was in a great hurry," added John. The like reason is given me every day, for faults of omis-

omission and commission. On another occasion of great emergency, he was hurried to the milliner's; two minutes had not elapsed, when the gardener was called from his occupation, and ordered to follow the footman with a message To be sure not to stop; the gardener was hardly out of sight, when Susan the cook was dispatched to bid him run as fast as his legs could carry him, or he would never overtake John, her mistress was sure. Here was hurry with a vengeance! Thus was my spouse the main wheel that gave motion to all the subordinate ones of a machine as complicate, one would think, as that of *Marli*—Now, what was the consequence? the jack stood still; a fine sirloin was crisped to a cinder; a hog on the ramble, followed his nose into the garden, undid in five minutes what the gardener had been doing for five hours; and, last of all, John was so hurried and flurried, that he e'en came back, through some mistake of the couriers, before he had reached his journey's end, and was obliged to make a second trip.

These disappointments were however of little consideration compared with others that we have experienced. The watering season is always pregnant with such—we had our share.—Both held forth its allurements, and deputies from all quarters of the globe were hurrying thither; in this, as well as other instances, my wife scorned to be behind any body; yes, I must except the post boys who drove us—so we were whisked into the midst of folly, fashion, extravagance, and infirmity, in a few hours. I was jaded, and would rest; my wife would not rest, till she saw the rooms—so to dress she went—but hold, the keys of her trunks were not to be found, until after a search of three minutes, at least, which was a long time to one in a hurry; this difficulty was got over, and all was very well till the trunks were to be unlocked, *bic labor, hoc opus*—the wards were wrenched or the wrong key was applied, or fifty things might have happened one would suppose, rather than that the trunks were left behind.—Yet, so it was—What was to be done? they might come down by the waggon, or, by the stage in a reasonable time—but, was it to be thought that such a tardy conveyance could keep pace with the hurry of my wife's imagination! She is now in a hurry to have a carriage of her own, which she shall have, provided she do not harrass the Herald's office for a motto, but take an old one of my choosing, and be directed by it in future. What think you, Sir, of *FESTINALENTE*?

THE WITS.

By Mr. Lemoine.

WITS there are in ev'ry town,
 One at least to ev'ry clown;
 Wits that pun, and wits that bite,
 Wits who read, and wits who write:

Wits

Wits who walk, and wits who dance,
 Wits who ride, and wits who prance ;
 Wits who sing, and wits who joke,
 Wits that snuff, and wits that smoak ;
 Wits who talk, and wits who fight,
 And wits who strive in nature's spite ;
 Every one for fame contending,
 Something every one pretending.

Punning, biting,
 Reading, writing,
 Walking, dancing,
 Riding, prancing,
 Singing, joking,
 Snuffing, smoaking,

Nature ev'ry one provoking :
 Urg'd by fame, or urg'd by self,
 Each holding up his own dear self.
 But the Wits of greatest dash,
 Are the Wits who have the cash. —
 Dulness, tho' the group befriending,
 These are ever witty spending,
 With sapient look their wit profound,
 Attention claims from all around ;
 Brighten'd by the sparkling wine,
 The *only* fun that makes them shine.

CURIOUS CONVERSATION

Between Doctors Johnson and Percy.

MR. Boswell, Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Percy, were one day met together, in 1778, and books of travels having been mentioned, Johnson praised Pennant very highly. Dr. Percy still holding himself as the heir male of the ancient Percies, and having the warmest and most dutiful attachment to the noble house of Northumberland, could not sit quietly and hear a man praised, who had spoken disrespectfully of Alnwick Castle and the Duke's pleasure grounds, especially as he thought meanly of his travels. He therefore opposed Johnson eagerly. Percy. "He pretends to give the natural history of Northumberland, and yet takes no notice of the immense number of trees planted there of late." Johnson. "That, Sir, has nothing to do with the *natural* history ; that is *civil* history. A man who gives the natural history of the oak, is not to tell how many oaks have been planted in this place or that. A man who gives the natural history of the cow, is not to tell how many cows are milked at Islington. The animal is the same, whether milked in the Park or at Islington." Percy.
 "Pennant

“Pennant does not describe well; a carrier who goes along the side of Lochlomond would describe it better.” Johnson. “I think he describes very well.” Percy. “I travelled after him.” Johnson. “And I travelled after him.” Percy. “But, my good friend, you are short sighted, and do not see so well as I do.” Mr. B. wondered at Dr. Percy’s venturing thus. Dr. Johnson said nothing at the time; but inflammable particles were collecting for a cloud to burst. In a little while Dr. Percy said something more in disparagement of Pennant. Johnson, (pointedly). “This is the resentment of a narrow mind, because he did not find every thing in Northumberland.” Percy, (feeling the stroke). “Sir, you may be as rude as you please.” Johnson. “Hold, Sir! Don’t talk of rudeness; remember, Sir, you told me (puffing hard with passion struggling for a vent) I was short sighted. We have done with civility. We are to be as rude as we please.” Percy. “Upon my honour, Sir, I did not mean to be uncivil.” Johnson. “I cannot say so, Sir; for I *did* mean to be uncivil, thinking *you* had been uncivil.” Dr. Percy rose, ran up to him, and taking him by the hand, assured him affectionately that his meaning had been misunderstood; upon which a reconciliation instantly took place. Johnson. “My dear Sir, I am willing you shall *hang* Pennant.” Percy, (resuming the former subject). “Pennant complains that the helmet is not hung out to invite to the hall of hospitality. Now I never heard that it was a custom to hang out a *helmet*.” Johnson. “Hang him up, hang him up.” Boswell, (humouring the joke). “Hang out his skull instead of a helmet, and you may drink ale out of it in your hall of Odin, as he is your enemy; that will be truly ancient. *There* will be ‘Northern Antiquities.’” Johnson. He’s a *whig*, Sir, a *bad dog* (smiling at his own violent expressions, merely for *political* difference of opinion). But he’s the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than any one else does.”

ORIGIN OF THE

BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

As given by Mr. Boswell.

ABOUT the year 1781, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stocking Clubs*, the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose

whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed, that he wore blue-sockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the *blue stockings* ; and thus by degrees the title was established. Miss Hannah More has admirably described a *Blue-socking Club*, in her "*Bas Bleu*," a poem in which many of the persons who were most conspicuous there are mentioned.

Johnson was prevailed with to come sometimes into these circles, and did not think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Monckton (now Countess of Corke) who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the house of her mother, Lady Galway. Her vivacity enchanted the Sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure (said she) they have affected *me*." — "Why (said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about) that is because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said with equal truth and politeness ; "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it."

PARALLELS.

A CHINESE AND A PARISIAN.

THE Chinese is occupied with but one study, that of his language : he learns it from the moment he begins to lisp, to the last instant of his life.

The Parisian learns Greek, Hebrew, Latin, German, English, Italian, but seldom his own language.

The Asiatic believes the frontiers of his country to be the bounds of the world ; and never trusts himself to the sea or in a foreign country.

The European makes the tour of the globe, visits every country desert or inhabited, and does not always want the spur of commerce to animate him to brave whirlwinds and tempests.

At Pekin, Custom, seated in an iron chair, forms the minds of the people, discards novelties, limits the progress of arts, and pronounces an eulogium on the good old times.

At Paris, the Genius of Discovery agitates every mind. The success of the evening is a good augury for the succeeding day, and never could it be said with more truth,

Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.

In China, every sect is permitted, and none talked of.

In France, one only is professed ; and quarrels, parties, errors, universally prevail.

SAYINGS OF DR. JOHNSON.

From Boswell's Life of the Doctor.

I Never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night, and then the nap takes me.

The writer of an epitaph should not be considered as saying nothing but what is strictly true. Allowance must be made for some degree of exaggerated praise. In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.

There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end, they lose at the other.

More is learned in public than in private schools, from emulation; there is the collision of mind with mind, or the radiation of many minds pointing to one center. Though few boys make their own exercises, yet if a good exercise is given up, out of a great number of boys, it is made by somebody.

I hate bye-roads in education. Education is as well known, and has long been as well known, as ever it can be. Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless labour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted, and the waste of so much time and labour of the teacher can never be repaid. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed. Miss —— was an instance of early cultivation, but in what did it terminate? In marrying a little Presbyterian parson, who keeps an infant boarding-school, so that all her employment now is, 'to suckle fools and chronicle small beer.' She tells the children, 'this is a cat, and that is a dog, with four legs and a tail: See there! you are much better than a cat or a dog, for you can speak.' If I had bestowed such an education on a daughter, and had discovered that she thought of marrying such a fellow, I would have sent her to the *Congress*.

After having talked slightly of musick, he was observed to listen very attentively while Miss Thrale played on the harpsichord, and with eagerness he called to her, "why don't you dash away like Burney?" Dr. Burney upon this said to him, "I believe, Sir, we shall make a musician of you at last." Johnson with candid complacency replied, "Sir, I shall be glad to have a new sense given to me."

He had come down one morning to the breakfast-room, and been a considerable time by himself before any body appeared. When on a subsequent day, he was twitted by Mrs. Thrale for being very late, which he generally was, he defended himself by alluding to the extraordinary morning, when he had been too early: "Madam, I do not like to come down to *vacuity*."

Dr. Burney having remarked that Mr. Garrick was beginning to look old, he said, "Why, Sir, you are not to wonder at that; no man's face has had more wear and tear."

ANECDOTES OF JOHNSON,

Communicated to Mr. Boswell by Dr. Maxwell.

MY acquaintance with that great and venerable character commenced in the year 1754. I was introduced to him by Mr. Grierfon, his Majesty's printer at Dublin, a gentleman of uncommon learning, and great wit and vivacity. Mr. Grierfon died in Germany, at the age of twenty-seven. Dr. Johnson highly respected his abilities, and observed, that he possessed more extensive knowledge than any man of his years he had ever known. His industry was equal to his talents; and he particularly excelled in every species of philological learning, and was, perhaps, the best critick of the age he lived in.

I must always remember with gratitude my obligation to Mr. Grierfon, for the honour and happiness of Dr. Johnson's acquaintance and friendship, which continued uninterrupted and undiminished to his death: a connection that was at once the pride and happiness of my life.

What pity it is, that so much wit and good sense as he continually exhibited in conversation, should perish unrecorded! Few persons quitted his company without perceiving themselves wiser and better than they were before. On serious subjects he flashed the most interesting conviction upon his auditors; and upon lighter topicks, you might have supposed—*Albano musas de monte locutas*.

Though I can hope to add but little to the celebrity of so exalted a character, by any communications I can furnish, yet out of pure respect to his memory, I will venture to transmit to you some anecdotes concerning him, which fell under my own observation. The very *minutiae* of such a character must be interesting, and may be compared to the filings of diamonds.

In politicks he was deemed a tory, but certainly was not so in the obnoxious or party sense of the term; for while he asserted the legal and salutary prerogatives of the crown, he no less respected the constitutional liberties of the people. Whiggism, at the time of the Revolution, he said, was accompanied with certain principles; but latterly, as a mere party distinction under Walpole and the Pelhams, was no better than the politicks of stock-jobbers, and the religion of infidels.

He detested the idea of governing by parliamentary corruption, and asserted most strenuously, that a prince steadily and conspicuously pursuing the interests of his people, could not fail of parliamentary concurrence. A prince of ability, he contended, might
and

and should be the directing soul and spirit of his own administration; in short, his own minister, and not the mere head of a party: and then, and not till then, would the royal dignity be sincerely respected.

Johnson seemed to think, that a certain degree of crown influence over the Houses of Parliament, (not meaning a corrupt and shameful dependance,) was necessary, in our mixed government. "For, (said he,) if the members were under no crown influence, and disqualified from receiving any gratification from Court, and resembled, as they possibly might, Pym and Haslerig, and other stubborn and sturdy members of the long Parliament, the wheels of government would be totally obstructed. Such men would oppose, merely to shew their power, from envy, jealousy, and perversity of disposition; and not gaining themselves, would hate and oppose all who did: not loving the person of the prince, and conceiving they owed him little gratitude, from the mere spirit of insolence and contradiction, they would oppose and thwart him upon all occasions."

The inseparable imperfection annexed to all human governments, consisted, he said, in not being able to create a sufficient fund of virtue and principle to carry the laws into due and effectual execution. Wisdom might plan, but virtue alone could execute. And where could sufficient virtue be found? A variety of delegated, and often discretionary powers must be entrusted somewhere; which, if not governed by integrity and conscience, would necessarily be abused, till at last the constable would sell his for a shilling.

This excellent person was sometimes charged with abetting slavish and arbitrary principles of government. Nothing in my opinion could be a grosser calumny and misrepresentation; for how can it be rationally supposed, that he should adopt such pernicious and absurd opinions, who supported his philosophical character with so much dignity, was extremely jealous of his personal liberty and independence, and could not brook the smallest appearance of neglect or insult, even from the highest personages?

But let us view him in some instances of more familiar life.

His general mode of life, during my acquaintance, seemed to be pretty uniform. About twelve o'clock I commonly visited him, and frequently found him in bed, or declaiming over his tea, which he drank very plentifully. He generally had a levee of morning visitors, chiefly men of letters; Hawksworth, Goldsmith, Murphy, Langton, Steevens, Beauclerk, &c. &c. and sometimes learned ladies, particularly I remember a French lady of wit and fashion doing him the honour of a visit. He seemed to me to be considered as a kind of public oracle, whom every body thought they had a right to visit and consult, and doubtless they were well rewarded. I never could discover how he found time for his compositions. He declaimed all the morning, then went to dinner at a tavern, where he commonly staid late, and then drank his tea at some friend's

house, over which he loitered a great while, but seldom took supper. I fancy he must have read and wrote chiefly in the night; for I can scarcely recollect that he ever refused going with me to a tavern, and he often went to Ranelagh, which he deemed a place of innocent recreation.

He frequently gave all the silver in his pocket to the poor, who watched him, between his house and the tavern where he dined. He walked the streets at all hours, and said he was never robbed, for the rogues knew he had little money, nor had the appearance of having much.

Though the most accessible and communicative man alive, yet when he suspected he was invited to be exhibited, he constantly spurned the invitation.

Two young women from Staffordshire visited him when I was present, to consult him on the subject of Methodism, to which they were inclined. "Come (said he,) you pretty fools, dine with Maxwell and me at the Mitre, and we will talk over that subject;" which they did, and after dinner he took one of them upon his knee, and fondled her for half an hour together.

Upon a visit to me at a country lodging near Twickenham, he asked what sort of society I had there. I told him, but indifferent; as they chiefly consisted of opulent traders, retired from business. He said, he never much liked that class of people; "For, Sir, (said he,) they have lost the civility of tradesmen, without acquiring the manners of gentlemen."

Johnson was much attached to London: he observed, that a man stored his mind better there, than any where else; and that in remote situations a man's body might be starved, but his mind was starved, and his faculties apt to degenerate, from want of exercise and competition. No place, he said, cured a man's vanity or arrogance, so well as London! for as no man was either great or good *per se*, but as compared with others not so good or great, he was sure to find in the metropolis many his equals, and some his superiors. He observed, that a man in London was in less danger of falling in love indiscreetly, than any where else; for there the difficulty of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of a vast variety of objects, kept him safe. He told me, that he had frequently been offered country preferment, if he would consent to take orders; but he could not leave the improved society of the capital, or consent to exchange the exhilarating joys and splendid decorations of public life, for the obscurity, insipidity, and uniformity of remote situations.

Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' he said was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.

Being solicited to compose a funeral sermon for the daughter of a tradesman, he naturally enquired into the character of the deceased; and being told she was remarkable for humility and condescension to inferiours, he observed, that those were very laudable qualities,

lities, but it might not be so easy to discover who the lady's inferiours were.

Of a certain player he remarked, that his conversation usually threatened and announced more than it performed; that he fed you with a continual renovation of hope, to end in a constant succession of disappointment.

When exasperated by contradiction, he was apt to treat his opponents with too much acrimony; as, 'Sir, you don't see your way through that question.—Sir, you talk the language of ignorance.' On my observing to him that a certain gentleman had remained silent the whole evening, in the midst of a very brilliant and learned society, 'Sir, (said he,) the conversation overflowed and drowned him.'

His philosophy, though austere and solemn, was by no means morose and cynical, and never blunted the laudable sensibilities of his character, or exempted him from the influence of the tender passions. Want of tenderness, he always alledged, was want of parts, and was no less a proof of stupidity than depravity.

Speaking of Mr. Hanway, who published, *A Six Weeks Tour through the South of England*, 'Jonas, (said he,) acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home.'

Of the passion of love he remarked, that its violence and ill effects were much exaggerated! for who has known any real sufferings on that head, more than from the exorbitancy of any other passion?

He much commended 'Law's Serious Call,' which he said was the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language. 'Law (said he) fell latterly into the reveries of Jacob Behmen, whom Law alledged to have been somewhat in the same state with St. Paul, and to have seen *unutterable things*. Were it even so, (said Johnson,) Jacob would have resembled St. Paul still more, by not attempting to utter them.'

He observed, that the established clergy in general did not preach plain enough, and that polished periods and glittering sentences flew over the head of the common people, without any impression upon their hearts. Something might be necessary, he observed, to excite the affections of the common people, who were sunk in languor and lethargy, and therefore he supposed that the new concomitants of methodism might probably produce so desirable an effect. The mind, like the body, he observed, delighted in change and novelty, and even in religion itself, courted new appearances and modification. Whatever might be thought of some methodist teachers, he said, he could scarcely doubt the sincerity of that man, who travelled nine hundred miles in a month, and preached twelve times a week; for no adequate reward, merely temporal, could be given for such indefatigable labour.

Of Dr. Priestly's theological works, he remarked, that they tended to unsettle every thing, and yet settled nothing.

He

He was much affected by the death of his mother, and wrote to me to come and assist him to compose his mind, which indeed I found extremely agitated. He lamented that all serious and religious conversation was banished from the society of men, and yet great advantages might be derived from it. All acknowledged, he said, what hardly any body practised, the obligation we were under of making the concerns of eternity the governing principles of our lives. Every man, he observed, at last wishes for retreat, he sees his expectations frustrated in the world, and begins to wean himself from it, and to prepare for everlasting separation.

He observed, that the influence of London now extended every where, and that from all manner of communication being opened, there shortly would be no remains of the ancient simplicity, or places of cheap retreat to be found.

He was no admirer of blank-verse, and said it always failed, unless sustained by the dignity of the subject. In blank-verse, he said, the language suffered more distortion, to keep it out of prose, than any inconvenience or limitation to be apprehended from the shackles and circumscription of rhyme.

He reproved me once for saying grace without mention of the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and hoped in future I would be more mindful of the apostolical injunction.

He refused to go out of a room before me at Mr. Langton's house, saying, he hoped he knew his rank better than to presume to take place of a Doctor in Divinity. I mention such little anecdotes, merely to shew the peculiar turn and habit of his mind.

He used frequently to observe, that there was more to be endured than enjoyed, in the general condition of human life; and frequently quoted those lines of Dryden:

'Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,

'Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain.'

For his part, he said, he never passed that week in his life which he would wish to repeat, were an angel to make the proposal to him.

He was of opinion, that the English nation cultivated both their soil and their reason better than any other people; but admitted that the French, though not the highest perhaps in any department of literature, yet in every department were very high. Intellectual pre-eminence, he observed, was the highest superiority; and that every nation derived their highest reputation from the splendor and dignity of their writers. Voltaire, he said, was a good narrator, and that his principal merit consisted in a happy selection and arrangement of circumstances.

Speaking of the French novels, compared with Richardson's, he said they might be pretty baubles, but a wren was not an eagle.

In a Latin conversation with the Pere Boscovitz, at the house of Mrs. Cholmondeley, I heard him maintain the superiority of Sir Isaac

Isaac Newton over all foreign philosophers, with a dignity and eloquence that surprized that learned foreigner. It being observed to him, that a rage for every thing English prevailed much in France after Lord Chatham's glorious war, he said, he did not wonder at it, for that we had drubbed those fellows into a proper reverence for us, and that their national petulance required periodical chastisement.

Lord Lyttelton's Dialogues, he deemed a nugatory performance. 'That man (said he,) sat down to write a book, to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him.'

Speaking of the *inward light*, to which some methodists pretended, he said, it was a principle utterly incompatible with social or civil security. 'If a man (said he,) pretends to a principle of action of which I can know nothing, nay, not so much as that he has it, but only that he pretends to it; how can I tell what that person may be prompted to do? When a person professes to be governed by a written ascertained law, I can then know where to find him.'

The poem of Fingal, he said, was a mere unconnected rhapsody, a tiresome repetition of the same images. 'In vain shall we look for the *lucidus ordo*, where there is neither end or object, design or moral, *nec certa recurrit imago*.'

Being asked by a young nobleman, what was become of the gallantry and military spirit of the old English nobility, he replied, Why, my Lord, I'll tell you what is become of it; it is gone into the city to look for a fortune.

Speaking of a dull tiresome fellow, whom he chanced to meet, he said, 'that fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.'

Much inquiry having been made concerning a gentleman who had quitted a company where Johnson was, and no information being obtained; at last Johnson observed, that he did not care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but he believed the gentleman was an *attorney*.'

He spoke with much contempt of the notice taken of Woodhouse, the poetical shoemaker. He said it was all vanity and childishness; and that such objects were, to those who patronised them, mere mirrors of their own superiority. 'They had better (said he,) furnish the man with good implements for his trade, than raise subscriptions for his poems. He may make an excellent shoemaker, but can never make a good poet. A school-boy's exercise may be a pretty thing for a school-boy, but is no treat for a man.'

Speaking of Boetius, who was the favourite writer of the middle ages, he said it was very surprizing, that upon such a subject, and in such a situation, he should be *magis philosophus quam Christianus*.

Speaking of Arthur Murphy, whom he very much loved, 'I don't know (said he,) that Arthur can be classed with the very first dramatic

matic writers; yet at present I doubt much whether we have any thing superior to Arthur.'

Speaking of the national debt, he said it was an idle dream to suppose that the country could sink under it. Let the public creditors be ever so clamorous, the interest of millions must ever prevail over that of thousands.

He remarked, that a London parish was a very comfortless thing, for the clergyman seldom knew the face of one out of ten of his parishioners.

Of the late Mr. Mallet he spoke with no great respect: said, he was ready for any dirty job: that he had wrote against Byng at the instigation of the ministry, and was equally ready to write for him, provided he found his account in it.

A gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, married immediately after his wife died: Johnson said, it was the triumph of hope over experience.

He observed, that a man of sense and education should meet a suitable companion in a wife. It was a miserable thing when the conversation could only be such as, whether the mutton should be boiled or roasted, and probably a dispute about that.

He did not approve of late marriages, observing, that more was lost in point of time, than compensated for by any possible advantages. Even ill assorted marriages were preferable to cheerless celibacy.

Of old Sheridan he remarked, that he neither wanted parts or literature, but that his vanity and Quixotism obscured his merits.

He said foppery was never cured; it was the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, were never rectified: once a coxcomb, and always a coxcomb.

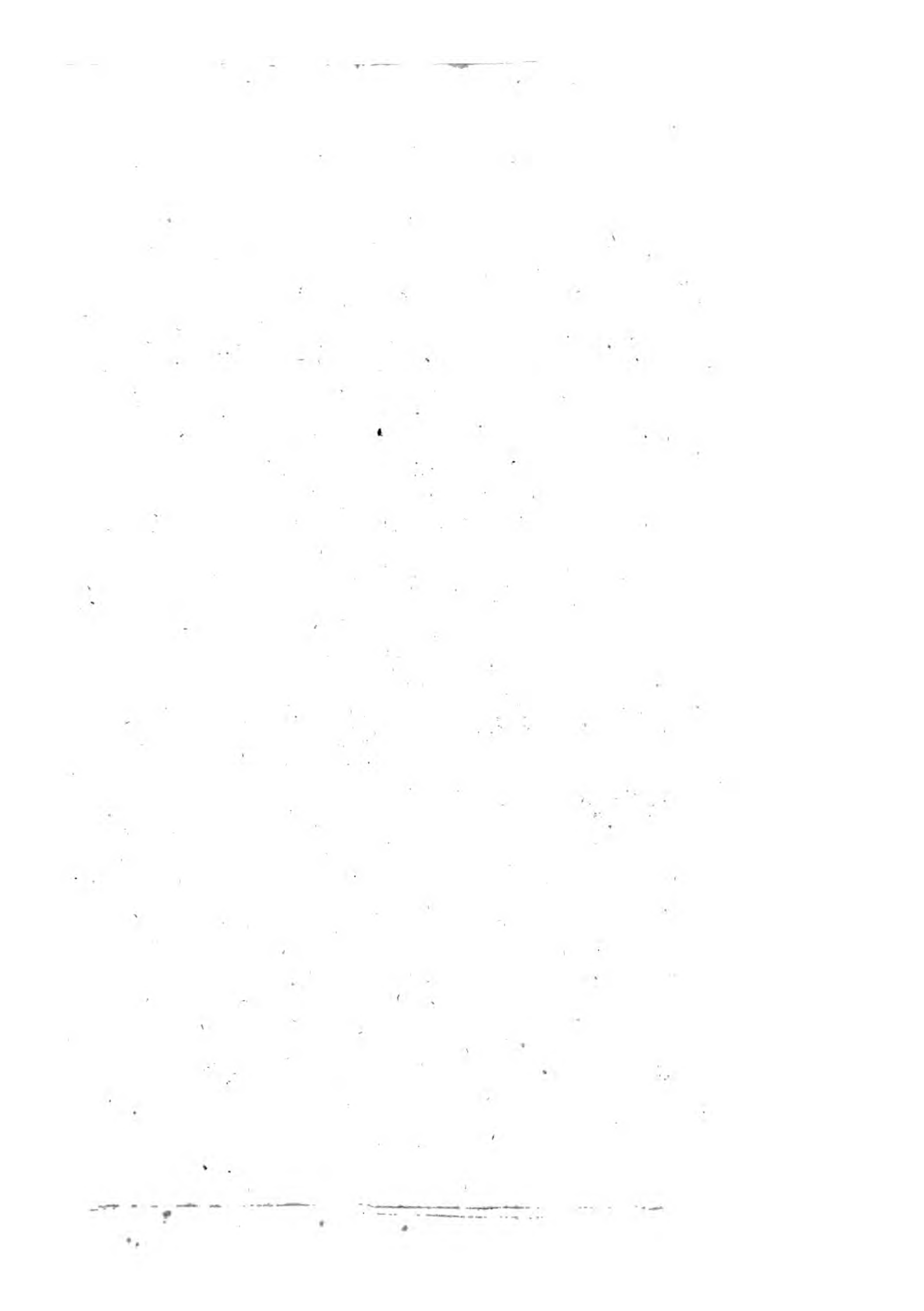
Being told that Gilbert Cowper called him the Caliban of literature; 'Well, (said he,) I must dub him the Punchinello.'

THE YOUNG SWALLOW,

A FABLE.

A Swallow, hardly taught to ply
Her tender pinions in the sky,
Too feeble, far from home to stray,
Too young, to know life's mazy way,
Thus to her parent bird confess
The wishes of her infant breast—
"Fain would I change my single state,
And choose for life a feather'd mate;
Excursive on the wing to-day
I saw one perching on a spray,

With



ATTIC MISCELLANY.
Political Portraiture N^o 4.



Published as the Act directs by W. Locke, July 1. 1791.

Annals Scratch fecit

DOCTOR PHLOGISTON,
*The PRIESTLEY politician or the
Political Priest!*

With whom I'd interchange my vows
 And be his fondest, truest spouse :
 His glossy plumes, and melting song
 I noted 'midst the warbling throng ;
 His plumes with beauty fill'd my eye,
 His song, my ear with extacy.
 " What bird is he ?" the mother cries ;
 " The lovely starling," she replies
 " Thy daughter's choice wilt thou approve ;
 Propitious to her ardent love ?"
 My child, I grant his gay attire
 And song might kindle young desire,
 But wintry seasons please him best,
 And thou art but a summer guest ;
 When winter chills thy native sky,
 Far hence for shelter shalt thou fly ;
 Whilst he, to hoary winter's reign
 Accustom'd, shall behind remain.
 The same our humours, taste the same
 Should be, to fan love's constant flame.

THE PHLOGISTICATED DIVINE.

See the Embellishment.

HAVING already presented the Public with a just character of this religious and political Insect, we should not trouble ourselves or them with a second edition, but that the *phlogistic* spirit of the times, and a late accident, recalls him to our recollection. Upon the news arriving of the French king's capture, the Doctor was seized with emotions of joy so strong and convulsive, as to make his friends apprehend some dangerous consequences. Whether they supposed that his *gentle* spirit would soar to the ethereal *frontiers* of pure peace and bliss, there to meet the immaculate *troops* which his divine and orthodox precepts have detached before him—whether it would hover over the *patriotic bands* of Paris, which his political doctrines have inspired—or whether upon a beam of his own elastic fire it would be sent express to the more congenial phlegmonious abyss to which that ARCH Dissenter, LUCIFER has been so many centuries consigned before him—was not for their narrow comprehensions—it was sufficient for them to say and hope that, as his merits were singular, so would his rewards be distinguished ; and, that so *great* a man, however corporally removed from this immensity of human action, should die in the recollection of *free born Britons*, they composed the following

EPITAPH.

Here lies a Priest of *priestley* name,
 Whose claims, alas ! on earthly fame

Dull destiny deny'd—
 Since, had his worth been duly prais'd
 On high his corpse had now been rais'd,
 And not to worms allied.

Should any doubt his patriot zeal
 To freedom and the public weal,
 To Stanhope such may turn ;
 Stanhope, with equal glowing breast,
Departed virtue shall attest,
 And consecrate his urn.

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

JUNE, 1791.

POLAND.

THE late proceedings in this republic must attract the eye of the philosopher, and enforce the attention of all, who can feel for the welfare of nations and the felicity of their fellow-creatures. We have seen Poland recently emerging, through the exertions of Prussia, from a state of obscurity, into a due degree of consequence among the potentates of Europe. Their emancipation from the influence of the Russian appears to have diffused a liberal spirit throughout the kingdom, and to have inspired the Poles with a just idea of their own importance. Their long dependance on their ambitious neighbour has been justly ascribed to the anarchy which prevailed in the republic itself; and this was originally occasioned by entrusting its kings with an extent of power inconsistent with the liberty of the nation; the exertion of which gave rise to continual suspicion on one side, and to a tenacious obstinacy on the other; till a separation and at length an opposition took place between the interests and views of the King and of the state, by which the Government lost its vigour, and the laws their energy. The King, having the domains and dignities of the republic at his disposal, was supported in his designs by all those with whom interest or ambition had greater influence than the real welfare of their country: hence confederacies became necessary as the only means of preventing despotism; but these, though they might perhaps effect the immediate purpose for which they were made, introduced habits of civil discord and violence. When the votes of the members of the diet became venal—in order to prevent the liberty of the nation from being sacrificed by a corrupt majority in these assemblies, the *Liberum veto* was established, by which any single deputy could, whenever he might think fit, suspend all the proceedings of Government: but this expedient, adapted to preserve the republic from regal tyranny, was productive of the more dreadful evils of anarchy and confusion. Thus Poland, continually torn by intestine divisions, was ever an easy prey to the ambition of its powerful neighbours, and notwithstanding the advantages she derived from the late intervention of the Prussian monarch, so long as the radical defects in her constitution were suffered to remain, she would necessarily be exposed to relapse into the same state of dependance and obscurity from which she had recently emerged.

The people and the sovereign were almost equally subject to the domineering tyranny of a band of nobles who enforced with the utmost rigour, the feudal system of the barbarous ages. But while their vassals experienced all the hardships

hardships and oppressions that result from such a system of Government, the King was a mere cypher, and received none of that homage or of those advantages which as a feudal lord he was entitled to expect. Hence it appears, that though the constitution of the country was considered an elective monarchy, it was to all intents and purposes an aristocracy, and that of the very worst species.

But notwithstanding that these weighty defects in the Government of Poland were plainly perceived, and openly lamented, yet such were the influence and power of the nobles, that to effect an alteration appeared a matter of extreme difficulty, if not wholly impracticable. This, however, Stanislaus himself has had the spirit to undertake and the courage to execute—he has by his own magnanimity and prudence accomplished a complete revolution in the government, on principles equally favourable to the grandeur of the state and the happiness of the subject. Nor has the accomplishment of this important object been disgraced by a violation of the rights of any class of people, by an invasion of property or privilege, or by the smallest effusion of blood. A single day sufficed for the purpose—the King repaired to the Diet in the morning, unattended even by his usual guard, made the necessary motions for effecting the purpose he had in view, and carried them all the welcome news was announced to the people in the evening, and not the most trivial interruption of tranquillity took place. The principal articles of the new constitution as proposed by the King and confirmed by the Diet, are as follow—

1. The Roman Catholic Religion shall be the established religion of the state—but all others shall be tolerated and protected.

2. As the ancestors of the Polish equestrian order have been the original founders of liberty, the nobility shall enjoy every privilege which is compatible with the present ameliorated constitution, and the nobles shall be holden as the principal strength and shield of liberty and the constitution, (let Frenchmen read and blush.)

3. The liberty of cities and burghers is fully established.

4. The peasants and vassals are liberated from the oppressive rigours of the feudal system, and confirmed in all the social rights of men.

5. Three public powers shall exist in the Polish government—1. the legislative power, in the assembled states of the Diet. 2. The supreme executive power, in the person of the King and his council, denominated *custodia legis*; —3. The judiciary power, composed of tribunals already, or yet to be, established by the seventh articles the throne of Poland is declared elective in family but hereditary to the descendants of one chosen family. In consequence, the present elector of Saxony is appointed to succeed to the crown on the death of the reigning monarch; and in defect of male heirs it is to descend to his daughter and her husband, chosen with the consent of the elector and the agreement of the republic. By another article it is ordained that as the constitution on one hand should be stable, and on the other acquire perfection, it shall be revised and examined by a Diet extraordinary, constitutionally convened for this purpose every twenty five years.

The King is restored to his proper dignity and importance in the state,—by the acquisition of prerogatives that tend to the good of the nation without infringing on the rights of individuals. He is to have the nomination of bishops, senators, and officers both civil and military and to appoint ministers as prime agents of the executive power, but always subject to responsibility and dismissal. The person of the King is declared sacred and inviolable, and entirely free from responsibility, which is equivalent, to our English maxim, that the King can do no wrong; in time of war, he is to command and direct all military operations. His title is now—“Stanislaus Augustus, by the grace of God, and the wishes of the nation, King of Poland.”

When we reflect on this revolution, the principles on which it is founded, the means by which it was accomplished, and then compare it with the boasted revolution of France, vainly and presumptuously holden up as an object of respect
and

and imitation, to all Europe, how much does the former gain by the comparison ! In Poland, no plunder of the church, no oppression of the clergy, no degradation of the King, no abolition of titles, no suppression of pensions, no invasion of privileges—In short no violence, no assassination, no tyranny, has taken place ; —but without any pompous and absurd *declaration*—like the foul abortions, engendered in the weak and maddening brain of a French foldier of fortune !—a just and rational system of Government has been established, in which the *real and social* rights of man have been consulted, a necessary subordination enforced, and every possible precaution adopted for the prevention of anarchy and confusion, so fatal to the peace, happiness and welfare of society. —Such an event must form a memorable æra in the annals of Europe, and excite esteem for a monarch who promoted and the people who confirmed it.

FRANCE

By the accounts we have already given of the transactions of the National Assembly from the commencement of the Revolution to the present time ; it has been rendered manifest that the new legislators of France, under the assumed title of *patriots*, have been aiming at the subversion of all legal power, and seeking to convert every object of respect and veneration, into a theme for ridicule and contempt. The king no longer the fountain of honours and rewards has been gradually stripped of all those prerogatives which tend to sweeten the bitter cup of royalty, to render dignity amiable, and to secure affection through the medium of gratitude. The finishing stroke has recently been put to this shameful and degrading spoliation, by depriving him of the right of pardoning convicted criminals, and of mitigating or changing the punishment they are sentenced to suffer. Is it then to be wondered at if this hapless monarch, degraded, insulted and imprisoned, for so long a space of time—the veriest slave in his dominions !—should seek to shake off the galling yoke of Democratic tyranny, and oppose to the *imaginary* rights of man,—that is those pretended *natural* rights which man in a state of society can never possess—to the *real* rights of a sovereign, those lawful rights which a king acquires on his accession, which were enjoyed by his ancestors, which are conferred by the Constitution itself, and which are conducive to the general welfare ? For having apparently submitted with too much pusillanimity to the daring encroachments of a factious rabble, we have been impelled to censure the present monarch of France—as being, destitute of that just sense of dignity—that manly spirit which marks the noble mind, and gives fresh splendour to the throne itself. Most willingly however do we now retract those censures, and acknowledge the wise policy of a conduct, that was calculated to promote the very measure we should have been anxious to advise.

On the evening of Monday the twentieth, about seven o'clock, the Queen accompanied by her royal children, left the palace of the Thuilleries, in the face of the people, under pretence of taking an airing, and in the course of the night she was followed by the king, his brother, and sister-in-law.

The alarm was not given till the next morning at eight o'clock, when Paris exhibited a scene of confusion, more easily conceived than described. The National Assembly, apprized of the circumstance immediately met ; couriers were dispatched to every part of France, and orders issued to prevent any person whatever from leaving the kingdom. The royal family most probably directed their course towards the frontiers of Austrian Flanders, which lie about one hundred and eighty miles from the capital, and as they started several hours before their pursuers there are strong grounds for believing that they would be able to gain the place of their destination—the danger of being stopped was certainly greater than that of being *overtaken*, but surely, in matter of such importance, every precaution which prudence could devise had been adopted.—In the mean time the National Assembly, have declared the executive and legislative powers to be united in themselves—these indeed they have long possessed ; the *avowed union*, therefore, is a mere matter of *form*. A
note

note having been delivered to the keeper of the seals by the intendant of the king's household, containing his Majesty's prohibition to affix the grand seal to any public act, without his express orders, the Assembly annulled the prohibition, and, by a decree, authorized him to supply the place of the king, and give the royal sanction to all bills that should pass the Assembly.

Since the above account was submitted to the press, intelligence has arrived that the king of France has unfortunately been intercepted in his flight, and conveyed back to the metropolis—the particulars of this intelligence we are unavoidably obliged to postpone. We shall only remark for the present, that the king's sentiments are now known, and his friends have the best possible opportunity for asserting his rights, and protecting him from the dangers to which he is exposed.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Conclusion, from Page 351, of the Debate on the Canadian Constitution Bill.

It was notorious, Mr. Burke said, that the British colonies loved monarchy—why then not give it them? they ought to have it as nearly to the monarchy of Great Britain as possible. There were, however, in Canada, many of the ancient inhabitants; a question thence arose, whether it would or would not be proper to give to them the French Constitution? in his opinion, however, there was not a single circumstance that recommended the adoption of any part of it to be grounded on our government, for the whole of the French Constitution was abominably bad; it was the production of folly, not wisdom—of vice not virtue—it contained nothing but extremes, as distant from each other as the poles—the parts were in eternal opposition to each other—it was founded on what was termed the rights of men, but to his conviction it was founded in the wrongs of men, and he then held in his hand an example of its effects on the French colonies—Domingo, Guadeloupe and the other French islands, were rich, happy, and growing in strength and consequence, in spite of the three last distressing wars, before they heard of the new doctrine of the rights of men; but these sights, of which certain persons were not niggardly of distribution in this and other countries, had no sooner arrived at those islands, than any spectator would have imagined that Pandora's box had been opened, that the ground had been rent, and that hell had yawned out discord murder and every mischief. The natives attacked each other; the troops murdered and attacked the governor; the governor attacked them; father attacked son; and the son the father; the blacks attacked the whites, and the whites the blacks; and anarchy, confusion and bloodshed raged.

When the Assembly heard of these disorders, they ordered troops to quell them; but by a statement of the French marine minister of the twenty-fifth of April, it was declared that the affairs of St. Domingo were become more alarming; that the troops sent out against the insurgents had joined them, and murdered their commander. Was the house then prepared, with these effects before their eyes, to send out a cargo of the rights of men to our colonies? For his own part, he would protest against the measure as much and as earnestly as he would against the sending a bale of cotton poisoned by the plague; for assassination of governors and the murder of generals, appeared to be perfectly consistent with the French rights of men. If such a system was sent out to our colonies by way of experiment, it would speedily recoil on us. He looked on the revolution with horror and detestation, it was a revolution of consummate folly, formed and maintained by every vice. The House had been told by a right honourable gentleman, (Mr. Fox) on a former day, that the revolution was a memento of human integrity, and they had been told the same by others; but he would shew, before he sat down, from the last accounts of the National Assembly, what their proceedings had lately been in respect to their boasted memento. They had formerly declared it to be an eternal constitution never to be shaken; they had made the whole nation swear to it, and when they had obtained every thing they appeared to wish, a king and no king—their sovereign a prisoner to the chief gaoler

gaoler of Paris—they were not content, but wishing to shew what a degraded thing a king might be, the chief gaoler, M. de la Fayette, allowed his nominal monarch a day's rule from Paris, to make an Easter holiday; but against this the magistrates of the municipality remonstrated, fearing an escape, though to him it appeared of very little consequence whether Lewis was or was not among his people unless it was for the purpose, of insulting him, and of making him the channel of insult to every kingdom in Europe. Mr. Burke was then proceeding to comment on the interruption experienced by his majesty, when setting out for St. Cloud; but was called to order by Mr. Baker. Mr. Fox too rose, and in a tone of irony, observed that in the way his friend had taken up the business he did not think him disorderly; for his own part, however, he saw no relation between the present bill and the constitution of France, but as that day seemed to be set out for a general invective and unqualified abuse against other governments those of Turkey, China, &c might, in their turns, be introduced and reprobated with equal propriety. In reply, Mr. B. remarked that the introduction of the French constitution upon the discussion of the Quebec bill, was at least as proper, as the introduction by Mr. Fox, of his declaration, during the consideration of the Russian war, of the French constitution, being a beautiful and stupendous fabric—he said, he did not throw out general invective and unqualified abuse, he should leave that to Mr. Fox—what he had asserted he would prove; he was prevented however from entering upon this proof, by the interruption of Mr. Taylor. Michael Angelo the son of the RICH architect, who *wisely* declared that the constitution of France was foreign to the point in question. Mr. Burke, however, justly maintained that he was in order; he had, he said, objected to the French, as a work of folly and of vice, in doing of which, he was not called to order, but when he attempted to prove his assertion, he was interrupted; he was determined, however, to go on; and to take the sense of the committee if resisted. He conceived the present crisis to be a momentous one, and whenever other constitutions were holden up and applauded as preferable to the British, he would ever stand forward and attempt to prevent our hunting after theoretical constitutions: he hoped the people of England were married to their constitution, and that they would never be separated from it. He knew that he was discharging his duty, in warning his country against impending danger but could not imagine what game those were playing who attempted to prevent the present discussion. Mr. St. John here rose to order, but was very properly checked by Mr. Martin, who was of opinion that Mr. Burke was not disorderly, and sincerely hoped he would proceed. Mr. Fox, he said, had declared on a former day, that the public had a right to the opinions of public men; he therefore wished Mr. Burke might experience no farther interruption. That gentleman then pursued his argument; he lamented the difference between him and those persons with whom he had been accustomed to act—but he felt it to be his duty to give no countenance to *schemes which he knew did exist, to overturn every fundamental principle of the constitution*—He knew it, and he charged it, that such machinations were in existence; and though they might not be immediately attempted; they might be, when brought to maturity, in OTHER REIGNS, and other times. He would admit that the constitution was not in imminent danger, for the body of the people was sound; they cherished monarchy and the whole of the constitution, as they cherished their nature, and it was as inseparable from them as their souls—but there was a danger in a disaffected minority, and however small that minority might be, it ought to be remembered that factions are active, though small minorities have seized opportunities to attempt the overthrow of the constitution. He said, at present he had no right to recognise the assembly assuming the title National, because it had not been recognised by his country; if that Assembly, however, had not attempted to make proselytes in this country, and had not attempted, by different means, what Lewis the Fourteenth might

might have adopted, he should have considered it a matter of great discretion to introduce any discussions relative to their proceedings; but when they attempted to make profelytes, and to introduce their levelling principles into this country, by communicating openly with parties and with clubs, it became necessary to be on our guard—Mr Burke was here interrupted by Mr. Anstruther, and supported by Colonel Phipps—after which he repeated, that *he did know that the intentions of a minority were to disaffect the people to the British Constitution and to make them admire that of France.* He had introduced the discussion on the present occasion, that their machinations might be discountenanced, and that by so preventing their being ripened, avert the necessity that might hereafter occur, of using the knife. He said he should proceed upon the affairs of France. Mr. Fox, and his friends, Mr. Anstruther, Mr. Gray, and Mr. Sheridan, &c. were now voicing their calls apparently determined to prevent a discussion of the highest magnitude—on the other hand Mr. Pitt, Colonel Phipps, Mr. Ord and Mr. Martin, strenuously resisted these attempts, and maintained that the line of argument pursued by Mr. Burke was orderly—Mr. Burke then said, he was not only orderly, but justified in what he had advanced, both by moral and political prudence. He offered in the most solemn manner to make good his assertions, by just indications, that would not leave a doubt upon the mind of any man, of the existence of such machinations which it was not his duty to pass by. He was not privy to the plots, but knowing that they did exist, it was his duty to alarm the public and to put them upon their guard, in any way that appeared to him to be the fittest; he had so done, but if he was reluctantly forced to the charge, he would take a regular day to bring the business forward. Lord Sheffield, persisting in the attempts of the party, now moved, “That dissertations on the French Constitution, and a narrative of the transactions in France, are not pertinent to the question before the House.” This motion was seconded by Mr. Fox and opposed by Mr. Pitt—The former replied to the latter, and in the course of his reply charged Mr. Burke with having come forward on the present occasion, to fortify the misrepresentations of a former debate; his friend, he said, had acted towards him with absolute injustice; he had, by irregularly and unfairly introducing general topics, prevented his entering into a refutation of the charge insinuated against him by Mr. Pitt, on a former night, of entertaining republican principles; but though he entertained no such principles, he was not ashamed again to declare his opinion; *He considered the revolution in France to be the greatest event for the happiness of the world, that had happened since the Creation.*

The reformation then, and our own revolution, have lost all the merit they were supposed to possess—these Democratic painters are fond of throwing such trivial objects far, very far, into the back ground of their pictures, which have all the excellence of inventive genius to recommend them, but unfortunately want the essential requisites of *truth and nature.*

The countenance given by the opposite side of the House to the present discussion, Mr. Fox said, was a similar manoeuvre to the conduct of administration in 1782—namely, to divert the attention of the House from the gross blunders of his majesty's ministers.

Still harping on my daughter]. He considered Mr. Burke's conduct to be very inconsistent with his former conduct, and said, that it was to the discredit of the mouth that declared, and to the pen that wrote, great events without sufficient information. He was astonished at the present conduct of his friend—whom he emphatically styled his political *master*. When he recollected the length of time in which they had acted together on the same principles; He recollected *when they both rejoiced in every victory of a Washington [and consequently in the BLOOD OF THEIR OWN COUNTRYMEN!] and when they wept at every defeat of a Montgomery.—*

Exalted

Exalted PATRIOTISM]. Having pursued this strain for some time, he sat down, and was immediately answered by Mr. Burke, who contended that he had neither spoken nor written without sufficient information, and considered the charges as neither decent nor just. He was ready to meet Mr. Fox hand and foot, to prove the truth of what he had asserted; and he had his information from the best authorities, but to name them in the present times, would hazard them to murmur. Mr. Fox, by attempting to insinuate, that he, or the House, were taken unfairly or by surprize, misrepresented grossly, and had made an unfounded and injurious charge; he knew his opinions; he knew, and the world knew, that there were persons attempting to persuade the country to prefer the French to the British constitution: he objected to Mr. Fox's assertions, in that House, as tending to promote the evil consequences of those doctrines, now propagating. He had not only applauded the French revolution, but had declared that superficial observers did not see the future advantage that would result from it—This was obloquy collaterally and irregularly introduced, and would tend to mischievous consequences. Mr. Fox's conduct Mr. Burke declared had extinguished all the friendship that formerly subsisted between them; he was so enamoured with the French Revolution, that at every touch he took fire, for what reasons he (Mr. Burke) knew not. Whenever the day of discussion should come, he defied Mr. Fox to prove that he had made one false assertion. He considered the charge, however, to come from no friend, and believed all that Mr. Fox had said about liberty, was merely to cover the nakedness of his cause. He asserted that the present constitution of France was ten thousand times worse than the old constitution. The present day, he should long remember, and should consider it as a day in which he arduously struggled for the constitution of his country—it was to him a melancholy, though not a dishonourable day; for he had, by performing his duty, made his former friends not only his enemies, but his *malignant* enemies. He again warned the people against the example of France, which was destructive of liberty, subversive of property, and ruinous to that and other countries—He again asserted the constitution to be in danger, and called for timely checks. When clubs of men were suffered to meet and correspond with France; when regular anniversaries were permitted to commemorate such events as had happened in France, then the country was in danger; when such plots and conspiracies are going on—when seditious and rebellious sermons are delivered from pulpits; when the king's right to the throne is openly disputed, and when a bank of sedition is established in the heart of the country, the House ought to take fire and destroy them. Having urged this point with the force it required and deserved; he once more adverted to the French constitution, which he said was the worst that could have been formed by the united folly and wickedness of man; it was a baseless fabric; it was a constitution supported by the worst and most dreadful tyranny; every step taken by them to liberty sacrificed order; and every step to order sacrificed liberty and property. He concluded by moving an amendment to the motion, to omit the words after *dissertation*, for the purpose of inserting "tending to shew that examples from the constitution of France, to prove the same inefficient for every good purpose and tending to anarchy, confusion, and the destruction of liberty and property, is applicable to the question before the committee."

After some further conversation the question of order was withdrawn, and the debate on the clauses adjourned to a future day.

